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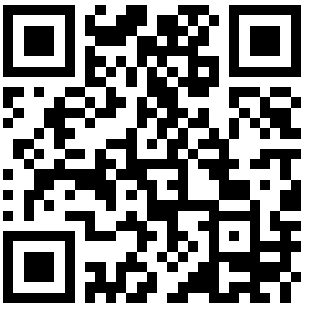

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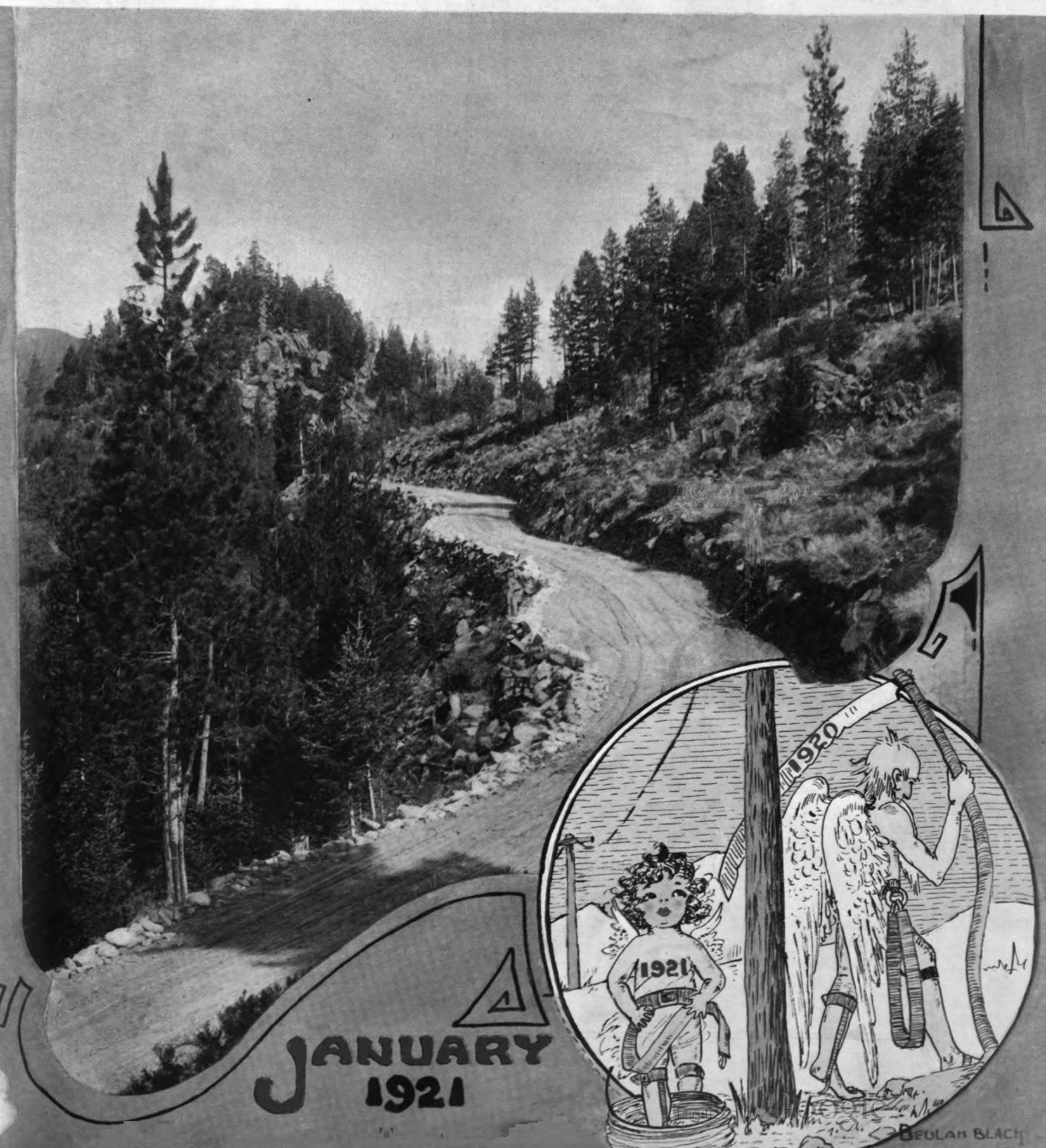
THE MONITOR



M. S. T. & T. CO. FORM 6501 (OLD NO. 270)

OFFICIAL TELEGRAM

(BE BRIEF)

RECEIVED OVER M. S. T. & T. CO. LINES AT

NO.	SYMBOLS	CHECK	FROM	TIME FILED
Kd Nw 184		18		12:25 P

Denver, Colorado

December 31, 1920.

To all Departments:

The officers of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company wish to express to all employes of the Company appreciation of their loyal and efficient work during the year that has passed, with the consequent progress made toward bringing our service back to the pre-war state of efficiency. We wish each of you and your families a very Happy New Year, and in this we are joined by the officers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in a telegram reading as follows:

"Ben S. Read, President,
The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.,
Denver, Colorado.

"Before the New Year comes in we want to express to that portion of the Bell Telephone Family which constitutes the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company our keen appreciation of what you all have helped to accomplish during the year just closing. Twelve months ago we were hoping for much in the restoration of our service and in the renewal of the old Bell spirit and its extension to the vast number added to our forces since the beginning of the war. More has been accomplished than we had dared to hope. We are approaching the New Year with increased confidence that single purpose and united action will bring even greater measure of success. We wish to extend to each and every one of you and to your families our best wishes for their health, prosperity and happiness for the year Nineteen Twenty-One.

H. B. Thayer, President
J. J. Carty
Bancroft Gherardi
W. S. Gifford
N. T. Guernsey
E. K. Hall
E. S. Wilson
Vice Presidents."

This message from Mr. Thayer and his associates fully and beautifully expresses the sentiments we wish to convey to you and yours, as 1920 passes into history to make way for 1921.

Ben S. Read
E. M. Burgess
Milton Smith
J. E. Macdonald
Roderick Reid
F. H. Reid
G. E. McCarn
W. F. Cozad

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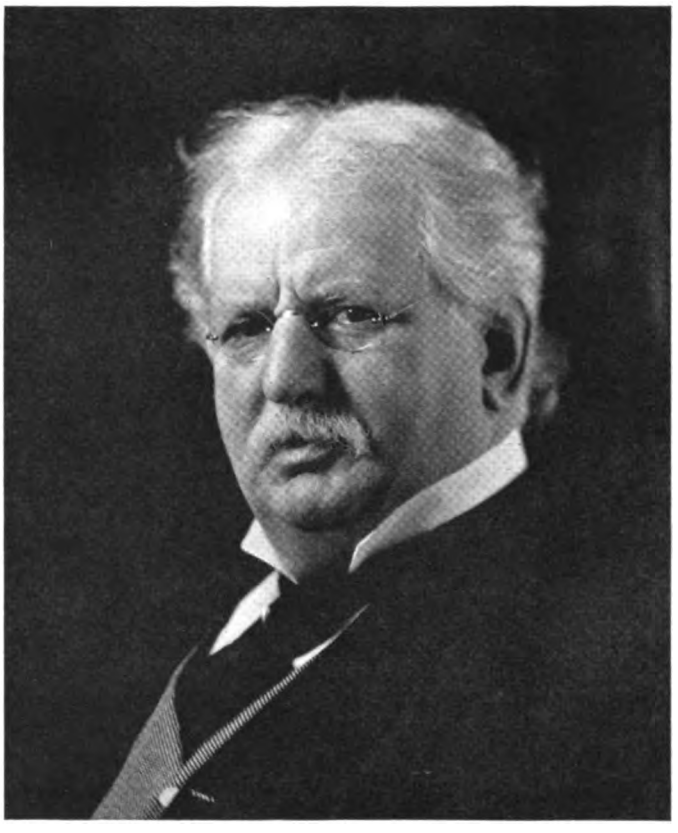
REMOTE STORAGE

The Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund

Distinguished Service Medals to Be Awarded to Men and Women Employes of the Telephone Company in Recognition of the High Ideals Which Governed the Policy of Mr. Vail

HARDLY a day has passed since the organization of the Bell Telephone System that did not record somewhere in the system some act that strikingly illustrated the loyalty and devotion of Bell Telephone employes. This thought of "service first" is more than devotion to an organization, inspiring as that may be. It comes from a sense of individual responsibility in the public service. It is devotion to the highest ideals of duty and obligation in that service. It comes in part from the intelligent recognition of the vital importance of telephone service in the lives of others and to the safety and well-being of the community. It is devotion to the whole telephone democracy—to the thousands of fellow employes whose co-operation, direct and indirect, makes individual accomplishment possible; and to the millions who form the telephone using public and who have built up their social and industrial fabric around and in reliance upon telephone service.



THEODORE N. VAIL

This type of loyalty and devotion is one of the finest traditions of the Bell System and instances of it are of daily occurrence. Many times in the past there have been cases so noteworthy and so inspiring as to deserve some token of recognition more enduring than the spontaneous congratulations of associates and friends.

A fund has been established to which Mrs. Vail has been a generous contributor to meet this need. It will be known as the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund.

The income from this fund will provide medals to be awarded from time to time to employes of the Bell System in recognition of unusual acts or services which conspicuously illustrate the high ideals which governed the policy of Mr. Vail as to public service.

The medals will be known as the Theodore N. Vail distinguished service medals.

A number of bronze medals will be available for distribution each year in each company associated with the Bell System. These medals will be accompanied by a citation of the circumstances which occasioned the award. A committee of award, appointed by the president of the associated company, will designate recipients of the medals and citations in that company. One-half of the medals will be for men and the other half for women.

In addition to the bronze medals available in the associated companies there will each year be available eight silver and two gold medals to be awarded by a Bell System committee appointed by the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The eight silver medals will be accompanied by cash awards of $250 and the two gold medals will be accompanied by cash awards of $500.

The Bell System committee will review all cases for which awards have been made for that year by associated companies as well as any other cases in the Bell System which may be submitted, and the awards will be made according to the excellence or importance of the act or service without regard to geographical distribution.

Provision will also be made for a special distinguished service medal of gold, accompanied by a cash award of $1,000, to be presented for a very exceptional act or service if and when the committee deems an occasion deserves such recognition.

In the above splendid recognition of special services by telephone employes, and in many other ways, the great spirit of Theodore N. Vail will carry on with those who are doing the work today. Service first, thought for the public, have been and ever will be the prime object, and employes who perform heroic acts in connection with their every-day telephone duties do so without an eye to any special award or reward, and their only thought is that of saving life or protecting property, or doing whatever they are able to accomplish even though it necessitates risk and danger. But the possessor of a Theodore N. Vail distinguished service medal will be a proud individual who will have won distinction and the admiration of others as well as of all Bell System people.

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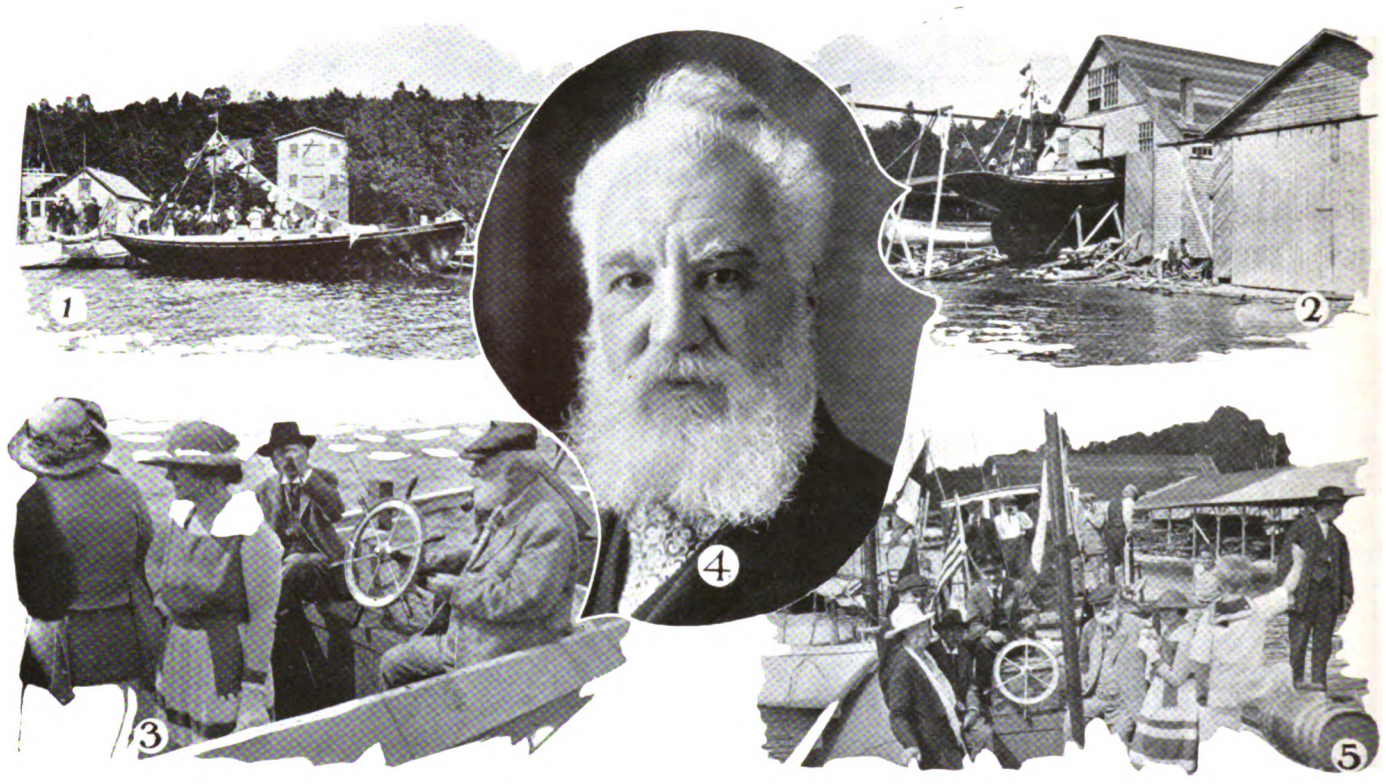

The Dean of Telephone Pioneers

Present-Day Activities of the Father of the Mystic Wire

PASSING the long, serene afternoon of his useful life quietly among the scenes and things he loves, his keen mind requiring and taking but little rest, and still busy planning and executing matters of importance in the affairs of the world, lives Alexander Graham Bell, dean of telephone pioneers and a man to whom the 200,000 men and women of the Bell System delight in doffing their hats. We do not forget that others have done much to develop and perfect his revolutionizing invention, but in his brain germinated the idea of electric transmission of speech, and he rested not nor became discouraged until he had made it an accomplished fact.

We are told by Thomas A. Watson, who did the mechanical work under Mr. Bell's direction, that the first "long distance" conversation was from Boston to Cambridge, this great distance being about two miles, and that it was opened by Mr. Bell shouting "Ahoy!" into the transmitter at his end of the long-distance line. It was a great feat and attracted international attention, but recently Tetrazinni, in a room in a New York hotel, sent her golden voice ahoying over the waters to the delighted jackies on battleships hundreds of miles at sea, and no one marveled.

If the father of the telephone was fond of nautical terms in those early days of the telephone this fondness seems to have been retained down through the years, for Dr. Bell is quite a shipbuilder. At his private yards at Baddeck, on the coast of Nova Scotia, there was launched a few months ago a trim sailing yacht, Typhoon by name, which, under the guidance of Capt. W. H. Nutting, made a trip across the Atlantic, touching at ports in Spain, France and England, and arriving safely at Baddeck after completing a little cruise of 8,000 miles. Picture No. 1 shows the Typhoon in holiday dress, probably taken soon after the launching, lying at anchor in the harbor near Dr. Bell's summer home.

Picture No. 2 is a close-up of Dr. Bell's boatyards and laboratories, where motor boats, sail boats, hydroplanes and, in fact, almost anything that sails or is propelled in water is turned out. Dr. Bell takes an active part in supervising all of this work.

In the third picture there is an exceptionally good likeness of Dr. Bell in his sailor cap, near the wheel of the Typhoon, puffing comfortably at his old briar pipe. In the foreground is Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, wife of the designer of the Typhoon, who carries out Dr. Bell's ideas in the construction of many of the water craft turned out in the yards.

An interesting company is shown in picture No. 5. Left to right they are Mrs. Bell, nee Hubbard, whose father gave Alexander Graham Bell much encouragement and financial assistance in the struggling days of the "mechanical toy," as it was called by the scoffers. Just back of her is Captain Baldwin. In the shadow at the captain's left is George

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Are You Looking for the Other Fellow's Job?

MR. PROSPEROUS, dyspeptic and with the hardening arteries of age, sits back in his limousine and watches his chauffeur, steady-nerved and clear-eyed, guide the car through the tangled mazes of traffic, thinking meanwhile, "I'd give a large slice of my lucre—maybe all of it—for that fellow's youth and eyes and digestion. Don't suppose the chap has the least idea how rich he is." And the young man rolls up in front of the Prosperous mansion, deposits his passenger, and mutters to himself: "Gee, it must be fine to hold down the cushions in the club and the car, and live in a house like that. Old Stocks and Bonds is It in this town."

The clerk looks at the executive head of a great business, and soliloquizes: "Rather soft to have his salary and nothing much to do except to see that the other fellows keep everlastingly at it." And the harassed executive knows that the clerk's responsibility ends at the close of his business day, but that the care and responsibility of the executive have no end. Ways and means must be provided so that all who are interested in the business in any way may be compensated, cared for and protected.

The business girl, on her morning hustle to work, passes a fine home, sees through the snowflakes madame sitting in a window perusing the morning paper, and thinks: "Pretty swell to have your breakfast in bed if you want it, then saunter into a cozy library where there's a wood fire crackling, and go leisurely through the morning paper. Don't believe I've done more than scan the headlines of a morning paper for more years than I care to remember, and then I get things so mixed I don't know whether it was the king of Greece or the king of Jugo-Slavia that died." And madame lays down the paper, glances out of the window and says: "What a bright, brisk looking girl!—on her way to work, I suppose. Well, she is not to be pitied so much after all. There are unlimited opportunities for women with brains these days. They can go far, even into the halls of Congress. So there may be advantages and compensations in the life of an independent girl like that one."

"Gee, I wish I was dat guy!"

The young society matron, the kind featured in the social columns as having "a most attractive personality and dressing with distinction," en route to a tea, looking in a bored way from her car window, sees a visiting nurse, uniformed and kit in hand, hastening on her way to attend a case, and the butterfly sighs: "That woman is of some use in the world. They say there is nothing like work and service to keep one interested and contented, and I believe it. These silly old giggle, gabble, gobble and git receptions and teas are getting on my nerves. Sometimes I feel that I could throw the tea outfit into the alley and enjoy the crash. I envy that woman, who is doing something worth while. I'm liable, one of these days, to take up settlement work and try to Americanize somebody or do something to justify my existence." And the little sister of the poor returns the look, and in her mind runs the thought: "The seamy side of life is carefully hidden from that kind. Well, some must watch while others sleep. So runs the world away."

"I wish I were a boy again"

As a concrete example of the other fellow's place—even though it be a lowly place—Senator Leland Stanford of California, who built and endowed Stanford University after he lost his son and only child, stood one day looking at a gang of laborers on the Central Pacific Railroad, in which he held a large interest. He had been silent and thoughtful for some time, and finally, turning to a friend at his side, said: "I'd gladly give everything I have in this world and take the place of one of those navvies digging there if I could have my boy back."

And so it goes. Even the children are not immune. Miss Ten-year-old and her company steal away into the attic, put on long dresses, scold and spank the dolls and play at housekeeping. How fine it must be, they argue, not to be watched and bossed around and told you must or must not do this or that! And the grown-ups have "kid" parties, and look at children at play and say: "What a pity it is they don't realize that the happy, carefree days of childhood are the best they will ever know."

Kennan, a writer and authority on Siberian matters and a close friend of Dr. Bell. At the wheel is Captain Nutting, skipper of the Typhoon, and next is Dr. Bell, with Mrs. Baldwin at his side. The men in the background are typical old sea salts of the Nova Scotia shipbuilding yards and employes at the laboratories.

The grand old man of the telephone business passed the three-score-and-ten mark about three years ago, but he is far from being on the shelf, and evidently, judging from his sturdy appearance in the photos, doesn't intend to be for some time to come.

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PIONEERING

"Thoughts that flash 'midst wires and bells
O'er craggy peaks and flowery dells."

By John Flowers, Salt Lake City

LOOKING back over the early days in the history of the telephone, one cannot but marvel at the wonderful progress and achievements of the present day.

The telephone business in Salt Lake City had its inception somewhat more than forty years ago. At that time a local exchange of less than a hundred subscribers was in operation, which was serving the city through an antiquated device of one hundred lines capacity. This board was thirty-seven inches in width—a striking contrast with the present up-to-date switchboards now in use throughout the system.

The "hello" girl, of course, was almost an unknown quantity. The commercial telephone was then only a few years old and the public, generally speaking, had not accepted it as being much more than "an interesting scientific toy."

The West was not slow to recognize the value of the invention, however, and the company's growth has kept pace with the development of the business of the entire country.

The Rocky Mountain Bell was organized in the beginning of 1883 with increased capital available and advantages, and through its affiliation with the A. B. T. Co. acquired the Ogden and Park City exchanges, together with some isolated long distance telephone lines in Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, which formed a nucleus for the development of a great system of telephone communication reaching every place of importance in the entire territory.

The company soon found it was necessary also to increase its exchange capacity and in due course of time commenced the erection of a new building to accommodate its growing business. Additions were made at two intervening periods before it was finally completed.

The early experiences of the company were varied and difficulties and obstacles almost insurmountable had to be overcome in building its lines through territory where civilization was hardly known. For instance, the Indians, who did not realize the use of the telephone, would cause much annoyance and expense by cutting poles and shooting up wire and insulators. The Indians were far from stupid in the old days, however, as a construction foreman of the company discovered. To secure a right of way across an Indian reservation was a slow process then, usually requiring about two years. It became necessary for the company to build a line along a railroad through an Indian reservation and, as the railroad's contract did not permit the placing of telephone poles on the railroad right of way, the telephone company decided to "split the difference" by setting the poles half on the railroad right of way and half on the reservation, pending action on its own application for right of way, the ultimate granting of which was not in doubt. After several miles of poles had been placed, an old Indian chief approached the foreman one day. Planting one foot on the reservation and one foot on the railroad right of way, the Indian moved his hand from right to left with expressive grunts, indicating clearly that he was "on." The foreman saved possible embarrassment to the company by contracting to buy hay and other supplies from the Indians, and the right of the line to exist there was confirmed by due process later.

The company bought a line between Helena and Deer Lodge from the government soon after entering Montana. Connection between Helena and Butte was completed by the purchase of a line from Butte to Deer Lodge from the late P. A. Largey of Butte. This line was so bad in those days that it was almost useless to white persons, according

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Shadows on the Red Brick Wall

"SHADOWS on the red brick wall, as seen from the editor's window" have caused our silhouette artist to paint a picture that all may see what The Monitor force is up against every sunshiny day in the week. All of which causes us to exclaim:

"How in thunder do you expect us to work while these carryings-on are flashed on the screen?"

And this is the how of it: The girls in the general traffic department, with offices on the top floor of the Wyoming building, are given fifteen minutes each day in which to gymnastically exercise and develop their biceps. They hie themselves to the roof of the building. The bright sun and the side of another tall building do the rest. And there is where The Monitor staff gets its daily moving picture free of charge. For a long time we thought we were "seeing things," or that a mirage was being reflected from Mars, but the above explanation made it all plain and perfectly sensible to us.

They call themselves the "Daily Dozen." It happens every day at precisely 30 minutes after—well, never mind the hour. These young ladies are taken through a daily course in physical exercise. This keeps them healthy, vigorous and sweet. Yes, the men in the general traffic also have their few minutes for daily exercise, but we haven't paid much attention to their shadows on the red brick wall.

But the daily exercises on the roof are not all the side stunts the general traffic employes pull off. Not long ago the traffic superintendent called members of the department together to discuss a subject of importance to everyone. The little meeting proved a success in every way, and all present were very much enthused. The meeting brought out the idea that it would be very nice to have a series of meetings in order to discuss, from time to time, problems of interest to that department. As a result, regular meetings are being held, interesting subjects are talked over, such as, "Can a working girl save money?" "The best investments to make," "Friendliness toward new employes," and last but not least, "The Daily Dozen."

to an officer of the company who was there at the time, but it seemed especially well adapted to the transmission of the Chinese language. The Chinese of Butte and Helena declared they had no trouble in making themselves understood over the line and their talk was almost the only source of revenue of the line until it had been overhauled and put in better shape.

Iron wire was used almost exclusively in the early days of the telephone. Butte, Montana, was one of the first cities of the country to have copper wires. There was a good reason for its early introduction there. The company, long before Butte's "smoke days" passed, learned that the fumes from the reduction works and smelting plants soon rendered iron wire useless, and that copper was the only available metal that would withstand these chemical assaults.

What a Difference a Few Years Make!

WITHIN the memory of many people living today the presidential election returns were carried from one part of the country to the other by foot-runners, ponyriders and slow-moving trains, and days and days would pass before the news finally got around to each state. How different it was at the last election!

In the accompanying photograph is shown Governor Calvin Coolidge, with Mrs. Coolidge by his side, congratulating Senator Harding upon his election to the presidency of the United States. Governor Coolidge was seated in his room in the Hotel Touraine, Boston, Mass., and Senator Harding was in his newspaper office in Marion, Ohio.

And the telephone carried the words of the governor as though he were speaking face to face. A writer in a magazine recently recalled a time when she waited at a little depot in Virginia for the train to arrive, bringing the news of the election of a president of the United States.

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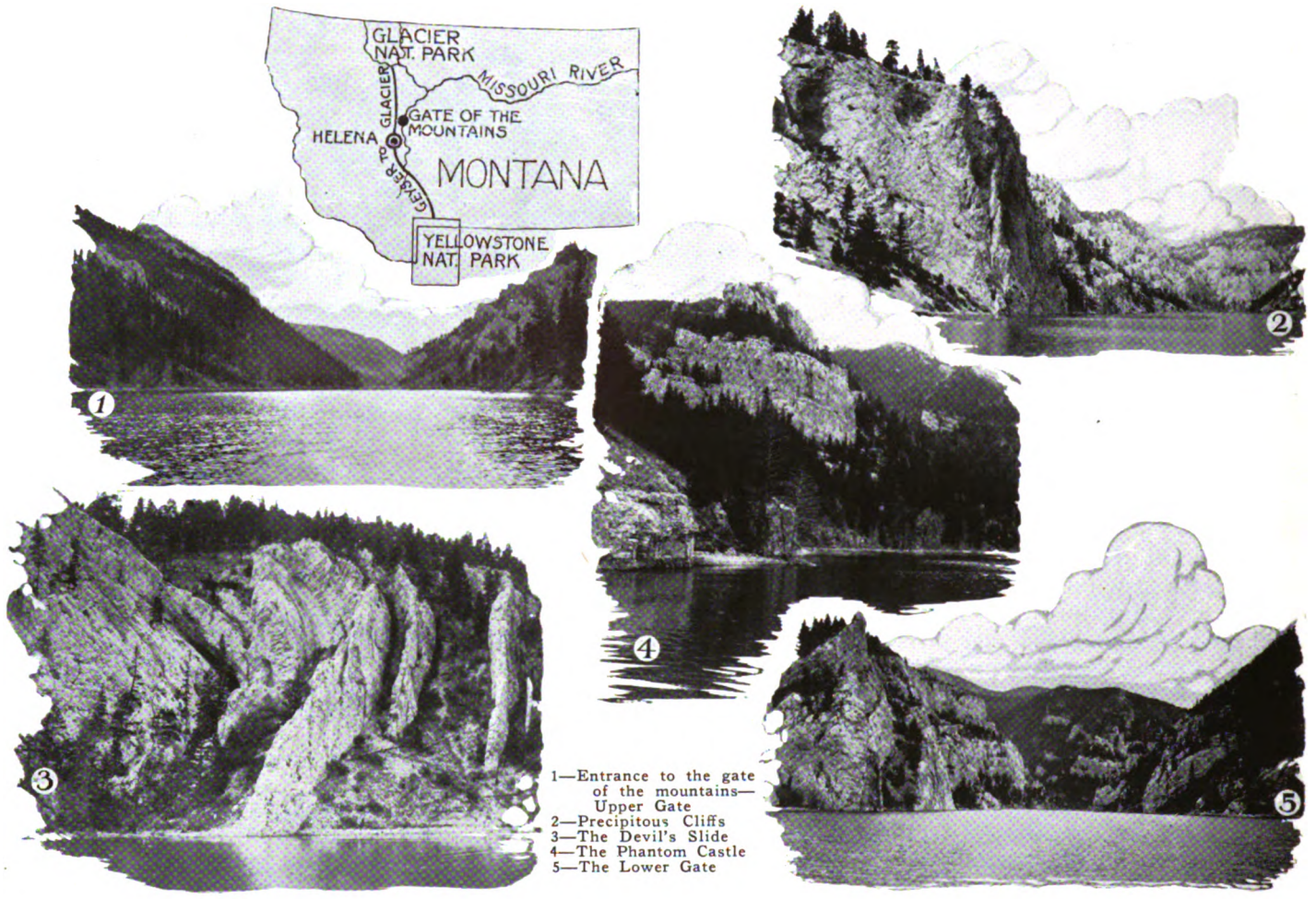

1—Entrance to the gate of the mountains—Upper Gate
2—Precipitous Cliffs
3—The Devil's Slide
4—The Phantom Castle
5—The Lower Gate

Our Next National Monument

The Gate of the Mountains

By E. A. Murphy

WERE I a poet with the lyric and expression of Scott, an artist with the wonderful touch of Moran or an orator with the inspiration of Talmadge I might feebly portray some of the beauties to be seen in Sky-line Canon of the Gate of the Mountains, near Helena. Words, I find, are futile, and pictures nearly so, in an endeavor to depict some of the wonderful and awe-inspiring scenes in this canon.

Unlike any other stretch of beautiful scenery nationally known, this canon cannot be seen from train, automobile or journey on foot, but must be enjoyed from the water.

Situated eighteen miles north of the city of Helena, which is directly on the Geysers-to-Glaciers Highway, connecting the two greatest wonderlands of America, this beauty spot, which is soon to be designated as a national monument, bids well to become one of the most popular summer resorts of the entire country.

It was through this deep-cut canon that Lewis and Clark made their way to the Pacific coast in 1804 after a tedious journey up the Missouri River, and it is due to this fact from an historical standpoint that the canon is to be designated as a national monument.

Approaching the entrance or upper gate from a rather broad expanse of water we pass towering cliffs on both sides, which rise like mighty sentinels, majestically clothed in nature's garments of green and gold shrubbery.

The cliffs are of a limestone formation, and due to the elements of the matter have been fashioned into some of the most beautiful and awe-inspiring shapes and figures imaginable. In places they rise abruptly from the water's edge to a height of several thousand feet, with here and there a tree growing out from a break in the rock, while again many of them are covered with foliage of the brightest hues. Speeding along in a comfortable motor launch, we pass a formation of rocks resembling a toboggan or slide, while a little distance farther on, on the opposite side, we see a formation resembling the ruins of an ancient castle.

Here and there are to be found little dells of green grass which

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G'wan! Don't Park Your Troubles Here!

HAVE you ever read those Get-Rich-Quick fables about how some wise-acre soft-soaped his way into a $100,000 sale and oodles of commissions, a sales manager's job and about everything else in the vicinity that he wanted, including, of course, the boss' beautiful blond stenographer?

And haven't you sat down some night over a coffee-stained table cloth in some hick town table d'hote and tried to figure out why in the Sam Hill you weren't born rich instead of good looking? And then you drearily paid your check and wandered out still bemoaning your fate and wondering whether you wouldn't have made the family name more famous if you had taken up plumbing as Uncle Simeon wanted you to do.

But the next morning the sun was shining and the birds were twittering, and the chambermaid smiled sweetly as you went out with your two-ton grips, and you felt like licking the world and able to sell old man Rockefeller himself a barrel of oil. How about it?

That was the day that you had the old Spirit of Fight in you and you hiked down the street with your shoulders squared and your chin out ready to challenge the whole police force, both of them if necessary.

Get that "Go get 'em" attitude into your system. Keep it there and make Brother Blues hunt a new place to park his worries and doubts.

Sensitive as a Pair of Beeveedees in a Blizzard

WITH the perfection of radio telephones has come an increase in demand for delicate electrical instruments. Apparatus for measuring the most minute currents which formerly was not to be found outside of scientific laboratories has become an everyday necessity. This demand is being met by the Western Electric Company, the oldest manufacturers of telephone equipment in the world, by the establishment of a factory at Philadelphia where what are known as precision products will be made. The new shop is located at 1601 Glenwood avenue, Philadelphia.

Precision products is a term for electrical instruments of extreme sensitiveness. For example, the new shop will manufacture a thermionic manometer. As nearly as it is possible to explain the contraption to any ordinary human being unencumbered with a scientific education, it is a device for measuring the amount of nothing inside of something full of emptiness. It is said to be capable of measuring a vacuum of one one-hundred-thousandth of a millimeter of mercury. which comes so near to being airless that it would make the inside of an incandescent light bulb seem as draughty as a suit of beeveedees in a blizzard.

Another object upon which the new shop will concentrate is the vacuum thermocouple for measuring very small currents. The householder of today is used to the meter which measures in watts the electricity he uses. Let him try and imagine the sensitiveness of the thermocouple, which measures the same currents by one-ten-thousandths of a watt.

slope gently down to the water's edge, serving as picnic places for the numerous sightseers who make this wonderful trip.

To the right as we speed along we see the entrance to an abutting canon which is called "The Canon of a Thousand Faces," so named because of the many faces discernible in its cliffs. Some are grotesque in their makeup, while others bear the marks of having been hewn by some of the greatest sculptors of the ages. Hundreds of feet above the water can be seen caves which are the rendezvous of bear, mountain sheep and mountain lions, which revel in their unknown depths. In places these caves are like holes bored into cliffs through which can be seen the blue sky on the other side. At points the boat speeds under cliffs which hang far out over the water and are the dwelling place of eagles and other birds native to this country.

Winding through this canon of wonders each turn brings to vision sights so varied and wonderful that they cannot be fully appreciated by a single trip. Perhaps some of the grandeurs may be imagined in listening to the words of the pilot who guides the sightseer through when he says that he has made the trip constantly for the past fifteen years and on each trip he finds something new and inspiring to cause him awe and amazement. The beauties of this canon impress themselves indelibly on the tourist, perhaps because of the fact that nowhere is there any sign of civilization to be seen—not a house nor even a fence. It is just as nature made it, its beauties in their primitive state which, due to the topography, can never be marred by the hands of man. Its grandeur surpasses in beauty and elegance the canons of the Yellowstone and the Grand Canon of the Colorado.

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"NOT DEAD"

How Inspiring Words Rejuvenate a Great College

By F. T. D., Salt Lake City

ON the morning of Monday, November 15, we were attracted by the music of a band intermingled with the hilarious youthful cheers of the Latter Day Saints High School pupils as they paraded the downtown streets in commemoration of the thirty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the school. This day is known as Founders' Day and is one of the big holidays in the L. D. S. school calendar. The morning is featured by a parade of the entire student body. After the parade the students gather at the school, where a lunch is served. An athletic program is enjoyed in the afternoon and in the evening a student-body dance is given.

The founding of a church school in Salt Lake was not without its trials and tribulations. William B. Dougall conceived the idea—so it seems from all records of the institution. He had sent some of his children to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, but this was an inconvenience and a source of extra expense. Mr. Dougall then took up the matter of establishing a church school in Salt Lake City with Angus M. Cannon, then president of the Salt Lake Stake. Between them it was decided that a subscription should be started to raise money for the purchase of supplies and apparatus. Through this subscription enough money was raised to assure a beginning, and permission was obtained from President John Taylor of the L. D. S. Church to hold school classes in Social Hall.

Hall where the first classes were held on Founders' Day

The first principal of the new school was Dr. Karl G. Maeser, organizer of the church school system among the Latter Day Saints, though his office seems to have been merely nominal. The first teacher and the real principal was Willard Done. The birth date of the school is the 15th of November, 1886.

In 1891 Dr. James E. Talmadge, who had been president of the board of trustees of the school since its second year, told the board that he felt humiliated at finding himself visited by eastern professors in such miserable quarters. He wanted a good, first-class building properly fitted up and then $1,000 for scientific apparatus. This aroused the spirit and local patriotism of the trustees, but a long, hard task lay ahead of them in raising enough to erect the building they desired. The entire board was made a committee "to solicit subscriptions for endowments and maintenance." Enough could not be raised at this time, however, to build, so the old Ellerbeck property on First North was bought. A portion of the money to purchase this property was borrowed from the bank and a note was signed for the balance.

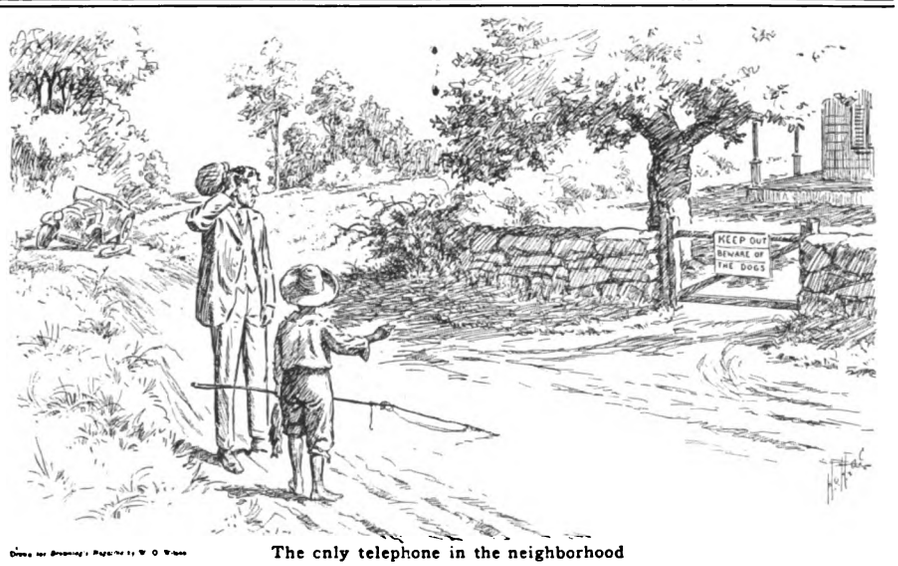
At this time Dr. Talmadge was sent to England "to purchase one thousand dollars' worth of scientific apparatus," and everything seemed to be clear sailing ahead.

Meanwhile the interest on the borrowed money and a payment on the note became due. Eastern supply houses also demanded payment of bills overdue, and in order to square the whole matter up the Ellerbeck property was sold. At the thirteenth commencement in June, 1899, when the funds had been exhausted and several of the faculty had resigned, it was just about decided to close the doors of the school when Dr. Maeser declared: "The Latter Day Saints College is not dead! Nor is it going to die. On the contrary, its future will be more glorious than its past."

Inspired by these words, the board again took up subscription to place the school on its feet. Between the close of school and the end of June President Taylor reported that he had collected enough money to pay the debts of the institution and that the church had pledged itself to stand the expenses of the school for the next year.

The Templeton Building was obtained as a temporary home; Dr. Joshua H. Paul was elected president; a faculty was engaged, and in September the school opened with a larger attendance than it had ever had. Presently the business college building was erected on land which the church had deeded over to the board of trustees; Mrs. Matilda Barratt gave $25,000 to build what is now known as Barratt Hall, and the heirs of President Brigham Young deeded to the institution the old Eighteenth ward square for the erection of the Brigham Young Memorial Building.

The school property now consists of eight buildings, including the Deseret Gymnasium, and the total registration numbers about two thousand students.



The only telephone in the neighborhood

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Them Was the Happy Hell-Some Days

THE old-timer's story, "When Lines Go Down," told in last month's Monitor, reminds Lou O'Brien, who, as the oldest old-timer we have, needs no introduction, of the time when a storm left but one telephone working in all of Denver. This one telephone — but let Lou tell it:

"It was in '83, about March 20 as I remember. There were about eleven or twelve hundred telephones in Denver then and I was one of the operators serving them. All telephones were on aerial wire lines, carried by big native poles, most of which were spliced to make them high enough, and 'enough' was some high. Even the telephones in the old Tabor Block, where the office was, came in aerial—that is, they were wired up to the roof of the building, from where they came into the office along with everything else through the old roof frames designed and built by Mr. Gamewell, who was our construction superintendent then.

"We had just finished building a new lead up Eighteenth street toward Capitol Hill, I remember too, a lead which we though was a wonder, to stand for all time as a pattern.

Lou O'Brien

"Then along came this storm I'm telling you about. It was a heavy wet snow that stuck hard to everything it fell on, our wires, of course, included. Along toward daylight everything was going down—fast. The big spliced poles snapped like matches, letting the arms with their load of icy wires go into the streets, leaving nothing but shattered crossarms and broken and tangled wires everywhere. The roof frames held up all right, but the wires on them were a sorry mess. That morning there was but one telephone in the whole town working. This was, I remember, No. 358, in the coal yard of the Fox Coal Company, down at Nineteenth and Wynkoop streets.

"Everyone, even including we operators (they were all men operators then), was out on the job that morning, with instructions to clean the streets first. We did that, and by night had a few phones working. It took nearly three months to bring order out of the chaos, although Mr. Field combed the East for linemen, most of whom were telegraph men in those days, importing all he could.

"When the first billing time came around after the storm there wasn't a whole lot to do, but we did send a regular bill to Mr. Taggart, the manager of the Fox Coal Company, because he alone had been getting "regular" service, as we figured it. However, Taggart didn't agree with us, and a few days later he showed up in the office, wanting to know what the deuce we meant by billing him. And I, who felt that I ought to have the credit because some almost miraculous cause kept his line working through the awful mess we had, rose up and told him what mighty efforts were made to keep his phone working. He listened with patience and then knocked the props out from under us all with:

"'Sure—my phone was working all the time; I know that. But who in the dickens could I talk to?'

"Taggart got a rebate."

Lou's tales of the trials, tribulations and triumphs of old times would make a book. He is now the oldest man in point of service with our company, having nearly forty-one years to his credit.

Oh, Nothing---Just Courtesy

UPON being asked to write an article for The Monitor I asked, "What about?" and was answered, "Oh, anything!" So I shall write about five minutes, then quit. But even in that length of time there must be a subject, so this shall be upon Mr. Clark's favorite motto, "Be Courteous," although there remains little to be said that he hasn't already spoken about.

It is very easy to be courteous, although some of us may not think so, especially on Monday morning or after a Wednesday night "out"; but just because we enjoy staying out until the wee sma' hours is no reason why the fellow who approaches us next morning has not retired early and is ready to greet us with a smile, as well as to be greeted with one. But his smile will soon fade into a frown if we stalk up to the counter and frown upon him just as though he had no business in the office. On the other hand, our company is running for the purpose of serving people, and if they all chose to stop being served our company would soon be out of business.

We all know that when we go into a store we like to be waited upon instantly and be shown every courtesy that could be extended to anyone, and nine times out of ten we say, "Thank you; I didn't intend to buy today; I'm just looking." When people come into this office they want something, for there really isn't anything to just "look at." Pardon me, ladies. My five minutes are up, so I'll quit by repeating the old-time saying—

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

AN EMPLOYE.

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And Then He Told Another One---

Something old, something new---
Any little joke will do

Greetings from Aurora

We aren't going to make any rash New Year resolutions, but will make one good wish—a Happy, Prosperous and Bright New Year to all of you from all of us.—Aurora, Colo., Exchange.

—

Oh, Very Well, Then

Miss Huffstettler—"Will it be possible for me to get off tomorrow?"

Chief Operator—"Why?"

Miss Huffstettler—"I would like to attend a wedding."

Chief Operator—"Is it important that you attend?"

Miss Huffstettler—"I would like to; I am to be the bride."—Idaho Falls Correspondent.

—

Maude, Drive in the Calves

Miss Anna Campbell has just returned from Payette after spending a few days there acquainting the new chief operator with her duties. We understand Miss Campbell had quite an experience in Payette, but we are lacking some of the important details. This is the way we have it doped out: Upon entering a general store she said to the clerk: "How much is your jersey a yard? I see by your advertisement in the window that you have an extra good line of jerseys."

The clerk replied: "I'm sorry, madam, but I think you must have misunderstood the advertisement, as it refers to Farmer Brown's Jersey cows."—Boise Correspondent.

Works Both Ways

Miss Poppy (to plant clerk)—"Have you a rule I may have?"

Plant Clerk—"As a rule I have."

Miss Poppy—"A good one?"

In the meantime a note was sent upstairs, "Do unto others as you would like to be done by."—Idaho Falls Correspondent.

—

Of Course Not, Ruth

This actually happened—at least we have the word of Bob Thorne, who is a traffic man of unquestionable veracity, for it:

It was in Raton, N. M., way back in the days when there were only a few telephones there, one or two operators on the board, and these known by everyone in town.

Two sisters, living in different parts of town, were talking one day, and the conversation was about like this:

"Say, sis, I've got something to tell you next time I see you!"

"Aw, what is it? Tell me now."

"I can't."

"Aw, why? Please, sis, tell me now."

"I can't—Ruth is listening."

And then Ruth, who was the operator, broke in: "Why, I am not—the idea!"

—

Ouch!

At Billings, the No. 8 trouble desk is downstairs in the switch room. No. 7 rural operator is upstairs on the board. A few days ago a subscriber called and the trouble clerk answered in the usual way, "No. 8." A voice came over the wire saying, "No. 8, will you please stick a pin in No. 7?"

Saved the "Arms," Anyway

Forms 3403—the new name for our old-time friends and enemies—the 85, "Repairman's report of toll line trouble cleared"—tell some great tales. This is from one made out by W. E. Whiting, who keeps the lines into Walden, Colo., working under the severest of severe mountain conditions:

"Circuit No. 417, from Laramie, Wyo., to Walden, Colo.

"Trouble found: Forest ranger's leg broken.

"Work done to clear: Cut forest ranger's leg off."

We take it that he refers to the branch line, or "leg," serving the Fox Park ranger station.

—

Oh, Yes, Quite a Few

Subscriber—"I called a number from my telephone and the operator said, 'Nickel, please,' then told me the line was busy."

Clerk—"What is the name, please? I will be glad to refund the nickel."

Subscriber—"I called again in a few minutes and the operator asked me for another nickel when she knew I put one in."

Clerk—"Probably when you called the second time another operator answered."

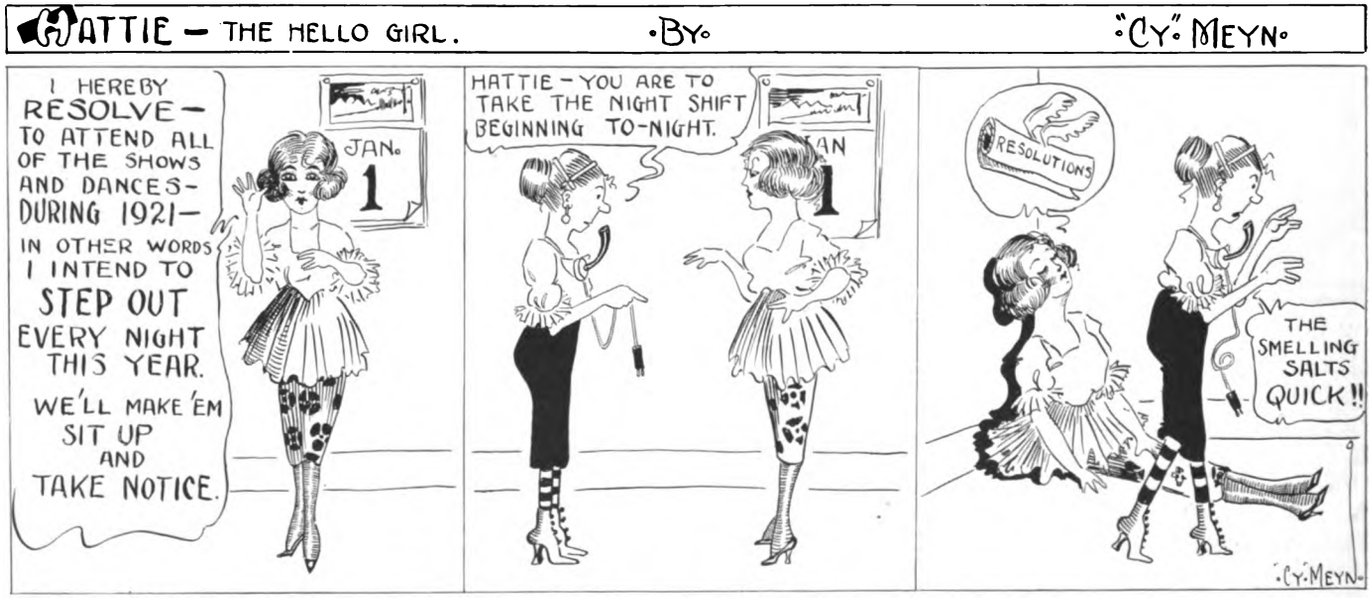
Subscriber—"Oh! do they have more than one operator in the South exchange?"—Denver.

—

Service

Adjuster—"Something that I can do for you today?"

Subscriber—"Goodness gracious! I have been here just five minutes and four people have tried to wait on me."



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Right You Are, Operator

Sub.—"Operator, will you tell me the correct time, please?"

Opr.—"Sorry, but that service has been discontinued."

Sub.—"I know, but operator, can't you tell about the right time?"

Opr.—"No; I know exactly what time it is, but I can't tell you."—Billings.

—

An Electric Wringer?

Wednesday night of last week Doc called up Jack and asked him over for a game of penny ante. Jack said he couldn't come because he was washing.

"Washing what?" asked Doc.

"My B. V. D.'s," said Jack.

Just then central cut in and said: "I'm wringing them."

—

One Guess Was Enough

Subscriber—"Information, will you give me the time? My clock is stopped and Johnny may be late for school."

New Information Operator—"I am very sorry, but that service has been discontinued."

Subscriber—"Can you tell me, then, whether that was the 8:30 whistle that just blew or was it the 7:45?"

N. I. O.—"Which do you think it was?"

Subscriber—"The 8:30 whistle."

N. I. O.—"No, it wasn't."—Billings Correspondent.

—

New Phone Equipment

The Mountain States Telephone Company is unloading equipment for its new building on Arapahoe street, and when the new switchboard is installed Thermopolis will have the most up-to-date phone service in the state. The company will start stringing cable soon and when the new switchboard is installed all phones in town will be replaced with new ones. The new phone system will be what is known as "common battery" and is of the most up-to-date design.—Thermopolis, Wyo., Independent.

A Lesson in Splicing

A few days ago a man went into the Boulder, Colo., office carrying a receiver

cord. He threw it down on the counter and said:

"I broke the telephone string and I tied it together, but the thing won't work. I guess there must be something wrong with it. Could I have a new string?"

Accompanying photograph shows the job of splicing done.

—

Crossed Wires

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a thick-lipped, weak-faced negro soldier. Among other questions, the specialist asked, "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking, or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"When does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."

—

On the Border Line

Look out for paint! The whole office at Gilcrest, Colo., is just like new and a new sidewalk and all. Also new switchboard equipment, enough for twenty new lines. And this causes the Greeley correspondent to rise and remark: "But, say, Gilcrest, don't be selfish about this thing and take all the equipment coming into eastern Colorado. Remember there are others."

This Happened at Greeley

We happened in the plant department the other afternoon just in time to see the fun. A Greeley subscriber came in and drawing a long green cord from his pocket with the receiver attached handed it to the wire chief, saying, "Do you fix these things?"

Greeley Wire Chief: "We fix telephones and if you had let us know your telephone was out of order we would have sent a man out to fix it."

Subscriber: "Well, how could I report my telephone out of order when I couldn't use it? I tell you this is all I could get off the wall, so I brought it in to you."

—

Different Points of View

Mr. La Belle's little boy "Hal" was arguing with a small chum of his the other day and something was said about the company's Ford car at Tooele. Hal said, "Well, it's the company's car and my dad's the company." His little chum retorted, "Oh, you're crazy. Company means when people come to see you and not Fords."—Tooele, Utah, Correspondent.

—

That's Bully! Ha! Ha!

"I almost sold a cow for $6,000 yesterday," said Calamity Ed.

"Almost?" repeated Sorghum. "What d'ye mean by almost?"

"Well, a feller called me up and said he'd gimme $6,000 for the cow he was lookin' at the day before, but come to find out he had the wrong number."

—

A Two Weeks' Supply

Their mother had just given the twins a bath and put them to bed. By and by one of them began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" asked the mother.

"You made a mistake," explained little Jimmy, "an' give Johnny two baths an' didn't give me any."

Whose boy is this? He strode into The Monitor office and said he was looking for his Dad

"See what I dot for Trissmas"
Josephine Elizabeth Kelly, daughter of district plant chief, El Paso, Texas

IN SEASON

This beautiful pair of black-tails got in range of L. Gail's Winchester when he was out with a party during the open season, and of course he could not pass them up. Gail is manager at Fort Sumner, N. M., and extends an invitation to the other 7,241 employes to come down and have a venison fry with him

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Gentlemen, You May Please Be Seated

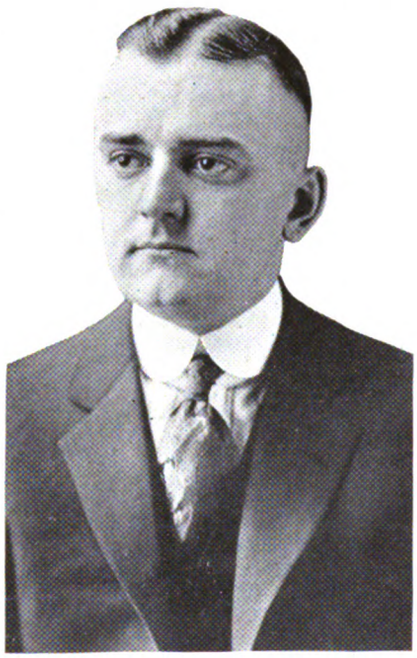
Yes, You All Know Them---or of Them---But Let's Shake Hands Again This Happy New Year

FRED B. JONES

THE Telephone Family is getting so big and has so many members that propinquity is impossible, but photographs are the next best form of introduction, and let us greet the Western Division gentlemen whose faces adorn this page with a "Happy New Year!"

Fred B. Jones, division general manager of the Western Division, Salt Lake City, in the earlier days of his business career was connected with the Central District and Printing Telegraph Company of Pittsburg, and later was with the Stromberg-Carlson Company as construction engineer. He then built plants for the Utah Independent Telephone Company in Utah and Idaho.

When the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company was organized Mr. Jones was made district manager at Boise, Idaho. He was transferred to his present position as division general manager, Western Division, on March 1, 1920.



WALLACE R. DRESSLER

H. W. KLINE

F. P. Ogden, division traffic superintendent, Western Division, began with the Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company in September, 1910, at Kansas City, Mo. He worked in the engineer and plant and traffic departments and was transferred to Topeka, Kan., as district traffic chief in 1912. He was transferred to the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Denver, October, 1914; to Butte, Mont., February, 1915, as district traffic chief; to Helena, July, 1916, as division traffic superintendent, which position he held until recently transferred to Salt Lake City as Western Division traffic superintendent.

F. P. OGDEN

A. A. Hedberg, division auditor, Western Division, was traveling auditor for the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company, 1905 to 1907; 1907 to 1911, in charge of contracts, collections and accounts, Salt Lake district; 1911 to 1913, after merger, special work for general auditor in connection with consolidation of independent and Bell plants in Utah,

A. A. HEDBERG

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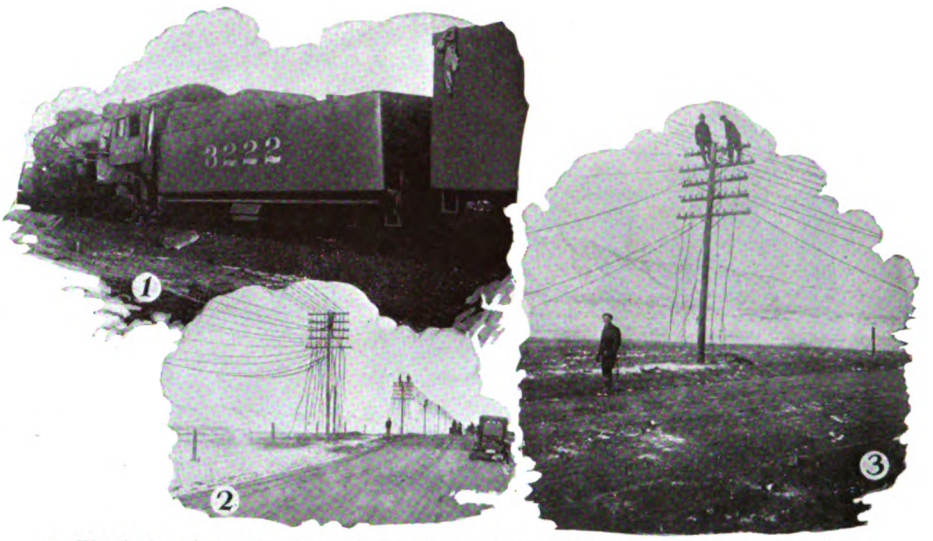
TROUBLE!

Terrific Locomotive Explosion Tears Down Telephone Wires---



1—Wrecked engine. Note fireman's jumper on corner of box car. 2—Gap torn in toll lead by the explosion. 3—Foreground shows area from which snow was melted by steam from boiler, covering a radius of 300 feet

PROBABLY the most terrific railroad locomotive explosion ever recorded in the West was the one which occurred, in the early morning of December 22, four miles south of Monument, Colo., on the Santa Fe road, in which the fireman was killed, the engineer injured and a brakeman badly hurt. The engine, which was drawing a long train of freight cars, was blown to pieces, a dozen or more cars demolished and the track torn up. The concussion shook houses in Palmer Lake, Castle Rock and Pring, miles away.

So fierce was the shock that telephone and telegraph wires were twisted and interwoven until they resembled a pile of baling wire. Communication was cut off and one of the trainmen had to walk several miles in the zero weather to summon help. C. E. Garrett, our exchange wire chief at Colorado Springs, knew something was wrong when the service went out. He placed a hurry-up call for all available men. Inside of five minutes he had located the trouble and the men were soon on their way. But, let us hear Mr. Garrett tell the story in his own way:

"We hurriedly loaded four autos with twisted-pair, bare copper wire, sleeves, etc., leaving a one-ton truck behind to await instructions, and, with a crew of eight men, headed north into a biting wind, the thermometer standing at 6 above zero.

"Covering about 19 miles north, we ran into a net-work of sagging wires and bending poles, which looked very much like the work of a sleet storm, only there was no sleet. Covering about ten spans farther, we found that all the wires in one span and most of the wires in the adjacent span had been broken down. Tracing the mass of tangled wires for an end, we found them wrapped around a piece of sheet steel about two feet wide and ten feet long, a part of a firebox of a locomotive, and about ten feet of each wire annealed. At this point the Denver-El Paso line carries fifty wires, which make up twenty-five physical and eight phantom circuits.

"Santa Fe engine No. 3222 was standing on the tracks about 150 feet distant from our line, still hitched to a string of red-ball freight cars. The engine, evidently from

(Continued on page 26)

Idaho, Montana and Arizona; November, 1913, chief clerk to general auditor of receipts, Denver; July 1, 1914, to date, division auditor, Western Division.

H. W. Kline, division plant superintendent, Salt Lake City, Utah, commenced with the New York Telephone Company as cable tester in June, 1896. Later worked as switchboard installer and finally as foreman in the switchboard installation department. Left that company in March, 1902. Worked with the Chicago Telephone Company as switchboard installer until May, 1902. In June he went to Denver and worked as installer until July, when he was transferred to Pueblo as switchboard repairman; left Pueblo in July, 1903, and went to work in Salt Lake City as installer with the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company. In August, 1903, went to Evanston, Wyo., as manager, and in May, 1904, returned to Salt Lake as wire chief. February, 1906, he was transferred to the engineering department and later held the position of equipment engineer; January 1, 1911, transferred to Boise as division plant superintendent; July, 1911, transferred to Salt Lake as division plant superintendent.

It is just as easy to start UP hill as it is down hill, and sometimes the going isn't much different. Climbing Pike's Peak puts into action certain muscles — coming back down digs up muscles and ligaments and cords you never knew you had before. This homely expression is apropos to a man's career in public or private life. Which way are you going?

Wallace R. Dressler has been going up! And here is his card record with this company: Began in the traffic department as a student on October 12, 1911. In a short time he was transferred to the operating department as long distance manager and soon became manager of all the exchanges in Denver, including long distance. His next step forward was to the Salt Lake City traffic department. From there he was transferred to Pocatello as traffic chief, and later was placed in charge of all the Idaho traffic, and now the official announcement on the "promotion card" places him at Helena as division traffic superintendent.

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Happy New Year to Everybody

"Happy New Year, folks—are you ready for it?"

That's what the dear little tots all seem to say, and if anyone can get by without feeling the joys and hopes of the new year after looking into these sweet, innocent faces, there must be something wrong with his running gear.

And now comes the saddest part of it all for me. I must say good-bye to the telephone babies, for the editor-man says that he guesses most all of the babies have had their pictures printed during the past six months, and that we will discontinue the baby page for a while, at least until Doctor Stork catches up a little.

So, sweet kisses and hugs and lots and lots of love for every one of you darlings who have sent your pictures in. May the New Year bring to you rich blessings and may the foundations you are building today be strong and noble and enduring. Bye, bye.

BEULAH BLACK, Baby Editor.

OUR BABIES OF TODAY

1—Everett, son of Mrs. Iry Sherboundy, all-night operator at Aspen, Colo. 2—William and Donald, sons of Wire Chief and Mrs. C. E. Crenshaw, Fort Collins, Colo. 3—Martin Elbert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Hawk, switchboardman, Butte, Mont. 4—Lynn, son of Mrs. Edid Guyer (no address given). 5—Paul Roy DeWitt, nephew of Florence Eyanson, American Falls, Idaho. 6—Marguerite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hulme, Worland, Wyo. 7—Merle Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Frasier, wire chief, Greeley, Colo. 8—Maude Eleanor, born November 22 (picture taken when one week old), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gravestock, Denver, Colo. 9—Ruth, daughter of Mrs. Laura Becker, operator, Fort Collins, Colo. 10—Charles Stewart Abernathy, nephew of Verna Stewart, Lander, Wyo.

2.

3.

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7

8

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10.

BEULAH BLACK

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Where the Christmas Trees Come From

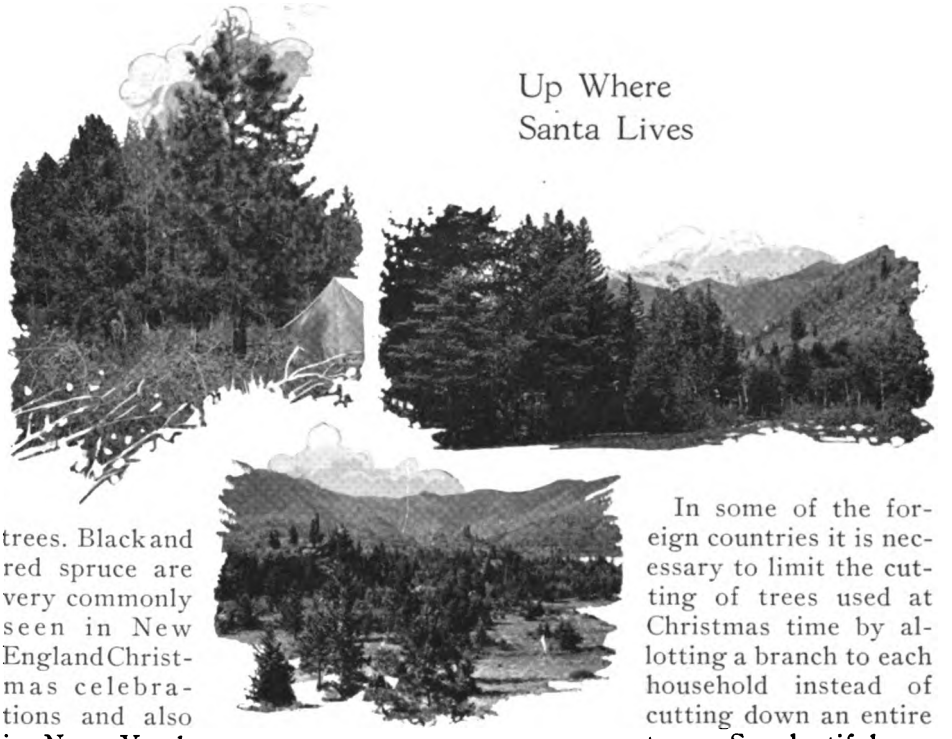
I DON'T remember, and neither do you, the time when the custom of using evergreen trees at Christmas first started. It is an old-world custom originating about the fifteenth century, and one which no doubt will continue in vogue forever. Comparatively few people are aware of the fact that there is no species of tree known as "Christmas tree," but that this name is applied to a species of tree grown in the various localities.

It might be of interest to know that the United States uses annually during the holiday season between four and five million Christmas trees, according to an estimate of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. This figure equals approximately the combined consumption of England, Scotland and Wales and is about 25 per cent greater than that of Germany.

The fir is undoubtedly the Christmas tree par excellence on account of its long, horizontal, spreading, springy branches and deep green fragrant foliage, which persists longer than that of any other evergreen. This type of tree reaches its greatest perfection in the northeastern and lake states.

On the Great Lakes, "the Christmas tree ship" bringing greenery from the upper peninsula of Michigan to Chicago and Detroit is usually one of the latest events in navigation each winter before the waters are frozen over. In the northeastern and lake states balsam fir furnishes the bulk of Christmas tree trade, while in the south the Fraser fir is the favorite. In Montana, Colorado and other Rocky Mountain states Douglas fir, Englemann spruce and lodgepole pine are used exclusively. Farther west, on the Pacific Coast, the white fir oftentimes finds its way into many homes. The spruce vies with the fir in popularity as Christmas trees, but as a rule in the south and west they occur at high altitudes, which makes them difficult to procure.

New York and the New England states alone consume 1,500,000 trees. Black and red spruce are very commonly seen in New England Christmas celebrations and also in New York and Philadelphia. Illinois and Ohio are supplied mostly by nurserymen in the form of Norway spruce. When fir and spruce are not available, pine is the ultimate choice. Throughout Maryland, Virginia and in Washington, D. C., the ordinary scrub pine finds a way into many homes, while in Wyoming the lodgepole pine is practically the only species available.



Where Santa gets his trees

Hemlock is used when other varieties of trees are unattainable, but its slender, springy branches are better adapted to the manufacture of so-called fancy greens and wreaths. In most of the treeless states and often in Tennessee and Pennsylvania, red cedar is used, while in California the red and incense cedars are not uncommon.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts and the Adirondacks and Catskills in New York, are the source of supply for New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and even for Baltimore and Washington. The swamps of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota furnish the markets of Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and the cities of the plains states.

In some of the foreign countries it is necessary to limit the cutting of trees used at Christmas time by allotting a branch to each household instead of cutting down an entire tree. So plentiful are the various species of trees in this country at present that our government has not yet deemed it expedient to resort to this measure, but the wanton destruction of our timbered areas by careless campers who yearly destroy thousands of trees will surely hasten the time when it will be necessary to pattern our practice after that now followed across the ocean.

It therefore behooves every citizen of our country to protect our forests to the end that future generations may enjoy the happy privilege of a Christmas tree at Yuletide the same as we do now.

Educational

Certificates Issued From Nov. 21 to Dec. 20, 1920

Plant Course No. 1—Elements of Electricity and Magnetism

Bell, Rex E. (P.).....Denver, Colo.
Black, J. A. (P.).....Phoenix, Ariz.
Clowes, Chas. Wm. (P.).....
.....E. Las Vegas, N. M.
Wiese, Albert (I.).....Denver, Colo.
Winter, Andrew (I.).....
.....Salt Lake City, Utah

I.—Installation Department.
P.—Plant Department.

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Top Row—Eleanor C. Kilbourn, A. U. Mayfield, Beulah Black
Bottom row—E. A. J. Seddon, George C. Quillian, J. F. Greenawalt, E. J. Murphy, W. H. Cawley

The Monitor Editorial Staff

MODESTY impels the members of The Monitor editorial staff to refrain from writing anything "about themselves," so the office boy has been importuned to tell you a few things about the men and women who help make this magazine. We have all been "sufficiently urged," however, to pose for the camera man in order that the thousands of readers of The Monitor may have some idea of how we look in our Sunday clothes. And this is what the office boy dug up from the records:

J. F. Greenawalt, as a clerk in the contract department, was the first editor of the company's magazine, then known as The Transmitter, and the first issue appeared in June, 1906. Later the name was changed to The Monitor. During all these years it has carried its message of kindly feeling and helpfulness to the thousands of employes of the company. Mr. Greenawalt, who is now publicity manager, maintains his position as editor.

A. U. Mayfield, managing editor of The Monitor, began his services with the company about nine years ago, in publicity work. He has held his present position two years, and upon him devolves the work of "getting out" The Monitor.

Eleanor C. Kilbourn, assistant editor, became an employe of the Telephone Company in May, 1906, and was for a number of years secretary to the late E. B. Field, Jr., vice-president and treasurer. She transferred to the publicity department in June, 1917, and has taken a deep interest in The Monitor and its success since that time. She became assistant editor in 1918.

Beulah Black, staff artist, started as junior operator in 1916, at Main exchange. She was promoted to all-night information three years ago, where she worked until October, 1920, when she was transferred to the Denver traffic department. In May she was "discovered" as an artist, and has since done much of the art work on The Monitor.

George C. Quillian, associate editor for the Western Division, began with this company as clerk in the auditor's office, in 1906, where he remained until 1907, when he was promoted to a like position in the commercial department at Salt Lake City. In the two following years he was employed in the general commercial superintendent's office, and then was made division cashier at Salt Lake, which position he now holds.

E. J. Murphy, associate editor for the Northern Division, started with the company as stenographer in the Northern Division plant department on December 11, 1911. He has been in this department at Helena continually since, except for a year spent in the district plant office at Butte and the time spent in the army during the late war. He has handled all phases of plant accounting routine, exchange, district and division. At present he is chief clerk to the division plant superintendent, Helena.

Wm. H. Cawley, associate editor for the Eastern Division, started early in 1912 as an installer's helper, at the tender age of 15, and soon went out alone as an installer. He left the company December, 1912, to August, 1913, when he was an operator in marine service for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, wandering around over several seas. He came back with the Telephone Company, first as an installer in Denver, later inside in the Denver main office, then five or six months as a combination man at Longmont, and finally as testboardman and Morse operator at Trinidad. This was from August, 1913, to January, 1915. In January, 1918, he went to Cheyenne as a testboard man, staying there five or six months, when he was brought to the office of Mr. Long, division toll wire chief, in Denver, where he is now, with the official title of assistant district toll wire chief.

E. A. J. Seddon, associate editor for the Southern Division, El Paso, Texas, tells such an interesting story of who, when and why he is a telephone man, that the office boy insists that he be "let out" of the job of writing biographies, and presents the following interview he had with Mr. Seddon:

"I have no biography to speak of—am just an ordinary mortal. In 1906 I struck the S. W. Tel. & Tel. Co. operating in El Paso, for a job—just a temporary job while looking around for a position. I was assigned the interesting task of separating the population from their cash in exchange for telephone service. Those were the good old days when gold and silver were in circulation and a dollar was as big as a cartwheel and would buy something. Checks and paper money were a curiosity. I would come in at night loaded down

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How the Telephone Girls Performed in France

By Celia Grimeke, in Butte (Mont.) Post

THE world war found American girls associated with the American army for the first time in its history in the capacity of telephone operators. This military innovation was largely in the nature of an experiment. The American army found itself confronted with the perplexing problem of securing telephone service in a country where practically none of the French operators were able to speak English.

To remedy this situation plans were gradually made for equipping the A. E. F. with American-made telephones and telephone apparatus maintained by American boys and operated largely by American girls who were able to speak French.

The first four groups of the women's telephone unit was composed largely of college girls who spoke French, French teachers and French girls employed in this country. The fifth, sixth and seventh groups were composed almost entirely of experienced toll operators employed by the Bell telephone system.

The first appeal for volunteers was made in January, 1918. By February the first unit, composed of 33 girls, had been organized, equipped and trained in the rudiments of the telephone work, and embarked for France. The plan of organization called for a total of 500 operators to be dispatched for France in groups ranging from 30 to 60 and trained under the direct supervision of the American Telephone and Telegraph company. Pursuant to this general plan each month found a unit on its way. While Armistice Day brought joy to millions of people, sorely tried by the war, it brought tears to the eyes of the 45 operators composing the seventh unit.

Ten-forty a. m. that day found them ready to embark. Ten-forty-one on that same eventful day found them slowly turning away from the docks homeward bound. This seventh unit had received instructions to hold themselves ready for immediate embarkation and their entire equipment was already aboard the vessel that was to carry them to glory and to France.

The women's telephone unit was under the direct control of chief signal officer Brigadier General Russell. As nearly as possible the more experienced telephone operators were assigned to the positions of chief operator and supervisors. Immediately upon arrival in France each unit reported to Signal Corps headquarters at Tours. After an extensive training of several weeks they were assigned to the different exchanges. The first group were assigned to Paris and Tours. As succeeding units arrived they were ordered to the different base ports, Le Havre, Brest, Bordeaux and Saint Nazaire. Especially trained groups were assigned to the headquarters of the First and Second Armies.

All operators of the American expeditionary forces were subject to the same discipline and regulations pertaining to enlisted men and officers. Ordinarily, a day's work was limited to eight hours, although in times of emergencies and during the great offensives the work oftentimes covered a period of from fourteen to fifteen hours. This work quickly improved the knowledge of French, as the operators dealt constantly with French operators at French exchanges and with French subscribers calling the various offices in army headquarters.

In Paris two large hotels were taken over and used for housing the ninety operators assigned to the six exchanges under the control of the signal corps. In the smaller cities, such as Neufchateau, Langres and Chaumont, where only

ten or twelve operators were stationed, a residence was used. In all cases the American telephone operators were responsible for their conduct to a Y. W. C. A. hostess, appointed by the government, who lived with them in the hotel or private residence, as the case might be.

After the armistice was signed and the army of occupation moved into Germany two units of operators who were able to speak German were ordered to army headquarters at Trier and Coblenz. I was extremely fortunate in being assigned to the exchange at Coblenz, because it was here that I first came in contact with a number of Butte boys whom I had known for years.

These boys were members of the Second Field Signal Battalion with the First Army. They were stationed at Grosholbeck, twenty-eight miles from Coblenz. Shortly after my arrival in Coblenz I was delighted to receive a visit from Horace Casey, popularly known as "Bones." The following day I had the pleasure of attending mess with the fourteen Butte boys who were members of the same company to which Mr. Casey belonged.

Although the use of the girls as telephone operators had been established in the beginning largely as an experiment, the result proved highly satisfactory. Even those army officers who had opposed the plan in the beginning were loudest in their praise after they had seen the efficient way in which the members of the women's telephone unit had performed their duty. That this branch of the service was highly important in the successful operation of all military maneuvers was shown by the fact that no expense was spared by the government in giving as good telephone service as was humanly possible.

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like a pack mule, and it took a couple of hours to count out and check up. I wore out a suit of clothes in three months and almost acquired a positive dislike for all forms of money. Money has never been really sociable since—probably for fear I would remove all cash from circulation.

"I was transferred to the traffic. At first the service flivvered on me, and I pretty nearly got in bad, but after finding out that operators were really human, things looked brighter and service improved until they say it was A No. 1. In 1910 I was transferred to Dallas, Texas, and later was district traffic chief at Fort Worth. But the call of El Paso was strong, and after about two years' absence I connected with a plant job with the old Tri-State Company in 1911. Ever since then I have been finding out how much plant accounting I didn't know, and now, as chief clerk to the division plant superintendent, it is my duty to look wise and not give myself away. Having the best boss in the best department in the best division of the best company in the best country is the chiefest distinction I have attained and I still have that job and am still looking around, but have not yet signed an SN97. I thank you."

An' that's all I care to tell about 'em.

THE OFFICE BOY.

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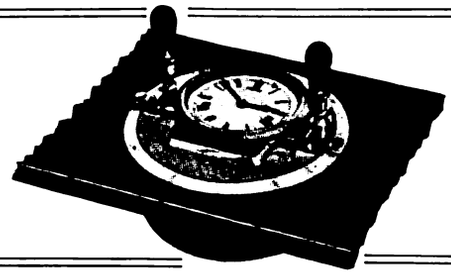
TIMING  TALKS

By W. B. Kauder and R. E. Clifford, Denver Long Distance

THE majority of toll users have, of course, little or no idea of the method of timing their talks. Some have the impression that the operator glances at a clock on the wall, or at her wrist watch at the beginning and end of a conversation, multiplies the difference between readings by the square root of seven, adds two minutes and lets it go at that. This impression, at least to some extent, seems to be shared by some telephone folks, as was indicated by a question that recently came up. So we are going to try to explain, for the benefit of those whose work doesn't bring them in contact with toll operating, just how this major operation is performed.

The timing of a conversation is accurately accomplished by means of an instrument known as the "calculagraph." These instruments are mounted on all toll switchboards, one between each group of two operators' positions. It appears to be an ordinary clock, face up, having a lever on each side of its dial. Just in front of the regular clock dial there is a little slot arranged for the insertion of a toll ticket. Inside there are three dies, operated by means of the levers, which make impressions through an inked ribbon on the ticket placed in the slot. These impressions tell the whole story to the operator and the billing department.

Figure 1

Let us time a conversation: The calling and called parties are on the line, ready to talk. The ticket on the call is now placed face up in the calculagraph slot and the subscribers are connected and told to go ahead. When they start talking the right-hand lever is pushed backward, that is, away from the operator.

This prints, at the right-hand end of the ticket the figure shown in Diagram 1, which indicates the time of day the conversation was started, the little triangle outside the dial serving as the hour hand, and the arrow within the dial serving as the minute hand. Thus, Diagram 1 shows the conversation was started at 9:41 a. m.

Immediately after pushing the right-hand lever backward, as just explained, it is pulled forward, the ticket still being in the slot. This latter operation prints the two dials without pointers shown in Diagram 2, placing them at the left of the "time of day" dial, as shown in Diagram 3. The purpose of the five-figure number appearing below and between these dials will be explained later. This completes the timing at the start

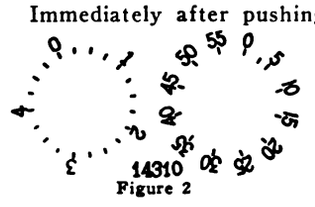


Figure 2

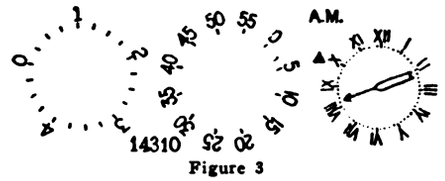


Figure 3

of the conversation, and the ticket is removed from the calculagraph and set aside until the particular conversation it covers is completed.

Now suppose the two subscribers have finished their conversation and have "hung up." We get the disconnect signal, and then immediately place the ticket back in the calculagraph, in the position it occupied in the first timing. Then we go in on the circuit, challenging to make certain that the parties are through, and after making sure, again turn to the calculagraph and this time pull the left-hand lever forward. This operation, which is the last outside of removing the ticket, prints a pointer in each of the two left-hand dials which were printed at the start of the conversation.

The back of the ticket now looks like Diagram 4, and from it we tell that exactly four minutes have elapsed since the conversation started. How? Well, you will note that the pointer in the center dial, which shows minutes up to one hour, points to less than five—well, just about four minutes. And the left-hand dial points to exactly "4". On conversations of less than five minutes the center dial pointer will of course be to the left of 5, so the operator computes the elapsed time solely from the left dial. On any conversation of over five minutes, the operator computes the time elapsed by taking the figure on the left of the pointer on the 0 to 60 dial and adding to it the number of minutes shown by the 0 to 5 dial. Thus Diagram 5 shows a conversation of 13 minutes and 47 seconds, which would be billed the subscriber as 14 minutes, the rates for time over the initial period, which is usually three minutes, being made on the basis of additional minutes or fractions of minutes.

You will note that the number 14310 appears below the dials in Figure 3, and

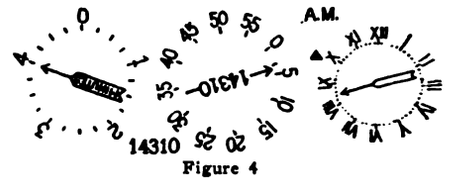


Figure 4

also in the pointer in the center dial. This is the number of the calculagraph with which the ticket was timed, and it is brought into the case as a check against the mistake of starting the ticket in one calculagraph and finishing it in another instrument. The figure below the dials is printed in the first operation, and the figure in the arrow in the last operation.

The operation of completing the timing of a ticket is usually performed in less than ten seconds, but to allow for any slow handling, the subscriber is given a margin of fifteen seconds over the minute before an additional minute is charged to the conversation. This works to the advantage of the subscriber, of course, for there are as many, if not more, opportunities for slow handling in the timing at the start of the talk. However, every effort is made to do the timing absolutely coincident with the beginning and end of the talk, and this is actually accomplished on practically all tickets.

Now for the mechanical features of the calculagraph. It is not possible, or even desirable, to explain the entire instrument in an article of this kind. But as an answer to the first question which has naturally arisen after reading the foregoing: "Well, is the calculagraph tied up between the initial and final timing of a talk, or can other tickets be timed in the meanwhile?" we will at least explain the die arrangement—or rather introduce Johnny Webb, switchboardman, who will explain it for us:

The inking ribbon is a wide affair, somewhat like an adding machine ribbon; it moves along automatically, so as to present a fresh surface for each impression, its surface being just underneath the slot in which the tickets are placed. The dies are simply metal stamps which look just like the impression they give when the parts above them are removed. The right-hand dial

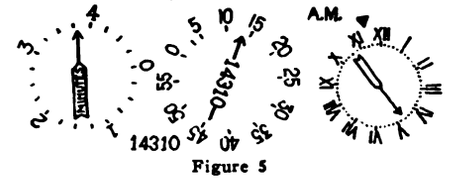


Figure 5

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Increased Utility Rates Defended

President of California Commission Shows That Adequate Rates Are Necessary to Prosperity and Growth of Communities---Public Service Companies Not Profiteers

From Telephony, Chicago

CRITICISM of rate commissions for granting public service companies increased rates to meet new conditions received an adequate answer from E. O. Edgerton, president of the California Railroad Commission, in an address before the League of California Municipalities. President Edgerton's arguments apply to conditions in every state, and telephone men can read with profit the appended extracts from his speech with a view to utilizing the logic in their own cases.

"I make the assertion without qualification," declared the head of the California commission, "that, notwithstanding the substantial increase of rates generally accorded by our commission to the public utilities, there has been no profiteering in this business in California. It is ridiculous to assert, where a profit of 6 or 7 or 8 per cent is accorded an investment, that this is profiteering."

After a reference to the commission's orders in rate proceedings in which he said that the commission did not base its findings on guesswork but upon exact information, President Edgerton said:

"Instead of criticizing the commission for thus promptly meeting emergencies, in my judgment it should be applauded. It has been demonstrated in California that public officials will carry out the mandates of the constitution and the law and do the intelligent thing, even at the expense of temporary unpopularity.

"It must be clearly understood that if California is to progress industrially there must be an immense increase in the facilities of the companies performing public utility service. Expressed in terms of money, this will mean several hundred million dollars in the next few years. It must be admitted that there is no power to force investment in the securities of these companies, and sound policy becomes of vital importance in an assurance to the investor that his investment will be dealt with fairly and intelligently, else he will refuse to come in, and progress in the development of California will be seriously retarded.

"It may fairly be said that California today has a good reputation over the country because of its attitude towards the public utilities. The impression is abroad that the California commission will not confiscate money honestly invested, nor on the other hand will it permit extortion at the expense of consumers."

President Edgerton said the commission was unwilling to assume that the people of California really desired that public utility rates be fixed so low as to not accord a reasonable return to investors, with the result that service will deteriorate and "all progressive increase of plant facilities cease." He further said:

"We of the commission have long felt that this whole matter could be discussed on a basis of the consideration of what is in the interest of the whole state. With years of experience we have convincing proof that the companies delivering to the people these vital utility services must be kept sound, less serious injury result in inefficient and bad service to consumers.

"Our people demand good service and will be satisfied with nothing less, and it is our conception that they are willing to pay for good service. Equally is it true that it is against the public interest to authorize or permit the exaction of unreasonably high rates for this service, but the placing of rates at an unreasonably low point will do as much injury to the consumers as placing the rates at an unduly high point.

"You, who are the official representatives of municipalities, have a very serious responsibility. It is your obligation, when you advise your constituents on public utility matters, that you not only state the facts as you are informed but that you fully inform yourselves before attempting to speak. That you may wound the feelings of a public official by hasty insinuation or direct charge of misdoing is not important.

"Frequently it has occurred that we must deny requests based on limited information, which requests, if granted would have practically annihilated a public utility service and left the consumers in dire straits."

"We do not guess at conditions and base our judgment on such guess," he declared, "but rather do we carefully investigate time and again all of the conditions surrounding each of the utility companies and upon this exact information base our judgment."

In conclusion President Edgerton summarized the commission's attitude toward public utility investors by saying:

"We recognize your investment will result in common good. You are about to become a partner in an enterprise which will develop the community. We realize that the constitution of the United States and of California, and the laws enacted thereunder, are designed to protect your investment against confiscation. We are in full accord with the spirit of these laws and propose to proceed in accordance therewith.

"Furthermore, we believe it to be sound policy and in the interest of the public that your investment be protected and that you be accorded reasonable returns thereon, recognizing, of course, that some risk attaches to all private enterprise. At the same time we inform you that you will not be permitted to make exorbitant profits nor will you be permitted to burden the consumers with poor service. Having said this to the investors, we should carry out our pronouncements honestly and consistently, not only as a matter of honor but in the interest of the progress and development of the state."

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is simply a clock with its "hands" arranged a bit different than is the usual clock. But at all times there are pointers in the two left-hand dials, the ones printed by moving the right-hand lever forward, and these pointers ALWAYS point to 0. The dials and pointers rotate together, the center dial and pointer making one revolution an hour, and the left-hand dial and pointer turning around once every five minutes. At a given time of day the dies would look like Diagram 6. When the left-hand lever is pushed back, the "clock" or left-hand die is pressed up against the ribbon, making an imprint on the ticket above it. Then when the left-hand lever is pulled forward, only the dial part of the two right-hand dies come up against the ribbon, and when the right-hand lever is pulled forward, the pointers above come up against the ribbon. It is evident that if there is any interval between the time of pulling the right and left levers, it will show up in the impression—because pulling the right lever showed where the DIALS were at that instant, and pulling the left lever showed where the POINTERS were at the instant. And in the meanwhile the pointers have been traveling around. (The dials have, too, of course, but they are not printed again).

The calculagraph has been in use for timing toll talks for about 25 years now, and in all that time nothing has been found which will take its place. Speaks pretty well for it, doesn't it?

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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JANUARY, 1921

Distinguished Service

Giving expression to appreciation should be listed among the cardinal virtues. Recognition of merit is like precious ointment. So in the establishment of the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund for the purpose of officially recognizing distinguished service in the telephone field, Mrs. Vail is not only signally honoring the memory of her distinguished husband but she is at the same time fixing the basis for the commemoration of especially meritorious acts which in the past have been the high lights in the picture of the development of the telephone business.

Without exception those acts of devotion to service which stand out prominently in telephone history were never the result of studied planning, nor was the motive hope of material reward; neither was there any counting of the cost in the way of jeopardy of life or limb, or in the way of sacrifice of personal comfort or convenience. They have always been the result of human impulses, growing out of devotion to an ideal—the idea of service first.

And so it will be in the future, and with all modesty and protesting their unworthiness, yet with just pride, men and women of our Company will wear the Vail Distinguished Service Medal because, when they saw the big thing to do, devotion to Company ideals prompted them to do it.

Every Day Resolutions

According to the calendar a New Year was born on January 1, the old year having silently vanished into the infinite past. Custom has made the advent of a new calendar year the occasion for adopting resolutions for the governance of individual conduct during the ensuing twelve months.

But how frequent it is that these so-called New Year's resolutions fail in their effort before the proposed time of their fulfillment. Enthusiasm wanes, purpose weakens and they join the forgotten things of oblivion.

So the thought occurs, why wait for January 1 to resolve to do needful and commendable things, or why cease resolving with the end of that day? Why not consider the dawn of every day the beginning of a new year, regardless of clock or calendar? Why not resolve each morning to keep alive the resolutions of yesterday, with new ones added to meet the new demands of the new day, the beginning of another new year?

A good resolution to renew each morning is, "I will do the things today that should be done today, and do them cheerfully. Today I will spread no gloom around my fellows. I will smile as if I had no private anxieties, disappointments or troubles of any kind, for that will help others to dispel their own private clouds, and I will put something new into my job today to keep it from becoming monotonous."

Every day is the beginning of a new year and marks the advent of new duties, new responsibilities and new obligations, whether or not we are minded to recognize them. The job we are doing becomes monotonous only if we allow it through the absence of new ideas, improved methods or what not in the way of initiative. So with each new day, the beginning of a new year, we can make ourselves a new job by working the old job over—adding some new parts and brightening it up.

Every day is a good day in which to make good resolutions and to keep them.

The Passing Show

Retrospective — The passing of 1920 brings to a close a remarkable historical era. A glance backward causes a shudder and a dazed wonderment why all the turmoil, destruction and restlessness of the past five years was necessary. Dark as are the clouds which are drifting into a memory they reflected on the upper side the brightness of eternal justice and the warmth of God's love.

Prospective — Another year confronts us, and eternity. What will it mean to us? Will we stumble along with eyes cast earthward and remember with bitterness the things which should be forgotten, or shall we throw back our shoulders and exult in the brightness of the sun and strive to attain those things worth while, forgetting self and seeking accomplishment in Service? For therein lies the joy of living. Man is a free agent—'tis the gift of God. He has the amazing opportunity of choosing for himself his destiny for eternity. The year 1921 is before us, already rapidly slipping by. What are we going to do with it?

□

Partnership

The making of even the most ordinary telephone call involves a partnership of at least three persons.

The effectiveness of the service depends on the degree of team-play existing between these three partners:

The person calling, who co-operates by consulting the directory and speaking as distinctly as possible;

The operator, who co-operates by making the connection quickly, courteously and with the maximum degree of human accuracy;

The person called, who co-operates by answering promptly.

Greater satisfaction of service is attained when the second partner, the operator, is accorded the same consideration and courtesy which she is always anxious to show the two other parties to the partnership.—Southwestern Bell Telephone Company Directory.

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The Monitor

It will be observed that some changes have been made in the make-up of The Monitor, and we believe that we have added to the attractiveness of the pages. The editorial staff has adopted a program for 1921 which it is believed will make for improvement in the quality of the material used as well as in the general appearance of the magazine. The spirit of improvement in service to the public, improvement in efficiency of the service departments and of the individual, impels the desire to have The Monitor reflect this same spirit during this New Year. Some specially good articles and stories are on the program, while an effort will be made to hold to a minimum the small squibs of only local interest. We are trying to make The Monitor a really good magazine.

□

Today

Today is what you have. It is also what you are. And, again, Today is what you do. And if you haven't anything, and aren't anybody, and do nothing—why, then, for you there is no Today.

For Today is music. Today is art. Today is literature. Today is joy. Today is work. Today is play. Today is life.

Yesterday is no problem—for it is past. Tomorrow is no problem—for it isn't here. Today is supremacy. Today is opportunity!

Crowd in upon it, then. Today—take hold upon its faintest chance. Spread your smiles — Today. Be game—Today. Be glad and great—Today.

Today, the day, is your day.

Today is time and change is doing its job. Are you a vital part of the play? Today you may start out all anew. Today you may put to use what you learned a day ago. The center of your entire life may revolve about Today.

But, above all things, do not fear Today. Let all worry slide. All things that do not count—let them go, too. Work and help and love—Today.

For this Today will never dawn again!—George Adams.

Not Necessarily Funny Side-Whiskers

Funny side-whiskers do not necessarily grow on the broadsides of a serious-looking man. A man may be serious without having shaggy whiskers. According to a well-known investment company it is not always the bewhiskered man who sits behind a mahogany desk with a long pair of coupon-clipping scissors in his hand that can boast of being an investor.

"Now, although we have never seen any of that particular species of investor in captivity, we do not deny that there are such men—but—

"The great army of investors is made up of just folks like you and me, who are saving money whenever we can, with the hope that some day we will have enough to make our old age comfortable—that is, instead of investing our wealth we are investing FOR wealth.

"We all agree that that is what everyone should do, but we don't get along very fast, do we? Little expenses are always coming up to spoil our investment plans, and we never seem to have the money to put away.

"Did you ever try to find out why? It is simply because we are saving the wrong dollars. We are saving the LAST dollars instead of the FIRST ones. Before we spend a cent on anything else, we should lay a definite amount aside every month toward investment. That is, to get ahead, we should have a definite PLAN.

"Everyone who buys a bond is an investor, whether it is our side-whiskered friend or the buyer with a hundred dollars."

□

"The people should understand that public utilities must get sufficient support from the people in order that they may be of more benefit to the people."—J. H. Dolin, Editor of The Medicine Lake, Mont., Wave.

□

No man has the courage to tell a woman what her mirror does.

□

Women jump at conclusions and frequently hit; men reason things out logically and usually miss.

A Real Greeting

Many warm Christmas and New Year's greetings came to the men and women who strive to serve, and to print them all would fill The Monitor. As a composite of happy greetings we reprint the one from Charles A. Lory, president of the State Agricultural College, received at the exchange in Fort Collins, Colo.:

The Season's Greetings to
CENTRAL
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Alfred Lory
With keen appreciation of 365 days of Courtesy

□

Consider public opinion, the mightiest human force in the world. It is the power behind every successful movement, and it stands irresistibly in the way of every ill-advised and hurtful purpose. No enterprise, either public or private, can flourish and prosper in the face of adverse public opinion. Individual opinion multiplied makes public opinion. Therefore, the securing of favorable public opinion depends upon the meriting of the approval of individuals. Efficiency, promptness, courtesy, cordiality—all these are necessary.

□

Makes Us Feel Good

When one is praised for some good deed he has performed or for good services rendered, he always feels good about it.

Among many expressions that come to our notice we find one from Mr. William Spray, chairman of the Republican State Committee at Salt Lake City, in which he says, "I desire to take this opportunity to express my appreciation and commendation for the splendid toll service rendered us during the recent campaign."

And here is another one from Mr. T. H. Wiggins, who is moving from Silver City, N. M., to California: "Before leaving I want to assure the management, the operators and the linemen of your company of our appreciation of their unfailing courtesy and kindness to us while we were subscribers of the company service at Silver City."

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Here Is a Bear of a Bear Story

IF it is scenery you are looking for, just take a trip up the Salmon River country, one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in Idaho. It almost keeps one in constant fear traveling along the road, sometimes three hundred feet above the water, and sometimes so close to the river it becomes useful to auto drivers as their engines become too hot to climb further. Your eyes are first glancing from towering pines and groves of timber, which cover the hills, to the beautiful falls and splashes of water which make music with the warble of the bird and hum of bee, only broken by the yell of some lucky fisherman or hunter, or the piercing scream of the unlucky game.

If you are a lover of nature, try camping at the Sun Beam Dam, where the Yankee Fork flows into the Salmon River. The name suggests the beauty of the place. Red Fish Lake, located on the East Fork of the Salmon River, is one of the three places in North America that contain these delicious red fish. Mountain sheep, goat and deer are still very numerous and promise a good day's sport for the hunter.

At the close of the day naturally one feels very tired after the long, exciting hours, and their eyes fall on the large ranch house at Robinson Bar. This house is made entirely of logs and contains about sixteen rooms. The sitting room is as large as the average dwelling house, decorated with hides, skins and beautiful mounted deer heads and birds. There are numerous leather upholstered chairs that everyone falls for, and when one drops down in one of them he sinks out of sight and all views except directly in front of him are cut off, and before he can say "One, two, three, my coat-tail is on fire," he is traveling in the Land of Nod.

One of "Mother Bell's" boys, Major Atkins, and his brother-in-law, A. J. Wilks, decided to explore this beautiful country mentioned above. They were to be accompanied by two experienced hunters, who were also members of the Telephone Company, but were detained at home on account of sickness, so our brave heroes started off alone. Did I say brave? Indeed they were, for they began this dangerous trip in a little five-passenger jitney loaded

An Idaho Trophy

with camping supplies and ammunition.

The first one hundred and twenty-five miles were traveled with big hearts and bright dreams, and then questions began to arise as to the following of roads. Nevertheless they found themselves at Robinson Bar, about two hundred miles from home, and rest assured Major sure found those dreamy chairs, for he had traveled through forests of pines and pushed little Henry up steep dugways and lost about five pounds of his precious fat during the day.

Here they listened with eagerness to the promising hunting sport to be found in Loon Creek and again started to build castles in the air. "Deer," it was reported, "come right to your campfire to get warm, while the bears eat out of your plates and drink water with you." This sounded so promising that our heroes were up before breakfast to continue their journey. As they were ready to start they were advised that Fords had never been able to make it from Yankee Ford to Loon Creek, but their one ambition was deer, and their mind strong enough to push a Ford. Half an hour later they were seen splashing through rain and mud headed for Loon Creek. Soon the rain ceased and the beautiful scenery did not let them realize the great distance until they were at the bottom of the climb. Here they studied the remainder of their journey. The road had been built by means of what the natives called switch-backs—that is, every half mile up the grade there was a large flat place built so one could turn back, but still climbing, the top would finally be reached. This looked easy to the simple city insight of our heroes, but after three hours of jacking, pushing, coaxing, pulling and swearing, our heroes had passed two switchbacks, sweating blood for every foot gained. Here night found them camped on the rugged side of the mountain.

Next morning Mr. Wilks was stiff and sore in every muscle, but Major was quite refreshed, thinking how lucky he was he had the excuse, "If my partner had known how to drive a Ford, I would have helped him push."

With obstinacy renewed, and thinking they could go where anyone else had traveled, our heroes set out for another day's drive. The biting cold of morning gave way to the sweating heat of noon before any further trouble was experienced. A few more hours and they were nearing the last switch-back. Now a powerful eight-cylinder car caught up to the travelers and two foreigners grinned at our heroes pushing the Ford up the steep grade. However, their grin turned sour when their thick brains told them they would have to use their lazy muscles to get Henry to the switch-back in order to pass.

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NEEDLES

FOR over a year the traffic department in Salt Lake has had a needle-work class among the young lady employes. Miss Marie Lederman, the leading expert in this line in Salt Lake City, holds two classes of instruction a week in the fine points of this art.

That the opportunity to have expert assistance is appreciated by our girls is evidenced by the large number who take advantage of it. On class day it is not unusual to see fifty or more girls gathered in the Wasatch rest room busy as bees with their dainty work. The innovation is growing in popularity and the class is increasing in attendance.

With the extra help the top of the divide was soon reached. Here our heroes realized that they could not judge the up-grade by looking at it, for they had to keep their gasoline tank brimming to even travel roads that did not even look steep. They also gave the man credit for being wise that said no Ford could reach the top of the divide.

The next morning found them at Loon Creek, with still a little spark of ambition burning in their bosoms. With a light-powered rifle strapped over their shoulder and a pistol in the hip pocket, in case of emergency, they set out for the timber. Major left his supper in his plate that night waiting for the bear to share it with him and he began dreaming of a certain little lonesome driver in a Ford sedan in Pocatello.

Another day passed and our heroes had explored nearly all the surrounding country, with no gain. A rancher told them that eleven miles down the creek was a sulphur spring where the deer came for their salt, so a pack-horse was procured and their footsteps turned in that direction. Next morning a feeling of disaster came over them when no pack-horse was to be seen. Fresh deer tracks were seen, but that didn't even look promising now and Major had to bite his heart in four pieces in order to swallow it again.

Downhearted and disappointed, the brave hunters turned their footsteps homeward through a long, narrow canon. Suddenly they heard a scramble and a funny noise. Both men started to tremble and Major remembered he had left his precious pistol at camp. Their hair was rising on ends and a religious feeling was beginning to creep over them when a shaggy bear made his appearance. Both guns were leveled on the bear and fired. The bear came rolling to the bottom of the hill. The men were spellbound. Our telephone specialist was feeling lucky, for he was sure he could climb any tree without the aid of spurs, but the bear was dead and proved to be a two-hundred-pounder. A pack-horse was obtained and they packed the bear to camp. The trapper inspected the hide, but it will never be known who fired the fatal shot, for both guns were exactly the same.

The hide and one quarter of the bear was all our heroes could find room for coming back, but the trapper eagerly agreed to do away with the remainder, and as he was an old hand at cooking, our heroes put a large portion of the meat under their belts before leaving. Major says bear meat is very delicious and extremely rich for people not used to it, and he not having a chance at it very often, put a generous portion of the cooked meat out of sight.

The trip home was more cheerful and our heroes framed up big stories in their minds and the accommodations at Robinson Bar were greatly appreciated by the whiskered but proud hunters. All scenes were passed like a dream and the faithful jitney, which died working for the Telephone Company, brought them safely home.

Now if any of the readers care to make a trip up the Salmon River country, I am sure Major will be delighted to take his Ford and be chauffeur.

Tried by Telephone

There is no end of the use to which the telephone may be and is being put. Marriages by long distance; divorces granted over the wire; "Happy New Year's" greetings sent, an' everything, but one of the latest is a court trial by telephone.

Three men were arrested for killing game in the Yellowstone Park. The case was reported, by telephone, to the nearest judge, at Cody, Wyo. After hearing the evidence the judge informed the officer that the fines would be $105.50 in two of the cases and $27.75 in the third. The fines were paid and the long, mountainous journey to Cody was averted.

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Alas! Poor Yorick, I Loved Him Well

By Marjorie Paterson

THE doors are closed, the Clan is dead. Chapter No. 6 will meet no more.

That accounts for the noise you heard Thursday, December 9th. We were closing our doors. Yes, it took from 8:30 until 12 m. to close them properly. But it WAS done properly, if we do say it ourselves—we who oughtn't.

The girls invited their lady or gentleman friends, whichever they preferred, and, strange to say, most preferred gentlemen. Also quite a few of the unmarried men of the Telephone Company were honored with an invitation, and without an exception they appeared in a body. But you can't blame them, for look at all the handsome girls that belong to the Chapter!

Did we mention that it was a dance? Well, it was, and with the most wonderful music, the kind that makes you feel like you do on payday (heavenly)—waltzes, one-steps, fox trots—and, oh dear, oh dear, you should have seen our friend, Mr. Lamping, step them off.

We had a circle twostep to get acquainted, and it worked miracles, for at the end of the dance everybody knew everybody else. But, as Mr. Pickering said, while gasping for breath, "I found a lot of good dancers, but came near losing my equilibrium." He meant he came near falling down. I know, because I looked it up afterward.

And did you see Bill Lamping the pretty girls?

We danced until 10:30, at which hour supper was served. And although we hate to brag, it was some supper. What with chicken patties, olives, coffee, brick ice cream and fancy cakes, to say nothing of the decorations, which were carried out in Christmas colors of red and green, with bouquets of red carnations on every table, is it any wonder we felt a delicacy in leaving the dining room? Of course we wouldn't want this to go any further, but we have a faint suspicion that when Russell McCarthy couldn't eat any more cake, he filled his pockets, along with the lump sugar that mysteriously disappeared. But we should worry, as he overlooked the silver spoons he might have swallowed.

The music was calling us with one of those dreamy waltzes, so we tore ourselves away from the table, and, what was harder still, tore Russell away, and went down to dance again.

The orchestra must have been watching the time. I wish they knew what our boss says about people who watch the clock, for we that have been trained not to watch the clock thought the evening was yet young, and received an awful shock when we heard the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." They say that a hint to the wise is sufficient, so we could tell just as well that was going to be the last dance, and it was.

The gentlemen shook hands with our president, telling her what a good time they had and how obliged they were for the evening's entertainment. We considered ourselves well paid by the appreciation shown.

So we close our doors, bow our heads, and say not "Au Revoir" but plain "Good-bye" to our Chapter No. 6 of the Telephone Society.

(Continued from page 15)

lack of water, had blown up, and about the only thing left was the shell and the drive wheels. The firebox and grates were blown completely out of the engine, while the pony trucks under the firebox were lodged under the wheels of the first box car, clear back of the engine tender, showing that, when the explosion occurred, it must have raised both the engine and the tender off the tracks, and the momentum of the train had caused the engine and coal tender to hurdle the pony trucks, finally coming down again with the pony trucks under the box car. The entire front end of the engine was blown a distance of about 300 feet up the tracks, every bolt being cut off as perfectly as though a welding torch had been used. Pieces of firebox, pipes and cast iron grates were scattered on each side of the railroad tracks for a distance of more than 300 feet. One piece of three-inch pipe about fifteen feet long was blown about 200 feet west of our toll line and probably helped make the failure of our toll line service complete.

"The fireman was attempting to replace a broken water-gauge glass when the explosion occurred. He was catapulted back over the engine tender, tearing the jumper from his body, onto the roof of the first box car, then through the air for nearly 100 feet, falling to the ground on the opposite side of the train, dead. The engineer's leg was broken and the head brakeman's face badly cut, but both will recover.

"We arrived on the scene at 8:35, closed the first two circuits on the top arm at 9:15, and at 12:30 had service restored on the entire lead, all with open wire, with the exception of nine circuits which were closed with twisted pair, awaiting the arrival of more material from Denver. We received the additional material from Denver at 3 p. m. and completed permanent repairs on all but two circuits, quitting at 6 p. m."

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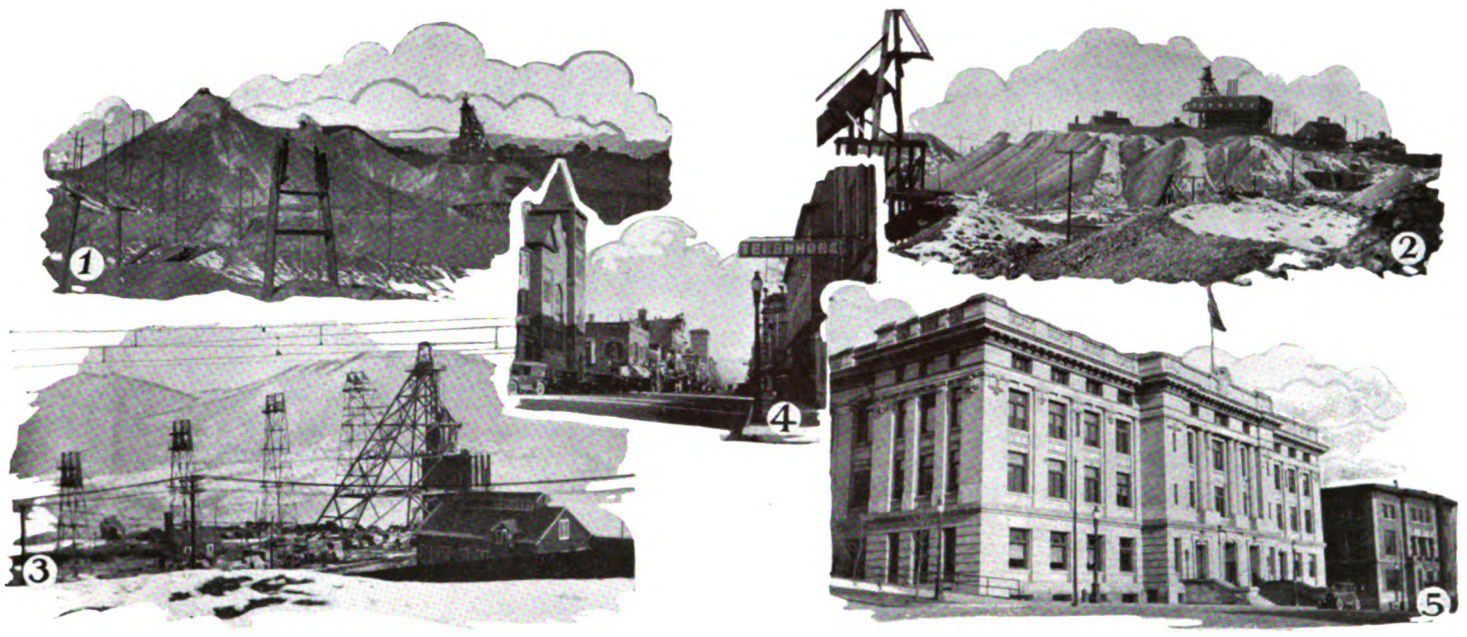

The Great Copper Mines of Montana

POSSIBLY no mining city in the United States is as well known or employs such intensive mining methods as Butte, Montana. For years it has ranked as one of the largest producers of copper of any district. The famous Anaconda Hill, on which nearly all the mines are located, contains every known metal, and with one or two exceptions it is mined in paying quantities. Many mines pay the cost of operating from the silver and gold extracted.

During the war the mining industry here eclipsed anything yet seen in Montana. Thousands of miners were employed. Many of the mines worked three shifts of eight hours each. Beds in rooming houses were rented for the shift and not for the day. Hardly was one occupant out than another was ready for his eight hours of sleep. Woe to the unlucky man who overslept. He was apt to be thrown out on the floor to finish his winks. The streets of the city were as crowded during the night hours as during the day.

The accompanying pictures show some of the better known mines as well as the court house of Silver Bow County and Broadway street with the sign of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company looming up big as life.

1—Diamond Mine, showing dumps and searchlight tower. Many of these old dumps are being worked over. The cavity denotes where the dump has been reworked.

2—Alice Mine, in Walkerville. One of the oldest mines in the city.

3—Granite Mountain Mine, show the series of steel braces carrying the cable running down into the shaft.

4—Broadway Street, one of the principal streets of Butte. The telephone office occupies a prominent corner at Broadway and Idaho street.

5—Court house of Silver Bow County. One of the largest and most artistic buildings in the entire Northwest. Scene of many famous mining trials in which fortunes were either won or lost through litigation. Corner of North Montana and Granite streets.

Falls to His Death in Line of Duty

A few weeks ago Mr. Michael Touhey, a lineman at Phoenix, Ariz., was accidentally electrocuted while working on a pole near Glendale. He had been with the telephone company since March 16, 1918, and was noted for his earnestness in giving service. He left a widow and one small child besides many friends who mourn his unfortunate demise.

Within a very short time after his death Mrs. Touhey received a check in full payment of the amount due her by the Employes Benefit Fund committee, through H. D. McVay, district manager at Phoenix. Mrs. Touhey, being unused to the ways of the business world, asked Mr. McVay his judgment in the investment of the money.

"The best I can do," replied Mr. McVay, "is to direct you to one of the best and most reliable bankers in the city. He will be pleased to advise you where to best and safely invest your money."

So not only did this widow receive a nice sum of money from the telephone company, but she also had the honest and experienced training of a telephone man to direct her in her first business transaction.

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Changes---Transfers---Promotions

Watch Your Step and You May Be Next

Mr. Cozad Goes to the Northwestern Group

And This Necessitated a Few More Changes to Close Up the Gaps Along the Line.

W. F. Cozad Is Called

Because of his wide experience and efficiency in solving perplexing traffic problems, W. F. Cozad, general superintendent of traffic for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been called

W. F. COZAD

to Omaha to take charge of the traffic department of the Northwestern Group, embracing Nebraska, Iowa, North and South Dakota and Minnesota.

Mr. Cozad put in his first call on November 27, 1876, the day he arrived in a little sod house down in Malcolm, Nebraska, a few miles out of Lincoln. After he got old enough he went to the country schools and tilled the soil on his father's homestead. He finished his education in the Lincoln Normal University and the State University of Nebraska, after which he taught school a few years.

In 1899 Mr. Cozad began his services with our company at Trinidad, Colorado. His rise was marked and firm. He rose from inspector to installer and chief inspector, and was later promoted to manager at La Junta, and in 1901 entered the traffic department in Denver, rising to the positions of operating room manager, traffic engineer and then superintendent of traffic, serving several years in each capacity. At the time of the merger forming the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company in 1911, he was made general traffic superintendent, and has held that position with the Mountain States Company ever since, during which time his work as a traffic man has received favorable comment throughout the entire Bell System.

The absence of Mr. Cozad made necessary several other moves. W. F. Brown, former division general manager of the Eastern Division, has been made acting general superintendent of traffic; H. E. McAfee, former division general manager of the Northern Division, at Helena, has been made acting division general manager of the Eastern Division at Denver; and J. N. Whittinghill, former assistant division general manager at Helena, has been made acting division general manager of the Northern Division.

All of these transfers and promotions were officially announced on January 1, and came as a very pleasant New Year's surprise to many employes who personally know these men.

And in Stepped "Jimmy" Yelton

With the transfer of J. C. Griffith, general traffic supervisor, to a like position with the Northwestern group at Omaha, Frank H. Yelton, Eastern Division traffic superintendent, has been promoted to the position of general traffic supervisor.

"Jimmy" Yelton—he is "Jimmy" to his more intimate friends—was born just thirty-nine years ago at Buena Vista, Colo. He moved with his folks to Florence, Colo., where he spent two years completing his high school course. He then attended the University of Colorado, and returned to Florence to tackle the job of keeping the freight traffic on the old Florence & Cripple Creek Railroad moving properly. It wasn't

FRANK H. YELTON

long before he was transferred to the Denver offices of the Colorado Midland Railway—a road a little longer and some wider than the F. & C. C. and with correspondingly greater traffic problems. It was while on the latter job that Mr. Yelton learned that there was such a thing as telephone traffic.

Mr. Yelton soon decided to forsake his first love to accept a job as an installer's helper, under C. L. Titus, then chief inspector at Denver, at a salary which was small—just 50 per cent smaller than his railroad stipend. He was an installer's helper only long enough to get a good insight into the game, and on December 7, 1904, he began his voyage as a telephone traffic man. This voyage, through long and devious channels, is best told by his little

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SN-77, which is a mighty interesting volume when it is read between the lines.

"Jimmy" Yelton is remarkable for his knowledge of traffic detail as well as for the way he gets into the heart of the bigger problems. He knows and appreciates the problems of not only his own people but of the plant and commercial departments. His Eastern Division associates say they pass him to the general office with a tinge of regret, which is tempered only by the knowledge that he deserves the move. Here is his SN-77:

Helper, Denver, Colo., Plant, 8-15-04, $40.00 month.
Clerk, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 12-7-04.
Chief Clerk, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 6-1-06.
Assistant Local Manager, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 1-1-07.
Manager of York and South Offices, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 6-1-08.
City Local Manager, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 1-1-10.
Denver Traffic Manager, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 1-1-12.
Division Traffic Manager, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 7-1-13.
Division Traffic Superintendent, Denver, Colo., Traffic, 1-1-17.
General Traffic Supervisor, Denver, Colo., 12-1-20.

"And the Swing Went a Little Bit Higher"

W. Cockrell, division traffic superintendent at Salt Lake City, has been coming IN through the organization, and is now division traffic superintendent of the Eastern Division at Denver, snugly located in the Main building.

Mr. Cockrell has been a telephone man for twenty years. He began as clerk for a toll line construction gang with the Bell Telephone Company of Missouri in September, 1900. In February, 1901, he was transferred to the Chicago Telephone Company at Chicago as facilities engineer, March, 1902, found him back with the Bell Telephone Company at St. Louis as general foreman of installers, and in March of the same year he was again moved up a peg as cable facilities engineer for the New England Telephone Company, and again in July of the same year he was made wire chief in New Haven. February, 1903, he accepted a position as chief clerk to the district superintendent of the A. T. & T. Company long lines at St. Louis. In this position he labored faithfully until January, 1907, when he was promoted to manager of the Louisville territory of the same company. On the organization of the long lines department he was made district traffic chief at Nashville, Tenn., April, 1908, continuing in this position until August, 1912, when he was transferred to the Mountain States Telephone Company as division traffic superintendent at El Paso. There he remained until March, 1914, when he was transferred to Salt Lake City as division traffic superintendent. And from Salt Lake City he was promoted to the position of division traffic superintendent of the Eastern Division in Denver. Aside from accepting this long line of transfers and promotions Mr. Cockrell found time to do some very efficient work on his way IN through the organization.

WALDO COCKRELL

Along the Stepping Stones

R. G. Spore, former district traffic chief, Wyoming District, has gone to Boise, Idaho, assuming the duties of district traffic chief for Idaho District.

L. W. Gillilan is the new division traffic supervisor of the Eastern Division.

H. G. Mills has been appointed district traffic chief in the Wyoming District.

Theodore Douglas, for the past four years manager at Delta, Colo., has been transferred to Denver.

Jerome Dolezal has been appointed combination manager at Clint, Texas.

A. E. Kaessner became combination manager of the Socorro, N. M., exchange recently.

J. H. Cameron has been promoted from wire chief to manager of the Yuma, Ariz., exchange.

R. W. Craven, former manager at Yuma, has been transferred to El Paso, Texas.

L. H. Maher, late manager at Dillon, Mont., has been transferred to Billings, Mont.

J. A. Davenport succeeds Mr. Maher as manager at the Dillon exchange.

W. P. Foley, for some time manager at Twin Bridges, Mont., has resigned and is now in Pittsburg, Pa., where he was called on account of illness in his wife's family.

C. S. Doak, former lineman at Hamilton, Mont., succeeds Mr. Foley as manager at Twin Bridges.

Miss Esther Taylor has taken the position of supervisor at the Billings exchange.

Miss Hazel DeHaven has been promoted to chief operator of the Billings, Mont., exchange, with Miss Cora Cage as assistant.

Operator Prevents Spread of Fire

MISS ANNA JOHANSON, night operator at Mount Pleasant, Utah, by her vigilance and quick action, prevented the destruction by fire of the greater part of Main street in that town.

A successful telephone operator seems to have an instinct for scenting fire and danger, and as Miss Johanson has been an operator with our company since 1901 she has that instinct rather highly developed.

About four o'clock on the morning of December 2 Miss Johanson detected a strong odor of smoke and started out to find where it was coming from. Descending the back stairway of the central office and following the trail of smoke, she discovered that it was issuing from the store of the Wasatch Mercantile Company. Miss Johanson hastened back to the switchboard and called the fire chief, the manager of the store and many others who had business houses along Main street. In a short time the fire department had the flames under control, and while there was considerable damage to the interior of the building and the stock and fixtures, the main part of the structure was saved and Miss Johanson, by her "always-on-the-job" method, prevented a much greater loss of property.

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Carrying Off Honors

Montana Telephone Nimrods Break Records

ANYONE reading a copy of The Monitor for the first time might easily think the company conducted a sideline in athletics. Every issue carries pictures of the out-of-doors, someone catching a fish or trying to catch one. In the summer we play golf and tennis and organize ball teams. In the winter we read about telegraphic bowling matches. It would be hard to find any organization of men and women more interested in clean, healthy sports.

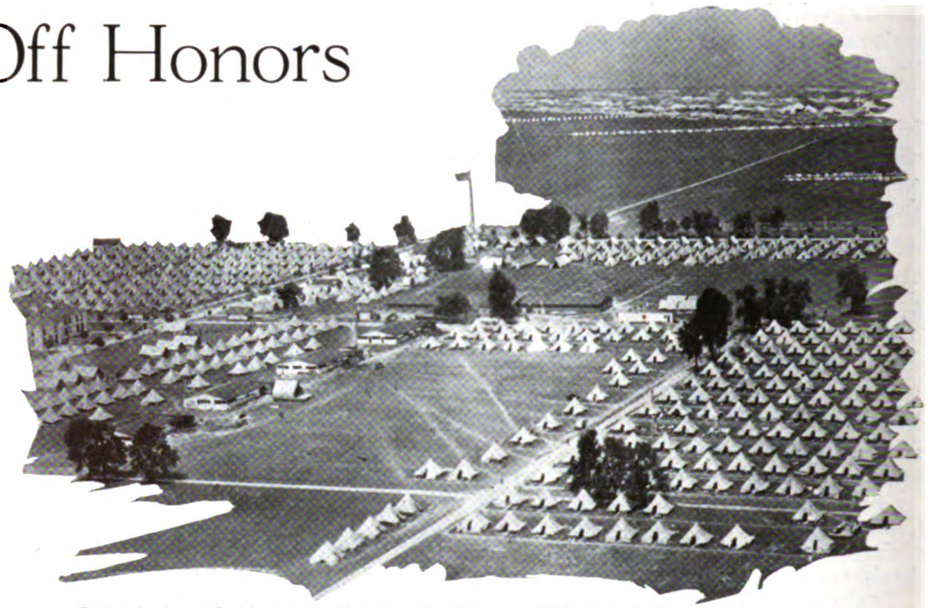
Consequently when L. M. Combs, Butte switchboardman, offered the use of the accompanying photograph we naturally thought that every sport-loving individual in our Telephone Family would enjoy reading about the annual shoot held at Camp Perry, Ohio.

Of special interest is the fact that two Montana telephone men made the Treasure State team, which finished eighteenth out of a field of 2,500 men. These men are R. T. Markle, exchange manager at Harlowton, and L. M. Combs of Butte. The following extract is taken from the Butte Daily Post and will prove of interest to all ex-service men. One look at the rifle range and the old fever to plug a bull's-eye will get into their system:

"Very few riflemen realize the extensive preparation and the unlimited expense necessary to conduct a match of this kind. A very conservative estimate by Colonel Mumma, who had charge of the national shoot last year, places the cost at $3,000,000.

"Everything was furnished the rifle teams, including transportation from their home towns to Camp Perry and return. Rifles, tents, cots, ammunition and blankets were supplied. In fact, a few toilet articles were all that the shooter had to take with him. The tents were all erected by the regulars at the grounds before the contestants arrived. They were laid out in streets and each team of eighteen men allotted five tents.

"The first eight days after arrival of the teams were devoted to instruction in the small arms firing school conducted by Colonel Brookhart. A competent instructor was furnished each team, and it is safe to say that more of the fine points of the rifle game were learned in eight days there than the average rifleman learns in a lifetime on the home range. The small arms firing school proved to be one of the most important parts of the national matches.



General view of rifle range, showing the 200-yard, 600-yard, 800-yard and 1,000-yard ranges. Lake Erie in the background

"At the conclusion of the school the N. R. A. matches began. There were fifteen of these matches open to civilians, an entrance fee of $1 per match being charged. The entrance money was divided among the shooters in each event, ranging from $25 for first place down to 75 cents for 150th place. All of these events furnished excellent practice for the main event, known as the National Team match. This was open to teams of twelve men from each branch of the service, national guards and civilians representing the states. This big event brought to conclusion the meet, after which many teams left for their homes keenly disappointed but much the wiser for their experiences.

"This is a brief summary of what took place at Camp Perry during the month of August, the details of which would easily fill a book.

"The Montana team was the first civilian team on the grounds and lost no time in getting down to business. Lieutenant Bush was assigned as our instructor and seemed to take a personal interest in the members of the team, due, no doubt, to the fact that he had been in Col. D. Gay Stivers' division in France. Every member of the team was a willing pupil and soon gained the respect of everyone on the firing line.

"The triangle sighting was a new feature to those who had not previously attended the school and demonstrated thoroughly that there are many imperfections in sighting which in a great many instances are blamed to imperfect ammunition or the rifle, neither of which is at fault. The use of the mycrometer for adjustment of sights on the long ranges was also new to most members of the team and proved to be one of the most valuable parts of a complete equipment. This little instrument measures by minutes instead of by yards, and much finer adjustments can be made than with the eye, each minute representing one inch for every hundred yards.

"The majority of the team were very adept at rapid fire and needed very little coaching—in fact, only a few of the regular service teams have anything on Montana in this branch of the game.

"The background for the targets proved to be a handicap to many who had been shooting against the mountains on their home ranges. Camp Perry is as level as a floor and the targets were placed along the shore of Lake Erie with nothing but the skyline for a background. This seemed to cause a great deal of trouble in getting the proper elevation and a shot over the target (generally called a "Lake Erie bull's-eye") was very common. Notwithstanding these new features the Montana marksmen plugged right along, some member of the team placing in nearly every event.

"Offhand shooting has always been popular with the Rocky Mountain Rifle Club, and Roy Leighton easily carried off first honors in a field of 220 entries. Too much credit cannot be given this victory, considering the fact that Leighton used the Springfield rifle as issued while many of the contestants used the finest target rifles money could buy.

"The final and most important event, the National Team match, found sixty-five teams of twelve men each on the firing line. The large blackboard in the background showed Montana in forty-first place for 1919.

"The first stage in this event consisted

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"Take It Out! It's Too Noisy!"

Littleton, Colorado, is now without telephone connection with the outer world, the company having taken the instrument out of the town. No reason was assigned for them doing so.—Littleton Independent, Nov. 19, 1895.

THE above item from the Independent was recently reprinted under the head of "Twenty-five Years Ago." Whether or not the reason was given to the Independent at the time, we do not know; but in digging around in the archives, and after interviewing old-timers at Littleton and early-day telephone employes, we have discovered that the telephone—the only one then in Littleton—was ordered out by the owner of the store where the telephone was placed—

"——and get it out d—— quick, too! I don't want such a nuisance in my place—the bells make too much racket!"

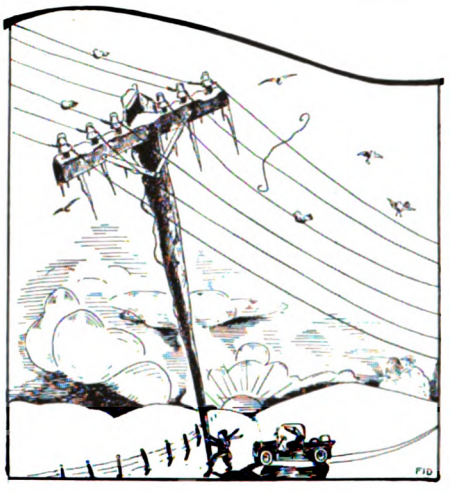
That, practically, was the wording of the "removal order." So, you see, dear Independent, the old telephone company evidently didn't feel that it was necessary to "give a reason."

Here is a little ancient history in connection with the Littleton telephone: The first telephone in that town was installed in the general merchandise store of J. D. Hill, at the intersection of Main and Rapp streets. It was a public toll station connected on the Denver-Colorado Springs toll line. It was installed early in 1895 and on November 15 of the same year it was removed. One pioneer citizen now living at Littleton says that it is his recollection that the telephone was considered a nuisance—that the bell rang so much it annoyed the store people, and also that customers in the store would not keep quiet when there was a local call being made, and the party trying to talk over the wire couldn't hear what was being said to him.

Another old-timer says the reason the telephone was ordered out of the town was "because so many people were afraid of it." They could not be induced to use it because it "sounded so ghost-like when a fellow can't see the other fellow talking."

Some time in the early part of 1896 the second telephone was placed in the Mitchell drug store, and since then Littleton has not been without connection with the "outer world." And now we reprint another item from the Independent under date of November 19, 1920, just twenty-five years later:

"In the items twenty-five years ago recently was one stating that the telephone company had removed the only telephone in Littleton, leaving the town without communication with the outside world. Today there are six hundred subscribers on the Littleton exchange. Business, without the telephone today, would be an utter impossibility, and yet what a small percentage we pay for the use of this necessity, and what a few short years it has taken to make it absolutely indispensable."



"Harp Strings"—By Fiddler

of twenty shots, rapid fire, at 200 yards. When the smoke had cleared away and the standing rearranged Montana had moved up to twelfth place. The next stage, 600 yards, slow fire, dropped the team to sixteenth place. The following day the third and last stage, 1,000 yards, slow fire, found teams changing places on almost every shot. Montana finally emerged from the battle in eighteenth place, a clear gain of twenty-three places over the 1919 team standing.

"Many of the boys were disappointed in their scores and think that they should have done better, but they have no cause to feel ashamed of the excellent showing made by the team. All are of the opinion that if a Montana team could be selected and drilled on the longer ranges for several weeks before the match they would make the very best of them step out to beat.

"Only six of the team representing Montana this year will be allowed a place on next year's team and no doubt a very spirited contest will take place for positions on Montana's team for 1921.

"Every rifleman who is interested in the game and wants to see real rifle shooting should make an effort to qualify for a place on the team of 1921. The trip and experience will be one of the bright spots in his life.

"In conclusion I wish to state that Montana can feel justly proud of the men who represented her this year at Camp Perry for their excellent shooting and gentlemanly conduct throughout the entire meet. Captain Becker of the U. S. Marines, acting as range officer during the team match, highly complimented the Montana representatives on their perfect discipline and stated that during the many years of his experience in the rifle game he had never before had the pleasure of going through an entire match without a complaint of any description. Montana representatives went into Camp Perry with a clean slate and came out clean, with the respect of every one associated with them."

Employe Passes Away

Charles F. Neslen, forty years of age, an employe of the Rocky Mountain Bell and the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company since 1898, died in Salt Lake December 14, 1920, after a few weeks' illness. Charlie Neslen spent his whole business life with the telephone company in the installation and equipment departments in Salt Lake City and vicinity. He is survived by a daughter, Melva M. Neslen, and three brothers and two sisters, all residents of Salt Lake City. His many friends were greatly shocked at his unexpected death and extend their sympathy to his family.

Entertaining the Dog

"Now, Willie, you must be kind to the nice little doggie that Uncle John gave you."

"Course I will. I'm going to take him over to Jimmie Smith's house and let him fight their bulldog."

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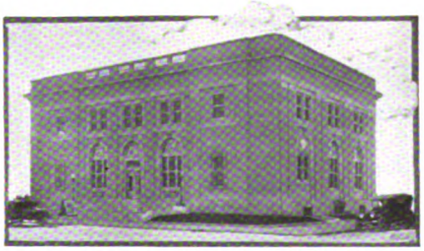
"Poca-tell-a"

The City of Opportunities

By E. P. Celph, Manager

ABOUT the year 1850 the southern part of Idaho was inhabited by the Bannock Indians, from whom Bannock County derived its name. The Bannock Indians were of a warlike tribe, always uprising and attacking the white men who endeavored to locate or journey thru their territory. The Oregon Trail passed thru the narrow canon south of Pocatello, which was and is the only gateway into Idaho from the south. This made the canon the ideal point of attack for the Indians upon the pilgrims to the West.

The massacres became so numerous and blood-curdling that the government sent two Indian guides to this territory to hold conference with the Bannock tribe and try to convince them that the white men did not intend to run them out of their homes—that their intentions were to teach them a way to make their territory valuable, which would make them wealthy.



Pocatello post office

The soldiers from Fort Douglas, Utah, made a march to this southern entrance to Idaho to see what progress these Indian guides were having with their mission. Nearing the mouth of the Portneuf Canon they saw the results of the many massacres. The trail was lined with bones and dead bodies, and smoldering fires told them that everything the pilgrims owned had been burned or stolen. On meeting one of the guides they were advised that they had not been able to reach any agreement with the Bannocks, and the officer in charge asked if it would not be possible to get the tribe to move farther north so that the wagon trains could get thru this canon safely, which would give them a chance to fight and protect their trains in a much better manner. This guide answered the officer in charge: "Me no have charge these Indians; me have charge Indians up north; you go–tella–Poco (Poca meaning judge)." From that time on the Indian guide was dubbed "Poca-tell-a" and later on made chief of the Bannock Indians. This is how the present intermountain metropolis and gateway to the Northwest was called and named "Pocatello."

The city of Pocatello has a population of 15,001, according to the census of 1920, but including the suburbs and people which could not be enumerated as residents of the city will make the population not less than 18,000.

The geographical location of Pocatello has caused it to be determined as the gateway to the Northwest from a railroad situation and a commercial distributing point, and, last but not least, I assure you, the hub of all telephonic transmission. It is at the junction of four trunk lines of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, which is a part of the great Union Pacific System. This railroad plant is estimated to have cost $5,500,000 and is the largest and most complete plant west of Omaha. It employs 3,000 men, with a payroll of $600,000 a month.

The eyes of the wholesale distributors and jobbers of the United States are on Pocatello, which at this time has sixty wholesale institutions, representing some of the strongest financial institutions in the United States, which are estimated to be doing an annual business of $7,000,000. Inquiries are being received and representatives from the largest business and manufacturing firms of the United States are visiting this City of Opportunities to investigate conditions as to making this their branch headquarters or to obtain a site for a manufacturing plant. It must be realized that all the territory east and south of the Blue Mountains in Oregon must drain thru this natural gateway to and from the east.

"Mother Bell" realized the great part that Pocatello would take in affording the means of telephonic transmission from the East to the Northwest, and when the pioneering in our work was planned the thru toll circuits were routed thru this city. At the present time all the telephone business and lines passing north to Montana and northwest to Oregon and Washington connect at this hub—Pocatello—making it the center of distribution.

In 1914 a telephone plant and building were erected to care for all the needs and wants of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company and the citizens of Pocatello. Due to the rapid and steady growth it has been necessary within the past six years to continually increase the central office equipment and outside plant to handle the commercial demands of its 3,200 subscribers. At this time the present building is being remodeled and an addition of nearly the same size is under construction so as to enlarge the operating room and plant department. When completed the Poca-

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Washington, D. C.?—There Is No Such City

DO you know there isn't such a city as Washington, D. C.? Well, whether you knew it or not, there isn't. It's strange, but true. In 1878 Congress, which clumsily and painfully tries to act as a town council for Washington, abolished the city of Washington, and the county, and designated it all merely the District of Columbia. By that name our seat of government is officially known, and the city of Washington doesn't exist.

Prepare for more shocks. Walk on the grass of the little parks and you have to answer to the War Department! Stranger still than this, if you can beat the cop or the soldier to the property of a foreign embassy, you can put your thumb to your nose and twiddle your fingers in the salute courteous to them all, for you are on foreign soil and not a one of them can touch you. Only voluminous diplomatic correspondence through the Secretary of State will effect your arrest, and even then you are safe unless the foreign government is willing for you to be taken.

Practically, of course, if such a thing occurred, most of the red tape would be waived and some sixteenth under secretary, assisted by the chauffeur and the official bouncer of the embassy, would give you the bum's rush into the hands of the waiting cop, but that is the way it would have to be done officially.

Not only is property of the foreign government considered foreign soil, but the persons of the embassy, clear down through the list of employes, are sacred, and no Washington policeman can lay a finger on them wherever they may be or whatever they may do. One of them may commit murder under the nose of the traffic cop on the corner and a polite note from the policeman to his captain would be the

"Dear Captain——"

only immediate result. The captain would then forward it to the commissioners, who would in turn report to the Secretary of State, who would write to the ambassador of the embassy in question. In the course of time the culprit might be removed to his own country for trial in a local court, but his immunity from discipline by the American bureau of justice is absolute. Washington is a wonderful city in more ways than one, and the whole process by which diplomatic dealings with the representatives of foreign governments is handled is not the least of them.

Washington, as everyone knows, was laid out by General Washington and Major L'Enfant, a famous French architect, and they were possessed of a determination (quite general then) that the time must never come when the populace could rise up and overthrow the government. They therefore designed a city which would be easy to defend. First they laid out broad streets about one hundred yards apart running north and south and east and west. Then they laid out even broader avenues running diagonally from corner to corner of each district. Where these avenues, subsequently named for states of the Union, intersected each other, cricles or squares were laid out. The little areas thus created were turned over to the army for military reasons, and so was the system laid out that artillery in the ten little parks thus made would absolutely control the city. No uprising could overthrow the government because the government controlled practically all the approaches.

Long ago the military character of this control passed away, but the War Department still administers these parks and maintains a bureau of parks to maintain and police them. Pick a flower from their gorgeous beds, then, and a soldier will deal with you, not a policeman, and you will have to answer to the government of the United States itself for your offense.

Poets are born but widows are made.

Pleasures are the commas used to punctuate life's story.

tello traffic quarters will not be surpassed by any city of the Northwest as to accommodations for its operators and modern central office equipment. The telegraph and repeater equipment is to be enlarged, and this will call for more telegraphers and repeater men, which goes to show that our lease wire service is getting heavier each year.

We must have pleasure along with all labor, as it is a part of our constituted necessity in life. Pocatello has all the pleasures and opportunities for the artisan, the sportsman, the nature lover, the tourist and scientist at its door. One day's auto ride leaves you at the entrance to the greatest work of Mother Nature—the Yellowstone National Park. It takes only a day to get to your mountain sheep, deer, elk and bear. You can spend an afternoon from your work and catch the largest of trout and get your limit of ducks, grouse, geese and other wild birds when the hunting season is on.

You can now realize and understand why Pocatello is talked of and known as the Hub of the Northwest, why the largest grain, sugar, stock and wholesale institutions have headquarters at Pocatello, why the members of "Mother Bell's Family" always remark, "I was in Pocatello the other day; everything looks good." You will now know why we term Pocatello the "City of Opportunities."

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Outside Looking In

Lewis is a Booster

Glen F. Lewis, The Monitor correspondent at Butte, came down to Denver to spend the holidays and while here was a caller at this office. Glen is the most enthusiastic booster for Butte in particular and Montana in general we ever met. There must be something in that Montana air that makes 'em loyal. Eddie Murphy of Helena was the same way when in Denver recently.

—

Testimony of Efficiency

A conversation was held recently between E. G. Privat of this city and his brother in Oak Park, Ill., from our local telephone station. This is a distance of 1,632 miles, and Mr. Privat could hear every word as distinctly as if his brother were across the street. It is a great testimony of the efficiency of the long-distance service of the Mountain States Company, which recently made some substantial improvements at this place. —Hartontown, Mont., Times.

—

Austerman on the Voters' List

Gus Austerman, old employe of the general plant department, has taken out his naturalization papers and become a real honest-to-Uncle Sam citizen of the United States. As a news item this will probably work two ways—the number of people who will be surprised to know that Gus hasn't been a citizen all this time will be larger than the number who did know he was not a citizen.

The Spirit of Service

The fire Saturday night which destroyed the telephone service of the entire town as well as all long distance service out of here was restored on record time, and the company and its employes deserve great credit for the excellent work accomplished in this emergency.

R. W. Craven, district manager; James H. Cameron, wire chief, and Boyd Irwin, lineman, were notified in Yuma about 11 o'clock Saturday night, or thirty minutes after the fire started, of the grave danger to the service in Somerton, and these men were on the ground here in about twenty-five minutes and had established connection with Yuma in another half hour.

Mr. Craven then phoned to Phoenix for expert switchboard and wire men, who caught a train at 4:40 a. m. Sunday and landed in the capital city at noon Sunday, coming immediately to Somerton, where the work of straightening out the tangle and replacing the switchboard, which had been removed from the building, was begun.

At 10 o'clock Sunday night, just twenty-four hours after the disastrous fire, the complete service had been restored, when all Somerton had expected from the damage they could see that at least a part of the service would be out of commission for a week or more.

This, we claim, is "some service," and the telephone people deserve commendation for their prompt and efficient work. —Somerton, Ariz., Star.

Thank You, Sir

The December issue of the Mountain States Monitor, with its beautiful "snowy" pictures and classy editorials, is one of the most attractive and interesting numbers yet published. The Monitor is one of the most interesting magazines of its kind in the country. The writer has seen many magazines for sale over the country, but has not seen anything just like the Mountain States Monitor. Why not put The Monitor on sale at the drug stores and news stands, for it is a beauty to behold?—Colorado Advocate.

—

He Got the Job

A business man advertised for a boy the other night.

When he arrived at the office the next morning there were fifty boys already in line.

He opened his desk and was just about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card, on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line—but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."—Wewanee Union.

—

A Definite Definition

The weaker sex
Is that portion of the human race
Which goes down town
In zero weather
In a half-masted lace waist and pumps
To buy a muffler and woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work. —Exchange.

Sunshine, Flowers and Earthquakes

Mrs. Kirby Just Couldn't Keep the "Surprise," But That's So Like a Woman

OUR Morrison, Colo., manager is wise enough to take her vacation in winter. Bear Creek Canon can't be beat in the good old summertime, but Santa Barbara looks good in winter—or would, if they could just shut off the quakes.

Mrs. Kirby writes from Santa Barbara, as follows:

"I received a copy of the November Monitor and it made me real homesick for you all, but one of the main reasons I am writing is to correct a wrong impression that got out about me at the time of the picnic at Starbuck Park, in regard to people waiting on me and my appetite for chocolate eclairs. The fact is, everyone wanted to wait on me—simply vied with one another, and the eclairs were forced on me. Just ask Mr. Clark.

"Wish the 'dear fambly' were all here to go on a picnic. There are many lovely and interesting places around Santa Barbara, and the old Pacific affords good times for great crowds. Yes, Mr. Lamping, there is room for everyone.

"Santa Barbara was badly shaken this week by an earthquake; some damage done. The shocks usually come in twos. People here do not seem to mind them much, but to me it was rather a spooky experience. Colorado will look all right to me.

"Doesn't seem very Christmasy here—so much green and oodles of flowers blooming everywhere. The poinsettias are beautiful.

"Goodness me, Sullivan, your collection percentages are leaping up and we will have to hurry.

"Mr. Davis is here and we are having a wonderful time. Don't be surprised if we come home together, will you? We intended this to be a complete surprise, but some way it has gotten out. Such things will, you know.

"Wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"Elizabeth Kirby."

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Basin

Our camera was not working when Mr. Garretson, Mr. Gillilan and Mr. Mills, with numerous brief cases, hand bags and suit cases, passed through our city in a Ford roadster, en route from Worland to Greybull. Anyway, it was after night, so what's the use.

Well, they returned the next day, still traveling in that roadster, but again sneaking in, so we did not get a chance with the camera. Later in the day Mr. Hulme, manager at Worland, came up to take charge of that dear little Lizzie, and we don't blame him, as you never can tell what might happen to Lizzie when she starts out with three big huskies of the traffic department and all their baggage.

Another month rolls round with a few changes in the traffic department. Gladys Agee and Gladys Harrington, having been added, replacing Louella Blakesley and Pithrea Pedersen, resigned. Note we are strong for Gladys. Bessie Morrison has taken up the assistant chief's work, due to the resignation of Pithrea Pedersen, who had been our assistant for the past year.

Greybull

Well, here we are, still putting the telephones in and wondering on what switchboard number we will place the next new subscriber, as the board is always full. But somehow we always find a number.

Our little Mary had to get a nice little cold and be confined at home for a week, but she is back on the job now. Ada Lord made a hasty trip to Billings for a couple of days.

Worland

Bz-z-z Bz-z-z—Hello, Central; Long Distance, please. Hello, Long Distance? Give me Monitor office, Cheyenne, please. Monitor? Yes. Well I have so much on my mind I'm afraid I can't say it all in three minutes, but if you'll let me do all the talking, I'll try it. First, we want you to know that we have been promised a new dress for our office, with such fashionable trimmings as a calculagraph, a new section on our board, more office room, etc. If our general officers will always bring us such good news as Mills, district traffic chief; Cockrell, division traffic supervisor, and Garrison, traffic engineer, we hope they come often. What? Oh, it's true they were only here an hour, but they work fast; then they borrowed Mr. Hulme's Ford aeroplane and went to Basin and Greybull for the same kind of a flying inspection.

We have two new members on our traffic force, Miss Grace Chance and Miss Hazel Meeks, but we are sorry to tell you that we are losing Miss Elizabeth Hohenstein, who has been lured away from us by the bright lights of the Big Horn Light and Power Company, in whose office she now shines as stenographer and bookkeeper.

WYOMING

Oh, say, Monitor, can you tell us any way to kinda even up things? Our C. O., Miss Faure, objects to being left to entertain and answer questions of visiting officials, while our demure night operator, Miss Pickam, requests a change in hours so that she may have a chance, too.

Say, Monitor, our manager and wife lay claim to being the happiest couple in Wyoming. Their son, who has been in Europe over three years, is on his way home, and Manager Hulme wears a broad grin and is meeting every train, to welcome his soldier boy.

Hello! Hello, Monitor? I guess Thermopolis is trying to cut in. I understand that they think their swell new offices give them right of procedure, but say, Monitor, keep your eye on "Yours Truly," and your ear to the ground.

Well, this has been such a chatty talk. I always get so much satisfaction in a talk with you, Monitor. I'll call you again when I hear any news. Goodbye. Long Distance? Reverse that call, please. Yes, thank you.

Evanston

Mr. Weatherman and Jack Frost have made their final drive for 1920. They have done splendid work which you cannot help but notice in the southwest corner of Wyoming in a town called Evanston. Mr. Weatherman has covered the hills, the trees and all the little flowers that have gone to sleep with a thick white blanket; he has tucked them in so nice and cozy that they will all enjoy a quiet, peaceful sleep during the winter. Mr. Jack Frost skipped about with his palette and brush and painted on everything, and Jack is some artist at painting leaves, trees, etc., out here. Sometimes Jack gets mischievous; he creeps out over the hills to some lonely place where the wolves howl and the coyotes bark, gets out his magic klein cutters, and "snap" goes one of our wires. Mr. Smith, the wire chief, thinks Jack hasn't got a heart and would give anything if he could just get his hands on Jack's cutters.

The traffic department has been infected with a terrible malady, and if some steps are not taken soon the force will be entirely wiped out. The entire force we had December 23, 1919, succumbed to this dreaded disease by December 6, 1920, and it has a good hold on those that filled the vacancies, but like brave heroes of war, they step in and take their fallen comrades' places. Miss Thomas and Miss Sim say they are going to be vaccinated to prevent contracting this disease. This is a wise step unless they have already contracted otherwise. It's like many other dreadful diseases—cannot be cured when infected, so we must find the cause. Scientists (traffic chiefs) have come to the conclusion that it is caused by an indestructible germ called Cupid. The fallen victims from December 23, 1919, to December 6, 1920, are: Miss Vassar, Emma Stevens, Miss Jennis Oaks, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Foote, Miss Edith Oaks, Miss Lillian Funk.

Those already suffering: Miss Ada Thomas and Miss Sim. Miss Wilson is very quiet, but must be watched, as you can't tell what complications might set in. Rhoda Thomas, chief operator, is suffering badly, but she is like a Christian Scientist—she doesn't want to believe it herself and tries to make others believe the same. Blanche Simmons must keep on the alert, as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Mr. Harris, manager, has come to the conclusion that there are only two ways this traffic infection can be overcome, and it is up to the engineering department at Denver to do it. On the 1921 rebuild they must build a building that is Cupid-proof or put in an automatic exchange.

Old maids, why stay single? Apply for position in the traffic department, Evanston, Wyo. Quick results guaranteed.

Question—What is a Fraid Cat?

Answer—A telephone operator that gets married and enters the operating room through the terminal room because she is afraid to pass by manager's office.

Douglas

We're here once more,
The voices with a smile.
We've had a Merry Christmas,
The kind that is worth while.

We're ready for the New Year,
And for what it has in store.
I'd write another verse,
But I can't think of any more.

Operator—Number, please?
Sub.—Hello, mamma?
Operator—Number, please?
Sub.—Hello, is this mamma?
Operator—No, this is not your mother. What number do you wish?
Sub.—Is mamma there?
Operator—No, your mother isn't here. Goodbye.

And then the manager became very suspicious and gently opened the door, to his disappointment and our joy. You could have heard a pin drop. But just the same we have to hand it to Bert. He took a real chance the other day (not matrimonial). Yes, he spent the whole sum of two bits on this said chance, and now he is displaying a brand new one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar watch. Well, some people are born lucky.

Why go to church when a rubber heel will save your sole?

"Jack" Brohl was transferred to Lovell. "Turn the crank, Riley, turn the crank."

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ARIZONA

Phoenix

William Plattner of the plant department quietly stole away to New Mexico for a few days, returning with a bride. Also Miss Josephine McIntyre of the traffic department was allowed a few weeks' leave of absence, and we understand she is now Mrs. Norman Rivers. Our best wishes are extended to the newlyweds.

We gladly welcome the return of Miss Clara Kohls to the traffic force and also Miss Louise Nelson of Durango, Colo.

Harry Kleinz of the plant department is to be congratulated on the arrival of an eight-pound boy who has been named William.

Miss Mamie Henderson, chief operator of Bisbee, was a visitor to our office, having come to Phoenix to attend the state fair.

Florence

Christmas Day Miss Georgia Eaton was quietly married in the border city of Nogales. We regret losing Miss Eaton, who has spent more than five years in the Florence exchange and whose services we greatly appreciated. We trust that the future holds much joy and happiness in store for her.

Glendale

Mrs. Ida Cutbirth has returned to her duties as chief operator after a month's absence, having undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Bisbee

A sack of mail was stolen from the Osborne station Thursday night, December 9. This was registered mail and it was very valuable, as it contained the Bisbee peg count, and we all know what that means.

Yuma

Our popular chief operator, Mrs. Lennia Brown, was tendered a pleasant surprise party by her husband at their home, the occasion being her birthday. Quite a number of her closest friends took part in the festivities. She received many beautiful presents, and an exceptionally good time was enjoyed by all.

Globe

Globe calling—please hold the line.

While Miss Riley, our relief operator, was in Phoenix attending the fair, we asked her if she visited the telephone office. She said she saw the office one day but when she tried to find it again she couldn't locate it. We wonder if the big city confused her.

Sub—Central, what is the matter? They don't answer. Are they out or what?

Opr.—What, I guess.

A few who do their part in Globe: Left to right—Miss Avery, assistant commercial operator; Miss Boshe, commercial clerk; Glendolyn Thornton and Ardella Wright, operators

Mildred Hilton, from Kansas, has been added to our force. Welcome to our city, Mildred.

Lily Crowder has been sick for the past week but is back to work again.

F. B. Titsworth, from Chicago, has joined our force as combination man. We hope he will stay; however, we still think of Frank Lynn, even though he lives in Bisbee.

W. A. McCandliss, district plant chief, was a visitor at the Globe exchange November 26 and 27. He borrowed Mr. Murphy's eraser and forgot all about it until he reached Tucson. The eraser was immediately returned by mail. The eraser was greatly missed at the Globe exchange, and we are all glad it is back in service again.

G. M. Foley is now in Tucson under the care of physicians. We hope that he will be able to return to his old position at Globe in the near future.

Prescott

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Otteni have returned from their honeymoon after spending a few days in California.

Miss Jennie Rawson, chief operator, who was operated on for appendicitis some time ago, is improving, and we hope to have her with us again soon. Mrs. George Fluke is capably filling the place of chief operator.

Dan Cupid continues to play around the traffic department. Miss Lillian Eagen, who has been with us for some time, resigned in November to be married to Ray Stonebreaker of South Gary, Ind., where they have gone to reside. Her many friends here wish her every success and happiness.

Miss Elma May Tolar, cashier, has returned to work after enjoying a week's vacation.

UTAH

Irene Lewis, Correspondent

My New Year wish to you all—
Enough of work to test your grit,
Enough of play to keep you fit.
Enough of health to win Success,
Enough of wealth, plus happiness.

Salt Lake

Miss J. Wright has been promoted to the rank of information operator.

Miss Lucille Jensen is doing splendidly as our new supervisor.

Misses Thompson, Ada Lipford, Lena Nelson and Catherine Hunt have resigned during the month. Miss Lena Nelson was one of our oldest operators and we wish her success wherever she may go.

Miss Cora Hatford has been sent to us from Hyland and is now a very fine supervisor.

Miss Ruth Whitecar, former Wasatch record clerk, has cast her lot with the Hylanders.

Wasatch Toll

Misses Rose Mitchell and Erma Sainsbury have been promoted to rank of supervisors. They are dandies.

Miss L. Battley, former supervisor, was promoted to assistant chief operator.

Our new central office instructor is Miss Vilate Brinton.

The lady who used to be known as Isabel Barlow has departed for Denver, where her lonely hubby was waiting for her.

Miss Katherine Schooler, former chief operator, has been transferred to field work, while Miss I. Cardon has been transferred from the field and serves in the capacity of chief operator.

R. J. Beveridge visited Wasatch exchange, en route to San Francisco, where he will pursue his traffic studies. Until recently he has been located in Chicago. When asked how he liked the high life and so forth of Chicago he gave us an

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alibi—that he had no time. That is unlike the rumors that have been drifting this way.

Training School

Miss La Nez Pitkin, former employment supervisor, has been transferred to the district traffic offices. We all wish Miss Pitkin the greatest of success in her new work.

Miss Mame Jones has been appointed employment supervisor and Miss Ellen Malstrom is the new chief schoolmarm. We wish them success and happiness in their new duties.

During the month a meeting was held in the old Independent building for all telephone employes. There was a large attendance, all departments being well represented. We had short talks by Roderick Reid, general auditor; F. B. Jones, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Cockrell, Mr. Ogden, Mr. Kline and Mr. Hyde. Last, but not least, Ben S. Read, president, gave us an interesting talk. The themes were co-operation, good service, team work and loyalty to the company.

On the evening of December 17 a good service party was given for all traffic employes at the Y. W. C. A. building. A short program and dancing were the main features of the evening. Light refreshments were served and everyone present had a delightful time.

Beaver

A Happy New Year to all good telephonites.

On Thanksgiving we were presented with a big turkey in consideration of the good service rendered. A dinner was given at the home of our boss, J. T. Gant, and the fixin's an' everything were delicious. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

Lehi

We were greatly surprised to learn of the marriage of our chief operator, Miss Edris Ashe, to Sy Jones of Beaver. We all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Jones happiness and success.

Miss Norman Whitman is the new chief and we like her very much.

Miss Jessie Fox is our new relief girl.

Payson

Miss Amos, our former chief operator, has resigned to be married. We wish her happiness.

Miss Fillmore succeeds Miss Amos, and Miss Wride is the new chief operator.

Provo

We are formulating our resolutions, and one of them is for a year of good, hard work.

Murray

Bill Sweeny, our faithful troubleman, is laid up with a mashed finger, which got between two bowling balls.

Miss Clara Pierson, commercial clerk, has gone to California on a three months' furlough.

Aside from the above mentioned items, everything is serene and the goose is hanging the regulation distance from the floor.

Tooele

The Tooele people had a big community Christmas tree for all the kiddies in town and a real live Santa Claus to give each one a bag of sweets and another gift. The business men and Tooele organizations raised several hundred dollars for the cause. A good time was enjoyed by everyone.

Tooele voted favorably on a $15,000 bond issue to be used for new fire-fighting equipment to replace the old red flivver which has been called a fire truck for the last few years. The money is to be spent for a modern fire truck, including pumps, chemical tanks and everything that goes to make a real fire truck.

Miss Mary McKellar, our night operator, has been on the sick list for the last two weeks. Miss Eurilda Lee is taking Miss McKellar's place during her illness.

Mountain States Telephone Co.,
Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Gentlemen: We wish to take this means of expressing to yourself and your loyal and efficient corps of operators our thanks for the splendid service you rendered us on election night.

We kept account of the calls for a while, but got too busy to keep it up after they had passed 600 in number on election night.

The service was splendid, courteous and highly efficient. Great praise is due the operators who so capably handled the hundreds of calls without a single moment's delay or a single mistake.

We deeply appreciate this service.

Yours very truly,
IDAHO FALLS DAILY POST.
(Signed) B. H. Read.

"The Moonshiner"

An Ep-hic! Pastoral

(Inspired by the rumor that upon a recent visit to his farm in Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, Utah, A. S. Peters, valuation engineer, Denver, found a complete "still" outfit, such as is used in "moonshining."—Words and decorations by R. W. Jones, Murray, Utah.)

So you've made a "moonshine" station of the little farm in Zion
Where once you raised the humble "spud" and where the cornstalk grew;
You've converted gentle tilling to illicit brew distilling;
Mr. Peters, it is thrilling—and now without befrilling,
Tell us, Mr. Peters, do!

Did you view with consternation the scant price of garden produce,
Alarmed at dwindling profits from the vegetable row?
Did you feel the iron scoring while the price of peas was soaring,
Could the middleman's sharp barter affect your judgment so?

Maychance you missed the "cup that cheered" that colored Omar's lay
And could find no potent cup-friend in the grapejuice of today;
Perhaps you felt the crying urge of talent long deferred
Which for countless generations had been waiting all unstirred—
A streak of brewing genius that in these dryer times
Came to its own through means unknown in spite of temperate climes.

Did this make the sharp incision which clarified your vision
And glimpsed you fields Elysian of a trade you knew of yore?
And while in this tranced condition, did you laugh at prohibition
And dream to brew a beverage no mortal brewed before—
Only that, and nothing more?

Did your engineering science put to flight with grim defiance
That throat-parching defendant called the eight-and-teenth amendment?
Did you hope to beat the sheriff and to crowd him to the brink?
Did you, now that your mind scans it, try to change "sic" to "hic! transit"—
Did you? Mr. Peters, think!

Of the hints and moods of seasons, many rhymes to many reasons,
Many that are pertinacious, many that are quite audacious
For the stewing and concoction of the modern "mountain dew"
Since the recent legislation has brought dire consternation
In the concancatenation of the Brew, Brew, Brew.

But please tell us, Mr. Peters, for our curiousness fair "teeters,"
Like a bloodhound 'mid the "skeeters" we are following your spoor,
Will you help us and relieve us, or continue to deceive us,
Or just answer back to grieve us a bechuckled NEVERMORE?

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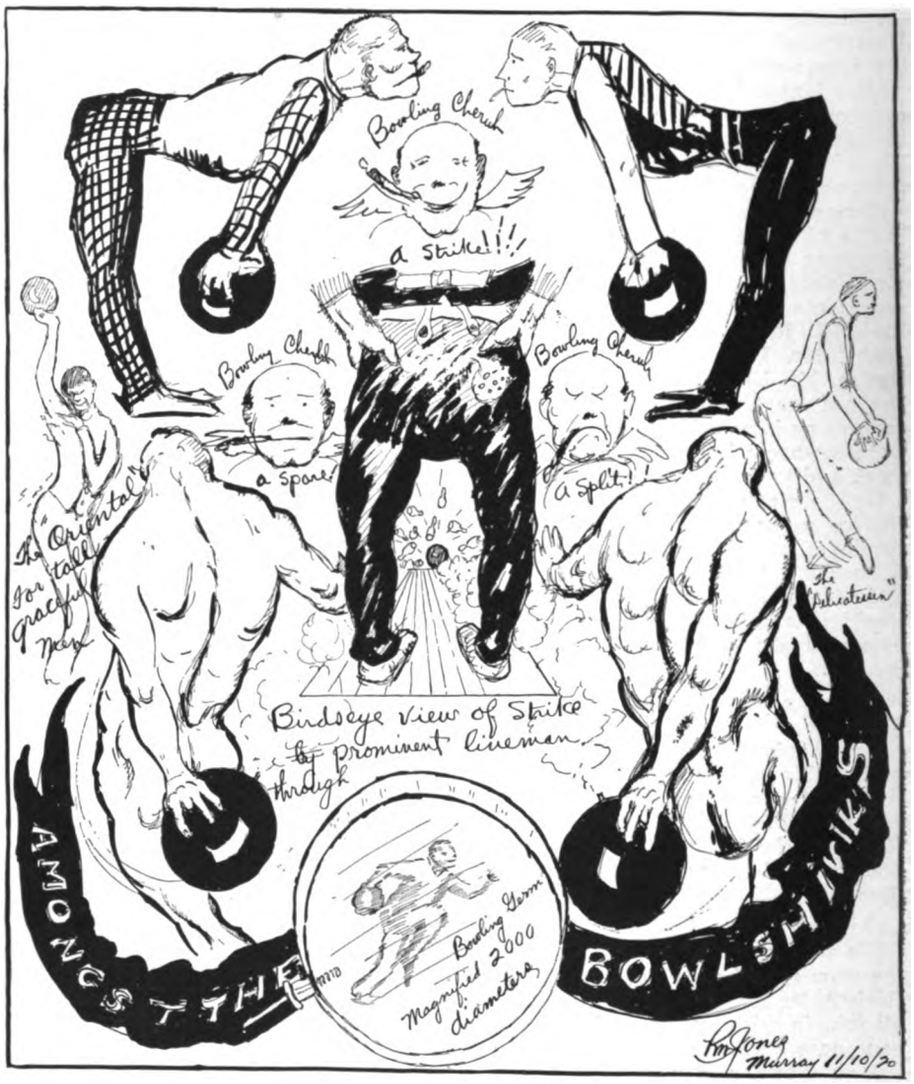
Now We Know All About Bowling Balls

By R. M. Jones, Murray, Utah

BOWLING balls are made from either hard wood or bakelite composition, and may be obtained in almost any size, weight or color desired. Holes are bored in from the surface to provide a means of gripping the balls. Two holes are bored in some balls to allow the bowler to use the thumb and one finger, while other balls contain three holes, thus allowing the bowler to use an extra finger when weakening.

Aside from the above there are hook balls, straight balls, strike balls, split balls, and gutter balls. The hook ball and straight ball are so named by virtue of the course they take after delivery. A hook ball may curve in either direction, and a hook of the wicked variety has even been known to have "reverse English." A straight ball takes a straight path and is supposed to strike the point at which it has been aimed. The strike ball should be thrown in the general direction of the pins, although strikes have been made from split ball hits. A split ball has absolutely no regard for Louie, as it hits him squarely, pushing him through the center of the triangle. Split balls are most dreaded by bowlers and are the cause of expressions overlooked by Webster. Gutter balls are only effective in lowering one's average and are usually used by those who have the pin boy's interests at heart.



IDAHO

Boise

Miss E. Foote has been promoted to supervisor, vice Miss Hawkins, transferred to the toll board.

The Misses Bourdette and Proshold are trying to fathom the toll operating course.

Miss Springer has been transferred from toll operator to relief supervisor.

Miss L. Woodruff has been appointed central office instructress. As this is something new for us, we are all wondering what Miss Woodruff has in store for us.

Miss Williamson has returned after several months' absence to resume her duties as local operator.

Mrs. Henton has returned after a few days' illness.

The Misses C. De Meyer and E. Bingman have been added to the local force.

Idaho Falls

Idaho Falls? Idaho Falls!!!

That's us, every one of us.

Come on up and spend the winter months with us; we are having summer weather.

Blanche Spracher, supervisor, has returned to us after an illness of four weeks. Glad to have you back, Blanche.

Manager Morgan, not being over the fish fever, went fishing last Saturday night. It was so cold he sat on a cake of ice, and what he thought were fish were only little cakes of ice. He came home with two fish stories and told us what sport he had.

Misses Laverne Barton, Gladys Sanders and Ruth Kimberling have joined our happy family.

Pocatello Traffic

During the Halloween excitement our traffic chief, F. H. Yegge, was spirited away to Salt Lake, where he is working in the division traffic manager's office. We hated to see him go, but we are in a position to know that his push up was well merited and we wish him all the success which his industry and loyalty have earned for him.

H. B. Anderson, from Wasatch at Salt Lake, is our new traffic chief, and we find him even as Miss Love's ouija board predicted—long and thin. But we like him, anyway.

Cupid visited our office not long ago and coaxed Miss Edith Chapman to Blackfoot, where her name was changed

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to Mrs. Weir. We wish her much happiness and thank our good luck and her husband that she is still with us.

We are all missing the fair blond smile of Miss Violetta Jensen these days. She has gone to sunny California to join a soldier brother who has just returned after spending four years in China with the United States army.

Miss Iva Martz has succeeded Miss Jensen as supervisor and is filling her place with merit and precision.

Experienced members of our force who have returned to the exchange after varying absences are Miss Jewell Cantrell, Elma French, Viola Taylor, Lillie Fagan and Mabel Barnett. New members of our force are Ada Spencer, Orvilla Lloyd, Mary Riddell and Treasa Wylie.

Mrs. R. W. Shoemaker
Chief Operator
Pocatello

Hazel Taff, local supervisor, is back again after an absence of nine weeks, due to the illness of her husband. Her presence has substantially strengthened our local service.

Gieulieta Haughton, Mildred Holbrook, Idetta Cooper, and Gladys Kirkman have left us in quest of happier fields.

During the month of November the supervisors met at the home of our chief operator, Miss Love (alias Mrs. Shoemake). They talked about service, but the principal event of the evening was the ice cream and cake. We heard that her husband made the cake. Now we think we know why Miss Love got married.

MONTANA

Miles City

E. E. Miller, Correspondent

Messrs. McCaffrie and Danaher of the equipment department were with us a few days installing new plates in our storage batteries. We now feel that so far as batteries are concerned our troubles are over for a long time.

Dutch Pechta, the cable wizard from Billings, fixed all our cable troubles last month and then left for Forsyth to fix up that exchange. He did not get far, as he was called to another exchange on a hurry call, but we hope to see him back within a short time.

Theodore Peters—Pete for short—is back on the job again after a long siege of the grip. Pete says he doesn't mind the disease so much, but having to stay in bed so long is the worst of all.

Wire Chief Bartlett says "It's all wrong." What with having enough work for four hands while only being graced with two, he doesn't seem to get anywhere. "Gangway!"

The traffic department now seems to have settled down to normal conditions for the winter season. During the past summer and early fall our force was recruited to normal schedule several times, but our service was not materially affected at any time. Applications were coming in rather slow for a while, but the tide finally turned in our favor and we now have a splendid force of operators.

Miss Knudston, our chief operator, has had a most strenuous time with so many new students, but she now feels that the worst is over. Her work was materially lightened by the co-operation of the older operators.

Veni, Vidi, Vici

The above tells the story of the recent bowling match between Helena and Salt Lake, played December 15, but remembering the words of scripture, "For the first shall be last and the last shall be first," we refrain from any undue eulogies. Suffice it to say that Helena accepted the challenge of our Salt Lake co-workers for a telegraphic match of "ye game of ten pins" with the following result:

HELENA

	1st	2d	3d	Total
Benson	173	142	160	475
Johnson	142	162	185	490
Eaton	170	179	133	482
King	174	147	205	526
Conrad	199	223	190	612
Totals	859	853	823	2585

SALT LAKE	1st	2d	3d	Total
Albert	211	163	144	518
Pinkley	135	168	161	464
Hill	122	127	173	422
Steck	160	156	180	496
Forscutt	176	169	169	514
Totals	804	783	819	2414

Helena

Business was suspended in the division office at Helena about 3:30 p. m. on December 8, when all employes in the various departments, including the exchange force, gathered together to meet and hear a few words from our president and general auditor.

H. E. McAfee acted as chairman of the meeting and called upon the heads of the various departments for five-minute talks concerning their particular work.

W. R. Dressler, our newly appointed division traffic superintendent, was present and voiced his sentiment on being transferred to the best state in the Union barring none.

Roderick Reid gave an interesting talk on the conditions of the company as a whole which was heartily enjoyed by his audience.

President Ben S. Read brought the meeting to a close with a plain, honest-to-goodness every-day talk on what our employes can do in the matter of molding public sentiment and feeling so that we will be spoken of as "the corporation with a soul." In conclusion he expressed on behalf of himself and the officers of the company the heartiest of Christmas greetings and good wishes, and through the columns of The Monitor the employes of Montana wish to convey the thought that these good wishes are more than mutual.

Butte

Glen F. Lewis, Correspondent

Butte Operators' Dance

The following article recently appeared in the columns of the Standard, a morning paper of this city. It tells the story of the dance as seen before December 10. A few words are not out of place on how it looked the morning of December 11:

"Earning a living, giving service to the public and contributing to the welfare of the community is easy enough when we stand out in full glare so that everyone can see what we do. The really brave ones are those who work behind the scenes so that the wheels of industry can turn, so that the mines and the mills can operate, so that the people of a city like Butte can forge ahead just a little bit each day.

"Among this group of unseen workers stand the telephone girls of this city. Day in and day out they work willingly, faithfully and gladly for the people whom they know merely as numbers. And yet day by day they take as keen an interest in giving good service as though they knew them personally. In the hurry and scramble of business many of the little pleasantries are forgotten over the telephone, the operator becomes to some a mere machine connecting them with another party. Others—and by far the greater portion of the telephone-using public—show appreciation in many ways. The adding of the word "please" makes the day's work happier and easier; a pleasant tone of voice instead of the booming voice of a tornado makes it easier for the operator to smile back when she says, "Number, please."

"Each year the telephone operators of Butte give a public dance to raise money for their benefit fund. This year they have selected the Twentieth Century hall as the place and December 10 as the date, with Larson's Jazz orchestra as the special feature of the affair. The dance will differ from none that are given each year by the various organizations. There will be lots of fun, and the latest dances, and a chance to meet these unseen workers who help Butte run its business 365 days a year."

Butte is a city of dancing, sports and tolerant living. What we do we do well and with enthusiasm. The city supported the dance in such a whole-hearted manner that it left no doubt as to the place the Bell Telephone girls held in the hearts of the people. From 9 p. m. to 1 a. m. the young people, business and professional men filled the hall to overflowing. What if some had not danced for years? What if some had to use shoe-horns to edge into the crowd? What if one young man did start looking

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for his partner at the fifth fox trot and found her in time for the fifteenth waltz? Mere passing incidents. The main idea is that over 600 couples attended the dance, which was one of the social hits of the season.

Too much credit cannot be given the Misses Helen Campbell, Nelle Rockefeller and Helen Brennan for their excellent work as executive committee or to the operating force for the work done in selling tickets and advertising the affair.

Mr. Wise, owner of the hall, was so delighted with the success of the evening that he immediately offered the hall free of charge to the operators for a dance Christmas eve.

Our Christmas Tree at Butte

The steps leading up to this tree were as follows:

Dec. 15—Traffic Chief Richmond interviewed Plant Chief Newman on matter of procuring one A-1 evergreen tree.

Dec. 18—Plant Chief Newman interviewed City Foreman Ed Drout on matter of procuring one A-1 evergreen tree.

Dec. 20—Said tree procured and installed in retiring room.

Dec. 21—John Drout awarded contract to beautify tree and secure artistic effect with miniature lights.

Dec. 22—Alex Crockett, estimable janitor and native of Dixie Land, exclaimed to Mrs. Spurrier, matron, "Mah lan's sake, if these trees don' come quickeren' er jackrabbit! What do you all specs Alex am goin' git?"

When the grand opening came on December 22, 1920, at 4 p. m. the spirit of Yuletide was rampant. Mysterious boxes and packages were slipped into the lockers, veiled whisperings filled the room, everyone tried to look as though Santa Claus was a long-forgotten myth.

Christmas Day the surprises came forth thick and furious. Candy was passed around. Each was happy.

The following verses were dedicated to several operators, etc.:

Here's a little Ford for Miss Isabella Barrett,
Put it in the yard or store it in the garret.
It's painted black and it's all made of tin,
But jimminy crickets, it runs like sin.

OR

Here's to Miss Walsh, our local schoolmarm,
Who teaches her class with wonderful charm.
She fires each one with a firm intent
To keep our service one hundred per cent.

ALSO

Here's to Miss Kobelt a pair of ice skates.
She shoots the duck and cuts Figure Eights.
Quite the hit of our local ice rink,
So at least the people all think.

AND

To both of our matrons, who mother us all,
We offer you love and hope we may call
You friend and adviser for many a year
As the seasons come with Yuletide cheer.

AS WELL AS

To everyone else may the coming New Year
Be happy, gay and free, with never a tear.
May your friends be legion and firm and fast,
And friendships flourish and bloom and last.
May each day in passing bring to view
Something worth while and something new.

Dedicated to "E. McG."

I'll say
When Thanksgiving comes,
And you're far from home,
And walking is poor,
And it costs money to travel.
It's fine
For some kind friend
To take pity on
Two Orphan Boys
And stake them
To a feed.
And Oh, Boy,
What a feed!
The table heaped high
With turkey and dumplings,
Gravy and dressing,
Nuts and candy,
Dates and figs,
Then fruit cake and pie,
And demi-tasse
And cigars.
And an honest
To goodness mother
Buzzing around
Making you eat and eat
Until heaven seems
Right here on earth.
I'll say it's time
For giving thanks.

The following clipping appeared in one of the Butte dailies recently and thereby hangs a tale:

"John P. Griffiths and Miss Hazel M. Castle were married last night at the home of the bride, 1925 Wall street, the Rev. Richard Thomas of the Welsh Presbyterian church officiating. Morgan Griffiths and Miss Grace Williams were the attendants. Following a short honeymoon trip to Missoula they will make their home at 1925 Wall Street."

And herewith the tale: John Griffiths was one of the staunchest boosters for the Bachelor Club of the local office. For years John was wont to kid and josh the brothers who stepped off and took unto themselves the plighted troth. He had more reasons for not marrying than one could shake a stick at. Not the H. C. L. Simply that no sensible, sane man would ever take unto himself a wife. But it is ever thus. The ones who argue hardest fall the hardest.

However, we forgive him the error of his way because he will be a handy man around the house, and incidentally he passed around a box of perfectos that went well with the bunch. Anyone wanting a copy of his famous book, "How I Convinced Myself That Marriage Was Best," can have one by sending a stamped envelope addressed to John P. Griffiths, former president Bachelor Club, Butte, Mont.

Dillon

Miss Ethel M. Skalitzky, local operator at the Dillon exchange, was recently married to Claudis Davis, a rancher residing near this city. The ceremony was performed by the Methodist minister, Mr. Smith, and was attended by many friends of the bride and groom. After a short honeymoon trip the couple will make their home on the Davis ranch, about ten miles in the country.

Jack Daily, construction foreman, has completed the rerouting of several sections of toll line leads west of Missoula and has been transferred to the northern part of the state.

Deer Lodge is seeing the last of the independent telephone sets. A crew of men has been located there changing the old types to the new Bell sets, preparatory to cutting over the new central office.

Walter B. Karns, who has been doing patrol work on toll leads between Whitehall, Three Rorks and Cardwell, has taken a vacation due to ill health.

D. V. McCaffery, installation foreman, who spent several weeks in Butte, is now in and around Missoula.

J. A. Dannaher, former installation man, has been transferred to Glasgow and is now in the plant department.

Estimate N2020, which was originated to supply telephone service for the residents south of Butte on the flat, has been completed. About 300 additional subscribers will be accommodated.

Anaconda

Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick has returned to work after a week's illness.

Glen F. Lewis, assistant traffic chief, of Butte, visited our office last month. This was his first visit to the Anaconda exchange. Anaconda is not a very large city, but when someone from Butte gets lost and nearly misses the telephone office we feel pretty big.

The accompanying picture features the principals of the Anaconda exchange: Miss Myrtle Cotter, chief operator; L. M. Webster, plant chief, and the invisible camera man, Tom Rose, cashier. The speed demon forming the background is the machine the plant chief uses to run down trouble. This picture was deliberately stolen.

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COLORADO

Fort Collins Commercial and Traffic

Ina Wells, Correspondent

The Fort Collins bunch is being livened up at last. All show a tendency to be out for a good time, which looks very promising to some of the young and giddy ones. On November 20 the exchange held a "hard times" party at Pioneer Cabin and it is certain that everyone present had a good time. A few of the fair ladies were absent on account of being too bashful to ask a young man to accompany them, but there were not many such. Both Mrs. Becker and Mrs. Slessor presented very striking appearances; likewise their masculine friends, whom they presented to the admiring company with great pride. Games and dancing filled the evening until a late hour. We hope to be able to have a dance soon, and we will if all will get behind it.

Miss Della Tanner, assistant chief operator, who has been with us for ten years, has put in her resignation, to be effective December 17. We will certainly miss her.

We are welcoming Miss Addie Smith as a new operator. Miss Smith comes from Nebraska, having been in the employ of the Nebraska Telephone Company there, and is a first-class operator.

We extend the same invitation to Dewey Seamans that the plant department does to Mr. Boland and Mr. Lindenmeier in regard to the entertainments of this exchange.

Mr. Turner, manager, was exeedingly busy last month trying to act his part as county chairman for the sale of Christmas seals.

Fort Collins Plant

We do hereby and verily invite H. E. Boland and Warren Lindenmeier cordially to attend our social functions, either alone or with their—whatever it is that keeps them away.

We are awaiting with pleasant expectations the arrival of one Charles Wilson to take care of our cable repairs.

We were pleasantly surprised by a visit from our district plant chief, Mr. Gow, and he surely gave us a lot of good pointers and suggestions. Come again, Mr. Gow. We appreciate your visits and incidentally the supervision, as we want to be on top, not NEAR the top.

The plant welcomes the addition of Miss Jane Sinnard to the traffic force at Wellington, Colo. Wellington sure is growing; a new porch on kitchen, all screened in, and exchange building and outbuildings and fence painted dark green. We are looking for a boom around there shortly, as they have uncovered a big bank of fire clay and have started excavating for a new sugar factory.

H. C. Jurgens was out of service for two weeks or more with a badly strained back, but is nearly all right now.

Killebrew and McMillan turned out to a party one night last month. They left at 12, midnight, drove 55 miles down Platte River, boiled a pot of coffee at daylight, drove back to the city, arrived at noon, Sunday, and said there were no geese flying. They are still nursing a cold. This was about a month ago, and they haven't taken their guns down since.

Longmont

Did you go to the district party at Boulder? We did, four and twenty strong. There we found many laughing maids in bungalow aprons and boys gaily decorated with fancy caps and flowing ties. The music was exceptionally good, and even those who said they couldn't dance were not allowed to become wallflowers. And when at midnight each one was sent in search of a partner for supper, boys and girls alike rushed here and there bidding each one throw up her hands and give her number. Then we adjourned to the banquet hall, where we were served with all sorts of good things to eat. We were seated in friendly circles and everyone talked to everyone else regardless of whether they had ever met before. One o'clock arrived only too soon, and good manners told us we must say good-night. The ride home was delightful and over and over were rehearsed the pleasures of the evening and the conviction that the Boulder party was a complete success.

We think we are to be commended for our unselfishness in giving up one of our favorite operators to the cause of Estes Park. Miss Maree Sorenson was transferred to that exchange to relieve Miss Christobel Ramsell, who has obtained a month's furlough. We will miss you, Little Maree, so don't forget us.

We were genuinely distressed to hear of the death of Mrs. Mary Large, mother of Mrs. Jack Shannon, formerly Miss Bessie Large and chief operator of the office. Mrs. Large has been an invalid for several years, but her death came suddenly on Thursday, December 2. The sympathy of the telephone family is extended to Mrs. Shannon and her bereaved family.

The appearance of the operating room has been somewhat improved by the addition of a magnificent new desk for the chief operator and a gorgeous new fern. Whatever others may think of us, we are decidedly proud of our "good looks."

Directory period. Oh, woe of woes, and grief and misery and thunder and lightning! The numbers were all changed, the subscribers were all mad, and we, all, almost had our heads snapped off. We painted the switchboard by day and by night and we sometimes wondered whether we put more paint on the board or on our hands. Our greatest joy is the assurance that we won't have another new directory for at least six months.

The "get-together" meeting was held on Saturday evening, December 11, at the home of Miss Ruth Adams. The excitement of the evening was an old-fashioned spelling match, using the Study Questions and Answers for the contest. Refreshments appeared before the contest ended and found Miss Manley and Miss Edwards pitted against Miss Hurst, Miss Powell, Miss Atherton and Miss Young. We all take off our hats to Miss Manley and Miss Edwards and we are still wondering if they can down the A. C. O., the Sup. and Information.

Loveland

Nellie Blystone, Correspondent

Wire Chief Pierce reports that in spite of three or four days of hard wind Loveland has had only seven cases of trouble resulting from the storm.

Thomas B. Moore and his men are building a railroad crossing two miles east of town and will soon finish overhauling the upper end of the Bald Mountain lead, work on which was stopped some time since because, as Mr. Moore said, the big mosquitoes, which are abundant in that region, insisted on hopping upon the truck while it was climbing the hills and they loaded the thing down till it could not make the grades.

It was six years in December since Joe Powers went through Loveland with the pole line for the T. C., which was then in the building. Now he is in Loveland again, this time installing an extensive underground cable system. Joe's presence here at this time recalls vividly to mind the big snow of 1914, when the Loveland-Johnstown lead was turned upside down. Joe and his men worked hard until the lead was working again.

One servant of the company at Loveland who has been overlooked in the pages of The Monitor is Manager Meyers' faithful dog Pat. It is Pat's special duty to assist Mr. Meyers in bringing the mail from the postoffice and he can always be seen on the job at mail time.

Johnstown and Milliken are making the Loveland boys hustle in order to keep up with the new work occasioned by the building of the sugar factory at Johnstown.

Nora Keefover has accepted a position with the traffic department and Earl Bolander is helping for a while in the plant department.

Manager Berkley reports that the wind has blown harder at Estes Park this year than ever before. The lines have stood the strain, however, and he expects to weather the storms in fine shape.

Lafayette, Louisville, Erie and Broomfield

R. C. Mitchell, Correspondent

Miss Vincent has had her tonsils removed. During her absence Miss Ray Brian is substituting for her on the Lafayette board. We are glad that Miss Vincent is getting along all right and hope to have her back again before long.

Mr. Mitchell recently cleared a case of trouble on the Denver-Cheyenne line. It was caused by a pheasant that flew into

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the wire. Mr. Mitchell, in reporting the line clear, said that he had recovered the pheasant and that he intended to mount said bird at the supper table that night. We all know Mitch has an appetite for stubble duck, so did not press him for an invitation to the above-mentioned supper.

Mrs. Glen Chitman, nee Rose Zurich, has resigned as manager at Louisville after several years of successful handling of the collections and complaints. Employes and subscribers will miss her at the office, but will be glad to welcome Mrs. Pirella in her stead. Mrs. Pirella was formerly day operator and will be succeeded by Marjorie Bottinilla. Ellen Obrian, relief operator, will succeed Miss Bottinilla on the night shift.

Boulder Traffic

About 180 attended the dance given by the girls on the evening of December 4 at the Physicians' Hall. Longmont, Loveland, Lafayette, Broomfield, Erie and Collins were out in royal style, and we sure enjoyed meeting the people from these and other offices. We work with them every day, but seldom get to see them, and it is a great treat to really meet and converse with each other.

New girls are Cora Haney and Mary Brammer of Jacksonville, Mo.

Mrs. Lunetta Evans has returned from a week's vacation spent in Denver. Margaret Dunn went to Nebraska and Miss Marian Redfield to Abilene, Kan., for the holidays.

Mr. Copps is taking a well-earned vacation and will spend a couple of weeks at home playing Santa for his little daughter Dorothy and in resting up for the work of the new year.

Elizabeth Hall has taken "all nite work." We hate to lose her from the day shift, where she served very efficiently on long distance.

Edith and Winnie Leech recently visited at the office. Edith was formerly our evening supervisor.

The A. T. & T. Auxiliary held their December meeting at the home of Mrs. Feuerbacher, 404 Marine, Tuesday night, December 6. Forty ladies dressed as little children attended the meeting and played such games as "Postoffice," "Poor Pussy," etc., until a very late hour (for such little tots). Maud Hayward was the sweetest little fat girl you ever saw, and Mrs. Mathews was her little sweetheart. Dandy eats were served, including ice cream cones and lolly pops. Each "child" brought a toy to the party, and these were gathered up and will be turned over to those in charge of the Christmas toy distribution. The success of the party was largely due to the efforts of the committee — Mrs. Feuerbacher, Mrs. Delia Mulford and the Misses Haensleman and Nora Ingram.

Boulder Plant

William Neary has entered our service at Sterling, coming there from the Nebraska company.

John I. Post has been transferred from the division construction department to Longmont, where he will relieve Hugh E. Johnston, transferred to the Denver section. Hugh has been a long time with us and leaves many warm friends in the Boulder district, especially at Fort Collins, where he was wire chief for a number of years before going outside as district patrolman.

"Toad" Mulford, after having run the gauntlet of practically every position in the district, has graduated from the telephone business and accepted a position with the Western Light and Power Company, where he will work in the general offices. Cy Meyn is doing his very best with "Toad's" great masterpiece, "Blowing Bubbles."

Brown: "Smith cranked his Ford today and the blamed thing started off backward down the street."

Jones: "Well, he must have had it in reverse when he cranked it up."

Brown: "No, he didn't. He had alcohol in the radiator."

H. W. Robinson was a recent Boulder visitor. He had to come down so Walt Mahaney could shoe his horse again. The last time said horse was shod it took two men and a boy to hold him while the nails were being driven. Harry reports three weeks of severe weather at Nederland, the wind having blown especially hard most of the time.

Harry Gregg, formerly wire chief at Lafayette, was in the office recently. We had not seen Harry for some time and were glad to have this opportunity of renewing our acquaintance. He is the same old Harry, and old-timers will be glad to know that he is hale and hearty, with one exception: He has lost his whistle—says he cannot whistle at all any more. We are sorry about that, for he could sure make the music, and we will miss it if it is ever our good fortune to work with him again.

Barnie says he wishes he had several more "heavy gangs" in the district so he could check their tools and supplies for the yearly inventory. Seems to like the job?

Miss Bee Winsome, the charming lady who hangs against the wall over Cy's desk, has become some artist's model. It is just like a fashion show to see the many stunning gowns friend Cy has designed for her. Indeed, they are becoming so numerous that Cy hardly knows whether to have her wear an old one or to create a brand-new one for her. We predict that if Cy keeps on all the ladies will be consulting him whenever there is a new dress to be made.

District Plant Clerk Lee announces that he can actually see the top of his desk for the first time since his arrival in Boulder some six months ago. The boys of the plant department wish to take this opportunity to thank the girls and the A. T. & T. Auxiliary for the splendid dance and entertainment they gave December 4. Sometimes fellows think that girls are unnecessary luxuries, but after so splendid an entertainment we are compelled to take a back seat and admit that they are the best asset we have and that we could not possibly get along without them.

Boulder Commercial

Mrs. R. R. Gibbons, who has been exchange manager at Ward for a number of years, has given up the office and moved to Kirksville, Mo., where her daughter is studying in a school of osteopathy. Mrs. Jennie Holden has taken the exchange in connection with the postoffice.

Record of Splendid Service

Miss Maude Hayward, order clerk at Boulder, Colo., has resigned to accept a position in the office of the clerk of the District Court, Boulder. Miss Hayward began her work for the Colorado Telephone Company in August, 1901, when the office was located on the second floor of the Masonic Temple at Fourteenth and Pearl streets. During her years of faithful service she has seen the exchange grow from a little local battery system of a few hundred subscribers to the present time, when our equipment of two thousand lines and sixteen positions is loaded to the limit and thousands of dollars must be spent at once in order to meet the demands for additional subscribers' lines.

Nineteen years, five months and four days is a good record for anybody, but when that time is all spent in one office, under one boss, and when the same desk and chair have been used by the person for the entire time, we begin to feel that the record is somewhat out of the ordinary.

The only time Miss Hayward has been away from her work was during the war period, when she served as a mother with the Red Cross in the huts at Liverpool, England. At that time she was away several months doing her bit to aid the boys in the service and to make things lively and cheerful for them. She went on a short trip into France, and while there went A. W. O. L. into Germany, where she saw many interesting things.

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Benefits to Which You Are Entitled Under the Employes' Benefit Plan

Benefits on Account Of	*Eligibility or Term of Service*	*Benefits in Case of Continued Disability*
ACCIDENT (arising out of and in the course of employment by the company):		
Total disability	Every employe is eligible to these benefits regardless of the length of time he has worked for the company.	Full pay 13 weeks; half pay remainder of disability (a).
Partial disability		For first 13 weeks, 100 per cent of loss in earning capacity; for remainder of disability 50 per cent of loss in earning capacity (b).
Expense		Necessary expenses for "first aid" and necessary surgical treatment.
Death (c)		Three years' pay, not to exceed $5,000, and necessary expenses of burial, not to exceed $150.
SICKNESS:		
Sickness disability	2 to 5 years	4 weeks' full pay; 9 weeks' half pay.
Sickness disability	5 to 10 years	13 weeks' full pay; 13 weeks' half pay.
Sickness disability	10 years or more	13 weeks' full pay; 39 weeks' half pay.
Death (c)	5 to 10 years	6 months' salary, not to exceed $2,000.
Death (c)	10 years or more	1 year's salary, not to exceed $2,000.
PENSIONS:		
Men, 60 years of age	20 years or more	One per cent of annual salary for each year of service, based on average annual pay for ten years.
Women, 55 years of age	20 years or more	
Men, 55 years of age	25 years or more	
Women, 50 years of age	25 years or more	
Men, less than 55 years of age	30 years or more.	
Women, less than 50 years of age	30 years or more	
Disability (d)	15 years or more	

(a) Maximum benefit to be $20.00 a week after six years of benefit payments.

(b) Period of payments not to exceed six years in all.

(c) Death benefit payable to wife (or husband) or other dependent relative.

(d) For you if unable to work for a long time or for life (after sickness benefits have expired) on account of sickness or an accident occurring outside of your employment.

EMPLOYES' BENEFIT FUND COMMITTEE

E. M. Burgess, Chairman

Howard T. Vaille, Secretary

W. F. Cozad G. E. McCarn F. H. Reid Roderick Reid

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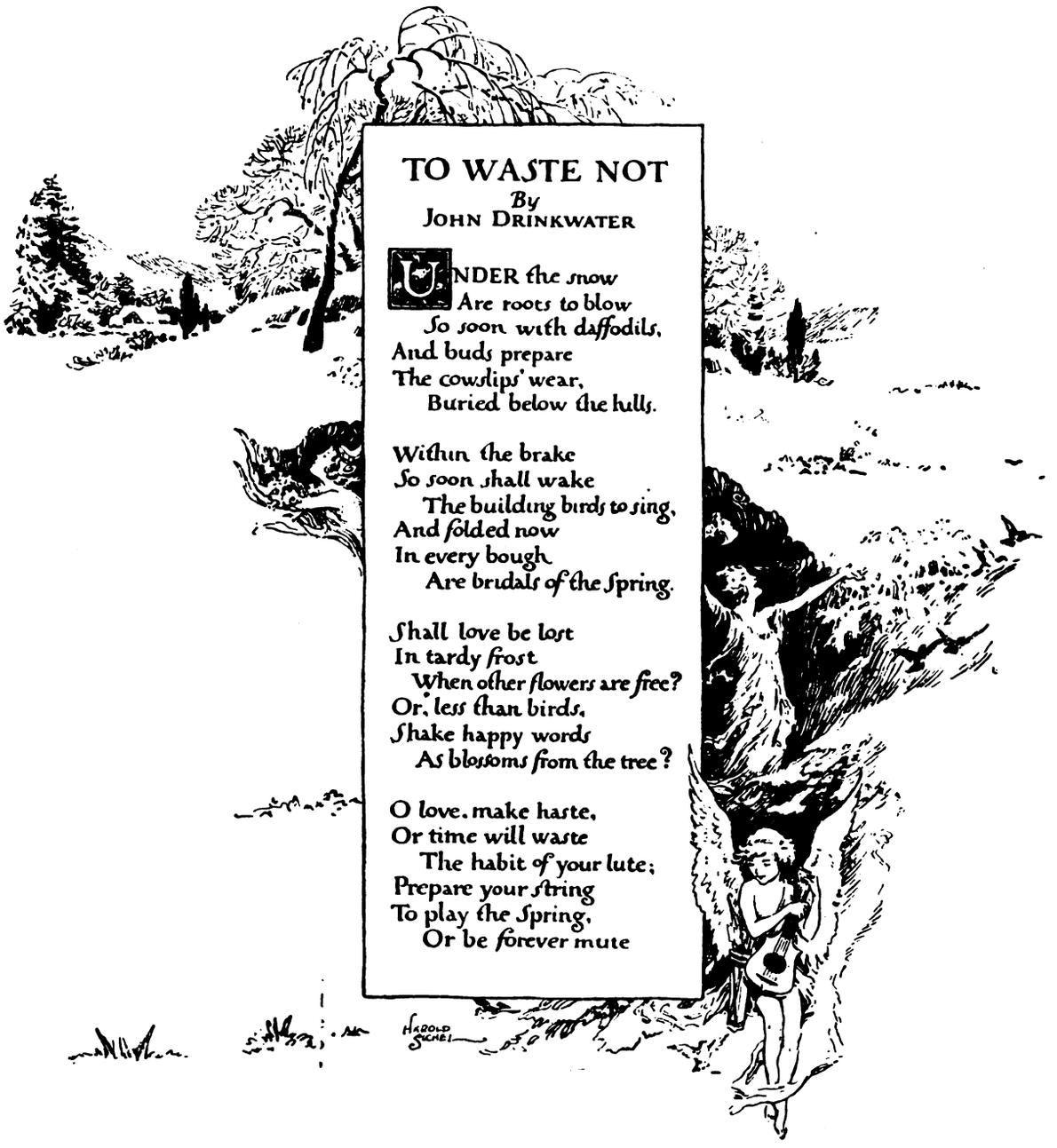

TO WASTE NOT

By
JOHN DRINKWATER

UNDER the snow
Are roots to blow
So soon with daffodils,
And buds prepare
The cowslips' wear,
Buried below the hulls.

Within the brake
So soon shall wake
The building birds to sing,
And folded now
In every bough
Are bridals of the Spring.

Shall love be lost
In tardy frost
When other flowers are free?
Or, less than birds,
Shake happy words
As blossoms from the tree?

O love, make haste,
Or time will waste
The habit of your lute;
Prepare your string
To play the Spring,
Or be forever mute

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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The Mentor

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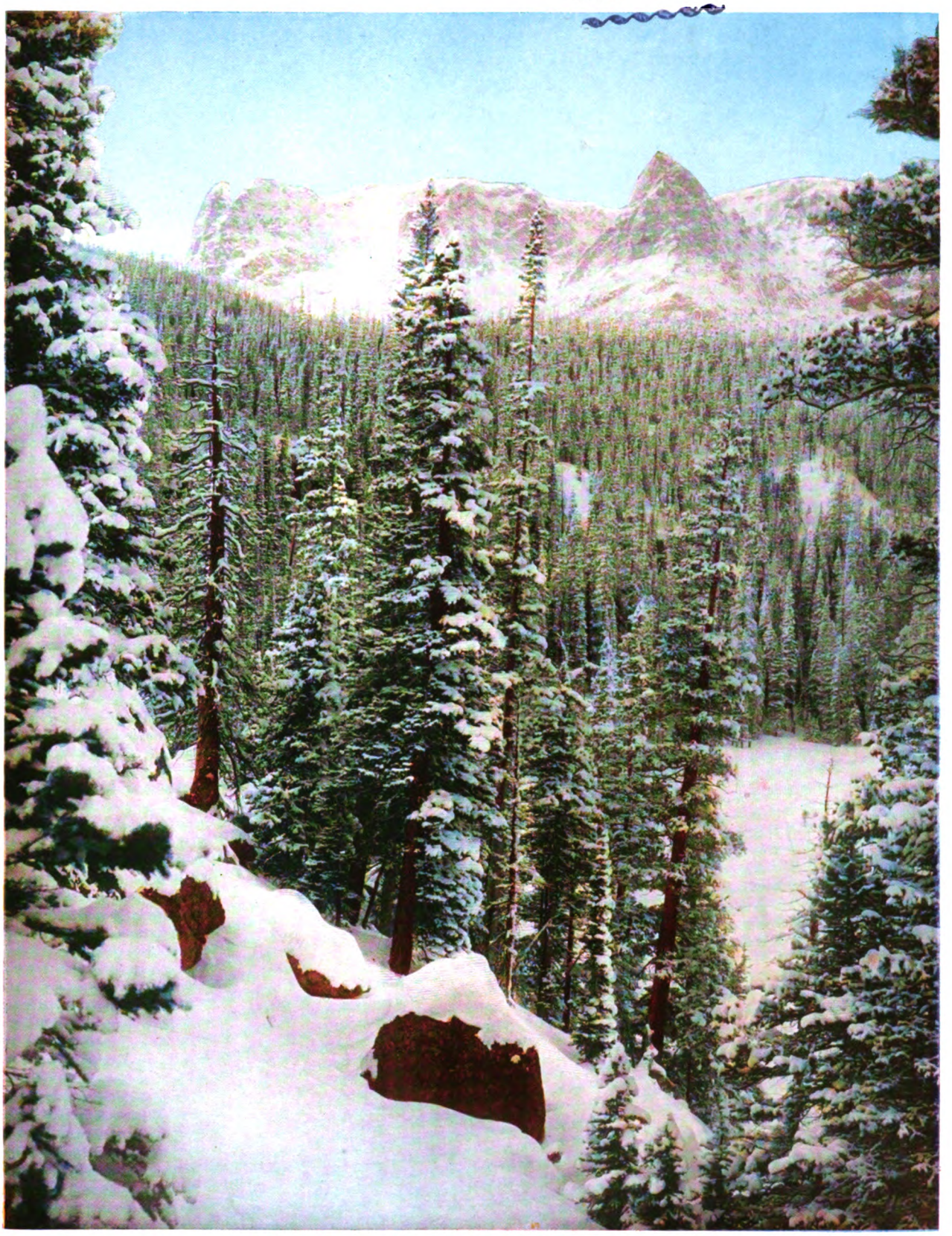

FEBRUARY
1921

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The Cover Picture

Nature, in all its grandeur and beauty and perfection, is so awe-inspiring that, when we attempt to describe it, the words of man seem but mere tinklings on a sounding brass.

¶ The picture on the front page of The *Monitor* is a reproduction of a photograph taken at Fern Lake, Colorado, after the cuddling waters in the granite basin had gently drawn the white mantle over their drowsy bosom.

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Blazing the Talk Trail

What's that Thing Got in it, Anyway?

So Delicate that a Sponge Puts it Out--- So Strong that it Spans the Earth

By a Telephone User

THE human voice is an intricate part of a wonderful piece of machinery and we marvel at its perfection; yet more intricate, more wonderful is the invention of man which picks up the human voice and carries it across continents, hundreds and thousands of miles with instantaneous delivery, without losing any of its richness, its fullness, its audibility. And this instrument is the telephone, the commonness of which has caused us to give but little or no thought to its wonderfulness.

We see the little black candlestick-looking thing on our desk or table with a green string attached to it, and we call it the telephone. We know we can talk into the transmitter and that we can hear someone talking through the receiver; that is about all we know concerning it, and we think no more about it. It has become such a common thing in our daily business and social life that we never stop to ask how or why it works. Like the human voice, we never give it a thought until we get a bad cold and can't talk. Then there is a flurry and the doctor is called, and we realize there is such a thing as voice.

A few weeks ago my telephone refused to work. I shook it and banged it against the table and untwisted the numerous knots in the cord and did a lot of things—and also said a lot of things. While I was tearing my hair and pacing up and down the floor and cussing the telephone company as best I knew how, in walked a man with a little grip in his hand and a coil of wire dangling from a belt on his waist.

"Pardon, sir. Our lights show there is something wrong with your telephone and——"

"Wrong! I'll say there is something wrong! The durned thing won't talk," I said.

Without a word the pleasant little man began to investigate. He picked up the receiver. He listened. No sound. He set it down easily—almost gently I thought, and started to look further when I asked:

"What's that thing got in it, anyway—that receiver business?"

"Well, it isn't quite human," he replied, "but it will do more wonders than most humans if it's treated right. I can't tell you all of the things it has in it, but I do know that there are 205 different parts in that little telephone on your desk and I also know that when it is treated right you can be connected with any one of over 11,000,000 different telephone subscribers, and never leave your office; I know that it is connected with more than 24,000,000 miles of wire, enough to girdle the earth 1,000 times and have enough left over to run a clothesline from here to Frisco."

"Well, it is quite a thing, isn't it?" I said in amazement.

"Yes, and there are over a billion and a half dollars invested in the telephone system in order that you may have something really worth while at your command," continued the repairman, as he began to fumble around behind my desk.

"Here, what's this!" he said, as he reached down behind the desk and pulled up a big wet sponge that the office girl uses for wetting the gum on the envelopes.

"It's a sponge—what do you think it is—a haystack?" I replied, a little bit sarcastically.

"Call it what you will, but that is the cause of your telephone going out of commission. You see, it's a delicate thing, this telephone, and when your cord got wet it stopped the operation. But I'll fix it in a few minutes, sir," he said.

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"Delicate, you say? If a little wet sponge puts it out of commission, how do you manage to keep it working outside—hold an umbrella over it?" I asked.

"Hello! Wire chief, please. * * * Wire chief? Test in on Main 00796. Thanks. Wet sponge. Goo'bye," And the repairman picked up his kit and started to go.

"Say, son, do you know you have interested me immensely. I wish I could talk to you some more about the telephone. I'd like to know something about how it is built—the outside construction, and what there really is to it," I remarked as he neared the door.

"Well, drop over some rainy day and talk to one of our linemen—he'll tell you a lot of things I don't know." And he was gone.

This set me to thinking as I had never thought before. After that day the telephone on my desk commanded a great deal more respect from me—it seemed to be almost human—and once I actually caught myself saying "good morning" to it.

The other day I went over to pay my telephone bill. For the first time in my life I took notice of the extreme courtesy paid me by the employes at the desk. I recalled that it was nothing unusual, but heretofore I just hadn't noticed it. I stood around a few minutes and I observed that the courtesy to me was no special brand—it was the same kind they gave to everyone who approached the counter—always polite, courteous and fair.

It struck me that it might be a pretty good time to talk to someone about the outside construction. My wish was granted, but in passing through the big building I peeked into what they call the operating room. No, not the kind they have in hospitals, but where talks are connected up. I asked my guide what it all meant.

"Those are the girl operators," he said.

"Do they work like that all the time?" I asked.

"Well, this happens to be a time when the load is light, and they have a few seconds sometimes between calls to get an extra breath," he said.

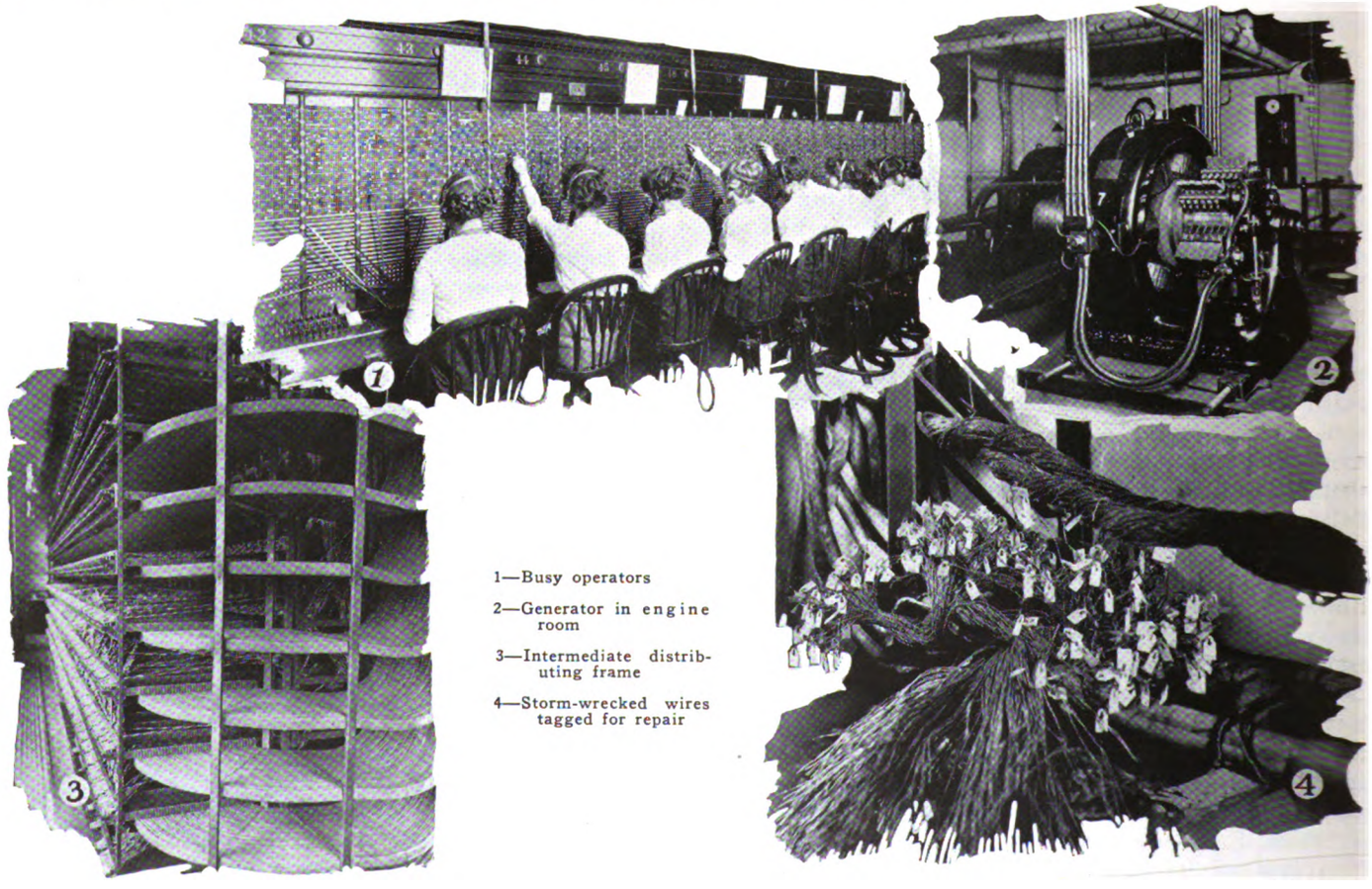
"Light!" I exclaimed; "seems to me they are pretty busy—honeybees on a sunny day have nothing on them. I don't see any of them jumping up and running around the room or taking naps on a soft couch while someone is waiting for an answer!"

"Indeed not! There is no time for play, or rest either, in this department. Not a girl leaves her stool nor speaks a word one to the other during working hours. She is there to answer calls. Sometimes a dozen calls are flashed on her board at the same instant. To answer all of these instantly is impossible. She only has two hands to work with, and can only answer one at a time. That's why some people think the girl operator is taking a nap, or is dancing on the floor, or is out seeing a picture show. Fact is, she is working her brain and her hands as fast as humans can work them. Occasionally she plugs in on a wrong number, but not often."

"And these are the girls I sometimes swear at? Never again!" I said to my guide—this time almost in a whisper, for I felt I was on sacred ground.

"You wanted to see a lineman?"

He hustled me down into the base-



1—Busy operators

2—Generator in engine room

3—Intermediate distributing frame

4—Storm-wrecked wires tagged for repair

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1—Ready for a day's work
2—Laying cable conduit
3—Linemen's camp on the desert
4—After the storm
5—Measuring the span
6—Lest we forget

ment, where a lot of fine looking men were eating their noonday lunch—hot coffee, real plates and everything. My guide told me the linemen were out on their jobs, but that there was one old-timer who had come in for a rest, and he called him over.

"Joe, this gentleman wants to know something about how telephone lines are constructed," said my guide. "Can you enlighten him?"

"Sure! But there ain't much to tell. All we do is put up the poles, and hang the wires, and kill rattlesnakes, and ford creeks, and face sandstorms and blizzards, and a few little things like that. There's nothing much to tell, sir.

"You see, I've been on quite a number of different gangs in my time," continued Joe, "and they are all pretty much alike. Every fellow who goes out must be a real fellow. He must know how to do his part and do it well. You see the telephones wouldn't amount to much if it wasn't for the wires, so we've got to be accurate and splice everything up just so. I guess they call me a rounder, but I'm a lineman, a repair man, an emergency man an' everything in the outdoor line—that is, I've worked at all of 'em, and I just happen to have right here some pictures we have taken at different times. They tell the story better than I can—even to the rattlesnakes. Now, this one shows——"

By this time I had gotten so much interested in the photographs that I didn't pay much attention to what Joe said. There were pictures of sandy deserts, sagebrush, rivers, snowstorm wrecks, fires, construction gangs and everything imaginable, so I am going to do just like Joe did—show you some of the pictures.

I didn't know the telephone business was such a big thing. Why, they tell me that over 7,000 men and women work for the Mountain States Telephone Company alone. I'll say that is some pay roll to pass out in our territory, and the best of all of it is that I found every man and woman I talked to the very essence of courtesy and politeness. The trouble with most of us is that we don't know who our neighbor is nor to what extent he is going to make life worth while for us.

In Appreciation

Mountain States Tel. and Tel. Co.

Gentlemen: This is to advise that our office at Brighton, in all probability, has been closed for the season and for the present our main office will be at Greeley, Colorado, for the handling of potatoes and beans.

We will reopen our office at Brighton next summer about the first of July and we feel that it is our duty at this time to congratulate your company upon the excellent service we have received through your employes at Brighton. We have found each and every one of your employes at Brighton to be very courteous, prompt, efficient and desirous of rendering us the best possible service. We regret to say, however, that several times during the season we were unable to get our local calls through to the Union Pacific freight depot, but upon investigation our report shows that this was not the fault of any of the telephone employes.

Again thanking you for all of the many courtesies shown, we beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
W. E. NORTHWAY MARKETING CO.
W. E. Northway, Pres.

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The Rating of One's Self Counts

Did You Ever Stand Off And Look at Yourself?

Anonymous, Salt Lake City

DID you ever try rating yourself? I never did until today when I picked up a magazine which suggested that you size up yourself, giving a chart with a list of questions and space for your own answer.

I am a toll operator and the questions did not seem to fit me, exactly, but it set me to thinking, so I drew up a chart intending to rate myself as a toll operator, but you will see I did not get very far.

My first question was, "Are you dependable, both as to attendance and punctuality?" I promptly and truthfully answered, "Yes." My second question was, "Do you always consider your fellow employe?" I was going to answer "Yes" when I remembered that only today I plugged a toll line two minutes before I was ready to ring so that another operator might not take it. Well, I was answering my own questions and intended to answer them truthfully, so I was forced to answer, "No," resolving at the same time I would be able to answer "Yes" when I rated myself again. Then came Question No. 3, "Do you always ring and request clearance on toll lines when necessary?" I decided right away I would stop rating myself for the present, as I realized this was my weak point. Only today I failed to clear on a long line. I disconnected my subscriber promptly, so I know he was not overcharged, but I failed to ring and request clearance, and as a consequence a line was tied up for five minutes after I had taken my connection down, resulting in a loss to the company of several dollars and dissatisfaction to waiting patrons.

It seems strange, that when the rules are so very clear on this subject that the importance of it never seemed to fully impress me. Why, I remember now, a subscriber once told me that the day our line was would absolutely have lost had his completed to a certain point it netted him $700. This, he said, he call been delayed five minutes.

I wonder if I have been keeping others from making like sums of money through my failure to clear circuits? Possibly I have, and it is just as likely that it happened to my friends as to anyone else. I don't have to wonder whether I have lost money for the company and caused dissatisfaction to waiting patrons in this way, because I know positively that I have. I can understand now what was meant, one day, when someone said, "I was a nice girl and an average toll operator." Somehow I felt satisfied then to be considered nice and average, but that will not satisfy me longer. I have resolved to watch myself carefully and see that all rules are carried out, and there is no reason why I should not be able to do so, as I know our loads are always carefully watched so that at no time are we required to handle more calls than we should be able to handle well, and when I rate myself again, aside from the above questions, I shall add a fourth which will be, "How about efficiency?" and after which I hope to be able to write, "Highly efficient," as it seems to me that to be considered a highly efficient toll operator is something worth working for, and if I am successful you may hear from me again. If you honestly want to know your own weak points, try rating yourself.

Co-operation and Gratitude

The following letter, which is self-explanatory, was received in the Northern Division office at Helena from the members of one of the construction gangs, together with a box of real cigars:

"As Gang Number One is rapidly disintegrating and as a unit will soon be a thing of the past, we wish before that time arrives to make due acknowledgment of the innumerable acts of courtesy and help that were unstintedly given us by the division office.

"If we were fortunate enough to meet with any degree of success in our work, that success in a large measure was due to the unfailing co-operation given by you at all times. Please accept the enclosed as a slight token of our appreciation and gratitude.

"With all best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Prosperous, Happy and Contented New Year, we beg to remain gratefully yours,

"GANG NUMBER ONE."

Over the Drifted Snow

J. L. Glenn of the Bell Telephone Company at Boulder is a guest at the Acoma Hotel. Mr. Glenn walked the distance from Boulder to Butte on snowshoes, following the telephone wires over the mountains. He will ride the train back.—Butte Post.

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Power of a Thoughtless Joke

When a Chestnut Gets Moldy We Discard It---A Joke Dies Hard.

D. E. Waggoner, in Security News, Dallas

IT seems to be the favorite sport of wags to pun and paragraph on telephone service. The comedian who used to get a laugh by the awkward process of stumbling over an ordinary pin delights in taking pot shots at the telephone.

One of the latest jokes is this: "How far do you live from your business?"

"Ten minutes motor; twenty minutes trolley; thirty minutes walking, and one hour by telephone."

These jokes are undoubtedly written but for one purpose, and that is to make people laugh. Usually tney are written by a person who wants the two or three dollars that the effusion will bring in the joke market.

Furthermore, they are written, undoubtedly, by persons who know nothing of the great problems confronting the telephone people—know nothing and care less.

Born in a spirit of revelry, yet containing poison more deadly than hemlock. A joke at best is no more than froth, but when it contains a subtle innuendo it more often than not precipitates a superficial judgment—a premature denunciation.

The telephone has never ceased to be a wonder. It is hard to conceive of a world without telephones. If we had to pay for phones in accordance with the amount of real benefit they return, and each according to his respective benefit, many would pay hundreds or even thousands of dollars per month.

The jokesmith who hangs his humor on the telephone does the telephone company a great injustice, but the greatest injury is to the public, for he encourages premature opinions and superficial thinking.

What Are You Doing for Yourself, Fellows?

By A. L. Clark, Butte Cashier

Socrates said, "Know thyself." Fellow signers of the payroll, have you ever stopped to take an inventory of yourselves? What is it that spurs us on from day to day? It is the thought of a successful future and in that respect we are all talented artists, for we have each of us painted a picture of a rosy dawn of achievement for ourselves. Yet how many of us who go on with this in view, knowing that it means everything to us, put forth the real, serious effort to make it obtainable? Each day we are in contact with some who plod, some who wail, some who dream, some who drift and some who educate themselves.

Plodding along is a battle that unless combined with initiative brings only half the results that one hopes to achieve. Wailing the days through in a spirit of dissatisfaction brings ourselves no benefits, nor can the results that work out mutually for our employer and ourselves be accomplished unless we are content. Dreaming may smooth the rough spots of the days, but it makes us strangers to concentration, and every dreamer finds himself a long ways from his goal at awakening. Drifting aimlessly through days, gathering no material to guide us to our destination, will eventually find us realizing that we have drifted in a direction opposite to our hopes. Educating yourself each day in the thorough knowledge of what you are doing is the only successful way to place yourself in the picture of that successful future you have painted.

Does it not sound logical that by more serious application in our daily tasks we are bound to become more conversant with the fundamental principles of what we are doing, and with a foundation constructed of fuller knowledge, does it not stand to reason that we can convey our business more successfully with whoever we come in contact? So let us, if we have been plodding, wailing, dreaming or drifting, take the path of educating ourselves in our jobs and working the game as if we were in business for ourselves.

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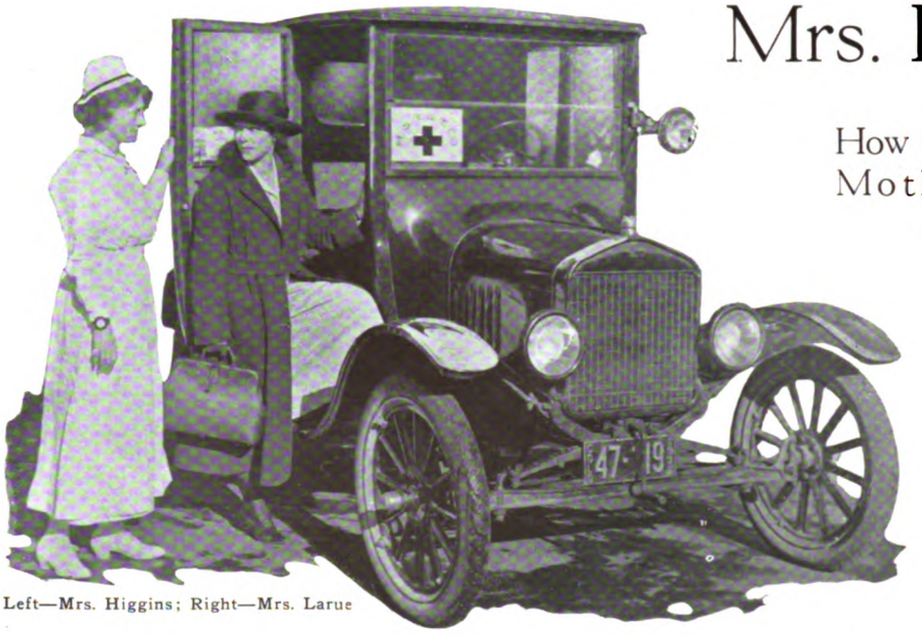

Left—Mrs. Higgins; Right—Mrs. Larue

Mrs. Higgins---

How Our Little Telephone Mother Works in the Garden of Love

"Only that which comes from the heart can reach the heart"

By Betty Devine

MEET Mrs. Margaret Higgins, graduate nurse, mathematician and official "cheer bug" of Denver district. Of course to many of the Telephone family she needs no introduction, but there may be some who have not, in the venacular of the movies, had a "close-up" on her and the splendid work she is doing.

As someone aptly expressed it, "Mrs. Higgins is the human link connecting the so-called cold-blooded corporation with the vast army of women whose faithful efforts are such a prominent factor in its success."

So you see in this case "cold-blooded" is a misnomer, for if it were cold-blooded there would be no Mrs. Higgins.

Unlike our friend Henry George of "I am for men" fame, Mrs. Higgins is for women—first, last and always, and I think I can safely say that after her seven months' association with the company the feminine element is for her, to a woman.

D'ye know I suspect there's a strain of Sinn Fein in most of us, for some way we're pretty apt to be "agin" most things and people until we understand, and so it was with Mrs. Higgins, for how were we to know that the heads of the organization, realizing the impossibility of close contact with us and our problems themselves, had, after long casting about for just the right person, placed Mrs. Higgins in our midst that she might be a source of comfort and help to us, champion our cause, and when we were perplexed with life's problems, lend her skillful hands to help us make the answers right?

Yet, briefly, such was the case, though if we wish to show our nasty disposition and rob them of the glory of benevolence by being analytical we might figure it out as a strategic move on their part, for when one is ill, worrying over sickness in one's home, perplexed by financial or other problems and there is none with whom one can talk it over, does this make for efficiency?

Well, hardly, and so it is that the standard of efficiency has been raised considerably through Mrs. Higgins' friendly association, confidential advice and professional skill reaching into many of our lives and helping us straighten out the tangled threads.

Whenever a girl is forced to remain away from her work because of illness, whether it's her own or some member of her family, Mrs. Higgins steps into her little coupe, the company hospital car with "M. S. T. & T. Co." and a red cross painted in one corner of the windshield, and buzzes around to the "House of a Thousand Scrambles"—for when sickness stalks in and takes possession of a home it certainly causes many a scramble—and some way the sun just seems to come right in with her radiant personality and the golden glint of her beautiful hair.

From the moment she crosses the threshold she seems to belong, and the first thing you know you are opening up your very heart to her, recounting all your pains and aches, dangling your tears and fears, yea, and, if there be one, mayhap even the family skeleton, before her understanding eyes.

Someone has said, "Only that which comes from the heart can reach the heart," and certain it is that Mrs. Higgins reaches it.

And so it is that many of us have come to look upon her as a human prop to lean upon in times of stress and trouble, and doors that perhaps with her first visit were opened reluctantly now swing wide to welcome her.

So also it is that a frail little sweet-faced girl who has laid four long months in a small cheerless room in a local hospital looks forward with keen anticipation to her visits and that hope, love of life and independence have been practically restored to her through Mrs. Higgins' ministrations and kindly understanding.

This young girl but a few months ago was a capable, faithful member of the operating staff, with all the ambitions of a healthy mind and body, when like a bolt out of the blue she was stricken with infantile paralysis. As soon as she failed to report for duty because of illness Mrs. Higgins sought her out, and

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Immediate Attention Given

since that time has aided the doctors in every way to restore her to health.

Through the company benefit fund she has been enabled to have many little delicacies to tempt a fickle appetite and comforts that otherwise she might not have enjoyed, for her mother also works for her living and is the only one to whom she may look for aid.

Mrs. Higgins' visits have come to be bright spots in the gray of her life through these long months when for a time it seemed she might never walk again, never have the use of her lower limbs.

During this period of no noticeable improvement the little face grew thinner and thinner, the once luminous eyes seemed to peer through a shadowy haze and she neither ate nor slept, at least to amount to anything.

She was wrestling with a stupendous problem. What if she never walked again? She who had known the joy and satisfaction of independence? What if something should happen to mother? These were some of the thoughts she turned over and over in her tired brain, though nary a word of them passed her lips.

It took our erstwhile "mathematician," Mrs. Higgins, to guess and figure out her problem, so one day while visiting the little helpless girl she began telling her what plans the company was making for her when she should be able to leave the hospital; of how they planned to get her a wheel chair, a cheery little room very own, where she could talk to her friends, and that someone was planning to turn over to her all subscriptions for the company magazines in the various Denver offices (averaging six to eight in each office); how a number of the girls who work for the company were also planning to subscribe for magazines through her, and that before she knew it she would be busy conducting a little business of her own.

None who saw the sweet face brighten, the old-time light come into her eyes, could doubt that Mrs. Higgins had guessed her problem, for, reaching her thin hands toward the visitor, she said in a voice filled with emotion, "Oh, won't that be wonderful! And I won't be dependent on anyone, will I, Mrs. Higgins?"

Gently Cared For

From that day there has been marked improvement in her condition, so that the other day, when Mrs. Higgins was good enough to take me out to see her, she was sitting up in a rocking chair, in a little blue robe and slippers which had been her Christmas gift from the company. Knees that had long refused to bend had given way to nature and she was able to move one foot enough to rock a bit in her chair.

Cheer permeated the very atmosphere of the room, and despite all handicaps the little girl had a real interest in life and was happy.

Leaving her, we made our way to a room in another hospital in quest of another young girl who, prior to being stricken with bronchial pneumonia some weeks back, had helped keep the wheels of Telephoneland turning.

She fairly beamed at sight of Mrs. Higgins, who straightway delivered messages from various girls, told of the new hospital room, and in fact promptly put her in touch with all that was going on in the rank and file she had been such a busy part of. There was no mistaking it, 'twas balm to her very soul. She was hungry for news of the outside world, and since she is an orphan, her only living relative being a sister from whom she is estranged, visitors were few, and Mrs. Higgins' daily calls were were about all she had to look forward to.

I learned that upon the day Mrs. Higgins first found her she was critically ill and that for some days thereafter her life hung in the balance, but Mrs. Higgins sort of got behind the doctors and pushed, using all her nurse's skill to help the

(Continued on page 38)

"I am feeling much better." Posed by Miss Olive Hahn

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3,000 Telephone employes gathered in main corridor of 195 Broadway, New York City, to sing Christmas carols

Echoes of Good Old Christmas Time

Old Santa is Gone and the Yuletide Log Is Reduced to Ashes But out of the Smoldering Embers Rise Sweet Memories

Three Thousand Bell Voices

"Come, sing the carols old and dear,
Help swell the streams of song.
Lift up your voices sweet and clear;
Pass Christmas cheer along.

"So come you all
Down to our hall
And sing the Christmas songs."

This was the invitation contained in a very attractive folder which was handed on the morning of December 24 to every employe in the twenty-six-story Telephone and Telegraph Building in New York City. The cover of the little leaflet consisted simply and most appropriately of a fine view of the classic lobby at 195 Broadway and was topped by the legend "Christmas Carols," while at the bottom appeared in smallest letters, but most significant of all, the words, "At 12 Noon, December 24, 1920—In the Lobby—For EVERYONE."

And "everyone" was there! Starting at a little before noon on Christmas eve, elevator after elevator emptied its passengers into the great hall, and by the time the first peal was heard from the hanging Christmas bell at least three thousand employes were gathered around the illuminated tree, ready to pour forth their voices in the Christmas spirit, which is only another name for comradeship.

Little rehearsal had been necessary, for who does not know both words and music of the immortal Christmas carols? All that was needed was to select the carols, and, under the direction of one of the Bell employes, who is also a chorister at Grace Church, to prepare a small group to act as leaders of the singing. For about a half hour the vast volume of sound rose from three thousand Bell System voices, echoing to the very tops of the giant Doric pillars, and the scene was impressive and affecting in the extreme. Apparently it will be an annual event so long as the Christmas spirit and the Bell spirit last.

Group of Colorado Springs Employes

Governor Shoup as Santa

(Colorado Springs)

We surely did have a regular Christmas party and we also had a wonderful time. All the good things to eat that go to make up a Christmas party 'n' everything. Santa Claus came to see us and left us each a pretty present. We had a great big Christmas tree, which was wonderfully decorated through the generosity of Mr. Dwyer and several of the girls. We weren't minus the mistletoe, either.

A box of apples was also enjoyed, and some candy apples which were almost as good; a nice big box of candy and a present from Governor Shoup. Well, we must stop some time, so we will just say that we had a wonderful Christmas, and hope all the rest of you did, too.

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Echo of Christmas in Denver

On Thursday afternoon, December 23, 1920, the employes of the accounting department at Denver enjoyed a Christmas meeting. All of the employes of the general auditor's office and the two division auditors' offices of the Eastern Division attended. The guest of honor was President Read. Other guests at the meeting were Secretary Macdonald, Howard T. Vaille, secretary of the Employes' Benefit Fund Committee, and his force of employes; also C. W. Tucker, Eastern Division directory manager, and the employes of his office.

They had one grand Christmas celebration, all due to the usual thoughtfulness of General Auditor Reid.

Donald Johnstone, who gives the Forms S. N. 36 the once over before they are passed for payment, prepared and read the following:

The author of these verses, like other great writers, feels that this masterpiece of verse should be dedicated to someone; therefore, for this honor we name Harry E. Stubbs, owing to his losing fight against prohibition, also for his long service with the telephone company. F. H. Taylor and A. F. Hoffman, after great deliberation, have decided to form themselves into a committee to personally present to Mr. Stubbs the beautifully hand-painted china ice pick. Same will be on exhibition in one of our windows. Employes are implored by various department heads not to congest the sidewalk:

When looking o'er the office force and seeing each honest face,
It makes a fellow feel darn good to work at such a place;
With Berggren sitting up aloft, with his ever-watchful eye,
And Kinney sitting down below, a happy care-free guy.
There's Hetty Houghton and her force and Lytle's motley crew,
And dear old Fred Mountney with his mouth chuckful of chew.

And not forgetting Wendell—the girls say he's a dear—
Since prohibition went this way, he's making raisin beer;
Then Mrs. Giffin and her gang of girlies dark and fair,
They're quite a handful, I'll admit, but then she shouldn't swear;
But T. L. J., a knowing guy, dines always on the best;
He did not tell me, but I saw the stains upon his vest.

When Mrs. Haythorn, grim and stern, had married some poor boy,
I shook my head, but all the same I wished him lots of joy;
But one day while some work I did out in the boss' room,
He told me this, upon the quiet, that Ringbauer used perfume.
Fanny Sherman told me this, so I know it must be true,
Since Abner Stryker went away, she's feeling kind o' blue.

Now, Sadie Riden, watch your step; remember if you can,
Seek other fields, because I know Frank Bown's a married man;
And, Mr. Caldwell, bend your head while I whisper in your ear,
Some of your girls need watching, Miss Baillie, too, I fear;
And last, but surely not the least, Mrs. Woodward, tall and thin,
She guards the door on the seventh floor and lets no stranger in.

So round this joyous Christmas time, with feeling running high,
I often think of palmy days when the limit was the sky,
And as you clasp each festive paw and greet them with a smile,
Remember the company you work for makes living worth the while.
Now, as I end this crazy verse, for my brains are going to seed,
You, one and all, should give a cheer for Mr. Roderick Reid.

The program was as follows:

Christmas Carols—Sung by all the employes, led by Miss Gertrude Livingston.

Violin and Piano Duet—Misses Alla Bovee and Marie Backus.

Whistling Solo—Miss Myrle Matteson, accompanied on the piano by Miss Mildred Oliver.

Reading—Miss Isabelle McCarthy.

Address—President Read.

Altogether, it was an excellent program.

Entertainment committee: Harry M. Hastings, Miss Marjorie Paterson, Miss Esther K. Farrell, Mrs. Serena M. Norton, Miss Helen Lynch, Miss Mary Hilburger, Miss Elfreda Munson, A. D. Stryker, J. K. Miller.

In High Spirits at Helena

The most successful social affair ever held in the division office at Helena, Montana, was the Christmas party staged in the division auditor's office. The committee on arrangements was composed of Beatrice Fischl, Edna McCreanor, Alma Brown, Margaret Hodge, Mollie Hegman and Annie Botzenhardt.

Edna McCreanor, in a few brief and witty remarks, explained the idea of the party, but before she had finished, a great noise and commotion in the hallway announced the arrival of Santa Claus, in the person of H. R. Anderson, carrying a huge bag of presents. On reaching the tree, which was beautifully decorated and lighted, he immediately set to work distributing the many tokens of fun-ship which he carried. He was assisted by E. A. Murphy, who, dressed as a clown, was the announcer for the balance of the evening.

The Misses Geier of the auditor's office rendered a delightful cello and piano duet.

E. "Andy" Hattrick delighted the crowd by his Scotch impersonations and songs.

Grace Duncan at the piano and assisting Maude Hearsum in a vocal duet called forth rounds of applause from the audience.

The "barking quartet," J. R. Johnson, W. W. Gainey, Roy Arnold and L. J. Meyer, added much to the evening's amusement.

A prize waltz was held in which the announcer called six of the young dancing swains to pick their partners and "step lively." James Lynch and Beatrice Fischl were awarded the prize after much debating on the part of the judges.

A five-pound box of candy, the compliments of Goodman's cigar store, was raf-

(Continued on page 38)

Top—Too busy to look around—Glenwood, Colo. Bottom—Manager Beldon, Chief Operator Fitzgerald, Miss Lillian Kuntz, Paul Cribbs—Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Christmas Party at Helena

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Setting the last pole, Sheridan-Billings toll

The Trail of the Copper Wire

How the Life Fluid is Extracted from the Turnip in the Open World.

Formula Evolved by J. Y. Read, Skipper of Gang No. 1

WE have been instructed to relate the humorous incidents which occurred during the construction work of Estimate N-2011. Viewed from our standpoint, the entire piece of work abounded with humor, grim and grimy mayhap, but listen!

The construction man is—yes, really is—the simple, confiding child of nature that many suppose him to be, and in our confiding way our faith looks up to our superiors, always trusting that the time will never come when they, with their powerful arms, will reach out with one fell swoop and pluck us out from our loved surroundings and transfer us to a berth in the service which would require—yea, compel—us to abide in a regular home like common mortals.

No, folks, you should disillusion yourselves—the construction man isn't at all the hard-headed, practical specimen who, after his tent comes down on his Helen Gould cot three or four times between the hours of midnight and 5 a. m., so uses his most forceful phrases that his sophistication is revealed. Ah, no! He laughs! he sings carols; he offers up fervent entreaties that the hurricane cease not.

The very fact that he has spent a lifetime of training in the service is conclusive evidence that he must have peculiar ability, either native or acquired, to sense humor where the inside man would actually find things commonplace. That is to say, the construction man has evolved the formula of extracting the life fluid from the turnip.

The major portion of Estimate N-2011 was composed of an outing in camping out—emphasis on the out—while building a line from Sheridan, Wyoming, to Billings, Montana, a distance of 144 miles. We will here explain, for the edification of those not experienced, the manifold beauties and boundless joys of camp life are very manifold.

Camp at Toluca

A chronic pessimist indeed would be he who could find aught but frolic in a protracted tent journey.

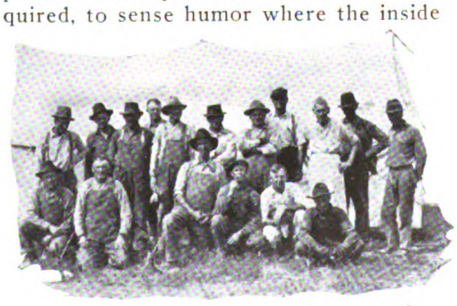
In the first place, labor was extremely plentiful during the season of 1920, and we were therefore fortunate in being able to select from the clamoring multitudes nothing but carefree, happy-go-lucky fellows who simply could not evidence the slightest shade of gloom in anything that transpired during the summer. Thus surrounded, we launched upon a period of rainy, mud-bound April beginning, and cruised through to a somber October finish. It is barely possible that as this particular job recedes farther into the past the incidents which appeared grotesquely humorous may take on tragic flavor as diminishing memory distorts their beauty.

Noah, we are reliably informed, had advance information that the season in which he was being featured over the big time was to be a wet one, and was thereby enabled to have his Form 89 made out and material for an ark requisitioned in advance. We, unfortunately, were not thus fortified, and the rains and 2011 started simultaneously.

The idea of the early start was based on the theory that "the early bird catches the worm." Later developments shot this logic to shreds. We built through the Crow Indian Reservation, and everyone knows that these same Crows were the original early birds in these parts, and their rapid deterioration is undoubtedly due to the fact that they got the worms some generations back.

While we were sure in our own minds that 1920 was the longest wet and wettest wet season in the civilized records of southern Montana, the conviction was clinched after we consulted some of the oldest Indians in the Crow tribe and were told that nothing in their legendary history had ever equaled it. We have great respect for the wisdom of the Crows.

While our recollection of some of the earlier humors on the estimate were somewhat drenched, still we can recall times when we sank so deep in the mud and created such havoc with the roads that the county commissioners were petitioned to keep our trucks off the highways forever. Should we venture out with them later, our only means of es-



Some of the boys who put it over

Foreman Read in Custer Battlefield

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caping the commissioners' wrath was complete submersion when one appeared on the horizon. Vehicles following in our wake on the roads soon learned that they could make more knots per hour by abandoning them and seeking higher and dryer doing in the streams. At this juncture the camp dog laughed to see such craft, and the gumbo swallowed the spoon.

Upon sighting the P. K. Hill to the northward the trucks were marooned and we switched our cargoes to lighter tonnage equipment in the shape of hired teams. These, augmented by hastily rigged sails, enabled us to put into temporary harbor on Wolf Creek. It was here that our camp life was to begin, and as we gazed over the whitecaps of the choppy Wolf Creek country we realized that moving the camp outfit by customary methods was out of the question, so we shipped by rail to Ranchester.

From this point, with all the teams we could hire, we put to sea and spent two days covering the eight miles to the first camp on Wolf Creek. Up to this time the sport and humor had been of rather a mild sort. Wolf Creek, ordinarily a clear mountain stream, we expected would afford some good fishing and a fine water supply. You can imagine our glee upon finding it blacker than the Black Sea sounds, from wood ash and charcoal from the flooded forest-fired country farther up. Humor ran riot.

Our next move was to Dayton, on Tongue River. The day after our arrival the river reached its highest known stage, washed a part of our outfit away, as well as the only bridge within ten miles, and cut us off from five miles of unfinished line astern. Coincident with this cheering experience came the report that a car of poles at Little Horn were enjoying a conflagration. A hasty voyage to the scene of pyrotechnics put us in around the Horn just in time to be met by a cloudburst, which caught the fire red-handed and extinguished it from the partially consumed western cedars as well as washing them over the railroad tracks, forming a traffic blockade. Gathering up the charred, mud-covered poles raised the temperature of the gang's mirth like a chinook.

Moving Day

The gang was split at this time, part going into hotel life at Parkman; and of course the contingent remaining in camp at Dayton exulted over and mildly chided the less fortunate ones at the hotel.

When the camp gang's mirth had subsided a physician, who had been summoned to examine one of the fellows who had been ailing, pronounced it smallpox. Goodness, how we laughed!

When it became possible the Dayton camp moved; crossed the Wyoming-Montana line at pole 1107 into Lodge Grass, and may the many happy horrors of that 36 miles of labor through the gumbo remain with us not.

The Crow Indians have an annual fair or celebration, and while we were pitching camp on the evening of July 3 we could watch them making their Fourth-of-July preparations just across the stream from us. Both we and the Crows spent a glorious Fourth salvaging our camps from a wash-out which favored us during the night of the third.

Our next camp was at a point between Ionia and Bentine on the Little Big Horn. It proved to be our first dry camp, and we were just a little inclined toward moroseness with nothing of an amusing nature in prospect. This was of short duration, however, for in a day or so we swamped out about two and one-half miles of underbrush, and that night crawled painfully to bed from the effects of poison ivy. The gang quartet yodeled several pretty numbers and the chorus anthemed with fluency, fervor and zeal.

Next we moved down the river to Deer Nose's Ranch, where we tarried but two short days, being driven out by a plague of the most tenacious mosquitoes that mortals ever encountered. We tried smudges until the camp smelled like a junk store during a sale. The mosquito, we found, could stand more smoke than we, and we were unable to notice any cessation of hostilities on his part. It would be difficult to state whether the man or the man-eaters had the most fun in this camp.

We surrendered on the third day and moved to Garryowen, where we had real cause for writhing in glee. The cause, being somewhat of a confidential nature, will not be divulged, but that lessens its merit not a whit. You can imagine our state of mental activity when we explain that we found both of the drug stores at Hardin had exhausted their supply of insect powder. Only those who have personally experienced our predicament can appreciate the pleasantry.

We progressed northward in slow stages, but from Hardin, after passing the famous Custer battlefield and traversing the south-to-north dimensions of the Indian reservation, we again enlisted the aid of the railroad in moving to Toluca. The train was late, as it has always been, and we did not arrive at the camp grounds until 10 p. m., being due at 1:30 the preceding afternoon. As we had not eaten in the interim—well, anyway, empty stomachs are so conducive to happy frames of mind while erecting cook tents and feeling around in the darkness for the necessities of life.

After some days the camp was made shipshape, and it was here, while in this condition, that we entertained some very distinguished guests. Prominent in the personnel of guests were: Chief Raw Dog and his charming daughter, Pop-Eyed Caterpillar; Big Nose, Two Sticks, Half Moon, Susan XXX, flour of her race; Maude Bull, granddaughter of Chief Sitting Bull, and others.

We have painful remembrances of our social shortcomings. We realize our rustiness on matters having to do with graceful homage and the niceties of etiquette. We fear we did not place ex-

Indian village where Pop-Eyed Caterpillar lives

(Continued on page 31)

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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Support Our Advertising

The purpose of advertising is to influence the human mind. The aim may not be exclusively to influence individuals to perform some particular act; it may also be to influence minds in their general attitude toward some particular object or condition. The latter is the real purpose of our advertising. It is our endeavor to so word our advertisements that they will create an attitude of friendly interest and consideration on the part of the reading public.

To make advertising of this character effective it must be backed up by a proper attitude on our part toward the public. As far as the patron is concerned, the employe with whom he comes in contact is the company. We have been telling the public "real folks are serving you." That doesn't refer especially to the operators; the reference includes every employe of the company. What must be the effect then upon a person who has been favorably influenced by our advertising if he meets with discourtesy, boorishness or flippancy on the part of any representative of the company?

Unless we measure our conduct and make our actions and conversation square up with our printed statements, the money spent for advertising space is utterly wasted.

In several exchanges it is impossible to make new installations for which people are making applications. This condition exists through no fault of the company, and the company is exerting every effort to remedy these matters. Naturally the people who are waiting desire frequent information as to what progress we are making toward the time when we can meet their requirements. Any show of indifference to the situation, any lack of willingness to explain over and over the actual difficulties of each case, any ill-considered answer to questions, and in fact any unmannerly or discourteous conduct on the part of any employe to any individual, whether a subscriber or not, vitiates our advertising, stultifies us in our public statements and makes the company ridiculous in the eyes of the public.

Much has been written on the value of courtesy, but it should be remembered that its value cannot be over-estimated. Discourtesy is really more to be censured than inefficiency; the latter is a passive fault while discourtesy is an active sin. Inefficiency is perhaps a depreciated asset, but discourtesy is a real liability.

Let's keep our dispositions sweet and our faces smiling.

□

Remember This

If you work for a man, in heaven's name WORK for him. If he pays you wages which supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage—resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content, but as long as you are part of the institution do not condemn it. If you do that, you are loosening the tendrils that are holding you to the institution, and at the first high wind that comes along you will be uprooted and blown away, and probably you will never know the reason why.—Elbert Hubbard.

Thank You!

Compliments on the January Monitor were so numerous and from so many different sources that the editorial staff feels its ardent efforts were not in vain. The new style of make-up seems to have met with general approval, and the elimination of so many small items of purely provincial importance has been favorably commented upon. The purpose of The Monitor is to contain matter that will interest the employes regardless of locality. To do this, articles should be, as much as possible, of general interest and not particularly local. We will welcome articles from any and all sources—this is YOUR Monitor and you are asked to contribute to its columns. Note the character of stories we print and then try and get something to us along these or similar lines.

□

Did you ever wonder why February was such a restless and unsettled month, sometimes having twenty-eight days and sometimes twenty-nine?

Well, a full year has 365 days and nearly six hours. At the end of four years these odd six hours have mounted up to almost a full day, and it is given to February to make up for its short allowance of only twenty-eight days. The name February comes from a Roman festival of purification named Februa, in honor of the god Lupercus.

The reason February has not its full quota of days constantly reminds us of the frequent smallness of the worldly great. July was named in honor of Julius Cæsar. He was succeeded by his grand-nephew, Augustus, and the Romans, seeking to honor him, named the eighth month August, which then had only thirty days. But July had thirty-one days and for fear Augustus would be jealous of Cæsar's extra day they robbed February of a day and added it to August.

Worldly greatness is just as small as that. True greatness lies in giving, not in receiving. All the world's troubles could be quickly remedied by service to others.

February is then the month of service.

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Uncle Dudley Says—

Don't let that peculiar bird that calls himself Opportunity fool you. He is simply Old Man Hard Work in disguise.

The "man behind" gets the other fellow's dust.

□

Keep to the Right

It's a pretty good rule to follow through life. Be sure you're right, then go ahead, and as a general proposition if you keep to the right you won't go far wrong.

We have laws and rules enough as it is, and the traffic cop will have a session with you if you drive on the wrong side of the street. But it sometimes seems a pity that many people are so careless or thoughtless, or both, as not to follow more closely a rather important unwritten law which tells us to keep to the right on sidewalks as well as in the street. Three or four jay walkers will muss up a whole block of sidewalk, so far as pedestrians are concerned.

Of course, the ladies must window shop, and no one would deprive them, but it would be a small and thoughtful act if they would slip out of the stream of humanity bent on getting somewhere, and then stay close to the outside of the windows and look in as long as they desire. By the same token, if the women, or men either, haven't seen one another for an age and wish to hold an open-air tea or smoker on the sidewalk, let them take space outside the moving throngs, and not stand in the middle of the walk so that people to whom time means something have to brush the windows or get out into the street, or in extreme cases, crawl under.

These are just a few New Year suggestions at a time when folks are thinking, "Therefore be it resolved, etc."

□

Aiding One's Self

The best way to assist yourself is to assist the company you are working for. When every employe of a concern takes a special pride in boosting it there is bound to be a certain amount of benefit derived by the man or woman who boosts.

Historic Relics

The publicity department is desirous of making a collection of photographs, biographies, relics and other material of historic value. Such a collection will be of value to the company from a historical standpoint and it will provide excellent material for publicity, as it will make possible the contrasting of the old with the new, which is always an interesting topic. Anything of this character which Monitor readers may have in their files or which is available should be sent to the publicity department.

□

Had You Thought of This?

Montana has—

581 active grain elevators.

10,000 tractors and 60,000 autos.

200,000 dairy cows, 75 creameries and 14 cheese factories.

Montana's total assessed valuation, 1919, was $1,681,210,793.

Montana's irrigated acreage—2,560,128 acres—is equal to or greater than the total farm acreage of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, Rhode Island and New Jersey.

Montana is the fifth state in the Union in spring wheat acreage and the second state in the Union in production of wool.

When Are Debts Not Debts?

There are two kinds of debts. There is the debt you go into when you buy a home or some good bond or first-class investment. In that case you and your family become thrifty and saving, making every dollar go as far as you can, cutting out a lot of foolish buying, showing an independent spirit by not buying presents when you cannot afford to do so, and not wasting money on extravagant clothes. When you do that you are like a man who has made up his mind to reach the top of a mountain, and when your home is paid for, or the investment is all yours, you are that much nearer the top, you have been going higher all the time. The other debt is the miserable, common, every-day sort that you get into, possibly because of sickness but more likely by spending money before you earn it, buying everything you see, taking unnecessary trips on the railroad, trading at high-priced stores, and so forth.

In that case you are going down hill, not climbing, and when you get your debts paid (if you ever do get out of debt) you have simply climbed back to where you were; you have not gotten any higher.

Ten Commandments of Success

1. WORK HARD. Hard work is the best investment a man can make.
2. STUDY HARD. Knowledge enables a man to work more intelligently and effectively.
3. HAVE INITIATIVE. Ruts often deepen into graves.
4. LOVE YOUR WORK. Then you will find pleasure in mastering it.
5. BE EXACT. Slipshod methods bring only slipshod results.
6. HAVE THE AMERICAN SPIRIT OF CONQUEST. Thus you can successfully battle with and overcome difficulties.
7. CULTIVATE PERSONALITY. Personality is to a man what perfume is to a flower.
8. HELP AND SHARE WITH OTHERS. The real test of business greatness lies in giving opportunity to others.
9. BE DEMOCRATIC. Unless you feel right towards your fellow men you can never be a successful leader of men.
10. IN ALL THINGS DO YOUR BEST. The man who has done his best has done everything. The man who has done less than his best has done nothing. —Charles M. Schwab.

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And Then He Told Another One

"It's a wise man who knows which way a dill pickle will squirt"

Cornered

"Mamma, why has papa no hair?"

"Because he thinks so much, my dear."

"But why have you so much?"

"Because—go away and do your lessons, you naughty boy!"—Sugar Press.

—

Catastrophe!

Five-year-old Jessie was watching a playful kitten one day. The kitten found a feather on the floor and picked it up with its mouth. Jessie ran to her grandmother:

"Grandmother, the kitten has swallowed a feather! Will it hatch?"

—

Cutting Down Expenses

Commercial Manager—"The current expenses of the telephone company are something awful this month."

Economic Wifey—"Well, if I were running that cafeteria down there I'd cut out the current pie and give 'em plain bread pudding."

—

Small Brother—"Say, sis, is there any difference between a sigh, a kiss, an automobile and a donkey?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, silly, of course there is."

Small Brother—"Well, what is it?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Well, let's see. Oh, I give up; that's silly."

Small Brother—"Well, a sigh is oh dear, a kiss is so dear, an automobile is too dear and a donkey is—you, dear."

—

"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady, "Whaddy ya want—pink, yellow or black?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—

The Very Idea!

At 10 o'clock in the morning he had tried to call up his wife on the phone. At noon he tried again. And then the operator said, impatiently: "I told you two hours ago that she was talking, didn't I?"—American Legion Weekly.

—

Candidly Considered

"They're talking about a raise in telephone rates."

"Well," commented Farmer Corntossel, "judgin' from the entertainment our folks get from listening' in on a party line, I shouldn't be surprised if the service was worth it."—Washington Post.

Roulette?

Two very important little visitors—or at least they thought themselves important—paid the operating room at Lewistown, Mont., a visit one evening. One of the little boys, after watching the operator at the "B" board, said: "What are you doing—running two tables?"

—

Some Information Service

Salt Lake—"This is long distance. What is the number of the undertaker who has the body of the man who hung himself at Payson on Christmas?"

Provo—"Provo 532."

The following report was seen on a ticket: "Dead, Provo WT (will talk) later."

—

Opr.—"Number, please."

Sub.—"15."

A moment later:

Sub.—"Is this the drug store?"

15—"Yes."

Sub.—"Well, I want a small, narrow comb, about so long, for a slightly bald man, with celluloid teeth."—L. L. B., Shoshone, Idaho.

—

What Do You Mean, Crank?

Subscriber—"I thought you were going to give better service when you put in the new system?"

Manager—"What seems to be the trouble?"

Subscriber—"I cannot get central at all now. I wish you would please put the crank back on my telephone."—Arvada Correspondent.

—

Boy, Page the Traffic Chief

Subscriber (reporting operator to supervisor)—"I have been trying for a half hour to get Greeley 35, and central keeps telling me the line is busy, and I know it isn't busy because there are people talking from there, and if other people can talk from there, why can't I?"—Greeley Correspondent.

—

Worth Studying

A lady observing a mule owned by a colored boy asked: "What do you call your mule?"

"I calls him Utility."

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"I'se been studyin' de animal and readin' de papers. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de city an' goes ahead doin' his level best just de same."—Wall Street Journal.

Outward Signs

Though you talk about his culture
And his learning as you choose,
You can judge of no man's polish
By the shine upon his shoes.
—Reginald W. Kauffman.

—

Unprofitable

Tommy—"Out of a job?"

Jimmy—"Yes. The boss said he was losin' money on the things I was making."

Tommy—"Wasn't there anything else you could do around the place?"

Jimmy—"I think not. Anyhow, he said I didn't seem to be able to do anything else."

Tommy—"And what was you makin'?"

Jimmy—"Mistakes."

—

The gold medal for extreme miserliness, in the opinion of the Argonaut, will have to be awarded to the commuter who, on leaving for his office in the morning, forewarned his wife to this effect:

"I may have to work late tonight. If I do, I'll telephone you at 6 o'clock. But when you hear the bell, don't answer it—you will know what it means, and I shall get my nickel back."—Youth's Companion.

—

Subscriber called for number 95, which is the meat market; the operator misunderstood her and rang 55.

Sub.—"Hello! have you any brains?"

No. 55—"What is it?"

Sub.—"Have you any brains?"

No. 55—"You surely must have the wrong number. This is the mayor."—Exchange.

—

Religion Enough

Little Hal Flanders, Jr., son of our own Denver Hal, was being taken through the usual catechism by an afternoon visitor.

Visitor—"Hal, what church does your father belong to?"

Hal—"Oh, none; he's a telephone man."

Visitor—"And your mother—what church does she belong to?"

Hal—"She don't belong to any either—she's just interested."

—

Our Language

"Did you call Edith up this morning?"

"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"But why didn't you call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now and call her down for not being down when you called her up."—Exchange.

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Diagnosis

The telephone rang and the bookkeeper answered it.

"Yes, madam, this is Wilkin's market."

"This is Mrs. Blank. I want you to know that the liver you sent me is most unsatisfactory. It is not calf's liver at all; calf's liver is tender and——"

"Just a moment, madam, and I'll call the proprietor."

"What is it?" Wilkins asked.

The bookkeeper surrendered the phone.

"Mrs. Blank," he said; "liver complaint."—Boston Transcript.

—

Whoa, Mule!

The telephone innocently played an important part in a real joke the other day at Rocky Ford, Colo. The bell rang in the chief of police's office:

"Hello, chief. Here's a straight tip—there is a wagon coming into town from the north loaded with white mule," said a voice.

The chief, with visions of a big liquor capture, called his deputies about him and out they went to meet the wagon. Sure enough, there was a wagon coming toward them, the driver apparently not in the least disturbed by the approaching squad of officers:

"Halt!" demanded the chief, and the driver looked into the business ends of half a dozen guns. "We'll just relieve you of that white mule back there under that canvas!"

"Go as far as you like, chief," said the driver; "it's lost its kick, anyway; ageing didn't seem to do it much good." And the driver chuckled to himself as the chief jerked the cover from the wagon and exposed the carcass of a white mule that had died of old age and was being hauled away for a decent burial.

And the chief said—(copy censored and deleted).

Red Writes to Jimmie

Bute, Montanny.

Deer Jimmie:

Tings has shure bin poppin' sinse u left. De new pres. of de co wuz hear

de odder day and beleave me hees a regular guy. Why wen day had a konference meetin he set rite out wid de rest of us bunch wen day had fixed a swell chair wid pillows on it fur him. Ill say hees a real guy jim. Why i saw him slap old Bill Hummell on de back an call him buy his 1st name. taint every big bug wat wood do dat.

Some of de burds made some good speachis. Wun of de fellers dat spoke wuz Window R. Holgate, aint dat a funny name. i axed wun of de gurls in de trafik dept. why da called him Window and she sed as how he wuz all de time a openin and a shuttin de windows in de offis. Dats why day kall him Window.

Do u rekomember Sammie Newman—yes he still come back to de offis in de evenin just like wen u was hear. he sez he cums back to study, but i don't beleave it. Poor burd why didnt he study wen he went to skool like me and u, dats wat skools are fur and not be burnin up de kompanys lites. De kompanys lite bill is big enuf as it is wid out pilin on sum more overhed supervision. Suppose youll be ritin an axing me wat supervision is so ill tell u now. Supposin a guy wuz supposed to be doin sum ting but wuznt doin nothin. den suppose de boss cent u to see dat he did it rite, dats supervision, one feller lookin at annother feller doin nothin.

Gess u didnt no dat good lookin feller in de Injun-ear-ring dept. de other day he wuz pinched fur speedin. must a thot he wuz Paul Revere as he went rasing thru de town in de middle of de nite but de judge took all dem high falutin idears out of his hed de next mornin wen he stuk up his both hands and sed, dat fur you—meanin he wuz fined 10 buks. Surves him rite and i bet cha he trys to pass it thru on a voucher.

Went out huntin wid Benson and Willard MacIntire last week. We crauled on our bellies like angle wurms goin acrost no mans land an perty soon we sees a flock of burds and both them ginks takes a pop shot at em thinkin thay wuz ducks but de wuz only mud hens. Im offen dem guys, da dont no how to hunt.

Well Jimmie ol top its time to close de male so so long fur dis time your pal

RED.

—

Oh, in Mizzouri It's Different

A farmer called at our office the other day and wanted to know if there had been anyone that had reported a lost hog, as he had taken one up on his place, and it was causing him quite a bit of annoyance, getting in the henhouse and making a meal from the eggs, and getting into all kinds of mischief. We have had all kinds of requests for information, but this is the first time we have ever been asked to find the owner of a porker.

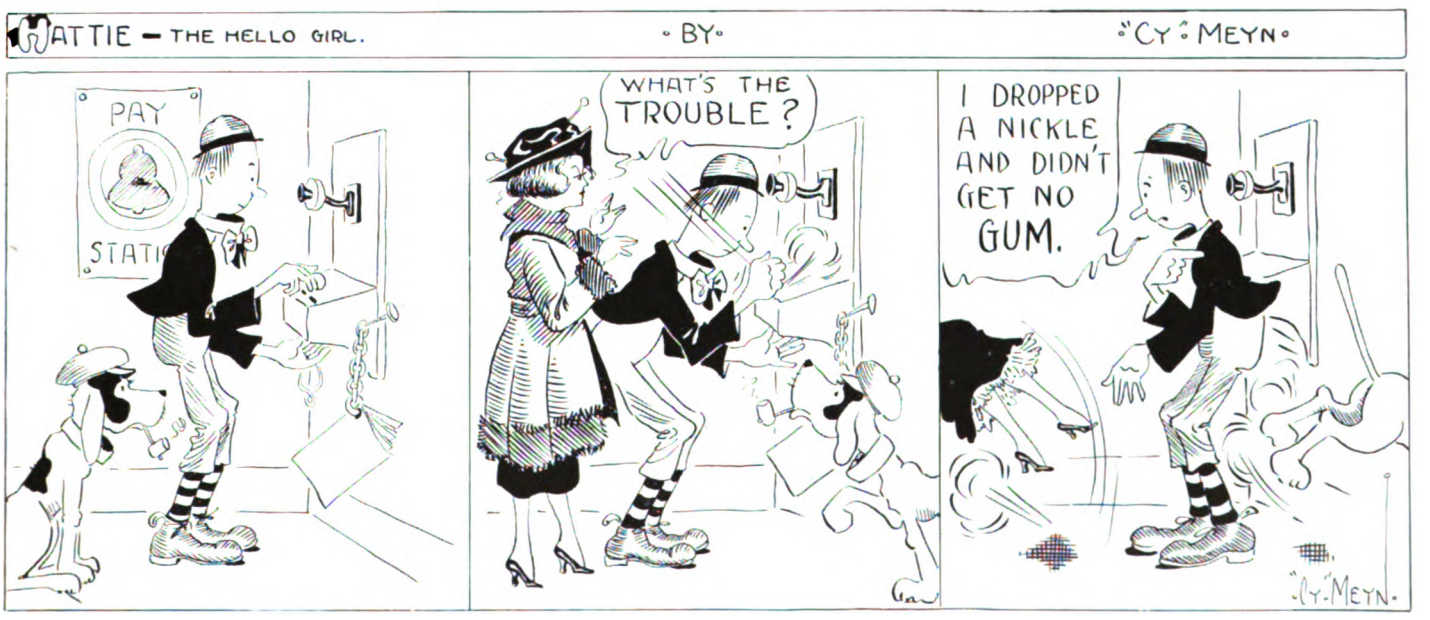
The farmer informed us that they gave this kind of service back east in the Ozarks.—Rocky Ford Correspondent.

—

Reason Enough

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" asked the magistrate of the man who was summoned for assault.

"Well, sir, I gives him a telegram to send to my gal, and he starts readin' it. So, of course, I ups and gives him one."—London Tit-Bits.



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The Medico Says

Doctor
C·B·LYMAN
Medical Director

How's Your Health?

THE maintenance of good health is, in a measure, in the hands of the individual. If one would live right there would be less illness, and it is a matter that few individuals give much thought to. The old division of the twenty-four hours of the day into three equal parts—eight for work, eight for sleep and eight for play—is for an adult the ideal division. Few there are who live up to it, although the laws have been framed along that line by prescribing eight hours as the limit for hours of employment.

Many people have an idea that all that is necessary for life is to put food into the stomach at varying intervals and that nature will do the rest. True, she will, but she will do it a good deal better if we aid her a little. Just as a furnace needs a good draft to make heat, so does our body need a draft, and nature has supplied our furnace with a bellows attachment to supply the necessary amount of air.

The air we breathe is composed of different gases—oxygen, which is needed to carry on the various chemical processes which are going on in our systems continuously; nitrogen, which is essential for all plant life; carbonic acid gas, which is the refuse thrown out from our bodies through the lungs. A certain amount of fresh air is necessary for the preservation of good health and to carry on the functions of the body normally. This amount is about 3,000 cubic feet per hour, or the amount which would be contained in a box approximately 14 feet in each diameter.

If one lives out of doors all the time it is of course easy to get this amount. Modern civilization and occupation have compelled most individuals to spend a major portion of the twenty-four hours indoors, in what is to a varying degree a closed compartment. It is necessary that the air contained in the compartment or room shall be constantly changed, and this is accomplished by proper ventilation. Fresh air must be admitted from without and the used air and poisonous gases must be allowed to escape. Few people give sufficient attention to this very important matter.

In the summer time there is little difficulty with regard to proper ventilation, as windows are kept open most of the time; in the winter time there is not enough attention given to the matter of ventilation. No matter how cold the day may be, the windows should be opened wide and a good draft of fresh air should be allowed to flow through the room. This should be a daily occurrence, no matter if some member of the family should ask if you are trying to heat up all outdoors. It is cheaper to buy coal than to pay doctor and undertaker bills.

In offices it should be the daily practice during the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon to stop work for five minutes and open the windows wide, allowing a free interchange of air. While this is being done, however, the occupants should walk about, exercising, so as not to "take cold." If this is done with regularity there will be a smaller number of tired and fagged-out people when the closing hour comes. During the remainder of the day there should be ample means used for proper ventilation of the room. There is no danger from fresh air being admitted as long as there is no draft over the occupants of the room, and this can be easily prevented.

When the day's work is done and night time comes many people crawl into bed in a heated room, only to wake up in the morning feeling bad, and they wonder why. Sleep without good fresh air does not rejuvenate, though one may have had a sufficient number of hours of sleep. Fresh air during sleeping hours is especially necessary, and of course can best be obtained by sleeping on a porch; but few people are so located that they can do this, in which event they should sleep in a room with all the windows open, no matter how cold the night may be, and the more windows there are the better. Remember that six hours sleep out in the open will do more good than ten hours indoors, even in a moderately well-ventilated room.

When the weather becomes cold it is necessary to heat the air in our houses and offices, largely due to the fact that we are not exercising very much and are not heavily clothed. With abundant exercise and proper clothing it matters little what the surrounding temperature may be. Indoors, without exercise, one is not comfortable if the temperature drops much below 70 degrees; therefore we must resort to artificial heating of our houses and offices. The amount of heat supplied should be only an amount which will make the rooms comfortable, which is not in excess of 70 degrees. Those who insist that the room or office should be kept above that point are not normal and had best have their physical accounts properly audited.

Wonder Who'll Win the $1,000?

Last month The Monitor told of the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund. This is not a mere "medal fund," but a real fund for cash distribution, the highest award being $1,000, as indicated in the following paragraph:

"Provision will be made for a special distinguished service medal of gold accompanied by a cash award of $1,000 to be presented for a very exceptional act or service if and when the committee deems an occasion deserves such recognition."

"In addition to the bronze medals available in the associated companies there will each year be available eight silver and two gold medals to be awarded by a Bell System committee appointed by the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The eight silver medals will be accompanied by cash awards of $250 and the two gold medals will be accompanied by cash awards of $500."

President Read issued a statement December 31 in reference to the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund which explains the intent and desires of the committees in charge.

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Busy Betty Says

IT'S queer how life often sends us just the thing we NEED. For instance, the other day a young woman got up crosswise—that is, with a disposition like a buzzsaw. She was feeling sorry for herself, and self-pity is the worst thing in the world. Anyhow, on that particular morning her whole life seemed wrong and, confidentially, every other member of the household was made to realize it. Suddenly the door-bell rang and she hied herself hence to open the door and find a blind man waiting to sell her a broom. He was so courteous and nice that she softened to the extent of purchasing a broom, and just as he turned to go down the front steps he turned his head and, with a smile, said, "Lady, isn't this a glorious day?"

Presto! It found its way! She came back into the house a changed person and rather shamefacedly announced to the rest of the family that she was all through grouching—feeling sorry for herself. That if that blind man could see the glory of the day she surely could.

Wouldn't that be called a case of the "blind leading the blind"?

* * *

That the elevator girl tells her—speaking of fashion—that women are just beginning to show the tip of the ear. She'd have a hard time telling a lot of people that—eh, girls?

* * *

A corporation with a president who can find time in his busy life to play Santa Claus to a little strange kiddie couldn't even dodge success, for that big, generous nature of his is just bound to permeate the atmosphere of the whole organization and "make the grade" everywhere.

And that's what our President Read did a day or so before Christmas. Of course he's a bit modest when it's mentioned to him, but the story leaked out, and it strikes me all of us who are pulling with him should hear it, for it can't help making us know that nothing but a square deal could ever get by him.

It seems one of the out-of-town agents—a widow with a wee daughter to support—was busy one night making up her reports when the little girl kept bothering her, asking if she might please write a letter to Santa Claus. Finally, to stop the annoyance, the mother pushed an envelope and piece of paper toward her, saying, "For goodness sake, go ahead and write it."

That was the last she thought of the matter until some days later; but, believe us, it was the uppermost thing in that wee tot's brain from then on until Christmas.

And this is the how of it: The envelope which in her haste the mother had given her was one stamped, "Not to be mailed," but the little kiddie, unknown to her mother, stuck it in with the reports, and it made the rounds way up into the president's office, for it seems there's a rule to the effect that these envelopes shall be sent there when found in the mail.

And Mr. Macdonald, with a keen appreciation of the kiddie's faith in Santa, her desires and detailed descriptions of everything she asked for, showed the tiny missive to President Read.

And "right now," as they say, President Read stopped the wheels of business and turned Santa Claus, with the result that Christmas morning dawned on the head of one of the happiest little tots in the world—her every wish being gratified, and now I'd like to see anyone tell her that there isn't a Santa Claus.

* * *

One of the most dignfied young women in the clerical forces recently approached a policeman, asking what car would take her to a certain street.

"Phat number d'ye want on that street?" inquired her blue-coated friend with the Emerald Isle accent.

"I don't know the number," responded the dignified young woman: "I only know the house when I see it."

"Ah, shure, an' I s'pose it's the house wid the green gate, an' phat will ye do if the gate happens to be gone?" bawled out he of the uniform and sense of humor, but there was no reply, for by that time Miss Dignity was also gone, though that she didn't fail to appreciate the situation is evidenced by the fact that she laughingly confided it to one of her "close-mouthed" friends.

Framing the Cover—?

Beauty of nature and art always catches the eye of the artistic, therefore it is not surprising that so many of the cover pages of The Monitor are torn off and framed. This is always a compliment to the artistic work put upon these cover pages; but we are wondering how many of our readers are keeping The Monitor month after month until a whole year's volume is ready to be bound into a book. We know of quite a number who are doing this and in that way they not only have all the covers preserved but they have a wonderful reference telephone book that is really worth while. It costs but little to bind the twelve numbers—about what one picture-frame would cost for one cover page. To those who really desire to frame any particular cover page and also keep on file The Monitor we will be glad to furnish a copy for that purpose if possible. We sometimes have a few extras.

□

Why, of Course, Daddy!

This is one that W. C. Fallon's daughter sprang on him—and she is only three and a half years, too:

Betty—"Daddy, my dollies are sick and I had to have the doctor with them."

W. C. F.—"What's the matter with them."

Betty—"One has 'berculosis and the other has tonsilitis."

W. C. F.—"You mean tuberculosis, don't you?"

Betty—"No, just one; the other has tonsilitis."

Fallon is district traffic chief at Pueblo.

Giving the Alarm

Recently there was a fire, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, in the town of Payette, Idaho. Business was naturally suspended for the day and people were not out on the streets as usual. Someone discovered a fire in the pumping plant on Dead Ox Flat. The telephone operator "scented the smoke" and got busy with the wires. The neighborhood was aroused and it wasn't long until the flames were extinguished before the plant was destroyed. A newspaper account gave details of the fire and in the last line of the article states that the people of Payette are very grateful to the "central girl of the telephone company who kindly gave notice to the people of that section." This is not to criticise the incidental mention of the telephone girl and the part she played in saving the property, but to bring to mind the fact that the service of the telephone girl is so much of an every-day occurrence that it is rarely counted as being one of the first factors in cases like this.

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In the beautiful valley where the winding Snake leaps and plays in the golden sunshine, lies a magic city.

PROSPEROUS IDAHO FALLS

IDAHO FALLS, Idaho, county seat of Bonneville county, is located in the heart of the upper Snake River valley on the main line of the Oregon Short Line railway between Ogden, Utah, and Butte, Mont. It is also the junction point of the Yellowstone branch, which feeds a rich agricultural area north and east of the town, with the main line.

The town had its beginning in 1864, soon after the discovery of gold at Virginia City, Mont. At that time there was much travel between the Salt Lake valley and the new gold mines, and a man named Taylor conceived the idea of building a toll bridge over the Snake river. The present site of Idaho Falls was selected as the location of the bridge on account of the narrow channel of the river at that point. Driving to Fort Benton, Mont., with an ox team, he obtained the cables from an old steamboat which had burned there. These he placed across the river and attached a floor to them, making a bridge which proved very beneficial to those traveling to and from Montana, as it afforded a safe crossing over a dangerous stream. The bridge also proved to be a very remunerative enterprise to the owner, who charged exorbitant tolls. The toll bridge was later purchased by the Anderson brothers, who established a feed yard and store and finally laid out the original townsite. A postoffice was established in 1865 and a few settlers who decided to cast their lots with the new country took up homesteads adjacent to the new town.

The Utah Northern railway, which was later taken over by the Union Pacific system and is now known as the Oregon Short Line, was built through the town in 1881 and small shops were established. The shops were later moved to Pocatello and took with them a large part of the population. This loss was soon overcome, for the railroad brought in many new settlers.

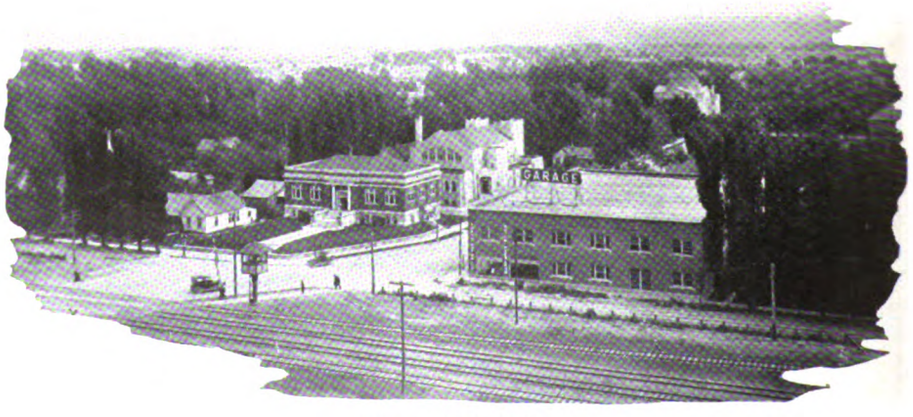
The town was, until 1892, called Eagle Rock, at which time the name was changed to Idaho Falls, and in January, 1900, it was incorporated as a city of the second class. Bonneville county was established and Idaho Falls made the county seat in 1911.

A number of new buildings have been erected during the past few years, among which are the Federal building, costing $100,000; the Carnegie library, costing $15,000, and a large auditorium, which was built by the Mormon church at a cost of $37,500. They are also building a hospital that will be known as the L. D. S. Hospital, at a cost of nearly $400,000. This undertaking is founded by the church and business interests of Idaho Falls. When this structure is completed it will equal anything of its kind in the West. Its capacity will be about 110 patients and it will be ready for occupancy about the fall of 1921. A new high school building has been erected during the past year and a site has been purchased for a new county and city building. The city owns and operates a modern water power electric light plant which furnishes adequate light and power for the town. There is also a plant of the Utah Power and Light Company located on the river about one mile south of the municipal plant.

The postal receipts are always an indication of the past growth and present condition of a community. Below are the stamp sales for the Idaho Falls postoffice for the past ten years:

1910	$22 575.72
1911	21,981 78
1912	23,936.89
1913	25,531.59
1914	28,461.03
1915	30,724.39
1916	35,059.40
1917	43,070.01
1918	52,958.62
1919	52,641.41
1920	51,165.16

The principal crops of the upper Snake



View in Idaho Falls

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Girls, Can You Do This?

Instructions by Marie Leaderman, Salt Lake City

Medallion.—First row: Chain 8, form ring, chain 3, 25 double crochet in ring, close.

Second row: Chain 9, 1 single crochet in second stitch from hook, 5 double crochet in next 5 stitches. This leaves 2 chains open. Then 1 double crochet over second double crochet of ring, chain 7, 1 single crochet, in second stitch from hook, 5 double crochet in next 5 stitches. This will fill out the 7 chains, leaving out 1 double crochet over ring. There are 13 petals.

Upper Edge.—First row: Ch. 26, sc. in 2nd st. from hook, and sc. in next 24 sts.

Second row: Ch. 2, 1 sc. in point of petal of medallion, ch. 3, sk. 2 sc., 1 dc. in next sc. 7 meshes, ch. 5, turn.

Third row: 2 sc. in first m., 1 sc. in dc., repeat 4 times, 2 sc. in next m.., ch. 2, 1 sc. in next petal of medallion.

Fourth row: Ch. 3, 5 m.

Fifth row: Sc. across 4 m., ch. 2, 1sc. in 3rd petal of medallion.

Sixth row: Ch. 3, 3 m.

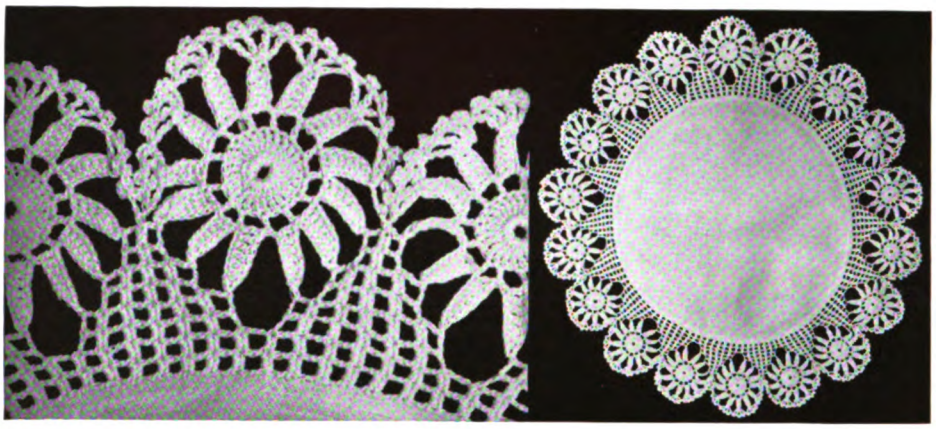
Seventh row: Sc. across 2 m., ch. 5, turn.

Eighth row: 2 m.

Ninth row: Sc. cross 2 m., ch. 5, 1sc. in next petal of medallion, ch. 3, turn.

Tenth row: 4 m., repeat.

Lower Edge.—Fasten thread between medallion, ch. 2, 4 dc. with 1 picot, of 3 ch., between in point of medallion, repeat.



Sunflower edge (made with No. 40 thread)

River valley are alfalfa, sugar beets, small grains and potatoes. Hog raising is also rapidly becoming a profitable industry. During the year of 1919 a total of 6464 cars, loaded with the products of the Snake River valley, were shipped out of Idaho Falls. These were divided as follows: Merchandise, 2,736 cars; mill products, 113; potatoes, 1,765; live stock, 486; grain, 758; sand and gravel, 70; miscellaneous, 545.

Idaho Falls has 20 miles of paved streets, a large portion of which has just been completed.

A plant of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company is located at Lincoln, about three miles from Idaho Falls. This plant employs about 400 men during the operating season and has an approximate average monthly pay roll of $50,000. During the season of 1920, 65,000 tons of beets will be handled and 16,200,000 pounds of sugar manufactured. Idaho Falls has become the main distributing point for the entire upper Snake River valley.

In addition to all of this, we have two daily newspapers, the Times-Register and the Idaho Falls Daily Post, the Post has an Associated Press wire direct into their office and the Times-Register has the Universal Press service connected by special wire direct into their office, this giving them equal service with any of the papers in the West. The circulation of the Times-Register is 4,000 and the Idaho Falls Daily Post 3,000.

The following is a brief detail and comparison of the growth of our exchange since the year 1916.

1916			
Lines—			
Residence, one-party	96		
Residence, two-party	268		
		—	364
Business, one-party	175		
Business, two-party	48		
		—	223
Grand total			587
Stations—			
Residence, one-party	96		
Residence, two-party	464		
Residence, extensions	13		
		—	573
Business, one-party	175		
Business, two-party	75		
Business, P. B. X.	122		
Business, extensions	56		
		—	428
Grand total			1,001
1920 (Including October, 1920)			
Lines—			
Residence, one-party	122		
Residence, two-party	345		
		—	467
Business, one-party	299		
Business, two-party	60		
		—	359
Grand total			826
Stations—			
Residence, one-party	122		
Residence, two-party	701		
Residence, extensions	22		
		—	845
Business, one-party	299		
Business, two-party	124		
Business, P. B. X.	137		
Business, extensions	116		
		—	676
Grand total			1,521

We are unable to obtain the figures affecting rural stations for the year 1916. However, we shall give them to include October 15, 1920, for the year 1920. We have running out of Idaho Falls in all directions 73 rural lines, carrying 741 subscribers, residence and business, and several of them are twelve and fifteen miles in length.

These subscribers are furnished service through fifteen positions of No. 9 switchboard and an estimate has been approved for three new positions for the year 1921. We have on our payroll in all 35 operators, including the chief operator and her assistants, to handle the traffic department; seven employes in the plant department, including the wire chief, to care for the plant end; and the manager, a cashier and a clerk to handle the commercial department.

Our outside plant is very badly congested, and has been for the past year, and when our new plant is complete it will be second to none in the state.

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The Toll Testrooms of Wyoming

No. 1—Casper, Wyoming, showing two telegraph repeater tables and the composite coil racks. Left to right: "N," A. A. Nelson; "MC," C. J. McKee, chief testboard man; "J," L. C. Jones; "C," H. C. Martin.

No. 2—Another view of Casper testroom, showing the No. 4 toll testboard at the right.

No. 3—Cheyenne, Wyoming, showing the No. 4 toll testboard, and one end of the single-line telegraph repeater table. A larger picture of this testroom would have shown a complete bay of six telephone repeaters, with their testing unit, the only complete unit in our territory. Left to right: 'N," C. E. Swisher, chief testboard man; "MS," H. E. Mansholt.

No. 4—Rawlins, Wyoming, showing the distributing frame at the right, No. 4 toll testboard in center, and the differential-duplex telegraph repeater tables at the right. Left to right: "CA," E. J. Carlon; "KN," J. C. Kilburn; "Q," D. R. Higley, in charge of toll testroom and exchange manager as well; "CN," C. A. Ferguson.

No. 5—Rawlins, Wyoming. Another view, showing some exchange equipment, and in the center of the picture the relay-rack type repeaters on the transcontinental circuits, and next to them, at the left, the cord circuit repeater. Battery charging rectifier and power panel at right, in the foreground. The men are O. L. Clark and E. Steneck, exchange wire chief.

NOTE—The letters in quotation marks are the telegraph "signs" of the various men. They are known only by these "signs" to other testrooms.

Set off in comfortably warm and safe buildings, these toll testrooms and the men who operate them are perhaps not so picturesque as the long stretches of toll lines reaching from city to city and testroom to testroom, with their ever-ready maintenance men. Yet the place of the testroom in the scheme of present-day telephone things is a vital one.

In the toll testrooms are placed the complex equipment which in present-day maintenance practice includes the "Wheatstone Bridge" for locating trouble only as a small though very essential detail. And in them also is placed the telegraph and telephone repeater equipment which gives new life to and speeds onward the messages of man.

The routine work of these three testrooms includes, in addition to keeping over five thousand miles of Morse wires working, co-operation with the outside men in keeping over two thousand miles of pole line carrying thirteen thousand miles of toll wires in readiness to render the high-grade service demanded of them.

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Composite Telephone Girl

HERE she is—the girl back of the sweet voice which comes over the telephone wire in response to your call.

Doesn't she look thoroughly human?

Doesn't that face reflect intelligence, refinement, character—yes, even beauty?

Few persons play a more prominent part in the world today than the telephone operator—"Central," as she is generally referred to—and a bit of romance always attaches to her, doubtless because of the mystery that enshrouds her.

We hear the voice, but what of the one who possesses it? Is she short or tall, petite or built along gothic lines? Unconsciously we try to form a mental picture to fit the voice.

And because of the widespread interest manifest in her we have, with the aid of the photograher, developed her in this composite picture, which combines six decidedly different types of operators in the one composite photograph.

Each of the six girls was photographed on the same plate, one exposure being made right on top of the other so that with the development of the plate and printing of the photograph the above type results.

It combines the mannish type—she of the cynical manner, decisive step, dark hair, blue eyes, broad, courageous forehead, strong chin and medium height—

"Ze baby doll," small, dainty, curly blond hair, blue eyes, rosy complexion (yes, all her very own)—

The old-fashioned girl—as refreshing as a breeze from the mountains—of medium height, dark hair, gray eyes, with frankness registered in every expression of countenance, and a winsome, pleasing manner—

The student or "highbrow" type—tall, slender, dark hair, brown eyes, high forehead, straight nose and sweet, unassuming manner—

The "social butterfly"—petite, blond, polite and thoughtful, though

Center—Composite made from the six photos surrounding it

of jolly, happy nature and always up to the minute in style—

And last but by no means least in importance, she that makes Theda Bara look as if "vamping" is a lost art—diminutive, slender and graceful, big blue eyes with a "baby stare," a bit nervous or highstrung in temperament, "gurgling, talkative and with that charming though sort of helpless clinging-vine manner that makes every man feel it his bounden duty to protect her.

With all these boiled down into one we have the interesting face—the composite—before us.

"Who are the six?" you ask. Never mind their names. They are all telephone operators—a good average of the six or seven hundred fine girls who strive hard to give telephone service to 55,000 subscribers in Denver.

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Meet Our Southern Division Heads

These Are the Men Who Are Helping Give Telephone Service to The Southern Division

C. E. STRATTON

This month we "have with us" the photograph of the "heads" in the Southern Division. Look them over and then read the little sketches that tell how they have come IN through the organization, and bear this thought in mind—the road that leads to the center of the circle is never congested; that the path to fame and fortune and success has no barriers that perseverance and ability cannot surmount.

C. E. Stratton, division general manager, broke into the telephone game in October, 1894, as shop boy in the Lawrence Street shop, Denver. In February, 1895, he was made inspector of toll line route

M. E. BATES

No. 5 between Denver, Colorado Springs and Leadville. In April, 1896, he dropped out of the telephone field but was back again as inspector in July, 1898. He was made manager at Florence, Colorado, in April, 1899, and on October 1, 1900, appointed district manager at Trinidad. He was then transferred to Colorado Springs as district manager, and on July 1, 1911, he received the oppointment of general manager of the Tri-State Telephone Company and division general manager for the Southern Division. Since then the Tri-State Company has been absorbed by the Mountain States, and the Southern Division now comprises the states of Arizona, New Mexico, and that part of Texas directly south of the New Mexico line.

J. E. GAMEWELL

R. F. Brink, division auditor, Southern Division, started with the the old Colorado Telephone Company at Denver in January, 1906, as office boy, in what was then called the financial department. Later promoted to bookkeeper, and on July 1, 1914, was transferred to

R. F. BRINK

E. J. ANDERSON

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Eastern Division accounting department as ledger clerk. On October 1, 1914, promoted to Eastern Division toll billing supervisor, which position he held until October 16, 1915, when he was transferred to Salt Lake City as chief clerk to Western Division auditor. On June 15, 1919, transferred to Denver as chief clerk to Eastern Division auditor, and on October 1, 1920, promoted and transferred to El Paso, Texas, as Southern Division auditor.

J. E. Gamewell started with the old Colorado Telephone Company, in the construction department, March 3, 1896. In the fall of the same year he cast his lot with the Mountain Electric Company, where he served an apprenticeship of two years and afterwards as an engineer for three years. In 1901 he re-entered the employ of the telephone company as a cableman, then cable foreman, and later superintendent of the cable department, where he remained until 1911. When the Mountain States Company was organized he was transferred to the engineering department of the Eastern Division and shortly after transferred to El Paso, where he was appointed division construction engineer.

M. E. Bates began in Denver as a traffic student May 22, 1912, and in July of the same year he was made assistant long distance manager. This was his lucky year, since he was transferred to El Paso and appointed district traffic chief November 23, 1912. On February 1, 1914, he went on the road as traveling service observer, and was then appointed division traffic supervisor. On February 15, 1918, he received the appointment of division traffic superintendent, which position he now holds.

E. J. Anderson began his telephone career with the Central Union Telephone Company back in Indiana, as a lineman, in September, 1900, and for three years worked with the Bell and Independent companies, climbing poles and shooting trouble. In the fall of 1903 he migrated West and secured a job with the Sunset Telephone Company at Redlands, California, as troubleman. He remained there two years and then resigned to accept a position as manager for the Independent Company at San Jacinto, California. Two years later he was back again at Redlands, but this time as superintendent. In 1910 he moved over into Arizona and entered the employment of the Consolidated Telephone and Telegraph Company, and was included in the assets when that company was purchased by the Mountain States in 1912. Since then he has served in several capacities. In July, 1920, he was appointed Southern Division superintendent of plant, which position he now holds.

Maybe Both Presidents

Left—Jack Bingham, two years old, son of L. O. Bingham, traffic chief, Utah District, Salt Lake City.

Right—J. B. McAdams, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McAdams of Salt Lake City. Mr. McAdams is Wasatch traffic chief. The son says he is going to be a traffic chief just like daddy.

Think It Over

The Monitor believes there are dozens of employes in our company who are capable of writing good short articles that would be of general interest to the readers. Pick your own subject, write it your own way and send in the copy. Think it over.

A Versatile Telephone

I am the telephone. While I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver.

I have a mouthpiece, but unlike a woman, I never use it.

Fellows use me to make dates with girls, and boys use me to break the same dates.

Husbands call their wives up over me. Wives call their husbands down over me.

I never go anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out, depending on whether you've paid your bill.

I am not a bee, but I often buzz in your ear. I am the Bell of the town.

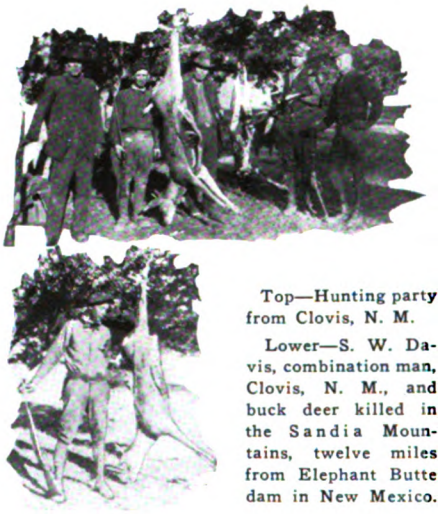
While I do not wear jewelry, I often get rings.

Whether I do anything or not, a lot of people nail me to the wall.

I like music, but the only melody I hear is chin music.

I get all the popular airs, and the most popular air of all is hot air.—Exchange.

In Open Season



Top—Hunting party from Clovis, N. M.

Lower—S. W. Davis, combination man, Clovis, N. M., and buck deer killed in the Sandia Mountains, twelve miles from Elephant Butte dam in New Mexico.

Here Today—There Tomorrow

The telephone construction crew has finished its work here, after making some $35,000 worth of improvements in Hailey and vicinity. Portions of the crew left for Boise, Montpelier and points in Utah.—Idaho Statesman.

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Forty Years and Then Some

Good Advice from a Man Who Never Lost His Keys nor Flunked on His Job.

By Dad Wiswall

THEY say that self-praise is the first sign of lowbrow, but I shall fall from grace just this once. June 1, 1921, two-score years with the greatest corporation the world has ever known, and more than three-fourths of that time with one of its near relatives, the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Now here is where the sign of lowbrow is most visible: Two-score years and was never laid off on account of expense cut, and we passed through two stiff panics during that time. Also, I was never fired, but such a thing could be possible that the company felt sorry for my wife. Two-score years and still the first one at the office mornings. The young fellows say, like Bill in the Denver Post, "How does he do it?" Easy, boys. Don't lose your grip nor the key to the office.

Well, if you young fellows will stick around half as long, you will see wonderful changes in the business, and here is hoping you will.

There are companies and companies, but the Mountain States Company stands alone. All one has to do is go out among the public, visit the subscriber, broach the subject, and they will say, "Yes, they must be a great company. I hear they treat their help so well. I know several who work for them, and there are none finer." I hear this so often on my rounds of inspection, but the one they never forget to mention will be our departed president. He has left us—has been called from labor to refreshment—but still things are so arranged that there is always one to take the place of one cut down by the scythe of Time. The younger are crowding the older off the stage of life.

Washington was the father of his country; Lincoln freed the negro, and Wilson saved France. I am still speaking of presidents and of the present time. And the present head of our company—didn't he run his little legs off on that eventful Christmas day delivering presents from his dad's store to the little church around the corner, to be placed on that wonderful tree, and then sat through the entire evening until the candles were all out and the last present removed, watching and listening for that name which was never called?

They tell us that all good deeds shall be rewarded—if not on this earth, then in the Great Beyond. So mote it be.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company stands alone in that it is the home of the prodigal. You as well as I know of many young fellows that have quit this company and, like the farmer boy that quits dad, goes to the city to make a record for himself. So have they gone West to Los Angeles and East to New York, but in a majority of cases they have returned to partake of the fatted calf. And this company has said, "Yes, son, pull up your chair, get your feet under the table and your name on the pay roll." Ask these same young fellows why they returned, and they will tell you, "Closed shop and that absence-from-home feeling." They are like the farmer boy that missed the scent of new-mown hay and the "punkin" pie that mother uster make. And they knew where it was waiting.

I have stuck to dad and the farm, for he has told me, "Son, when I am gone the farm is yours."

The younger generation will not believe in that old, old adage, "The rolling stone gathers no moss." Still they will try to teach it to their grandchildren.

Now, I would be pleased to hear from some of you who established your homes with the old Colorado Telephone Company before I was adopted. Loosen up—you will feel all the better for it and The Monitor is waiting for you.

A prosperous year to you all.

Tony's Phylosophy

There was once a bird who rattled into the big time from the bushes. Now it happened that this geek was gifted wtih the power of swat, or, in other words, had a batting average of .367. When the season began and the big scramble was on for the top notch, the bird kept on busting the pill often enough to keep up his slicker average. Sometimes when the bird thought he wasn't getting all the breaks, he would walk away from the plate sulking to himself. The boys up in Alf's place, who were followers of the great American pastime, noticed that the bird was inclined to be a bit peevish at times and began to "razz" him to a fare-you-well. The bird failed to realize that the madder he became the more he would be ridden, and he finally became so peeved at the boys that his mind was so taken from the game that his batting average slumped from the castle to the gutter. The manager gave the bird a little yellow slip and headed him toward the hills to spend his days with the rest of the wild animals.

MORAL—A chirp from a bird at the plate is music to the hoot-owls in the bleachers.

TONY DUVALL, Salt Lake.

The Idle Dollar—a Bad Servant

Your dollars are your servants.

The dollar you spend for something you need is a working dollar.

The dollar you invest in a home is also industrious.

But the dollar that you hoard in some hiding place is lazy and should be made to work.

Put your surplus money in a sound American savings bank and it will make more money for you in the form of interest every day of the year.

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Changes---Transfers---Promotions

Watch Your Step and You May Be Next

It is always gratifying to note promotions—it indicates strict application to business. Of course all cannot be advanced at once, but the men or women of ability who daily apply themselves to their work, even though opportunity does not permit immediate promotion, have that consoling consciousness that they have done their best.

W. D. Hand, formerly of the El Paso traffic department, has been appointed Southern Division cashier.

Glen F. Lewis, for some time assistant district traffic chief at Butte, has been transferred to the division traffic superintendent's office at Helena.

H. M. Kelsey, recently transferred from Denver to Helena, takes Mr. Lewis' place at Butte.

J. H. Cameron has been appointed manager at Yuma, Arizona.

S. P. Officer, who has been with our company for a number of years, is now manager of the Bozeman-Livingston district.

William Lloyd, former manager at Ouray, is now manager at Delta, Colorado.

H. S. Kramer became manager of the Brighton, Colorado, exchange on January 1.

Forrest B. Neeley has been transferred to Monte Vista, Colorado, as manager of that exchange.

Miss Florence M. Perry is the new manager and chief operator at Encampment, Wyoming.

Denver—Main

Miss Noll—Operator to clerk.

Mary Thompson—Operator to house board operator.

Miss Partridge—Operator to supervisor.

Miss Kelsey—Operator to supervisor.

Miss Hopkins—Operator to supervisor.

Miss Kirk—Operator to evening chief operator, succeeding Miss Reep.

Miss Reep—Evening chief operator to instructress.

Lucile Ligon—Operator to A. N. information operator.

Denver—Champa

Viola Remley—Operator to supervisor.

Emma Woertman—Operator to clerk.

Lillian Ludwig—Operator to supervisor.

Ruth Lee—Operator to supervisor.

Denver—York

Gladys Weaver—Operator to supervisor.

Irene Gerry—Operator to clerk.

Denver—South

Crissie Cairns—Operator to clerk.

Denver—Gallup

Grace Berky—Operator to supervisor.

Mary Simmons—Operator to supervisor.

Denver—Long Distance

Mary Cogdell—Operator to supervisor.

Miss Nellie Bernard, former Montrose chief operator, transferred to Trinidad as chief operator, succeeding Mrs. Mitchell, transferred to the Trinidad commercial department.

Miss Eva Anderson has been appointed chief operator at Lusk, Wyoming.

How Do You Endorse Your Pay Check?

By George C. Quillian, Salt Lake

THERE is hardly a payday passes but that one of our paymasters receives a request to stop payment on some pay check which has been lost, stolen or misplaced. Too often the information is also given that the check has been endorsed in what is known in banking terms as "in blank." That is, the name of the payee, or the person to whom the check is drawn, is simply signed on the back of the check and does not specify an endorsee. This has happened so often we wonder if you realize just what this means to you who lost the check. It means you have signed away all your rights and interest in that check. You have in effect made it the same as a $20 bill, the property of and cashable by anyone into whose hands it may fall.

So never endorse your pay check until when you are having it cashed. Then it is all right to endorse it by just signing your name on the back.

If you are personally depositing to your own credit in a bank, endorse:

"For Deposit Only, John Jones"; or "Deposit to Credit of John Jones."

If sending it through the mail to your bank, endorse:

"Pay to First National Bank for Deposit Only, John Jones."

If sending it by mail or otherwise to your wife or to another party, endorse:

"Pay Only to Order of Mary Jones (or the name of the party whom you want to receive the money), John Jones."

Then who ever cashes it will insist on identification, and if the check is presented by someone other than the one you intended, payment will be refused.

Always endorse your check as your name is shown on the face. Write plainly and do not delay depositing or cashing it longer than you can reasonably help.

Your banker will appreciate it if you will always place your endorsement on the left-hand end of the check and leave a blank space of two inches above your signature, as they often pin bunches of checks together and when endorsed too close to the top they must unpin when checking endorsements.

If you should lose your check, notify your pay center at once and they will be glad to protect you against loss as far as they are able, which is easily done if you have taken proper precaution regarding the endorsement.

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Constructive Supervision

By Mayne Sjostedt, Central Office Instructor, Salt Lake City

HOW do you feel, girls, when the chief operator steps up and says, "Miss Black"—or whoever you may be—"Miss Green, central office instructor, wishes to see you"?

I know just how you feel. We may say a complexity of emotions is the result, anticipation, hope, fear, longing and joy all trying to dominate, only producing a "funny feeling." "Now I'll get it," or some such similar trend of thought flits through your mind. Again, you earnestly hope you have taken a good test.

And you say, why bother with such things as tests anyway? Why have a nosey, prosy instructor at your heels? First of all, how do you like to sit by a girl who jerks down her cords, hitting you on any part of your anatomy from head to heels? How do you like to sit by a girl who will not speed up as the load increases or takes calls from another position only when urgently requested to do so? Again, how do you like to sit by a girl who often cuts off subscribers, and you being obliged to take a share of the ordeal by receiving the subscriber's "Scotch blessing"?

Do you like to have any of these things occur to you? None of us do, I know. Now turn the tables. Suppose you were to do any one or all of the above-mentioned. What would be the effect on your neighbor's work and disposition? Would she not feel as you do when they happen to you?

Not long ago I heard an operator say, "Did you ever sit by So-and-So? If you ever have you have some disfigurement, and the way she treats subscribers—Oh, boy!" This remark most assuredly was not complimentary. None of us would wish it said of us. Perhaps the operator in question is ignorant of the fact she has created this impression. Undoubtedly she would have felt badly had she heard it. But if she does not know of the criticism, how will she ever become acquainted with her deficiencies? Should she have to wait until some one of her fellow workers who are busy, tired and overwrought tell her in a gruff, cross manner to "speed up," or "cut it out." Will this adjust matters?

It is a known fact that normal human beings dislike to be coerced. So, to accomplish the best results, is it not better to reason with her, take her aside and kindly yet firmly tell her of her faulty habits?

This is the work of the central office instructor.

The next thing is, do we get results? If so, what are they?

How do you feel after the instructor has taken up a test with you? Your answer will depend on the excellency of the test, of course. How do you feel if you are informed that you had cut off a subscriber, used a wrong phrase, rung a wrong number, not reported at regular intervals, rung too long, thereby ringing in some subscriber's ear? At the time that these things occurred they did not seem to amount to a great deal, but when put down in black and white they reach disastrous proportions. Do you go back to your position with a song and smile on your lips? Not if you have the right attitude toward your job! For doesn't a poor test kind of take the "joy out of life"?

Are you not glad to be told of these mistakes and given time to correct them? And as you look forward to the next test you try and improve your work so that it would be much better.

Assuredly you do if you are the right kind of a human with the right sort of a backbone.

The excellency of the service depends on you as well as on the supervisors. If the supervisor tells you of any faulty habits which you may possess, take it in good faith—try to improve. The supervisor is only working in co-operation with the instructor to improve service in any way possible.

If you co-operate with your supervisor you soon will not think she is "picking on" you but you will be convinced that she is trying to help you.

This is constructive supervision. The term means just what is implied—a supervision of the work in such a manner that service is most quickly improved.

Pension Increased To $30

The Employes' Benefit Fund Committee wishes to announce that a resolution has been passed by the board of directors of our company increasing the minimum pension of $20 per month, as it has been heretofore, to $30 per month, and have made such change effective as of July 1, 1920. This does not mean an increase in all pensions, but simply that those who have been receiving less than $30 per month will from July 1, 1920, receive $30 per month and that employes who are pensioned in the future will receive at least $30 per month. This will apply to all regular service pensions which have been or may hereafter be granted to those retiring from service, but does not apply to the pensions granted to those of over fifteen years' service who have become totally disabled from work as result of sickness.

HOWARD T. VAILLE,
Secretary, Employes' Benefit Fund Committee.

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Fort Morgan

Grace Day, Correspondent

Miss Bertha Hart, our chief operator, was called to Omaha by the serious illness of her brother. Mrs. Hunter filled the vacancy during her absence.

We have two new operators, Misses Thelma Bly and Shirley Menking.

Mrs. Mamie Harvey spent a few days in Denver recently.

Miss Ida Pietrusky left us and returned to her home in Oklahoma. Miss Nell Hayt resigned to accept a position with the Western Union, and Miss Laura Brown resigned on account of illness. We are sorry to lose the girls from our force.

Miss Helen Zearfoss and "Happy" Day made a resolution to get married this year. So watch out, fellows!

Miss Clara Tennant made a resolution to beware of Ford cars and irrigation ditches this year.

Rocky Ford

Miss Ida Johns has left our force to take up other duties, we know not just what, but we have our suspicions. Hate to lose you, Ida, but our best wishes go with you.

Miss Anna McDonald has been added to our operating force and is proving to be a very apt pupil.

We have with us at the present time Mr. Baereson of the installation department, who is installing a new toll position and a new lighting system for our office. We are sure glad to see him. We were afraid we were going to have to return all the material, as it had been here so long that it might get out of date.

Miss Mabel Harris was the victim of a birthday surprise party at her home Saturday evening, January 8. Those of the traffic force present were Misses Ruth Murphy, Hester Stanbridge, Alma McDonald, Ruth Deemer, Emma Harmer, Beatrice Bolles, Mary Kipper, Edith Alger and Anna McDonald. The evening was spent with music and games. Refreshments were served and at a late hour the guests departed for home, all reporting a most enjoyable time.

Our sick list has been enough to scare any hospital, the unfortunate ones being our chief operator, Miss Murphy, and Misses Stanbridge, McDonald, Harris and Kipper. At present all are able to be on duty.

Greeley

M. Holmes, Correspondent

Miss Esther Peterson, assistant chief operator, has been granted a three months' furlough to visit her aunt in California. The operators surprised her with a wienie roast and all kinds of good things to eat. After the feed all furniture was moved out of the room and we danced and amused ourselves in various ways.

Miss Cleta Washburn also has been granted a six weeks' furlough to visit her aunt in Kansas. So far as we know, these are all the aunts that will be visited this month. We wish we all had an aunt to visit.

Arrived January 7 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ford, a daughter. Her name is Elizabeth Jane and she already has her application in for a position as operator. We haven't any vacancies at present, but have promised to consider Miss Ford at a later date, providing she has the right disposition for an operator.

No doubt you have all seen or heard tell of the famous Croll smile. But oh, boy! you should see it now. Mrs. Croll returned from a three months' visit in the East, having visited at Kansas City, Mo., Buffalo, N. Y., and many relatives in the cities of eastern Pennsylvania. Mrs. Croll arrived home New Year's eve in time to have a real Happy New Year just before their son, Brinker Croll, returned to Colorado Springs, where he is attending college.

Miss Ruth DeVinney has resigned as relief operator at LaSalle, and Miss Gladys Connell has been added to the force to fill the vacancy.

Boulder

The death of Mrs. E. W. Copps came as a great shock to her family and friends. Mrs. Copps had been in good health until a week before her death, when she contracted pneumonia, from which she died January 15. Besides her husband she is survived by two daughters, Phebe and Anna, and two sons, Edwin, who is in the grocery business at Brighton, and Chauncey, our district traffic chief. The funeral was held at the home, 436 Pine street, where the Rev. Father Walter, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, conducted the service. The heartfelt sympathy of all goes out to the family in their great loss.

The A. T. & T. Auxiliary held its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Harry Rossman January 4. The business of the evening consisted in electing officers for the new year. Mrs. C. S. Copps was chosen president, Mrs. H. B. Mathews vice-president, Mae Thurlou secretary and Carrie De Walt treasurer. After the business was disposed of the ladies "rolled the bones," a game at which Milda Benedix proved a shark and carried off all the honors, a hand-painted calendar. Hazel Kelly was the "bunk" at bunco, so she drew the booby prize, a gingerbread rabbit, which the girls promptly appropriated for a pre-supper lunch. At a late hour a luncheon, consisting of marshmallow cookies, fruit salad, doughnuts and coffee, was served by the committee.

Mrs. Alice Adams Randall, who before her marriage was one of our operators, was a recent visitor at the office. Miss Jean Fitzwilliams, formerly chief operator at Roswell, N. M., also dropped in to see us.

News of the arrival of a baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Peak has just reached our office. Mrs. Peak, nee Lois McCoy, was formerly a member of our traffic force and later manager of the Johnstown exchange. She is well known in the district and we all extend our hearty congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Peak are making their home at Monte Vista.

Miss Mae Thurlou has succeeded Miss Hayward in the public office.

The heavy wind of January 14, 15 and 16 did a great deal of damage to telephone lines in the vicinity of Boulder. About 250 cases of local trouble were reported besides a fourteen-pole break in the T. C. south of Lafayette, to which all available men and twisted-pair were rushed. The first twist left Boulder at 5 p. m. and by midnight 42,000 feet had been strung and tapped so as to get the toll lines working temporarily. The work of making permanent repairs is being pushed, and it will not be long till the T. C. is again in order. From Broomfield to Lafayette the T. C. lead is rather heavy, carrying from five to seven arms. The strain is especially severe because of the heavy winds that occasionally visit the section.

Longmont

Owing to the fact that our chief operator was enjoying her vacation during Christmas week, our Christmas party was held on the evening of the 29th, with all members of plant, commercial and traffic departments present. The retiring room was "dolled" up for the occasion with a large Christmas tree on which was a remembrance for everyone. The gentlemen present were the most favored, each receiving extraordinary presents carefully wrapped in numerous layers of tissue paper and baby ribbon. Refreshments were served by the Misses Atherton, Hurst, Adams and Barnsley and nothing in the way of good things to eat was forgotten. What a good world we find it at Christmas time and how easy it is to do good work and keep sweet when the spirit of Christmas vibrates in every voice and beams in every smile. We are tempted to wish that good Saint Nick came every week, but suppose it would make us all sick.

Hail, furloughs. After months of constant grind, with the office so busy and the force so short that the supervisors

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nearly had a fit every time we asked for a day off, the quiet days in midwinter are hailed with delight. Those who are taking advantage of the opportunity are Misses Jennie Brinkerhuff, Pearl Powell, Faye McIntire, Elizabeth Birdsall, Beatrice Herdener and Marie Dekker.

Miss Ella Viehweg has been granted a three months' leave of absence and left Longmont the first of February to go to Denver, where she and her mother will make their home. The good wishes of the whole force go with Miss Viehweg, who has been our chief fun-maker and a prime favorite with everyone.

Miss Christobel Ramsell has been transferred from Estes Park to the Longmont office. Miss Ramsell was formerly of this office and during the past year has been employed in both Denver Champa and Estes Park exchanges.

Mr. Gillilan, division traffic supervisor, and C. S. Copps, district traffic chief, were Longmont visitors the first week in January.

Miss Ellen Groesbeck has returned from a two weeks' vacation in the land of ice and snow. She reports a splendid trip, the Moffat train arriving only four hours behind schedule each way. Steamboat Springs was buried under three feet of snow, but the people there are brimming over with pep and go, and Miss Groesbeck says it is impossible not to imbibe something of the spirit of cordial goodfellowship that seems to belong there.

Fort Collins—Commercial and Traffic

Ina Wells, Correspondent

Miss Elizabeth Bogard, chief operator, recently passed her ——— birthday, and in spite of the fact that she tried to keep it quiet we got wise, just like we always do. While Mr. Turner held Miss Bogard

Fort Collins—Left: Emma Decker, Chloe Blondell, Elizabeth Hofshulte

in conference in his office a table was arranged in the retiring room, ornamented with a big bowl of wonderful punch and draped with handkerchiefs, this being a shower. We all voted that she was surprised, that the punch was good and that she liked the hankies, even if she did call us crazy.

Mrs. Ruth Slessor surprised us all the other day by modestly announcing her sudden marriage, her friend, Miss K. Dunham, acting as medium. Said wedding occurred on the evening of January 6 and the happy couple were said to have left immediately for unknown parts. However, the blushing bride appeared at the office the next morning and pronounced it a fake. We are all sad to have bitten so easily.

Some improvements have been made recently in the public office, much to the satisfaction of all employed therein. Mr. Seamans thinks he made a good swap with Mr. Lindenmeier when he got a roll-top desk out of the deal. Part of the high counter has been cut down to desk height and the long distance calls are handled by the stenographer from this desk. It makes the office much neater. We are glad Mr. Turner found the idea.

At least eleven little children in Fort Collins were made happy on Christmas through the efforts of the telephone people. Eleven children were sought out who might not have had a very merry Christmas otherwise, and a tree was arranged in the public office on Christmas eve for them. Dr. S. C. Halley played the role of Santa Claus with a great deal of efficiency. After all the toys and candy had been distributed the children were taken to their homes in Mr. Turner's car. We hope that the kiddies derived as much pleasure from this as we did.

Miss Margaret Andrew is quite ill at her home.

Miss Hazel Althouse is again at work after a few weeks' absence.

Plant

C. E. Crenshaw, Correspondent

The recent spring weather has filled us all with poetry and ambition. Personally, I am filled with the desire to write such stuff as Walt Mason and Irvin S. Cobb keep us interested in, but seem to have no such gifts. At any rate, I would like to suggest that Cobb add this to his list of inventions when he finds the proper mechanical genius: at least one good, dependable restrainer for this ambition when we are trying to use all our time being good telephone men, and have no earmarks whatever to lead one to believe that we could succeed at this line of public entertainment.

Another timely invention would be an addition to Mr. Cobb's action-restrainer, or along the same line—a restrainer to restrain the flow of tears from the lady help, as it is the most distressing sight for some of the softer-hearted men that could possibly happen around a telephone exchange. We are strong for restrainers and prohibition, but nix on the Anti-Cigaret League.

One of the wonders of modern times is the new veterinary hospital now being completed at the Colorado Agricultural College, and we will undoubtedly mention this to all visitors at our exchange. This is a large roomy structure, finished in white, with black iron grill-work for cages and stalls. This building has been constructed so that it will accommodate all sizes and species of animals to be found around here.

Pueblo

Here we go again after a period of about a year. You perhaps think we are "obsolete," but you won't be able to find it in R. M. C. Anyway, we are just backing up for a start.

We have been working awfully hard, bue we kinda slipped a little on local and toll and have to work hard in the month of January to get our stride again. We hit the skids on toll but stopped at 99 per cent in December for the monthly average, and we are going to start the new year right. On local we didn't do ourselves so proud, as we only did 97 per cent, but this is fair for a monthly average. We had one service complaint—we are not going to have any in January.

Here is the secret that is our watchword: "Courtesy" and "Co-operation." What we mean by co-operation is from the D. T. C. down, and that's not all; we are for our subscribers and are working with them. Furthermore we are not confining courtesy and co-operation to traffic, but extend it to our brothers in the plant and commercial departments as well.

Mr. Cockrell, the new division traffic superintendent, spent a small portion of time with us and we certainly wish he could have stayed longer.

Miss Ferguson, our matron, is absent from our ranks because of illness.

Ole Dan Cupid is still hanging around. Miss Livingstone is a victim, but she is considered lucky, as her husband treats her so well. The first thing most men get their wives nowadays is a good job, but Miss Livingstone left us. Good luck!

Trinidad

George Ellis has been transferred from Denver and will take the position of telegraph operator left vacant by Mr. Nelson's recent departure.

The plant department is starting a series of night classes to instruct the plant employes along the various routines of plant work. These classes will be under the direction of Wire Chief W. J. Curll.

The construction gang did excellent work fixing up the lines west of Trinidad. Credit for conditions returning to normal at such a rapid rate must be given to E. B. Barnes, construction foreman. He was certainly on the job all of the time.

Colorado Springs—Plant

H. E. Mansholt, our former Morse operator and record clerk, "blew" in for a short visit from "Windy Wyoming."

Gus Boschulte, line foreman, is back with us again.

Speeders, beware! Howard Strong is the latest to get caught. "Morning, judge," Howard greeted him politely. "Twenty-five and costs!" roared the judge.

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Paint, paint, everywhere! B. S. Kellogg, artist. With one hand he is certainly doing a remarkable job, up the back stairs and in the retiring room. (Never mind, girls; granite shade and floor varnish are his favorite colors.)

Traffic

Miss Helen Weberbauer, one of our toll operators, has suddenly disappeared. Whether she has eloped, been kidnaped or just left is a mystery. Oh, well, wherever she has gone we wish her all the luck in the world and hope that we will soon see her smiling face again.

Miss Dorothy Dittimore and Miss Lola Hale are new members of our student class. They can hardly be called students now, though, as they are already working on the board and getting along beautifully.

Miss Laura Chase has returned from a short visit to her home. She lives somewhere in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains and has the coyotes and wildcats for playmates. Evidently, though, it is quite a civilized country, as she came back with a couple of very sore feet, caused by too much dancing.

Arvada

May Bacher, Correspondent

Miss Alice Rodgers and Louis Roll were married recently. The force joins in wishing them a very happy married life. The local operators had a very pleasant surprise on the bride, and all present had a most enjoyable time. Mrs. Roll was presented with a fine casserole, a gift from the operators.

Miss May Bacher has been off duty several weeks on account of illness. She is recovering rapidly and expects to report "present" very soon.

The operators have been enjoying weekly skating parties, and oh, boy! if you went once you couldn't resist the temptation to go again.

Trail of the Copper Wire

(Continued from page 13)

actly the correct number and kinds of forks with each cover. We were nervous, awed and no doubt stammered in our speech.

Our experiences from the start had been fraught with uncertainties, and as the job was nearing completion we were all anxious to know how long it would last.

At the next camp, Spring Creek, we had the inspiration that nearly wrecked the camp. The gang had gone into executive session, and after earnest consideration it was decided to send a delegation to Billings to negotiate for a ouija board. Upon what we deemed sound advice we made a flying trip to the metropolis and made the purchase.

The entire gang worked over the contraption one whole night; we received answers to our momentous questions ranging from three hours to ten years. The cook says that ouija boards kindle good early morning fires, and we no longer harbor illusions as to the psychical powers of the things.

We progressed as well as the elements and other contingencies permitted, until the two gangs, which had been working on separate laps, were finally within five miles of each other—one on Prior Creek, the other on Indian Creek—and felt much as did the children of ancient Israel when they emerged from the forest.

On October 1 the last one of the 5,160 poles was set, and on the 4th the last connection was made. Estimate N-2011 went down in our diaries as the most seriously funny sequence of unusual conditions in our thirty years of telephone experience.

After solemn referendum the unanimous verdict of the outfit, all members being present, was: "We have had the time of our misspent lives." Where do we go from here?

Speeding Over the Wires

United States Postoffice.
E. W. Colton, Postmaster.
Malad City, Idaho, Jan. 8, 1921.

Manager Mountain States Tel. Co.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Dear Sir:

I am taking this opportunity to compliment your company in general and your management and operators at this place in particular for the excellent service the public seems to be getting.

I desire to mention in particular the service rendered me on the 4th inst. I had wired my son at Visalia, Cal., at 2 p. m. on the 3rd. Not having heard anything from the message, at 4 p. m. on the following day (it being a case of serious illness) I again wired. At 5 p. m. I had not heard from either message, so decided to try the long distance telephone. I put in my call at 5:08 and at 5:55 I had completed my talk with my party. I have not heard anything yet from either message, although the operator here seemed to be doing everything possible to get them through. I had given the R. D. number and the house had a telephone.

On December 22 I had wired my son, who was then in the hospital, and gave "hospital" as a part of the address. On the 24th I got a reply, although it was answered immediately on receipt. This was a case of serious sickness—presumably appendicitis.

I simply mention this in contrast to the service above mentioned.

Thanking your company and your management and operators here for the splendid service rendered, I am, yours truly, E. W. COLTON.

Bell Service Knows No Bounds

United Press Associations.
General Offices New York City.

Mr. D. D. Clark, December 21, 1920.
Denver Commercial Manager,
Mountain States T. & T. Co.,
Denver, Colorado. Dear Sir:

I want to express to you my appreciation of the courtesy and kindness of Mr. C. E. Abbott, manager of your company at Englewood, Colorado, who did me a great service on the occasion of my recent visit to your state. Mrs. Hawkins and I were motoring in the country in the car of a friend when we were stranded by a puncture. I had a trip scheduled throughout the entire West and my Pullman reservations were dependent upon making connections. I had to catch the 3 o'clock train that afternoon. We were far from Denver and it looked hopeless. Mr. Abbott came to the rescue and made it possible for us to get to the hotel by giving us a lift in his car. It was a kind of courtesy that makes for friendship and made me realize that even in the most unexpected places and unexpected times the agencies of the Bell System may come to our assistance.

WILLIAM W. HAWKINS,
President.

Holmes, Wyo.
Mountain States Tel and Tel. Co.

Gentlemen: I wish to express my personal thanks and appreciation, as well as for the Wyoming Timber Company I represent, for the unfailing thoughtfulness and courtesy that your operators at the Saratoga exchange display in handling our telephone calls. Most of our calls have to be routed in a roundabout way and it is often difficult for us to get a connection through from the camps to the main office, yet in the face of many such difficulties the operators are always cheerful and do all in their power to help us get a good connection.

The way labor conditions are at present it is indeed a pleasure to find employes who have the old-time ideals of service. Thanking these operators through the company, I am,

Very truly yours,
JAMES C. JENSEN,
Manager, Douglas Creek Camp.
Brighton, Colo.

Saint or Sinner?

Mrs. L. Christopher says: "Telephone operators soon learn who are the saints and who are the sinners among the company's patrons. Some people are so pleasant and courteous that it is a real pleasure to serve them, while others are positively beastly. Many people are cross and snappy because they can't see the operator and don't know who they are talking to. They would hardly dare to be so disagreeable if they were talking face to face."—Artesia, N. M., Advocate.

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MONTANA

Dillon

J. A. Davenport, Correspondent

Did you ever hear of Dillon? Well, it is in Montana and is the flower of the West, we think. We are "kinda" off the main-traveled road, but we try to do our part in the service universal.

Gosh, I never saw so much candy in all my life as there was in the operating room the morning after Christmas. Speaks well for our girls, doesn't it?

Did you ever hear of anybody shooting trouble on a handcar? When the roads were blocked around Monida recently that was the only means of locomotion.

All who have not read the pamphlet entitled "Supervision" by R. S. Jewett have missed a treat.

The first time you are along this road drop in; you will be welcome.

We wish you all a happy New Year. May joy, happiness and prosperity be ever near.

The voice with the smile will win. Let's try it and see during 1921.

Lewistown

Katherine R. Sams, correspondent

Following the usual Christmas custom, great boxes of candy came in to us. Oh, how good! E. L. Thielke, manager, held a very interesting reception in his office in the late afternoon before Christmas for employes and guests. Everyone enjoyed the treat and especially appreciated Mr. Thielke's artistic arrangement. Also every opportunity was offered for the dispensation of the holiday greetings at this time.

Jack Read is to be complimented on his service done in completing the installation of an additional circuit to Grass Range a short time ago, thus bringing to a close another one of his assignments. Good work, Jack; we appreciate your help.

All are in their accustomed places in the traffic department and everything is going fine except that Mrs. Gertrude Jordan, assistant chief operator at Lewistown, has been on the sick list for some time. We understand that she will be with us again soon.

Great Falls—Traffic

Miss Ida Garrison, supervisor, left for Spokane December 11 on a three months' furlough.

Miss Bertha Annis has been promoted to supervisor.

Plant

R. F. King, formerly local testboard man at Great Falls and now engineer for the Automatic Electric Company at Chicago, received a painful injury in the "Windy City," being struck by an automobile, falling on his right wrist, which partly paralyzed his arm. A late report from Mr. King states he is improving very slowly.

All the departments at Great Falls participated in a Christmas party in the retiring room at the Great Falls exchange. The room was decorated for the occasion, Wire Chief George E. Wolfe and Dan Haley being the artists of the electrical decoration of the Christmas tree.

The entertaining committee certainly did its part in keeping the guests amused. A list of questions pertaining to different telephone apparatus was given to each one to be answered. This contest was won by William R. Post and Ruth Widstrom. The consolation prize was won by Miss Alice Noble. Gifts were given to each one, Charles Ross receiving a small oil mop, and we all know the exchange will be spotless from now on. Similar gifts were received by all. Ice cream, wafers and candy were served. We all hope the committee (which was composed of girls from the commercial, traffic and plant departments) will have another party soon, as these "get-together" meetings are great sport.

Clarence E. Scott, troubleman at Great Falls, has taken a three months' leave of absence, during which time he is serving as a "gob" on the U. S. S. Wyoming. A letter from Scotty states the fish are being well taken care of and will not die of starvation as long as he is sailing the big waters.

Clem Delaney has completed the splicing of the toll cable which was extended across the Missouri River. This cable will greatly improve the conditions at this point.

Gang No. 5 has completed the toll circuit from Simms to Fairfield, which adds another toll station to the Great Falls exchange.

Gang No. 2 is in Great Falls, completing a few cable extensions, which will relieve congestion considerably.

Miles City

E. E. Miller, Correspondent

Christmas, with its ever-joyous spirit of giving and receiving remembrances, has come and gone, and the next event of notice is the New Year. Our Christmas was spent in much the same way as other years, and while as a rule we did not give as largely as previous years our smaller gifts to relatives and friends meant just as much as a larger offering. The gifts and remembrances received were fully appreciated and we were pleased to know that we were not forgotten and still had many friends.

And now we are all confronted with the new year, which demands that we make the usual good resolutions—the most of them to be broken and forgotten in a short time. After so long a time our good resolutions seem to become an awful burden to bear, the weight grows tiresome and we gradually get out from under the load.

Our telephone family in the past year has much to be thankful for in many ways. We have braved many hard knocks at various times and came out of the scrimmage with flying colors and glad to know and feel that we were victorious. The work sometimes has been strenuous and taxed our efforts and dispositions to the limit, but we all

"Gol dern 'em"

felt that it was a part of the game and something that must happen to most of us at times, so we plunged in with only one thought: We must win, and we did.

Co-operation has been the watchword with everyone during the past year, and this spirit of getting together and keeping that spirit alive is truly a wonderful help in maintaining our splendid organization in all three departments. It is surely a pleasure to know that everyone has tried his best to make the present conditions ideal in every way, and this means not only Miles City but Forsyth and Terry as well.

And now, as we turn over the page and 1921 looms up in large figures before us, we wonder just what will be expected of us in the next twelve months. General conditions throughout the country are as yet not normal. New problems and conditions will arise that must be considered and taken care of to the best of our ability, using our best efforts to

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overcome adverse conditions and spreading a smile to make the going easier for everybody.

Commercial

Although other commercial business houses in this territory are complaining of no business, our contract department is showing a gradual increase each week.

Traffic

In appreciation of their efforts to give good service the operators were generously remembered by the business firms of Miles City, and one look into the retiring room on Christmas day would surely bear out this statement. Candy by the box, candy by the armful, and then some. Big red apples and loads of them for everybody and everything, so we really were very well remembered and sure appreciated the gifts.

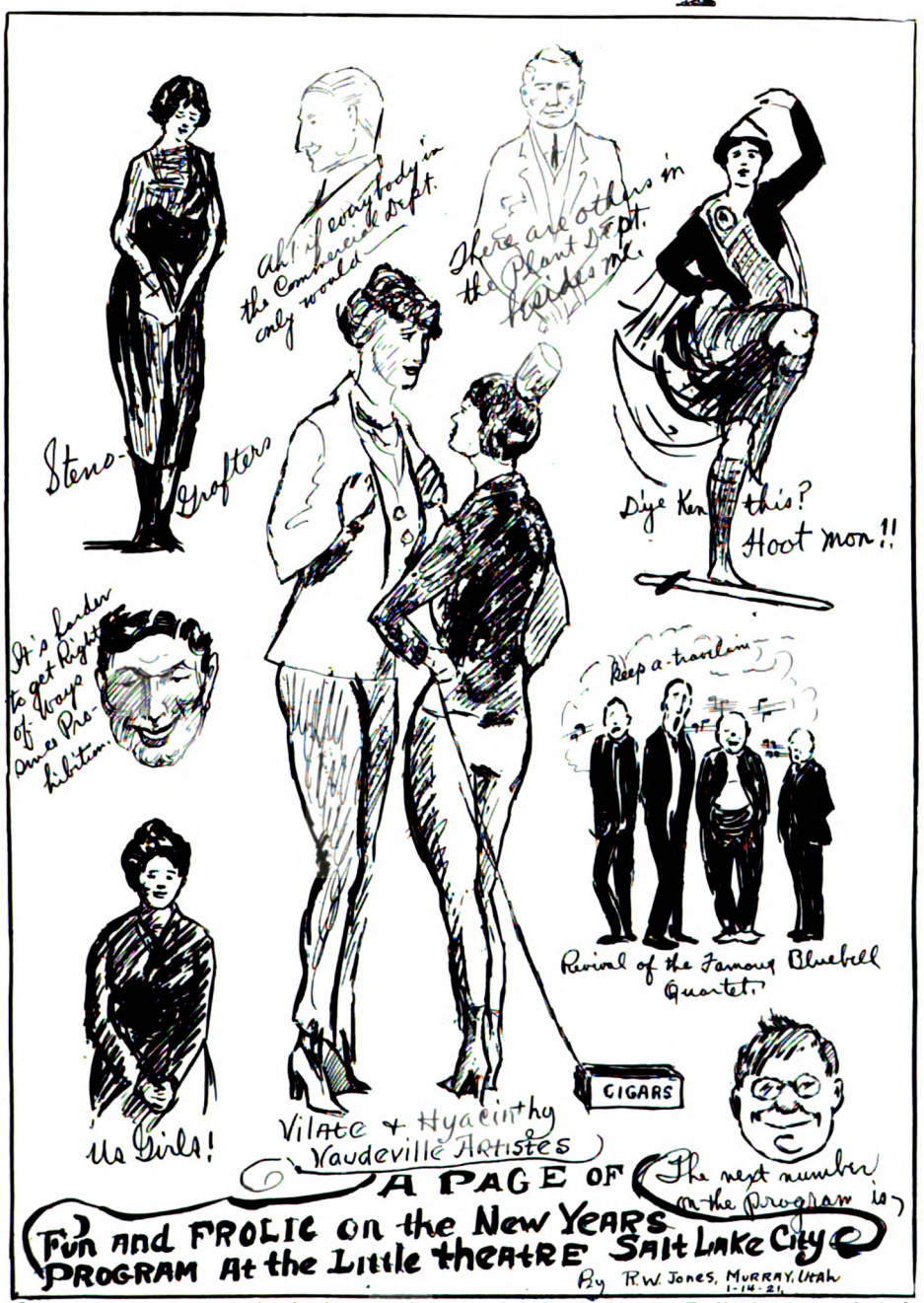
Colds, coughs and red noses are the order of the day with the most of us; not from choice, of course, but we are just in style, that's all.

Plant

The plant department on December 31 presented a clean slate, so far as work orders were concerned, at all the exchanges in this territory. Wire Chief Bartlett having made it known that such was to be, did just that little thing. It was not a small job at that, but with a little extra effort by everybody concerned it was so arranged, and the new year found that department ready for any new business offered.

Terry

E. L. Hannah, district superintendent of plant for the Northwestern Telephone Company at Fargo, N. D., made us a pleasant call the first of the new year. Having been on a tour of inspection over his territory in Dakota, he came into Montana as far as Terry for a day or so. Mr. Hannah informs us that a repeater is to be installed at Bismarck very soon, and this is certainly a good piece of news, as it will help us materially in putting through our long-haul calls to points east.



Our artist was so excited after having occupied a box (cracker box) at the Frolic that he overlooked one of the most important "actresses" in the "drawma"—Miss Treweek, the song bird of the Accounting department. The show without Miss Treweek would not have been complete

Salt Lake's New Year Party

On the afternoon of December 31, 1920, a very successful "get acquainted" meeting was held in the Little Theater, just across the street from the Wasatch exchange. About four hundred employes attended.

Two meetings were held so that as many as possible of our people could enjoy the program.

The short talks were all well prepared and delivered, and the entertainment was of unusual high class and thoroughly enjoyed.

Miss Treweek, Miss Pitkin, Miss McGhie and Miss Parsons deserve great praise for their work in arranging the entertainment part of the program.

The "best ever" was the common verdict.

Following is the program:

Music—Selected.....The Gibson Trio
Welcome.....Mr. Jones
"The Salt Lake Traffic".....By John F. Leonard
"The Salt Lake Plant".....By T. A. Osborne
Violin Solo.....Miss Susan Irvine
Accompanied by Miss Irvine
"Rights of Way".....E. E. Holt
"For the Girls".....Mrs. Hansen
Soprano Solo.....Miss Treweek
Accompanied by Miss Jesperson
"The Stenographer".....Miss Ridges
"Telephone Future in Salt Lake City".....
.....M. R. Cahoon, Jr.
Song.....The Blue Bell Quartet
Messrs. Taylor, Acord, Parr and Corless
"Construction 1920".....E. F. Coyer
"Notes from the Test Room".....John Albert
Sword Dance.....Miss Gallagher
"A Page of Figures".....E. Jones
Dialogue.....Miss Chrystal and Miss Clark
Song and Dance—"The Japanese Sandman"
Miss McGhie, Miss Higbee, Miss Crow, Miss Kendall, Miss Singletary, Miss Southam and Miss Linschoter
Song—"Smiles".....By Everybody

Telephone Girls

Ed Howe says: "Formerly I was very proud of the telephone girls; they were so polite and capable. But lately they seem to be a cheap lot, and annoying. A good many cheap people have appeared in responsible positions where they are able to annoy. Our old standards are being cheapened instead of improved as a result of our terrific war for democracy."

Our old friend Ed Howe becomes more cynical every year. Women and their frailties are his especial aversion, or at least he makes them the subject of his jokes.

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Salt Lake—Wasatch

Irene Lewis, Correspondent

We had several losses during the month, the Misses Hansen and Murphy resigning to leave the city. Misses Marcil and Irvine have accepted other employment. Miss Smurthwatie resigned to attend school. Miss Cloa Watford has been promoted to rank of supervisor.

We are glad to have Miss Lillian Southam with us as central office instructor.

Hyland

Miss Gertrude Jacobson resigned in favor of marriage. Misses Vay Lambert and Myrtle Walquist left us for the same reason.

Misses E. Russell, Acocks and Norma Goodmansen are on our sick list. We all hope for speedy recoveries.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Miss Dee Webster, whose father recently died.

Toll

Miss Bailey has resigned, due to poor health.

Miss A. Piercy has been promoted to night chief operator.

Miss Brinton has been transferred to the traffic division.

Miss Carmen Cutler is enjoying a month's furlough in California.

Commercial

Another one has flown the nest! Miss Franc Hayward has returned to her home in southern California for the winter months. We all hated to have her leave us and hope she'll return in the spring.

Miss Gertrude Rector and Miss Helen Caine of the traffic department have been transferred to the collections. Miss Rector is taking Miss Hayward's place, while Miss Caine is assisting Miss Cocking on the Hyland desk. We wish both of the girls success in their new work.

C. F. Murphy has returned to the company and has renewed many old acquaintances besides making many new ones. He is filling the position of head salesman on the counter, and needless to say he has the good wishes of all members of the department.

Miss Margaret McLane is the only member of the department on the sick list at present. She has been suffering from a severe attack of quinsy, but last reports were that she was improving. We sincerely hope she will soon be back at her desk.

Training School

Miss Lillian Southam has returned to the traffic, where she will be assistant central office instructor.

Miss Ivy Price is our new school-marm.

A Christmas party was given for the telephone faculty on December 23 at the home of Miss Hazel Higbee. A kewpie doll dressed as an angel formed the centerpiece for the supper table. Candy canes were used as favors. Covers were laid for the Misses Mame Jones, Ellen Mallstrom, Afton Gallacher, Lillian Davies, Lillian Southam, Lillian Wright Rose Viallet, Hazel Higbee, La Nez Pitkin, Thelma Scharman, Dorothy Piercy, Winifred Wiscomb and Mrs. Hansen.

American Fork

Miss Sadie Wilde, formerly of this exchange, has returned to us. Miss Wilde until recently was connected with the Ogden exchange.

Miss Leona Kelly and Miss Olive Berg spent an enjoyable hour in Salt Lake at the Wasatch office.

Beaver

Miss Caroline Matheson, chief operator, has been ill with rheumatism. We hope for speedy recovery.

When Helena met Salt Lake

Provo

Not much to report save a party, and it was some party, too. Miss Grace Linton entertained the operators at her home. The evening was spent in playing games. At 11 o'clock delightful refreshments were served. The home was decorated in green and white. A basket of calla lilies and ferns graced the table. Tapers hung from the candelabra to each place. Everyone had a lovely time.

Salt Lake City Bowling League

The Telephone Bowling League in Salt Lake City this year has been a howling success—so any member of any team will tell you. It is true that we got away to a good start, and that helped some, but the interest that was manifest in the beginning has kept at its highest pitch, and now we have a well-oiled machine, "hitting on all four."

In forming the league it was decided that the teams be named by departments and that members be chosen from the departments as fas as possible and still maintain consistent team averages.

A committee consisting of E. U. Taylor, G. C. Quillian and B. W. Maycock was appointed to manage the affairs of the league. This committee at once set to the task of assigning members to teams and arranging a schedule for the season. The schedule called for a series of three games to be played each week for eighteen consecutive weeks.

Much of the interest taken in the league has been due to the efforts of the committee. Every question that has arisen has been thoroughly gone into by the committee and treated in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned.

At this writing the season has seven weeks to run, and it is a certainty that when the curtain rings down to close the tournament we will look back upon this season as the best we have ever enjoyed.

The standings as of January 18, 1921, follow:

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Albert, 182-8; H. Forscutt, 181; C. Z. Forscutt, 178-4; Thompson, 169-16; Steck, 168-21; Thayne, 168-5.

INDIVIDUAL

High Single Game		High Three Games	
Thompson	236	Albert	642
Forscutt, C. Z.	235	McAdam	595
Kehl, H.	232	Kehl, H.	589
Albert	227	Forscutt, C. Z.	588
Sullivan	226	Hill	562
Thayne	226	Thayne	562

FIVE-MAN TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Telegraph	21	12	.636
Engineers	20	13	.606
Auditors	17	16	.515
Maintenance	15	18	.455
Suburban	13	20	.394
Construction	13	20	.394

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Carries His Wounded Companion

Through Cold and Darkness Helpless Wire Chief Is Borne on Shoulders of Local Manager

Left—Harry Boyes; H. E. LaBelle

H. E. LaBelle, manager at Tooele, Utah, is a real hero. It all occurred at 3 o'clock, Dec. 23. Mr. LaBelle and Harry Boyes, wire chief, answered a report of trouble on the transcontinental lead between Tooele and Garfield. Owing to the nature of the salt formations in that locality, the men were only able to bring the car to within a mile and a half of the place where the uot-of-order line was located. Mr. Boyes, having fixed the trouble, started to descend the pole when his safety belt broke and he fell to the ground, wrenching his knee socket out of joint. Mr. LaBelle carried Mr. Boyes the mile and a half to the waiting car. The lineman was given first aid at Tooele and then rushed to Salt Lake for proper treatment. We are glad to report that Mr. Boyes is recovering nicely.

Cheyenne

On the evening of January 13 the traffic employes of the Cheyenne exchange held a social gathering in the retiring room. Mr. Gillilan, division traffic supervisor, was the guest of honor and addressed the girls, using for his topic "The Secrets of Good Operating." His talk was enjoyed by everyone, and we all benefited by it. Mr. Mills, district traffic chief, was also present. The evening was spent in dancing, and at 10:30 refreshments were served.

Miss Mabel McConaughy has resigned to be married. We all wish her happiness.

Miss Viola Perkins, night operator, enjoyed a very pleasant vacation with her parents at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Miss Margaret Harris has returned from Denver, where she was called by the illness of her father, who underwent a very serious operation. At present writing he is recovering.

Douglas

Miss Florence Musch, our former night operator, has resigned to take up commercial studies in Denver.

Miss Bessie Newland of Hood River, Oregon, is the new night operator. Miss Alta Scott is also a recent addition.

Our chief operator is staying close to her desk since she had her name "hung up."

John "Twombley" Porter is anxious to step out with some Arctic explorer since coming through his recent experiences.

Lander

Miss Angela Seals, our chief operator, has left us for a two month's vacation in southern Florida. She is taking a much-needed rest. We will all be glad to have her back again in the spring.

Miss Mildred Hornecker has been appointed chief operator in Miss Seal's absence.

Miss Verna Stewart succeeds Miss Hornecker as assistant chief operator.

We understand that our wire chief is wearing lace-trimmed overalls. What's the idea, Bernard?

Miss May Farlow has been added to the operating force.

Miss Elda McDowell is our new student operator. Be careful, Miss McDowell. We are an awful bunch, but we are glad to have you join us.

Miss Clara Fister spent Thanksgiving visiting friends in Lusk.

Composite Expression

Were we to publish all the complimentary letters received on the editor's desk there would be room for little else in The Monitor, so we are going to reprint just one of these letters, which seems to be a composite of expression. It is from R. A. Browning, clerk to the district wire chief at Pueblo:

"The January issue of The Monitor was a 'bear' in my opinion. The cover was the best I have ever seen, and it was greeted with much enthusiasm here in Pueblo. The histories of our bosses were also very interesting—it helps us to get acquainted with those we don't have the opportunity to meet and to learn something about those we do meet, but who are too busy to talk about themselves.

"I used to live in Montana, both at Butte and Basin, and have visited pretty well around the state. They certainly 'kick in' with some good notes from up there as well as good photographs. We will try to get you some scenery from down in this section a little later in the season, for, as you know, this section of Colorado is well worth seeing, pictures or otherwise."

Caught Three of Them

Left: Virgil Meloy, F. H. Wales, Lou Wilder All at Sheridan, Wyoming

Three men who did their share in pushing Estimates E-2053 and E-2054 through to completion in record time, giving toll users the benefit of a new No. 8 B. W. G. copper "talk track" between Cheyenne and Casper, and Casper and Sheridan, links in the new Denver-Northwest route. The men on these jobs were many and mighty, but these three were the only ones who happened under the eye of the kodak.

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TEXAS

El Paso—Traffic

The traffic department had the honor of many distinguished visitors on the afternoon of December 31. All the telephone employes from the commercial, plant, auditing and traffic departments met, for a "mutual admiration meeting," as expressed by Mr. Seddon in his address of welcome. Sed is recognized now as a descendant of Demosthenes of ancient fame and thirteenth cousin of Webster. Mr. Bryan hasn't any more "silver" than Sed when it comes to a New Year's welcome address to the El Paso telephone employes. The jazz and refreshment committee had provided some good jazz to soothe the savage beast. Some excellent punch with a kick and candy and cigars helped to eliminate all gloom. When Scott, the janitor, and his three musicians started to play we just had to get up and dance. Mr. Prager and Mr. Phillips wanted to make half-hour speeches, but we didn't think anybody would stand for it, and when Mr. Kelly and Mr. Henderson insisted upon singing, the other committee members voted "no" because we didn't want to show any partiality.

There are many new employes in the operating room. Mrs. Meadows, the employment supervisor, is welcomed by all and we hope she will enjoy the association of traffic people. Mona Hill, Maude McDonald, Camillo Thompson, Francis Miller, Althera Richmond and Katherine Davenport are experienced operators from other Bell telephone companies. Calantha Thompson, Irene Pease, Helen Pease and Alice Muldowney are former El Paso employes. Biddie Reardon, Lottie Malone, Irene Witter and Cleo Chisholm are a few of the new people.

Several changes have been made in the toll force. Miss Ivy Young is now working on local and Mrs. Bill Reid has resigned. She had been with the telephone company for several years. The toll operators have resumed their meetings every two weeks, after a vacation during the Christmas holidays. The aim of these meetings is to give the best toll service possible in El Paso.

The supervisors had a meeting on Wednesday evening, January 12, to discuss ways and means for improving the local service. Mrs. Haynes and several other supervisors made talks about the routine. Had it not been for the coolness and bravery of Mrs. Bretz many supervisors would have fainted, and that would have been terrible. A mouse crept out and very nearly ate up Miss Mary Hammer. He was nearly two inches long and had a fierce and determined look on his face. Mrs. Bretz crawled under the seats and exposed herself to great danger. She should be recommended for one of Theodore N. Vail's gold medals. Newspapers please copy this story as an example of bravery for supervisors during meetings.

Commercial

After the exciting times of the holiday season we have more or less settled back into the accustomed routine of our office work. Each and everyone has made resolutions to make 1921 a much more prosperous year than 1920.

Our collection percentage for the month ending December 31 was 89.9 per cent. Only one-tenth more and we would have had 90 per cent, but we are here to tell you that we are all going to start the new year right with at least 90 per cent.

We are greatly handicapped by the absence of our efficient collector, Mr. Proud, who, we are sorry to relate, broke his wrist while trying to crank the "lizzie" used by him in his work. We hope that Mr. Proud will be back with us soon.

Miss Rector left for California to spend the holidays with her brother and his wife at San Diego. She just returned to us this week.

ARIZONA

Tucson

On December 24, 1920, we had the most fun and the best time—Christmas tree, presents for everyone, dancing and everything. Had our picture taken, too, but won't let you see it by sending it to The Monitor, 'cause everybody winked at the flashlight.

We have had a number of changes in the operating force, some of the new employes being Helen Allen, Evelyn Bingham, Lula Horton, Blanche King, Marian Montgomery, Olive Walker, Anna White, Kathlyn Willis, Anna Stover, Bernice Glass and Elizabeth Oliver.

Tucson Plant Force at Pastime Park

The plant department responded willingly and gladly to the request of Governor Campbell to the business men and citizens of Tucson to donate a half day's services toward the completion of the United States Hospital at Pastime Park. Every business house in town closed and there were bankers, druggists, merchants, doctors, carpenters, and in fact most everyone was present, in their working clothes and carrying shovels and hammers and really and truly working. As a result of this, several buildings were finished and many more started and well under way at the close of the day.

The employes of the telephone company in Tucson wish to extend their deepest sympathy to Miss Bertha Walmer in the loss of her mother on January 6, 1921. Also to Mrs. Merced Grant in the loss of her husband on the same date. Mrs. Grant is leaving us for California to be with her brothers there.

Phoenix

Twenty years ago on November 11, in the year of 1900, Miss Maud Jordan, now of Phoenix, entered the employ of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company at Washington, D. C., as a student operator. Eleven years ago she moved to Phoenix and immediately sought employment with the telephone company here.

Miss Maude Jordan, Phoenix

The telephone system in Phoenix at that time was owned by two independent companies, known as the Arizona Consolidated Telephone Company and the Arizona Overland Telephone Company. Miss Jordan found employment with the former and when these companies were purchased by the Mountain States Telephone Company in 1912 she became once again an employe of the Bell System.

Miss Jordan now holds the position of assistant chief operator and has proven to be a faithful and loyal employe, advancing with the steady growth of the office.

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IDAHO

Jerome

Miss Baker was a business visitor recently, helping our operators with toll-operating plans, and the results are very noticeable. Many of our operators were new.

Mrs. Ethel Patterson was added to our force in November. She is an old-timer at the game, having at one time worked in Fort Collins, Colorado, when she was Miss Pilcher. After her marriage to Mr. Patterson she came to Idaho to help him subdue the sagebrush.

We are expecting an addition to our cable plant as soon as a construction gang gets loose somewhere; also an addition of one more position to our switchboard, which will relieve the toll operator by taking the local lines off the toll position.

Mr. Ellis, our combination man, who is sometimes known as "Loggie," does not wear that little smile any more. He must be getting serious with the lady on a certain telephone number. Cheer up, "Loggie"; you could do worse.

Mrs. Gardner has purchased a ledger and says she is going to keep track of how much she spends for candy, dinner for "Bill," etc. Pretty soft for Bill.

Mrs. Larsen says when we get the other position in place on our switchboard she would like us to figure a way for her to get to her desk.

Shoshone

Many changes have taken place in Shoshone since we last wrote. Dan Cupid has been a regular pest. His victims are Miss Alma Coates and Dorothy Fanner, and we are expecting him to steal another one soon. We would like to give Dan away. Does anyone want him for a while?

Mrs. Christensen is taking a furlough. We have one new operator, Pearl Filer. We hope that she will stay with us for a long while.

Mrs. Jensen has resigned and intends to keep house for a while. We hope that she will like her job, but we hate to have her go. We shall miss her very much.

Mr. Beatty, our exchange manager, and Miss Beatty, commercial clerk, visited our exchange last week. We were glad to see them and hope that they will come often.

Gooding

Great excitement prevails in Gooding at present. We are going to move into our new office soon, and we all feel like we ought to have a celebration.

Byrd Gish, construction foreman, is here with his crew. The crew consists of Madden, Frost, Hand, Wakefield and Cochrane. The installers are Ackroyd, Lutton and Wallace.

Miss Baker, traveling instructor, is here. We are learning a lot of things that we never knew before.

Several changes have been made in the traffic department in the last few months. Our assistant chief operator was shot and painfully wounded by Dan Cupid and has gone to Ogden to live. Mrs. Christensen is taking her place. Miss Mary Randall has left us and gone to Columbus, Kansas, to live. Our new operators are Misses Evans, Cooledge, Stump and Miller. Miss Phillips has left us and is going to school. We miss all of the ones who have gone and wish they were back, but we wish them all happiness in their new surroundings.

Our exchange manager is wearing a continual smile. Reason? Why, he has a brand-new baby boy at his house, so is not quite himself just yet. Of course it was christened Jr. This makes three boys.

Boise

Miss Naomi Baker, who was home during the holidays, was a welcome visitor at the Boise office.

Albertina Nelson, toll operator, has resigned and moved to Portland.

Miss Venola Pierce, toll operator, left last month to make her home in Portland.

Miss E. Foote, local supervisor, has gone to Salt Lake for a short visit. Miss Gahan is relieving her during her absence.

Miss Cummins has succeeded Mrs. Hoobler, who resigned her duties as matron the first of the year.

Miss Callahan of the district traffic department spent the holidays at her home in Pocatello.

Miss Hill was the only operator who seemed to take advantage of leap year. She is the proud possessor of a diamond.

Street Scene in Jerome, Idaho

Educational Certificates Issued from Dec. 21, 1920, to Jan. 20, 1921

Plant Course No. 1—Elements of Electricity and Magnetism

Cowan, Paul L. (P.).....Nephi, Utah
Irving, Wm. R. (I.).....Denver, Colo.
Marick, Nicholas (P.).....Butte, Mont.

Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice

Barrett, Arthur C. (P.).Las Cruces, N. M.
Dunn, Harvey E. (P.)..Colo. Sp'gs, Colo.
Talbot, Basil (C. P. T.)...Saguache, Colo.
Tew, J. A. (P.).....Douglas, Ariz.

Plant Course No. 3—Private Branch Exchange

Best, H. Vernon (P.).Salt Lake City,Utah
Borck, John (G. P.).....Denver, Colo.
Dent, Philip A. (I.).....Provo, Utah

Plant Course No. 5—Central Office Equipment

Wolf, Fred E. W. (P.).....Denver, Colo.

Close Work

Harry Shook, wire chief for the local telephone company, has spent the past week making repairs on the company lines on and in the vicinity of Berthoud Pass. A break occurred last week on the Denver lines out of Sulphur, and the head wire chief in Denver told Mr. Shook that he would find the trouble at a pole of a certain number on Berthoud Pass above Spruce Lodge. Lawrence Sunderlin was able to make it with his team to Spruce Lodge, and from there the boys took to the snowshoes. As they neared the pole that had been designated by the Denver wire chief they could look ahead and see a large tree down over the line.

It was just forty feet beyond the number which had been given to Mr. Shook. —Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo., Times.

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Mrs. Higgins—Her First Aid Work

(Continued from page 9)

afflicted one "come back," and "come back" she did and is now well on the road to recovery.

The other day she confided in Mrs. Higgins that the first day she had come to her there in the hospital she had really thought she was going to die, but that she hadn't minded a bit, for no one had come to see her and it seemed in the whole wide world there was none who really cared. Now she's most awfully glad that she'll soon be well again.

Then on our way back to the office we stopped in front of a downtown rooming-house — to be more explicit, a private home where all rooms were rented out—and in answer to Mrs. Higgins' knock a wee, faint voice bade us come in, and there in the large high-ceilinged room, with a big old-fashioned doll as her sole companion, sat a little golden-haired girl in a blue bathrobe, huddled close to a small stove and clutching a book of fairy stories in her almost claw-like hands.

There was something so ethereal, so angelic in the little figure, that for a moment I feared she would slip phantom-like from our sight, but instead, the wan, pallid face, with a red spot glowing ominously on either cheek, beamed with joy at sight of Mrs. Higgins.

After inquiring solicitously as to just what and how much she had eaten that day, what the doctor had said, etc., Mrs. Higgins laughingly asked, "And what are you hungry for today?" But the wee one showed no interest in food other than to smile with satisfaction as she said: "The other time I was hungry for chicken and you brought it to me, didn't you, and you cooked it yourself at your home, didn't you, and do you know how I knew—'cause those weren't the company's dishes you brought it in, were they?" So, caught by "Miss Sherlock," Mrs. Higgins 'fessed up that she had played cook and Santa Claus from her very own home.

And how did Mrs. Higgins' path cross with this wee girlie who at the age of fourteen—an age when most children are bubbling with youth and health — has hardly a fighting chance with the white plague that a few years ago robbed her of her "Daddikins"?

This is the how of it:

With Colorado's sunny clime as the one hope of saving her "Baby," the mother left their native state and came out, a stranger to a strange land. She had sought and gained employment with the telephone company as an all-night operator, which position she filled faithfully until a few weeks ago, when one day she made her way to Mrs. Higgins' private office and laid her problem before her. She hoped it might be possible to get transferred to day hours, as her little girl, who was very seriously ill, ran such a high temperature at night she feared leaving her alone.

Of course it was soon arranged. Mrs. Higgins, in the hope of being able to help the company help them, went to see the little girl and has since been going regularly, to the evident joy of the lonely invalid and the appreciation of her devoted mother.

So you see when a company assumes the proportions of our Denver district, with several hundred women in the running of the machinery, it isn't possible to keep in touch with their trials and heartaches, the real human side, unless it has a Mrs. Higgins.

And believe me, being the little "cheer bug" is a busy job, and mighty wearisome at times, so Mrs. Higgins now has a clever, capable assistant in Mrs. Frances Larue, and through their excellent team work many of us have been pulled back onto the gangplank when the fog was so heavy we were about to desert the ship.

Echoes of Christmas

(Continued from page 11)

fled off to the ladies present, Viola Plantenberg holding the lucky number.

After the regular program had been finished, coffee, cake and cookies were dispensed, followed by candy and popcorn balls. The cookies and popcorn balls were prepared by Mrs. H. E. McAfee. About 10 p. m. the floor was cleared for dancing, and with Alan Johnson on the "big base vile" and various of the girls at the piano, midnight came around altogether too soon.

It was a party for all departments, including the exchange, and a regular get-acquainted gathering to which the employes brought their wives and mothers, and all went away with the expression that the telephone company had the finest bunch of employes to be found anywhere and that they must be connected with one of the best companies in our country today.

Telephone Privacy

From the eastern states comes a new and interesting question bearing upon the "right of privacy." It is stated thus:

Has the telephone subscriber a right to privacy which people who do not have his acquaintance are bound to respect?

Such a question would never have been asked if there had not been some abuse of accepted telephone ethics to suggest it. It appears that the abuse in this case originated in New York, where stock salesmen and others made a practice of using the telephone for solicitation. Solicitors who would hesitate to enter, uninvited, a private home showed no scruple about invading it by the proxy of the telephone call.

This may be a nuisance. Perhaps it is not anybody's privilege to call up anybody else and beg for charity or solicit attendance at a theater or discuss the merits of a particular motor car.

It is an interesting question and may create an innovation in law, just as the telegraph created the crime of wire tapping. Perhaps use of the telephone as a means of unwarranted intrusion in private homes will some day be made a punishable misdemeanor.—Boise Statesman.

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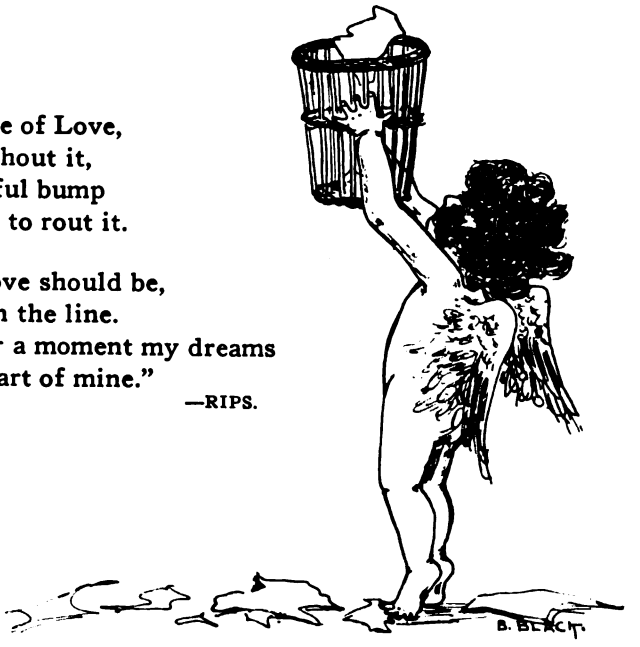
"CUTS OUT"

Hearts are trumps in the game of Love,
And life would be dull without it,
Though often it gives an awful bump
When the troubleman tries to rout it.

But when Love is true, as Love should be,
'Twill always come back on the line.
Though Cupid "cuts out" for a moment my dreams
I'll love "That old sweetheart of mine."

—RIPS.



WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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Snowshoe Trail
Estes Park, Colorado

Typical winter scene in the region of Estes Park, Colorado. Note the snowshoe trail in the foreground. This was made by a Mountain States Telephone repairman who plowed through the white depths to locate and repair a broken wire

Courtesy of Mile High Photo Company

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The Monitor

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MAR 15 1921

March 1921

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Chief Black Bird

Sturdy, defiant, picturesque, in all his sober inherent majesty, stands the red-skinned warrior, once a great leader in the *pow-wows* of the Sioux race. He lived to see the innumerable herds of bison vanish from the great plains, and when food was scarce he led his band of warriors into the biting teeth of the iron guns that belched fire and lead, but to no lasting avail. Civilization to him was incomprehensible and deadly, but at last, when he stood with his back to the granite walls of the Rockies, he laid down his arms and bowed to the mandates of the *White Father.*

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Beautiful Indian Maiden of the Blackfeet Tribe

Out where the Nek-hu-wi-ka Gently Blows---

By Leo E. Woodruff, Manager, Blackfoot, Idaho

SUCH festive scenes as shown in the printed pictures did not greet Henry Dunn on his arrival here in 1866. On a previous trip through here he had recognized this as a good place to locate and returned from the Upper Snake River country for this purpose.

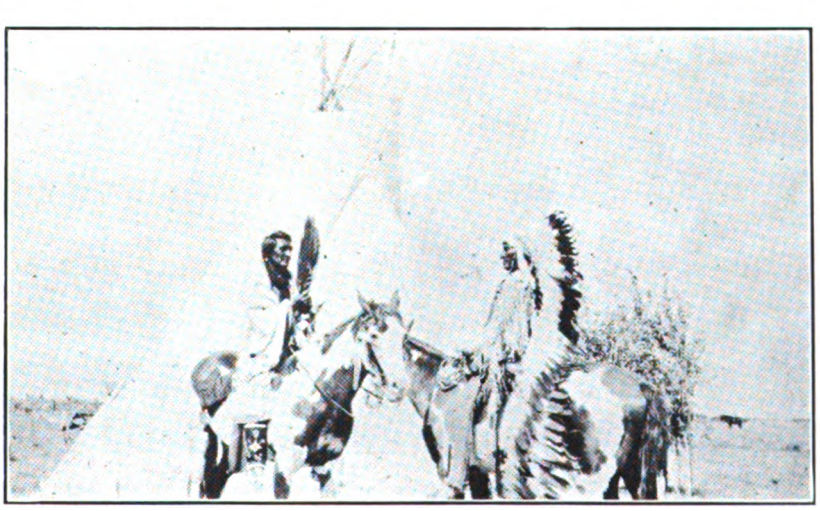
Having left the employ of Connor & Rickards, where he had been operating the ferry crossing the Snake River at Eagle Rock, which was on the Soda Springs, Mont., "Gold Trail," he decided to get into the cattle business.

The grassy vales of Lincoln Valley, ten miles east of the present site of Blackfoot, looked tempting. Here he made a start in a small way, but has been constantly at it up to the present day. He now runs several hundred head of cattle, under the personal supervision of his son George, and has a special herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns that are the pride of the valley.

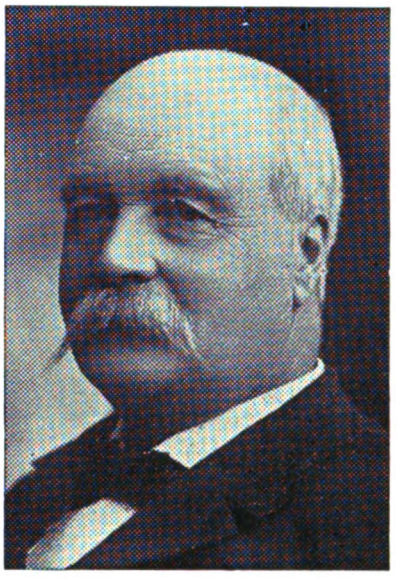
Mr. Dunn remained here during the entire growth of this community and relates what an interesting event it was when the Utah Northern Railway's narrow-gauge road nosed its way from Cache Valley, Utah, around mountains and through canons, making Blackfoot its northern terminal.

Gideon Orem piloted the first passenger train into Blackfoot over 41 years ago, and today he can be seen climbing up into the cab of the engine making the daily run to Arco and Mackey and return. A true pioneed and veteran in service, with a genial smile and a hearty handshake that makes it a pleasure to meet him.

Mr. Dunn tells of Henry Lewis building the first hotel, Kiesel & Goldberg starting the first grocery business, Mack Tucker the first butcher shop. He mentions Joe Warren, the first postmaster, moving here with the postoffice from Fort Hall; Harry Curtis starting his tin shop, which developed into a hardware store, and is now known as the Blackfoot Hardware and Electric Company. Mrs. Just, Major Danielson, Judge Stevens, C. W. Berryman and several others came here over forty years ago and have established themselves through hard work and perseverance in pioneering.



Blackfoot originated in Idaho, not Africa as you might suppose from the tone of the name. We inherited this birthmark from the tribe of Indians known as the Blackfeet Indians, so called on account of their blackened moccasins. On making their cross-country trips through sections where forest and prairie fires had laid waste the vegetation,



Henry Dunn, Pioneer

the charred and blackened embers and ashes blackened their feet, hence the name Blackfeet or Blackfoot.

As the paleface invaded this region of country there was a natural resentment on the part of the redskins until after some little fighting and much "squawbbling" the Blackfoot River was established as the dividing line.

Their reservation was then designated as bounded by the Blackfoot River on

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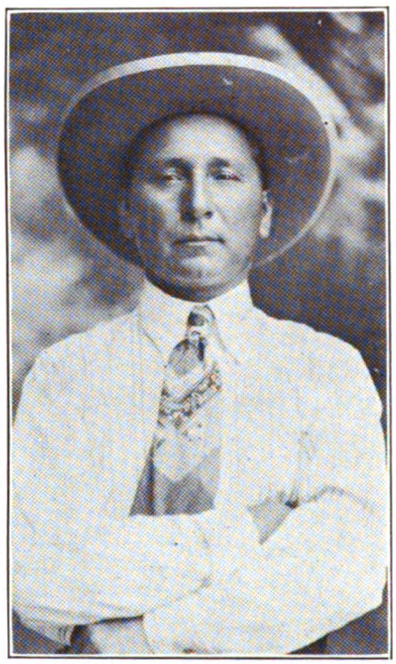
the north, the Portneuf River on the east and south and the Snake River on the west. The Indians, through neighboring with the whites, have changed their style of clothing somewhat, but still cling to their tribal traits and methods of worship.

The picture of the sun dance shows the two judges in the foreground, with the onlookers in the rear enjoying the antics of a group of braves in their annual sun dance.



Ralph Dixey, Blackfoot

This dance is oftimes indulged in to such an extent that the dancers drop to the ground from physical exhaustion, at which time the bystanders shout and carry on similar to college boys at a football game.

The two figures in the background of picture at the bottom of this page are native policemen.

While some of the redmen have adopted the white man's mode of dress, blankets and moccasins are still dear to them.

After the Blackfoot River had been agreed upon as the permanent dividing line between the Indians and the paleface, the whites established a small settlement on the north bank of the river in the spring of 1879.

Bridge Street in Blackfoot, Idaho

The smoke curling out of the tops of the "teepes" gradually gave way to log cabins and tin stovepipes. The fragrant aroma from burning sage and pine was replaced with the smothering fumes and gases of coal smoke.

With the advent of the Utah Northern Railroad in 1880, C. W. Berryman and George Rogers entered into the making of Blackfoot. Berryman & Rogers formed a company and contracted to haul 350 tons of freight into the Custer mines through Challis, some two hundred miles from here.

Mr. Berryman could relate volumes of experiences met with as a pioneer freighter which would thrill you and interest you exceedingly, but getting down to business, which is characteristic of Mr. Berryman. they sold out their outfits and 150 head of mules and horses in 1883 for $35,000.

Through careful investments and the judicious handling of his means Mr. Berryman established himself as a financier. Joining forces with Judge Standrod, a banking business was established which gained a reputation for fair and honest dealings.

Mr. Berryman later became president of the Standrod Bank, which position he is very ably filling today. Having attained the age when most men look for the cozy corner, their slippers and house jacket and favorite book, Mr. Berryman will answer the telephone at No. 41 and make an appointment with you if you have a good business proposition to make to him. If, on the other hand, you have a fairy story to tell or some get-rich wildcat scheme afoot, a prompt and courteous dismissal will repay you for your trouble.

Two Indian Policemen in Background

While the white man toiled and schemed and perspired north of the river the Indian over on the reservation let the squaw do most of the heavies, contenting themselves with occasionally mounting a piebald, popeyed pinto cayuse, to round up their great herds of cattle and horses.

(Continued on page 38)

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Miss Hartman, Miss Johns

Some High Jinks Seven Come 'Leven

Miss Kepheart

Miss Andrews, Miss Howard

"They almost didn't expect me, but here I be!"

When Henriyetta reads this, she'll come rite out.

Main Re-tiring Room, Denver.

Deer Henriyetta: This is the first chantz I've had too rite since I left Pipsberg, and I'm awl out of breath. You know when i first desided to carve out my own curear, Mau and Pau were horified and said the life in the city wud corrode my morals, but I finally won them over, so here I am fighting the elements by miself. Well, as soon as I alit frum the train, i mustard up curage to go up to the telefoan cumpny and put in my aplicashun. They almost didn't axcept me, as they seemed to be in doubts about my edgeucashun and sed they wanted girls brite enuf to bring their percentage up to aty-per-cent, but I finally one them over. First thing they did wuz two present me to a distinguished looking man hoom i took to be a movie heero, but he was the maniger. He gave me a hi-fillutin talk about bringing Main's service up too aty, so that i began to reelize that 80 per cent must be very essenshal. Well the first pop out of the keg they planned a sociable, only in the city they call them parties, so when i'm in Rome I'll do as Rome does. They had more than reached 80 per cent, so that's how they got the party.

Miss Johnson

And say, all of a sudden i found myself surrounded by the girls demanding where i got my clothes. They said they hadn't a thing to ware too that party, so i felt kinda sorry for them and loaned them all of mine. And the poor things even wanted to borrow some of mi bruther's which I had brought along to mend on the train. It's sure fine to be so useful to humanity and know they reely apreeshiate it.

The party turned out to be a grand success, and everybuddy was there looking their best. The music was led by the Kitchen Quartet, and such music as i've never heard before. Marie Bisant was the drum major. I wish you'd tell mau to send me some fethers off'n our

Miss Howard

old red rooster; I think I can make a little extra money selling them too leed quartets with. May McDonald is a fine soloist—about the loist I ever heard—so low you have to pull her voice up with a rope, and cumbined with the rest of the quartet and Catherine Kirk's banjo, oh boy! (a highbrow cuss word) it was the life of the party. There wuz the gold-dust twins, and i wuz glad to meat them, having seen their pichers in maw's pantry on a box. There names is Hazel Andrews and Ruth Howard, and they are gifted with a rare dash of afectshun which they displayed when they left some of their cumplecshun on their dancing partners' faces, so they were obliged to retire to their boodwars. Miss Fleming danced divinely till a sailor named Ralph Hymer got scared that she would cause the plaster to fall on the floor below. He was restored to conshusness by Martha Flynn, the constable, who is a member of the notable infermation famly.

The first prize wuz awarded to Grandma Ahern, and she interduced us to her luving daughter Miss McDermott, Auntie Neville, that holy-terror of a boy Peg Hobson, Gertrude Robertson, who tore some of those nice clothes I loned her, and the baby Jennie Callahan. Jennie Johnson is there faithful servant girl bless her sole. Miss Eisele was a cunning little girl who was always casting sheap's eyes at Mr. Gou. No wunder tho, cause he was the gentleman prize winner. And Mr. Garside, a popular pujilist, caused all the ladies' harts to go piddy patt. Mr. Hymer represented one fraction of the navy and Mr. Wetherell the other. Mr. Wetherell's white uniform looked nice and clean longside Miss Woodliff's complexion, which she ackumalated in Africa.

It wood fill a book to tell all the details of that party, but everybuddy enjoyed themselves largely and also the refreshments. Two of the most popular gests were Mr. Miller and Mr. Brown whose dancing powers are far above 80 per cent. All the girls were working for 80 per cent, and now we're away above that and still going. And don't tell Bill Jones but that nite after the party one of the telefoane folks took me home on the street-car and he paid my way, Henriyetta.

Certainly yours,

BREEZY.

Miss Neville, Miss Johnson, Miss Flynn, Miss Hobson

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"Lawsy Me!"

Trimming

By J. H. Lynch, Right-of-Way Agent, Northern Division

WHILE I am sounding taps over the last remains of the season's toils—my bank account and all New Year greetings received from smiling friends, which read "Please remit"—I take the liberty of intruding on readers of The Monitor with a few of the joys and sorrows which befall the division right-of-way agent.

In placing a "killed in action" sign over the final resting place of 1920, a great many things can be recalled, pleasant or otherwise, which marked the way of progress from day to day during the season for Company Ford No. 7 and its pilot.

Being a sort of camp casual, I am at present attached to the engineering department for instructions and observation. To date it's been heavy on the instructions, which began in a rather concentrated form about seven months ago, when I received instructions in the various ways by which a Ford could be induced to respond to my wishes. This was mastered after several thrills, which Mr. Herman knows more about than I do, as far as it is humanly possible to master any Ford, after which I was put through the mill and equipped with a knowledge of various other forms peculiar to telephone life and necessary to sustain one detailed to a season's sojourn of solitude in their wierd land. Naturally, I was told of all the best ways of saying "Sign here" and of the things which happen to those who fail to do it according to rules and regulations.

At last the day came when Mr. Herman declared I was as near perfect as I ever would be and recommended I be turned loose to glide gracefully over the beautiful mountain trails in old No. 7 and administer the last rites wherever required. It was then and in the months which followed I learned to curse the clan to which I belonged, and the surveyors caught all that was due on more than one occasion. I was fully convinced in a short time that lath was intended to be used in building houses only and formed no part of a telephone surveyor's equipment. I learned also that the Messrs. Brown, Smith and Jones I came in contact with during the summer were favorably impressed with my appearance and method of approach and would return my friendly greeting in quite the same way I had extended it, but the light of their lives in many cases died suddenly when I said "telephone line."

The task of securing permission to place two poles and anchors where Jones has planned for fifty years on planting an orchard, or to trim Brown's only shade tree, and run a line of poles through Smith's only cultivated field, has many phases, depending on the mood the person in question is in when you approach him.

Naturally, Smith can show a better location for your proposed line by putting it all on Brown's land. Brown wants it on the other side of the road, so you will be required to trim Jones' trees and not his, and Jones wonders why you put corners in telephone lines at all and have to anchor them where he hopes some day to have an orchard. Further along the line you find Mrs. Casey, who will not grant right-of-way at all under any circumstances, but wants a telephone so she can call the chief of police when Mr. Casey fails to come in on time. Your departure from the abode of Mrs. Casey is in most cases informal. There are a great many like Mrs. Casey, who want a telephone but who do not care so much where the line is located if it does not inconvenience them in the least.

There is one other rare variety, which originates near Forty-second and Broadway and is found in nearly every place a telephone line has ever been surveyed. He is the boy who was lured West by the various publications setting forth the joys and comforts of a Western dry-land farmer. Yes, he's here and has his dry-land farm and his dream of what it is going to be in a year or two reminds you of Central Park. He has been known to sign the dotted line.

Among other things connected with this work of wonder is now

Fiddled for the Red Men

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and then finding yourself stationed in some one-way town—yes, Montana has such places—a few, none to speak of, but they are here just as they are in other states—cities which only can be reached by a single method, which is a cross-country march. The inhabitants of these places have only one ambition, and that's to see you coming—they usually do—and when you become installed in one of these far-removed centers of civilization life affords but one pleasure, which is looking forward to the day you will depart therefrom.

One hot day last July, old No. 7 had labored bravely, though under protest, over about 150 miles of prairie roads of the cow-trail order, as per State Highway designation, and just as the sun was sliding behind the big hump between here and China my faithful old "can" came to a halt in two counts without command. A glance at the place and my blueprint showed that I had reached the place where I was to spend the next few days.

It was one of those dear old places—the name, though it doesn't matter, I'll always remember. I parked No. 7 in the center of Main street, as per instructions of the only person I had so far encountered who had kindly offered the information that it was the custom there to park cars in the center. I could not see any other cars parked any place, but took it for granted he knew whereof he spoke, and, acting accordingly, five minutes later No. 7, facing the rear ready to retreat if necessary, stood defiantly parked in the center of No Man's Lane. I had retired to a favorable spot wherefrom I could view the situation, which required only a glance, for the only thing I was able to see was Ford No. 7 in her graceful pose. I thought of the Statue of Liberty.

Such was my state of mind when I became conscious of the fact I was gazing at a large sign which, with a rigid line of box-car letters, spoke the superior qualities of the Cafe Unique. A few hours later I took Webster into camp and therefrom learning the extreme definition of "unique" prepared for an advance on this lonely chow house, and at zero hour, in full field equipment, minus No. 7, I laid a barrage on the front entrance of the Unique Cafe, which offered no resistance, and I was soon occupying a favorable position. The counter attack followed where the lonely evidence of life within the place came forth at route step and informally presented me with the orders of the day. There were waylaid eggs, any style, spuds and onions all the while, fish and oysters here and there, and cake and pudding, if you dare. Upon returning my verdict the gentleman in waiting crocheted his way back to the kitchen and in an hour or so returned in the same graceful manner and placed before me the situation, which I mastered in a reasonable manner, doing justice to all concerned. I then bailed my way out of his place of deception and dropped in at the Wrecks All drug, where I released from confinement a one-time cigar and again took to the Rue Supreme to await the result of my selection. A look convinced me there were no street corners to stand on, so I strolled up the road.

Being in good condition, I called on one of the natives for the purpose of securing permission to trim a row of trees which would obstruct a proposed line. He did not feel as keen about talking tree-trimming as I did, so we talked of other things more important to him. While so engaged the soft notes of a violin, carried on the wings of a million mosquitoes, reached our ears. We listened. My friend said, "That's him." I inquired, "Who?" and was told it was an old man who very seldom appeared in public but had lived there for years and years and who had in early days saved the village when it was going to be laid waste by a band of red skins. He told me how this old man went forward alone and unprotected, playing his violin, and the advancing Indians, who had never heard that sort of talent before, became frightened and fled to parts unknown, never to return. When he finished the story I solemnly replied "What a shame" The trees have been trimmed. He was too busy putting his name in the lower left-hand corner to heed my remark. Thus we parted friends.

The season for that kind of work ended. I returned to Helena by the least traveled route and am deeply engaged caving into telephone society on the Gold Block roof garden, which affords its own thrills in as many ways as I experienced while far removed from the home shire.

Manager Clyde and His Kiddies

A. W. Clyde, manager at Nephi, Utah, is a busy man. Besides taking care of the many duties that fall upon a telephone manager he is training the "young ideas the way they should shoot," and here we have Manager Clyde and his two very attractive children. Too bad Mrs. Clyde didn't also send her photo along, but she writes The Monitor that "if the photo of her bald-headed and big-hearted hubby gets by the censor" she may send a picture of herself some day.

Left—Lawrence and Virginia Clyde; Lawrence and Daddy Clyde

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STRAWBERRY

By a Veteran of the Western Division

Three old-timers, who had seen the telephone business advance through many stages to its present-day efficiency, were out fishing.

They had loaded a patient "Lizzie" called Kate with not more than a ton of camp outfit on each fender and had proceeded to forget that a Ford is supposed to run on a road. The general result had been gratifying, for after running across sagebrush flats and up an old bed of a stream with boulders for pavement for some miles they had finally camped in a spot not likely to be visited by the average auto tourist. It was an ideal spot, too, located on the grassy bank of a clear mountain river, with a fine bunch of pine trees scattered here and there and a hill a short distance in the background, giving the spot an aspect of seclusion from the turmoil of life as most people live it.

Having driven down a steep slope to the camp site, which they later found, the car refused to climb again without some additional horsepower in the form of two of them pushing on the back end. The one who had acted as guide and skinner, and who was called Chick, disentangled his long legs from clutch pedal and steering post, and walking to the front end of the car spoke thus:

"Kate, old kid, you seen your duty and you done it noble. Now for ten days or so all you got to do is just loaf here in this nice grassy spot and keep your brass radiator shiny so I can shave when I want to."

Then turning to his two companions: "Say, you fellers, hurry up and onsaddle Kate. She's tired."

"Look who's here! How are you anyway, old timber?" He stepped across the grassy plat to a fine old tree standing near the river bank and taking hold of the end of a low limb gravely shook hands. Further addressing the tree he continued, for the benefit of the other two: "Well, here I am again. Brought a couple of friends with me that I am associating with principally on account of the scarcity of congenial companions. No, they can't cook—pretty good on the kick though. Here, you, I want you to meet an old friend of mine. This is Mr. Balsam Pine. Mr. Pine, that good-looking one is Ed and that one with the lovely disposition saying those cuss words just because that rope won't untie, is Bill."

"Howling coyotes! Plum overlooked another old friend here. Fellers, this is Mr. Bear River. Listen to the old cuss grumble just 'cause I stopped to talk to Pine first. Never mind, old crick, I'll be tickling your ribs with my gentle little feet every day for some time, and if you don't loosen up with them fish we just naturally starve."

About this time the others held a low, mumbled conversation, then ceased from their labors of "onsadling" Kate long enough for one to say, with a six-shooter conspicuously displayed: "We are glad to meet these friends of yours, but don't you just happen to see any more of them until this car is unloaded and camp made, and we mean with your kind and gentle assistance, too."

A supper of bacon, trout, dough gobs and coffee had been hugely enjoyed, although accompanied with caustic comments on the part of two of the men relative to the third party's cooking. This was as it should be, for thus does the lover of outdoors show his friendship for his fellow fishermen.

Now all three were sitting around a blazing camp fire, two of them loading their pipes while the third wrestled with needle and thread and an old pair of O. D. breeches.

"What you doin', Chick?" says Bill.

"Just proving the truth of that old adage to the effect that a stitch in time gathers no moss," says Chick.

"Like 'The early worm gets the trout,' do you mean?" commented Ed.

"No, I don't," proceeded Chick. "I am referring to the one about 'The road to the hereafter being paved with good intentions.' When I was a kid my father used to take me out

"Come on, Katie; see nice sugar"

fishin' with him, and one summer we stayed at a little ranch away up toward the head of the Weber. There were several families at the ranch, it being a sort of summer resort, and the kids of the bunch used to play most the time under an old pine tree.

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This tree was about the biggest one in that part of the country, and I remember its foliage was so thick that when it rained scarcely a drop fell at the foot of the tree. There was a nice cold spring crick running near it. What? No, I didn't say ice-cold; I said a nice cold spring crick. Yes, I said crick—c-r-i-c-k—and altogether it sure was a nice place for a bunch of kids to play.

"About this time they began to take much timber out of there to timber the mines at Park City. One old boy at the ranch worried some considerable for fear the woodmen might cut down our prize tree, so he stenciled a nice sign and nailed it to the tree. The sign read: 'Woodmen spare this tree,' but the nails which fastened it killed our tree."

At this point Chick finished his labor on the old breeches and left the fire to put them on his bed, which was spread out some feet away.

When Chick returned he also loaded a pipe, and all three smoked in silence for some minutes, gazing into the camp fire, which threw dancing shadows on the trees and hill. The river laughed and murmured as only a mountain stream can at night when all else is still and you are sitting around a camp fire.

Bill first broke the silence by saying, "I found some wild strawberries today and they were just as sweet as could be."

"Yes," said Chick slowly, "wild strawberries are just as sweet as can be, especially if they are red-headed."

This brought a quick retort from Bill. "Now what in hell is he talking about? A minute ago he was raving about old adages, whatever they are, and now he's talking about red-headed strawberries. I tell you, Ed, he takes most the pleasure out of the trip, always talking in parables."

To which Ed replied: "I could overlook his parables—and yes, even his cooking—if he would just quit singing those weird songs. I was glad to get in camp and settle down, 'cause all the time he's herding that flivver he sings, and holy smoke! wherever do you suppose he gets all those weird tunes?"

Chick paid no attention to this attack. He was used to it.

After another thoughtful silence he burst forth on a new subject that apparently had no connection whatever with the foregoing.

"Did it ever strike you fellers how much like the birth of a new baby it is when a new telephone office is cut into service, and also how much like a death the closing down of an old office is? You needn't answer, because of course I know nothing requiring deep thought ever strikes either one of you, so I will answer my own question.

"Yes, it has and they do. Take a

"W'y, Good Morning"

new office, for instance. There is a spirit of expectancy throughout the whole place the last few hours before the 'cutover' or 'cutoff,' whichever it happens to be. The equipment installers all look pale and fagged from long hours and little sleep, because it doesn't matter what date is set for a cutover, the equipment installers are never ready and always rush around day and night towards the end, and hence the pale and weary look, and this is all O. K. too, because they are really the father of the office, and you take it from me a father has a right to look pale about this time in his experiences.

"Then pretty soon in comes the handsome traffic man—he's the doctor, you see—and part of the operating force report as nurses.

"Because the office is not in service yet the discipline is lax and the building rings to the music of happy girlish laughter. Seems to me there is only one other sound as pretty and pleasing to the ear as happy girlish laughter, and that's the murmur and babble and laughter of a good mountain trout stream, just as you hear it now.

"Well, finally the ordeal is over and a mass of metal and wood suddenly feels the electric thrill of life, and thereafter for may be fifteen or twenty years that building is never without girl operators, and that

(Continued on page 37)

SUBSTANTIAL BENEFIT

One of the hardest duties of the Monitor is that of chronicling the visits in the Telephone family of the Reaper who sooner or later visits us all. This duty of regret and respect makes it necessary to record in The Monitor the death of Robert N. Petersen, Denver forester.

Because telephone people are human and understand, it is only natural that the many who knew and worked with Mr. Petersen should extend to his widow their deepest sympathy, but what of the company for whom he worked so long? Corporations are not believed to be human, nor to understand, and perhaps many are not of us and so don't understand us.

But Mr. Petersen was a Mountain States man and the very practical sympathy of that company was extended to Mrs. Petersen when a check for nineteen hundred and sixty dollars was sent to her by Mr. Vaille on January 28th, just five days after Mr. Petersen's death from pneumonia.

The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Denver, Colorado JAN. 28, 1921. No 22888

Pay to the order of MRS. ISABELL PETERSEN, $1,920.00

+++++ ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED TWENTY & NO/00 DOLLARS +++++

To The First National Bank, 23-1 Denver, Colo

Jas. Macdonald
ASSISTANT TREASURER

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Flivvering Through Yellowstone Park

How to Get There and What is the Best Kind of Preparations to Make

E. A. Murphy, Helena, Montana

Kepler Cascades

VACATION time is near, and with its approach every ambitious owner of four weeks and a gas engine begins to dream about a joyful summer in the mountains, in the parks or in the forests of the Rockies. About this season, in a million homes, forefingers run easily over road maps as in fancy the motorist bounces over hills, across plains, up and down mountains, until, at last, he comes to a dashing mountain stream where trout are thicker than mosquitoes, or to the shady shores of a clear, cool lake where God's master hand has made vacationland supreme.

The objective of most American travelers for half a century has been Yellowstone Park—a land of magic wonders and unbelievable beauties. Years ago only the rich who could afford the expense of train travel and the hiring of carriages saw Yellowstone Park. Today every family in the United States who owns a flivver can come to Yellowstone—and they are coming, by the thousands.

Yellowstone Park is THE national park of the American people. It is the largest and most wonderful of the national parks in the United States. In its 3,348 square miles of mountains may be found all the scenic wonders of all parks, except the big trees of Sequoia, and with the geysers as an added attraction. Scouts and explorers who first visited the Yellowstone country and who came out and told about it achieved unenviable reputations as liars. In the early eighteen hundreds our fathers laughed at the stories of roaring mountains, hissing caverns, volcanoes of boiling water and trembling earth. But in 1872 Congress set aside the Yellowstone country as a national park, and every year since thousands of unbelievers have been convinced that such wonders do exist and that one may see on earth scenic examples of heavenly beauties and hellish horrors heretofore thought possible only in the imaginations of Old Testament historians and in the real heaven and hell which their pens attempted to describe.

Yellowstone Park has sharp contrasts. There are hideous mud caves, steaming caverns, flats burned over with gases, decaped volcanoes and hills of unsightly lava. These areas, few but spectacular, serve only to set off to better advantage the striking beauties of the green-garbed mountains nearby, the mirror-clear streams, the rushing waterfalls and cascades, the bubbling "paint pots" of pink mud, the unbelievable pools of hot water and the great lakes and canyons.

The Grand Canon of the Yellowstone River, many tourists avow, is the most beautiful sight in the world. It is not as huge and vast as the Grand Canon of the Colorado River, but its colors are sharper and its two great waterfalls add an action to the scene that is beyond compare. Unlike the Colorado River, which is dark and muddy, the Yellowstone is as clear as crystal. But the two canons cannot be compared; each is supreme in its field, each is a world wonder, each is a masterpiece of Nature.

Yellowstone has a corner on the world's geyser market. There are scores of them, ranging in size from the tiny spouters, thrusting a finger of boiling water toward heaven, to the roaring monsters that hurl hundreds of tons of water 300 feet into the air. The Yellowstone geysers are always on duty, some of them intermittent in their action, while others play incessantly, and no tourist need worry that they might miss this feature. A geyser in eruption is one of the greatest spectacles Nature has given man to enjoy.

One almost thinks that the Yellowstone has a corner on all those things which go to make a mountain park. There is the Yellowstone Lake, an enormous body of clear water, and undoubtedly one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. There are hundreds of streams, scores of waterfalls and cascades, towering mountains, petrified forests, grotesque rock formations and even glaciers.

Yellowstone Park is the world's largest game preserve. In its borders are tame elk, bear, deer and other mountain creatures. The tourist sees many wild animals and countless varieties of birds. The bears like to be watched; the buffalo accept such attention with indifference, while the deer, elk, moose and antelope permit inspection but waste no time waiting to be photographed. The streams abound with fish, and

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followers of Isaac Walton can angle to their heart's content.

The automobile has made Yellowstone's beauties and wonders accessible to everybody. Everybody with an automobile in the family or the neighborhood can have the vacation of his life in Yellowstone Park. The roads are good in the park and approaching the park. Camping places are on every hand. Conveniences are available when desired. The Yellowstone Park hotels are reputed to be the finest resorts in America.

And the cost is trivial when compared to the pleasure and enjoyment derived from a vacation spent in "camping out." Too many of our vacationists burden themselves with a lot of unnecessary luggage. In the first place they do not know how to carry their camp equipment, with the result that they finally fill the floors and seats of their flivvers to such an extent that they make riding more of a torture than a pleasure, and they dread each time they have to break camp to travel on to unseen beauties.

In touring the park it should be the desire of the camping tourist to take along only such equipment as is absolutely necessary, including tent, cots and cooking utensils. Campers of moderate means should attempt to carry all the provisions they can with them when they enter the park, as goods purchased within the confines of the park are higher, due to the fact that they have to be hauled from five to fifty miles from the nearest railroad. Many campers think their trip would be incomplete without bringing along a phonograph, while others insist it is very essential that they include a complete library, the dog and cat, two or three complete changes of attire, a small pool table and many other oddities too numerous to mention.

Although there are many designated places for camping parties, the majority leave the trodden paths and pitch their camps in sequestered nooks far from the noise of passing cars. Campers can stay in the park as long as they desire, and the only cost to them is the provisions they consume during their sojourn.

And so as vacation time nears, motorists throughout America start their forefingers on the map pointed toward Yellowstone Park. They call on their hardware man to pick out a camp outfit; they tune up their cars and start forgetting business cares, while everyone, from mother down to the baby, gets the touring germ and Johnny boasts to his school chums, "This summer we're gonna drive to Yellowstone Park." Of such stuff are heroes made.

Stepping It Off, Billings to Helena

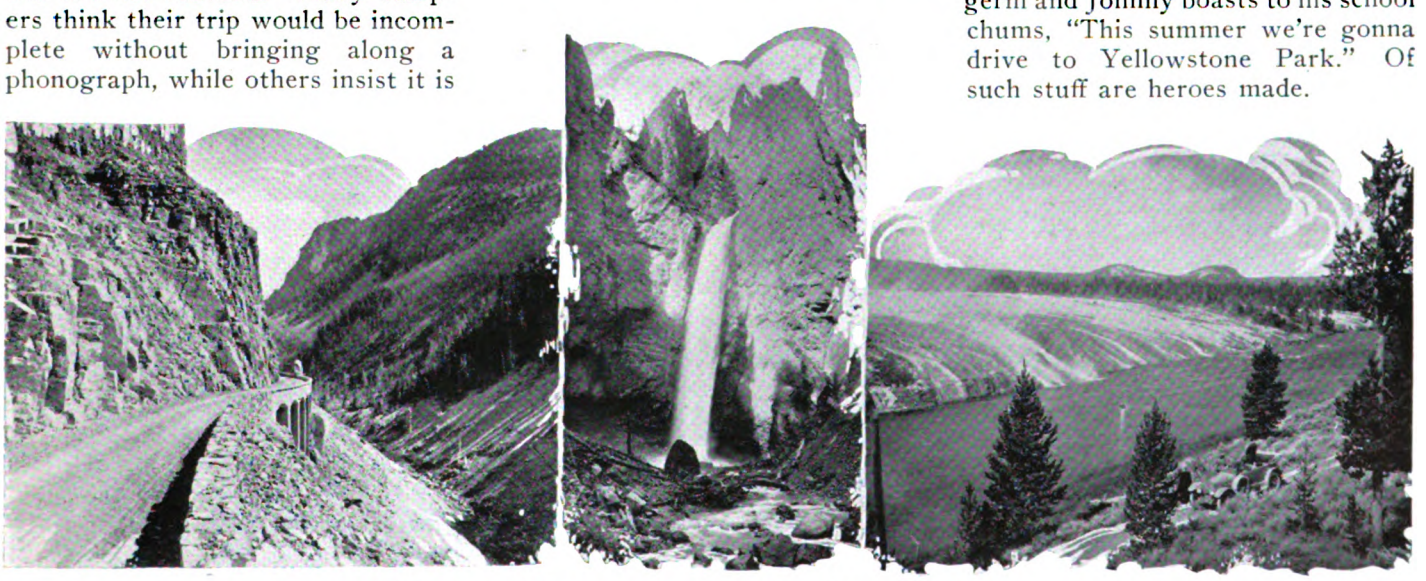
J. R. Johnson and R. B. Arnold of the Northern Division engineering department recently completed

a hike of 248 miles. No, it was not a pleasure jaunt, and it was not made in the morning before breakfast. Neither was it made along paved highways.

It was a hike from Billings to Helena, following the route of the toll line between these two cities, for the purpose of measuring the exact distance, the information so compiled being used by our electrical department in connection with proposed retransposition of the circuits on this lead.

Over mountains and valleys, across frozen streams, through mud and snow, passing through numerous small towns and very frequently having to find their way through barb-wire fences, these two men made the distance in seventeen and one-half days, at less than the estimated cost.

Considering the season of the year and the nature of the work, these employes are to be congratulated on the record they made.



Left—Golden Gate Canyon; Lower Falls; Excelsior Geyser Overflow

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Out In the Lone Tree Country

Stretching the Copper Wires Over Sherman Hill, Wyoming, in Face of Driving Blizzards

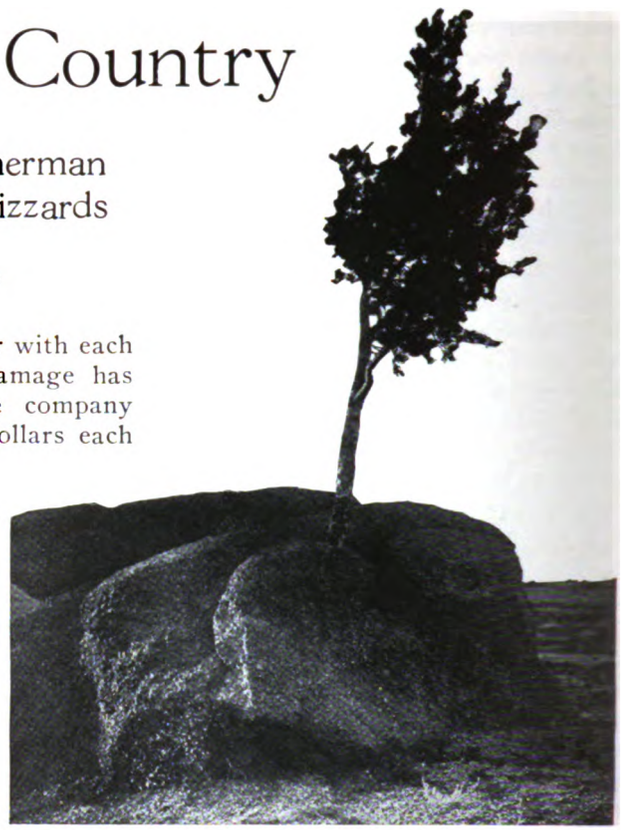
By Abbot Derry Spaulding, Cheyenne, Wyo.

IN the southeastern part of Wyoming there is a plateau of unusual height, long and wide, starting down near the Colorado line and running north, with its broad back between Cheyenne and Laramie. It is an immense hill, miles long and miles wide, barren and windswept, with its surface dotted with smaller hills and cut with innumerable small canons, and it is known to all transcontinental travelers and to all telephone men as Sherman Hill.

In the days of long ago Sherman Hill had to be crossed by those sturdy pioneers who then traveled westward, and over it was marked out by creaking prairie schooners the "Laramie Trail." The late sixties witnessed the first attempt of man to permanently conquer this ancient fortress of Nature's storms, when men built across it the first transcontinental railroad, the Union Pacific. Picturesque and hard was the struggle, which finally resulted in victory for man.

Later, in the year 1902, another section of the hill was conquered by man, this time by a band of pioneer telephone men, who built the first telephone line from Cheyenne to Laramie. Then, in 1915, a new and stronger line was built, to take its place as a link in the great transcontinental telephone line. These lines were good and sturdy, but little did the elements care, for with each succeeding year their damage has increased—the telephone company spending thousands of dollars each time in repairing the damage.

Year after year the Creator has impressed on man that although he can conquer the works of the Creator, he cannot conquer the Creator himself. He, in his infinite greatness, lets loose the elements to wreak their destructive forces upon the works of man. But man still battles, and after the wreckage caused by each storm has been cleared away he erects a new line, new wires and hopes that the elements will be good to them.



Lone Tree on Sherman Hill

Sherman Hill Crew on the Job

The storms of early 1920 showed that there were many weaknesses still remaining, so early in the summer of that year engineers went over the ground and drew plans for the construction of a much heavier line in the areas which experience had proven to be the battlegrounds. All circuits were to be of heavy No. 8 B. W. G. copper wire, the poles to be comparatively short and stubby and well guyed.

Then in September, 1920, a crew of construction men were gathered together and started out to make the plans of the engineers a reality. The work progressed satisfactorily up until the early part of November. Nature had been kind in her display of weather, providing excellent sunshine during days which were closed with sunsets possessing qualities of beauty unsurpassed anywhere. In the evenings the golden glow of the fall moon, as it played over the hills and rocks and the tents of the construction camp, presented a picture of perfect peace—on Sherman Hill:

In the evening, when the day has fled
And all the world has sought its bed,
Basked in the moonlight, a perfect peace
Settles, for the day's toil has ceased.

Then came a change, and the hill was transformed over night from a place of peace, where men labored and their works lived, to a blizzard-swept expanse, merciful to nothing.

Where the Laramie Blizzards Blow

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Awakening from a night spent in the storm-swept tents, every man in the gang plunged into what they knew was to be a battle—a battle against the forces of nature—in restoring to service the telephone circuits they knew were down. They strung in emergency twisted-pair wire, reset the poles which were broken off at the ground line, cut in new open copper wire where possible, and by nightfall had all circuits in order again, and voices sped across the continent while the tired but cheerful telephone men sought the meager comforts of their tents.

The storm continued with unabated fury during the night, and with the next daybreak this little crew of men were ready to again go forth, undaunted by their knowledge that their work of yesterday was as nothing and that far greater damage had been done during the night. Trees were bowed to the ground with an icy load and everywhere the terrible destructiveness of the storm was evident. The vision of the transcontinental telephone line as it looked that morning will linger long in the minds of the men who saw it as an example of the awful power of Nature.

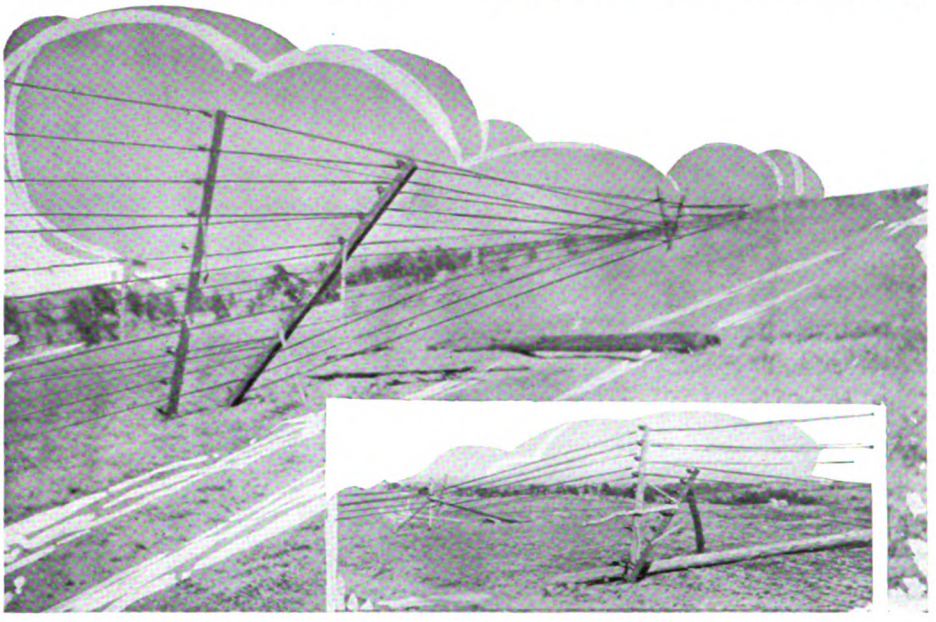
Poles were down everywhere in stretches of ten or fifteen; the wires were a tangled mess of ice-coated copper that lay on the ground as though seeking rest from this unsuccessful battle with the storm. Here and there a solitary pole would be standing, as though defying the storm to send it toppling earthward.

The men took up their task of stringing in twisted-pair wire as a temporary measure to restore service, and through their faithful efforts all circuits were restored to service early the following morning. No thanks given—no thanks asked. All in the day's work for men like these, who labor against the fearful odds Nature asks, that a public who does not know may be served.

Now, late in January, the tents of Foreman Taylor and his loyal gang are well over the top of Sherman Hill, leaving an almost completed line of better construction behind them, to take up the task of battling the fearful storms of future winters. Their work has been well done, and no man can say more of another.

There, across bleak, barren, wind and snow swept Sherman Hill, stands a better telephone line—as a symbol in answer to the increasing demands of the public for better and more far-reaching service.

Though his deeds be unheard,
Brave is the word
That fits the task
Of him who, unasked,
Maintains service on the line,
Through all kinds of weather, for all time.

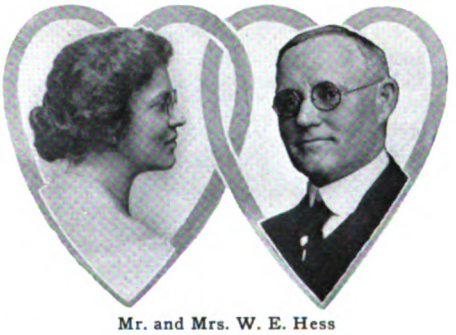


After a Snowstorm on the Laramie Plains

The Fall and Rise of Ed Hess

When a man can outstay every married member of the gang on a little night out, without climbing a chair and spieling out the old one, "I'm glad I'm s-i-n-g-l-e——"

And when a man can go out on the Wyoming deserts a million miles from nowhere for what he knows is going to be a six-months-long session with new holes, poles, wires and camp cooks, without even dragging out one little sigh of lament——



Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hess

When a man can do these things and many more like them, care-free and contented like, without ever expressing himself as either for or against marriage, then the rest of us have a right to classify him as a confirmed bachelor.

And by that code was "Big Ed" Hess, veteran construction department man, indexed, classified and catagoried by the many telephone people who know him—up until a few days ago, when there came to light a little sheet of note paper engraved about like this:

William Edward Hess
and
Edith May Brinkley
announce their marriage
Wednesday, February second,
Nineteen hundred twenty-one,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

We welcome Mrs. Hess as an auxilliary member of the biggest and best family there is, the telephone family, and to both Mr. and Mrs. Ed we extend our sincere wishes for a long, happy and prosperous voyage on the good ship matrimony.

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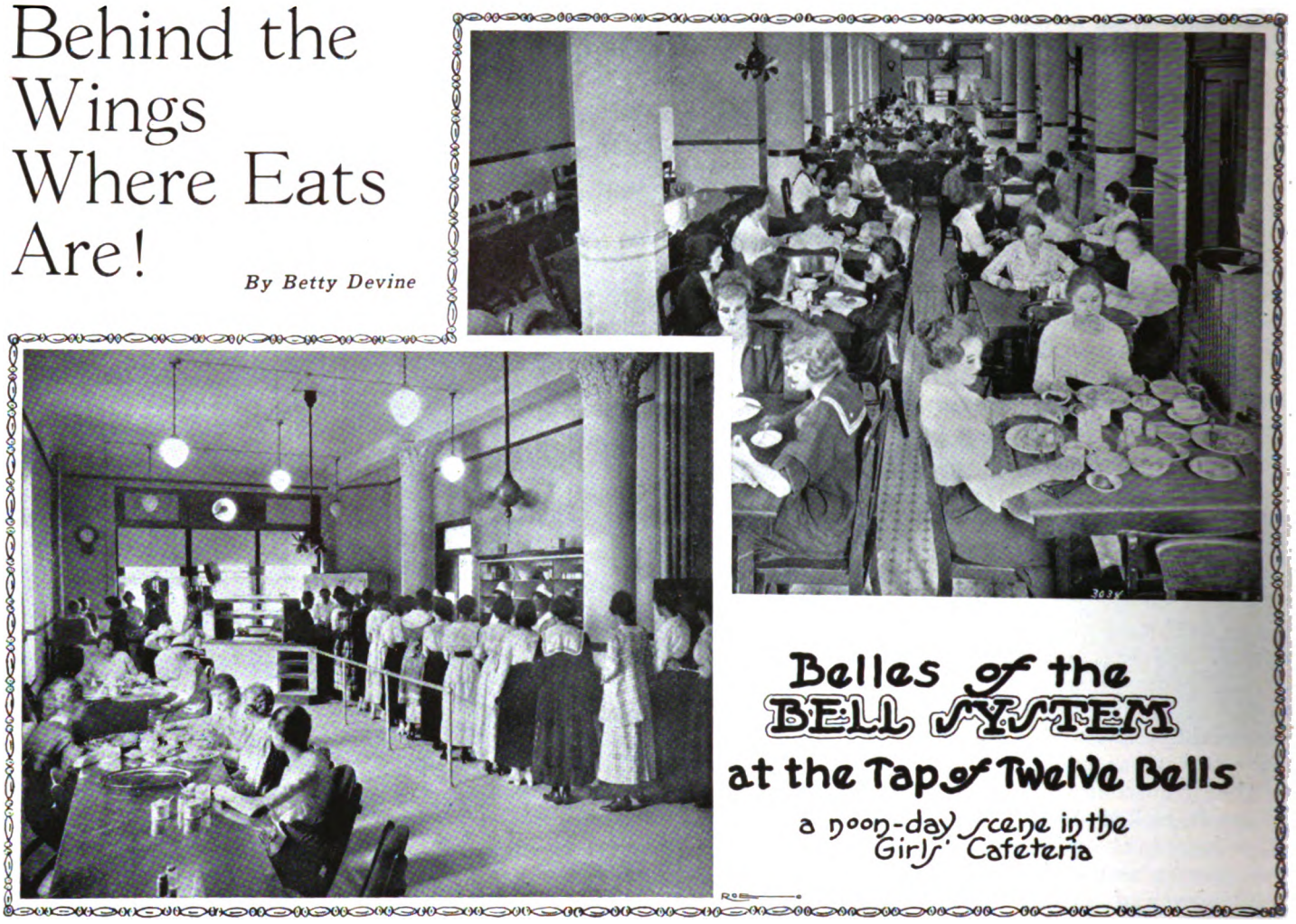
Behind the Wings Where Eats Are!

By Betty Devine



Are cooks temperamental?

Some way I for one seem to have been under the impression that they were.

Perhaps it's because I have always rather unconsciously looked upon them as artists, and since all artists assume the privilege of indulging in temperament, quite naturally I granted them the same amount of rope.

Then, too, I have a vague recollection of once—yes, believe me, I was a cure after that once—during my many years of hotel life, sending back to the kitchen an egg which I thought I had reason to suspect was past the age of discretion, so come to think of it, possibly that was the way I registered the impression that cooks are temperamental.

Certain it is that I have always had a very great reverence for them, and thus it was that very early one recent morning, with fear and trembling, I approached the sacred realm of the chief cook for the girls' cafeteria in the Main exchange of the telephone company.

I don't mind "confidencing" you to the extent of admitting that for several days previous to my "entree" I had practiced dodging various and sundry missiles which I had with some difficulty induced one of my best friends to throw at me, for after having fought, bled and all but died in my own kitchen trying to learn to cook I had determined not to get my passport to the "halo gate" through anyone else.

I had seriously considered adopting the scheme of the fellow who said he went in to a certain gathering backwards so they all thought he was going out.

But as I said before, it was very early and during the rush of "scene shifting," hurrying and scurrying about before "curtain call," I tiptoed in apparently unnoticed and merged myself with no difficulty into the background of one of the busiest and most interesting scenes it had ever been my good fortune to get in on.

And do you know, much to my surprise, the machinery of that great establishment seemed to just naturally start running with hardly a word being spoken. Everyone of the twelve women who work behind the scenes in the cafeteria specializes along some certain line, knows her life perfectly, and the moment her hat and coat are off she steps right into her role (no, not the kind you eat — this is stage stuff — behind the scenes in the cafeteria) and starts acting. She pays not the slightest attention to anyone else, but in the words of the Bible, "goes about her master's business," and in far less time than it takes to tell it, the aroma of fried sausages, coffee (as IS coffee) and hot cakes permeated the atmosphere, while quantities of grapefruit, baked apples, salads, cakes, pies (never saw so many pies at one time in my life) and all sorts of vegetables began to loom on the horizon until I felt like an island—surrounded by food—and an awfully empty island with a terrible gnawing sensation in the region of the "solar plexis" which for a time (in the vernacular of the sporting editor) threatened to put me "down for the count." But just as I began to be filled with tremendous sympathy for the poor starving Russians and Armenians, Miss Grace Titus, the clever (and, believe me, at that moment understanding) manager of the theater—beg pardon, I mean cafeteria — rescued me and fed me a breakfast fit for the gods.

Now, of course under ordinary circumstances it would have been very bad form to do so, but since I was there "officially" on a tour of investigation, I had the temerity to ask Miss Titus (that is, after I had the breakfast inside of me and had regained strength enough to

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talk) the price of the breakfast, and I almost had a heart attack when she calmly announced, "Eighteen cents," and recollections of years of breakfasts not half so good, though costing more than triple that amount, passed in review before me.

Again taking up my stand "in the wings," I noted with interest the progress that had been made during my short absence.

Roasts—huge roasts—were sizzling in one big oven, sliced carrots were being fried, potatoes (imagine using a hundred

Photo by De Luxe

Miss Grace Titus

pounds of potatoes a day as they do in this institution) were boiling and great kettles of soup steaming atop this giant range the while Mrs. Lydia McLaren, chief cook, and I believe by right of inheritance and size sort of "boss" of the realm, looked up and bestowed upon me a smile that warmed the very cockles of my heart and had the same effect as giving a Newfoundland puppy a kind word and a pat, for it brought me at once to her side and in a few moments we were friends and straightway I began the mental process of breaking down old-time impressions of formidable, temperamental cooks in towering rages breaking up the china and kitchen utensils with an appalling disregard for life and high prices.

She was immaculate in dress and just the type we like to picture in the kitchen at home—a big, generous-hearted, motherly soul who radiates love, and incidentally what she doesn't know about cooking has been torn right out of the book.

With this encouragement from the "big boss" I finally made so bold as to edge up alongside the pastry cook's table, for in truth, having many a time wrestled with ONE poor lone pie until I was a fit subject for a sanitarium (to say nothing of the unsuspecting ones upon whom I inflicted it) she had for some time fascinated me with her skill in manipulating pie crust and turning out the finished product. "Pie-Making as an Art" should really be the subject of a book by Mrs. Bertha Neiburger, for she is certainly a "past master," famed for her pastry even before she became associated with the telephone company's cafeteria.

She, too, I found to be thoroughly human, sweet and gracious in manner, neat and trim in appearance, and in watching her it was easy to believe she was quite truthful when she assured me that she loved her work.

Long before noon fifty luscious-looking pies were lined up as testimonials to her ability as a "pie specialist."

Yes, that is just what I wondered, too—what on earth do they do with all the food? And in response to my inquiry I was told that most of the food served at the York and South substation cafeterias is prepared right there in the Main kitchen and sent out to the other exchanges daily.

It is a sort of supply depot for the other exchanges, and certain days each week Mrs. Margaret Spencer, in charge of the cafeteria at York station, and Mrs. Frances Green at South, telephone in their orders, which are filled right in the Main cafeteria and sent out to them. This includes the weighing out of flour, sugar and all staples as well as the making of pastry, etc.

This, you see, is in itself no small matter to handle.

The food is selected with the greatest care, and weeks have been devoted to the careful study and comparisons of various dairies, meat markets, creameries, etc., until the management satisfied itself as to which was best, and that is the one which got its business.

When we realize that it takes twelve capable women, each, as I said before, a specialist in her line, including the salad cook, the woman who devotes four hours each morning to preparing vegetables for that day, the genial soul who presides over the electric dishwasher, where every dish is sterilized after being used, working constantly all day behind the scenes to give the service we are afforded in the front ranks of the cafeteria, we may perhaps have a keener appreciation of what is being done for us along this particular line.

Also a glance at a few menu cards from various restaurants about town, where the "H. C. L." would force some of us to order from the right side of the card, might also fill us with a wholesome respect for our own private cafeteria, wherewith the best of food, prepared by skilled cooks, a good lunch may be had for from twenty-two to twenty-seven cents and all the breakfast the average girl wants for sixteen cents.

Why, it's cheaper than we can eat at home—cheaper than to bring our lunch from home and eat it there, for at home our food is purchased at retail prices, while at the cafeteria everything is purchased at wholesale and we are given the benefit of these prices.

Of course there is always in every gathering a disgruntled soul who is constantly finding fault with everything—one who is perhaps not aware that it takes less brains to criticise than to do anything else in life, and who, having heard someone discussing a drop in the price of potatoes, comes strolling into the cafeteria all primed for argument. She quickly runs her eye over the menu and then, thinking to impress others with her superior knowledge, demands to know WHY, since the price of potatoes has dropped in the local market, the cafeteria price remains the same as it has been for months past.

How small she must feel when she is reminded that for many months while the price of potatoes was soaring in the market she had been served them daily at the nominal sum now marked on the menu board and at a goodly loss to the company.

These, you see, are things we often fail to realize, just as some of us, I fear, fail to quite appreciate that the real purpose of refusing to sell us pies, pickles, candy

(Continued on page 36)

Mrs. Bertha Neibergh, Mrs. Lydia McLarren, Mrs. Bessie Hall

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And Then He Told Another One

"It's a wise man who knows which way a dill pickle will squirt"

The Voice With the Smile

A telephone call office has been opened at Mumps.—Official Notice.

Subscriber—"Can you give me Mumps?"

Operator—"No, but I have got a bad cold, if that is any use to you."—Punch.

—

Miss Tingey—"I think swimming is the best of all sports."

Mr. Cahoon—"Yes, it is a clean sport, at any rate."—Salt Lake City.

—

Operator—"Number, please?"

Subscriber—"I want Was. 943."

Operator—Was. 943 is a party line."

Subscriber—"I know it is. I want to talk to the party."—Salt Lake City.

—

Him and Hymn

"A friend of mine named his child Carol because she was born on Christmas."

"Why, I thought a carol was a hymn."—Cornell Widow.

—

Both Clocks Stopped

"I'm sorry, but we do not give out the time," was told to one of our rural subscribers recently, whereupon he countered with, "Too bad, ain't you got it either?"——Las Animas (Colo.) Traffic.

—

Code Misunderstood

L. D. Operator (telling Denver that Mr. Blank was "U a few" (out a few minutes).

Answer from Denver—"What do you mean, I'm a fool."—Las Animas (Colo.) Traffic.

Up and Down

The operator was busy as a bee the other day, and in making a report on a long distance call said: "On your call to Boulder, Mr. Goner hung up and left the receiver down, so we are unable to get an answer just now. We will call you."—Johnstown, Colorado.

—

How Should We Know?

Excited Lady (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please, at once?"

Telephone Girl (from the exchange)—"Number, please?"

Excited Lady (snappishly)—"How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"—H. E. R., Denver.

—

A Tragedy in One Act

A man from the East boarded a street car in the South.

A Southerner got up to give a lady his seat.

The Eastern man beat the lady to it.

The body will be shipped back East for burial.—The Tennessean.

—

What Is a "Kiss"?

A kiss is a noun used as a conjunction.

It is never declined.

It joins similar elements.

It is more common than proper.

It is sometimes followed by an exclamation.

It is used in plural number and agrees with "you and I."

Or Something Just As Good

L. D. Operator (talking to a party at a drugstore telephone)—"We are calling Mrs. Blank, who has rooms in the rooming house above your store. Will you please call her to the telephone?"

After this request was repeated twice, light dawned upon the drugstore clerk at the telephone and he answered, "Oh, yes, certainly. We have it in two sizes."—Las Animas (Colo.) Traffic.

—

A Different Kind of Food

Miss Proper (yawning)—"Well, I will feed my face and retire."

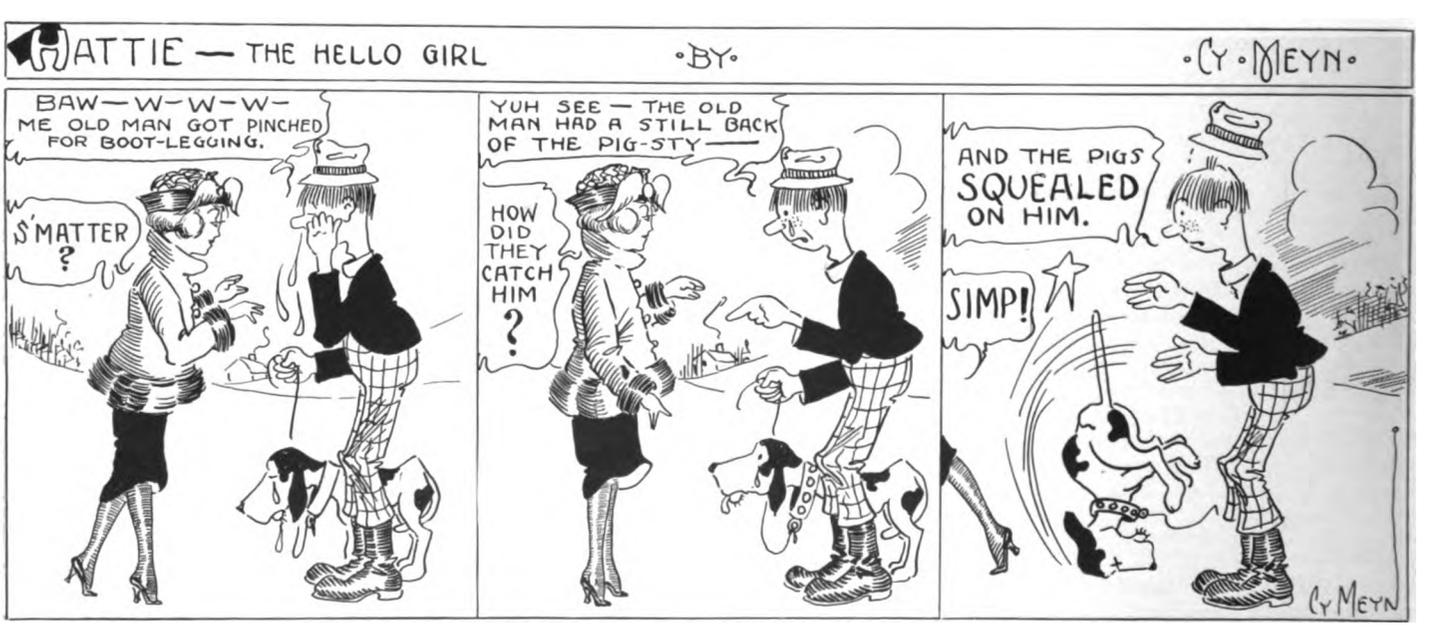
Miss Postdeb—"Miss Proper! You've had your dinner, and besides I'm shocked to hear you use slang."

Miss Proper—"Not slang at all, my dear. I merely meant that in order to ward off the footprints of the crows I've adopted the custom of applying a bit of skin food to the cutaneous covering of my face each evening."

—

Old Stuff, but Good

Have you heard about the brother who received a present a few days ago of a pint bottle of honest-to-goodness 8-year-old B-in-B, and carefully placing it in his west pocket, started for home. Unfortunately he struck an icy spot on the sidewalk, and down he went. After picking himself up, he felt something trickling down his leg, and was heard to exclaim: "Gosh, I hope that's blood!"—Boulder Plant.



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This Is Service

The other day a man took down his receiver and began asking the operator a series of questions about a local chiropractor, asking for his telephone number, his home address, etc. The operator could not get a word in edgewise. Finally she became so mixed about giving him the information operator that she said, "I will give you the Operation."—Tucson, Arizona.

—

A Friend of Gold

You can talk about your Morgans,
'Bout your Wall-street bonds and gold,
You may speak of "Oil" possessions
And the coupons that you hold;
You may show your flashing diamonds
And your credit at the store,
But I'll beat you ten to nothing—
I am worth a billion more.

No, I haven't any silver,
Nor greenbacks crisp and rare,
I haven't any money,
Nor in "Oil" a single share,
But I've a greater fortune
Than a million tons of gold,
I have friends in goodly numbers
That can't be bought or sold.

—J. Burnett Hamilton.

—

Be Ye Always Ready

A Russian lady living just back of the exchange was married recently. A few days later the operator received a signal on a country line and responded with the usual "Number, please."

Subscriber—"Who deed Katie Bacher marry?"

Operator—"I don't know, sir."

Subscriber—"Vell, you acquaint yourself und I call again. Goot-by."—Johnstown, Colorado.

—

Chasing the Little White Ball

This is a true and correct picture of G. E. McCarn, general plant superintendent, known around Denver as the best dressed telephone man. Few people know that Mr. McCarn was the champ tennis player of the state a few years ago, but as weight and age has overtaken him he has turned to that old man's game, golf. This snapshot was taken in the good old summer time, not so long ago, and they do say that Mc is better looking now than he was then.

The Faithful Hello Girls

By Geo. B. Bowra, Aztec, N. M.

Just some faithful hello girls
At the switchboard daily work;
Just some faithful hello girls
Who from duty never shirk;
Just some faithful hello girls
Who make this life worth while;
Just some faithful hello girls
Who do their work with a smile.

Daily at the board they sit—
These faithful hello girls;
They never seem to care a bit—
These faithful hello girls;
They work at night, they work all day—
These faithful hello girls!
They work while others are at play—
These faithful hello girls.

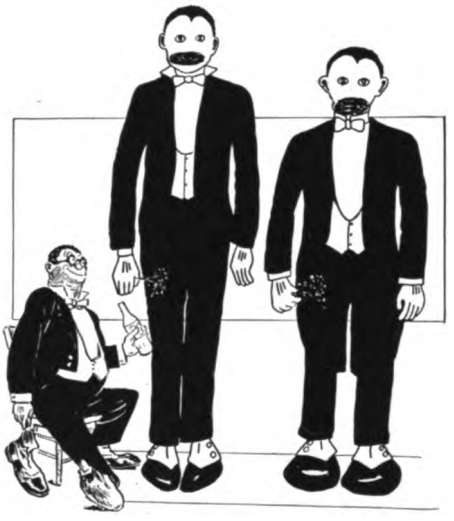
—

"Says Which?"—"How Come?"

Mr. Moonshine—"Niggah, you all says one must have feet in his socks at all fo'mal functions. How come."

Mr. Windshields—"Yas, sah! He shore has broken his one and only rule ob ettiket."

This happened at Boise, Idaho; therefore it is good; for nothing comes out of Boise but good. Here is the explanation we get over our "Greased Wire":



"Glen H. Baker, wire chief at Boise, put forth special efforts to be sponsor for the Gold Dust Twins. Ward Shields, switchboard repairman, and Eddie Moan, testboard man, when they made their debut at the Elks' annual ball recently held in Boise. Due to Mr. Baker's untiring efforts and exceptional advice, the Gold Dust Twins were an immense success, but due to an accident, it is generally reported that the teacher did not follow his own teachings."

Dear Hattie—Our telephone has been dead for three weeks now. What should I do?—Dry Cell.

Answer—My goodness, Mr. Cell, how do you stay in the house with it? It should have been buried two weeks ago.

—

Hattie—My Jack has proven unfaithful to me. What shall I do?—Worried.

Answer—Change Jacks.

—

Dear Little Hello Girl—My daddy is bald-headed. Can anything be done for him?—Gearldine.

Answer—Gearldine, why don't you try Blue Bell Renewer put out by the company? It's good for all kinds of woodwork.

—

Dear Hattie—I'm only a poor trouble-shooter and the girls won't have anything to do with me. How can I make a hit?—Con Denser.

Answer—Play baseball, Con.

Decided Too Soon

"Was papa the first man who ever proposed to you, mama?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking that you might have done better if you had shopped around a little more."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Particular

"I'm bothered with rats," said Mrs. Casey, owner of the boarding house, as she talked over the back fence with her neighbor.

"Did yez buy any of thim rat biscuits for thim?" suggested Mrs. Kelly.

"Now, Mrs. Kelly, what kind av a house do you think I'm runnin'? Sure, if the bastes can't ate what the rest of us do, they kin go hungry."

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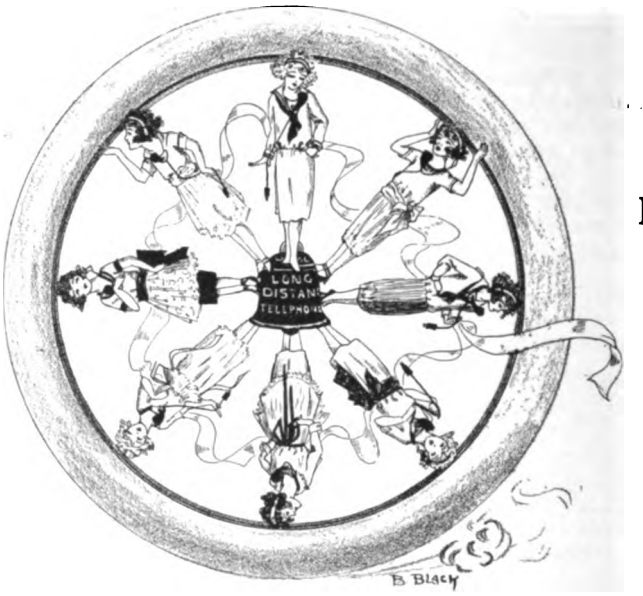
Feminine Spokes in the Telephone Wheel



No Spoke So Small But It Has a Place

By Betty Devine

TO the rear ranks, you "Adams," while the "Eves" of Telephone-land have an inning.

Someway, there's a certain psychology in the name "Telephone Company" that causes us to at once visualize men, and I wonder why, since it is a fact that 60 per cent of those who keep the telephone wheel turning are women.

Members of the so-called "frailer sex" constitute more than half—to be exact, 60 per cent—of the spokes in the telephone wheel.

Oh, yes, I can just see some sturdy brothers arching their brows with surprise and incredulity at such an assertion, for since the day the Great Master improved upon man by creating woman man has been loth to recognize her equality in the two big "B's"—Brains and Business.

Of course there are exceptions, but generally speaking it's a bitter pill for man to swallow the realization that "mere woman" can step into his place in the business world and fill it with as great or greater success than was his ability, yet the war established this fact in many instances beyond a doubt.

So now our modern Adam wails about the "fat purse of the salaried woman causing empty fiiresides and empty cradles."

Honestly, girls, isn't he funny? For in truth the girl who has had a bit of experience as a breadwinner makes the best wife and mother in the world, for she not only knows the value of a dollar but she is capable of appreciating to the fullest a home in all that the word implies; and confidentially, she knows the phony from the real when it comes to men, and just between ourselves I believe this is where the shoe pinches, for you'll notice it's usually the phony who wails loudest.

Women are just by natural instinct—hustlers. Didn't woman hustle the first apple man ever ate?

But to get back to the feminine spokes in the telephone wheel let us be fair enough to place a few laurels on the brows of the telephone men, for from the "higher-ups" in New York and our own president to the boys with whom we work side by side they are, with but few exceptions, not only willing but eager to credit us with carrying our share of the load.

Why, do you know during the rather recent Tramway strike, when the telephone girls, the operating department in particular, with the courage of real Spartans, worked double shift and for weeks kept the wheels of business in this city turning, the telephone men were so proud of them, so grateful to them and so appreciative that some of them almost assumed the role of "barkers," holding forth to anyone and everyone who would stand and listen while they told of the splendid work the girls were doing.

Then, too, this very percentage of employes shows that woman is appreciated by the telephone company

And it's interesting to note the various niches she fills, each and every niche one of importance, each and every feminine spoke helping to hold the rim on the wheel and keep the wheel going.

Take, for instance, the auditing department (for the Eastern division except Denver and suburban towns), admittedly one of the most important departments with the organization, ably presided over by Martyn Caldwell.

What Mr. Caldwell thinks of women as clerks can best be determined by a visit to his offices, where sixty-five women and eight lone men will be found busily engaged in handling the 76,500 accounts that are kept in this department. Here the books for 176 exchanges in the Mountain division are kept and the accounts balanced to a penny each month. All bills for these 176 exchanges are made out in this department every month and sent to the various exchanges.

As soon as a telephone is connected a form showing the date of connection, the date upon which service is rendered or ready for the subscriber, class of service and rate, is forwarded to the auditing department, where it is registered, and from that moment becomes a live account to be watched religiously until an order comes through showing it to have been disconnected.

These accounts are kept in ledgers, and the fact that all except two ledger clerks are women is a pretty good testimonial to feminine accuracy. Accuracy is the watchword in

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this department, a double check being made on all bills.

With 76,500 accounts, including the handling of rental and toll bills, the latter, with its rather complicated service in station-to-station talks, person-to-person and appointment calls, messenger service, etc., all to be noted carefully and figured at their respective rates, the federal tax, which is five cents on all telegrams and long-distance talks from fifteen to fifty cents, and ten cents on all over fifty cents, aggregating not infrequently $45,000 per month, gives just a faint idea of the tremendous volume of detail work done in this department; also the many possibilities for mistakes, which are really negligible, considering.

Here also three graphotypes, three motor and one automatic addressograph machines are kept busy all the while recording names of new subscribers and grinding out bills, for in addition to the 176 exchanges bills for Denver are also run off on these machines, making a total of 115,000 bills monthly.

Frankly, after spending an afternoon "nosing about" in Mr. Caldwell's department and noting the stupendous amount of detail handled there, one feels sort of groggy and inclined to be facetious to the extent of inquiring if "there's nothing to be done till tomorrow?"

But some people just seem to enjoy hard work, and Mr. Caldwell, after seventeen years with the company, and incidentally in this department, still registers happiness and says with conviction that he likes it. And the same spirit seems to permeate the atmosphere of the entire department.

But don't get the idea that all the important feminine spokes in the telephone wheel center in the auditing department. The other day, just by the merest accident, I came upon one that is so tiny as to be easily overlooked, not the least spectacular in appearance, modest as the proverbial violet, yet without which the machinery of the entire wheel might easily clog.

This tiny spoke I discovered tucked away off up in the Main operating room behind a huge desk which almost hid it from view, but every girl seated at the mammoth switchboard, every supervisor and chief operator,—yes, in fact everyone in that large room who was playing any sort of part in the day's telephone game—was well aware of its existence and knew just how and where to find it.

This tiny spoke is known as Miss Gwendolyn Lomas, if you please, and though she is barely fifteen years of age she possesses a dignity and poise of one many years her senior and is a vital factor in the smooth running of the big wheel, though I'll wager there is any number of people in the employ of the company not aware of her existence, so quietly does she work.

What does she do?

Well, so many things that her name ought really to be changed to

Left—Little "Miss Utility"

"Miss Utility." To begin with, she SMILES—one of the first qualifications for success—and if you don't mind my playing prophet I'll predict that one of these days she'll be right up on top of the telephone band wagon helping to steer the wheel, for she has the spirit that is sure to win. She likes her present duties, but she is not content with them, so she spends every spare moment preparing herself for a step forward.

Her official title is "messenger," another instance, you see, of feminine invasion, for not so long since the position of messenger was invariably filled by a boy. This young girl is performing the duties of the office with far greater conscientiousness and skill, according to those who work with her, than the average boy would.

Early every morning she gathers up the pencils which the operators use to record measured service calls, sharpens them and replaces them in the boxes along the board, where they are easily accessible. She also has charge of the street-car checks, passing them out to girls who work "split shifts," and this necessitates keeping books so she can show at the end of the month exactly how many checks she was given and to whom they were issued each day.

She "checks" the head sets of the girls on their day off, which means from ten to fourteen girls a day. When these girls go off duty they hang their head sets in a certain place and little "Miss Utility" gathers them up, takes them into the wire chief's department to have them tested to make sure they are in perfect order, after which she disinfects the mouthpiece or horn. If the ribbon which fastens it around the operator's neck is soiled, she washes it, and when the entire headset is in perfect condition she places each in its owner's locker, where it is all ready for her to pick up and snap on for immediate use next morning. In addition to this she walks miles in a day running errands. Two rings on a certain telephone signifies a call for her, and she is at the service of 125 girls all during the day.

Miss Lomas has the reputation of always being sweet and gracious and every moment not demanded by her duties she spends learning the information desk, for while she confided to me her desire to be an operator she also admitted with evident regret that she might have to wait and grow taller, as she is too small to reach the numbers on the board, so she is aspiring to information operator, and when I asked if that were her goal she replied, "Well, I want to do that, but of course I want to do much more than that, too," and so it was with each suggestion I made. She welcomed the possibility of it, but always there was the ever-present desire to be much more. So with that surging torrent of ambition running through her veins isn't it safe to predict that she will some day help steer the wheel instead of being one of its spokes?

(Continued on page 36)

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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Vol. XVI No. 3

MARCH, 1921

"That's a Good Ad!"

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the importance of backing up the company's advertising by the proper individual attitude toward the public. The most valuable asset the company can acquire is public good will, and that is the objective always in mind in the preparation of our publicity.

But the printed word alone is not sufficient. Every member of our splendid family of seven thousand individuals is a living advertisement of the company in his contact with the public. Upon his treatment of and his general demeanor toward those units of the public with whom he comes in touch depends the character of the advertisement, whether it is good or bad.

The value of an advertisement is judged by the "display," which must give emphasis to ideas according to their relative importance; "lay-out," which must be such as to give the advertisement an orderly balance; "type faces," which make up the "dress" and determine the neatness of the advertisement, and the "subject matter," which must contain nothing but truth.

As living advertisements of the company let us see to it that in the matter of "display," "lay-out," "type faces" and "subject matter" we shall always reflect credit upon the institution which we are presenting to the public. Then, though unconsciously perhaps, the public will be saying, "That's a good ad!"

□

To Correspondents

In writing of persons, please always give first names or initials—thus: "Miss Mable Marlow," or "John C. Black," etc. There are lots of "Miss Marlows" or "Mister Blacks." The first names are very necessary in making the item of interest. Thanks.

□

"Strawberry"

Girls, if you like a real love story—one full of sentiment and tears and romance, just read the story of "Strawberry" in this number of The Monitor. It is not all fiction, but is founded on actual incidents, and is written so true to life that you can almost hear dear little red-headed "Strawberry" sob.

□

Can You Guess?

Can you guess what the front cover picture on the next issue of The Monitor will be? One hundred dollars' worth of good wishes to everyone making the nearest guess. Anyway, you are going to watch for it, aren't you?

□

Now We ARE Puffed Up

Robert W. Spangler, editor and publisher of the New West Magazine, Salt Lake City, took his typewriter in hand and perpetrated the following:

"The most convincing evidence I have had recently that the war is over is the appearance of The Monitor since it chirked up and put on some new clothes. It used to be almost painful to look at The Monitor when it was running around in its old overalls.

"This crepe de chine dress with georgette waist buttoned down the back and trimmed with val lace as worn by your January number is a sight good for sore eyes. I congratulate you most sincerely on the January number."

Do You Know This?

Colorado beet growers received $30,000,000 in beet checks last fall.

Colorado produced in 1920 farm and livestock products to total value, based on December 1, 1920, market prices, of $383,881,200, an average of $6,398 per farm.

□

Watch Us Grow

The census report shows that the farming population of four of the Rocky Mountain states—Colorado, Montana, Wyoming and New Mexico—has increased more rapidly than the urban population, while the urban population has increased more rapidly than the rural population in Idaho, Arizona, Utah and Nevada. Agricultural development in the Rocky Mountain group of states, according to the census report, has been much more rapid than in the country as a whole, and it has been more rapid in Colorado and Montana than in any other states of the group.

□

What Did You Make in 1920?

Work has begun on the collection of the income tax for the year 1920. Uncle Sam, through the Bureau of Internal Revenue, is addressing to every person in the United States the question, "What was your net income for 1920?" The answer permits of no guesswork. Every single person whose net income for 1920 was $1,000 or more and every married person whose net income was $2,000 or more is required to file a return under oath with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which he lives on or before March 15, 1921.

The penalty for failure is a fine of not more than $1,000 and an additional assessment of 25 per cent of the amount of tax due. For willful refusal to make a return the penalty is a fine of not more than $10,000 or not exceeding one year's imprisonment, or both together with the costs of prosecution. A similar penalty is provided for making a false or fraudulent return, together with an additional assessment of 50 per cent of the amount of tax evaded.

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Uncle Dudley Says—

"I didn't have time," was the excuse for having left something undone. "Well," said the foreman, "Theodore N. Vail's days weren't any longer than yours. They had only twenty-four hours in 'em, and HE had time."

The fellow who gets the habit of watching the clock is apt to find himself saying "Good morning, boss," to one of his side-kicks who didn't get the habit.

Praise Pays

The January number of The Monitor was a corker—so the big uns said—and when some of them patted us on the back we bloated up and said to ourselves, "Here goes for a better one in February!" And we durned near bursted a suspender to gain a little additional praise in February; and it came, thank you, and now we have busted both suspenders in getting this March number out, and if we pull down a few words of good cheer this time we're going to tear our shirt for the April number. Oh, yes, editors are human, just like other folks, and words of encouragement make the days bright and fill our lives with happiness and consolation.

The Grasses of Arizona

Professor J. J. Thornber, botanist, of Arizona, recently gave a brief discussion of the more important groups of grasses, including the blue stem, dropseed, brome, grama, fescue, mesquite, panic, wheat, triple-awn and blue grasses. The most important species of grasses also were noted, chief of which are the various grama grasses and curly mesquite. The value of the live-stock industry to the state was noted, and suggestions were made concerning increasing the carrying capacity of the ranges.

Riches have wings. But you clip them when you invest them in government savings securities.

World's Greatest Producer

The United States is the most productive country on earth. It leads all the rest of the globe in yields of the mine, the soil and the factory. This fact was tersely and cogently set forth by Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, in an address which he made before the American Iron and Steel Institute. Judge Gary said: "Notwithstanding the United States has only 6 per cent of the world's population and but 7 per cent of the world's land, we produce:

"20 per cent of the world's supply of gold.

"25 per cent of the world's supply of wheat.

"40 per cent of the world's supply of iron and steel.

"40 per cent of the world's supply of lead.

"40 per cent of the world's supply of silver.

"50 per cent of the world's supply of zinc.

"52 per cent of the world's supply of coal.

"60 per cent of the world's supply of aluminum.

"60 per cent of the world's supply of copper.

"60 per cent of the world's supply of cotton.

"66 per cent of the world's supply of oil.

"75 per cent of the world's supply of corn.

"85 per cent of the world's supply of automobiles."

In face of a marvelous showing like that, who can for a moment doubt the future prosperity of this country?

Meet Your Friend, the Cow

The Monitor is not an agricultural nor a dairy journal, but we were just wondering how many of our employes know how far bossy goes to make up the necessities and joys of life.

Of all the animal friends of man, the cow is the greatest. As you are about to sit down to your Sunday dinner you might remove from the table what she has placed thereon. You would remove the cup of milk waiting at the baby's chair. You'd take the cream, the cheese, the butter, the custard pie, the cream biscuits, the roast of beef and leave you a meal of potatoes, beets, pickles and toothpicks.

Every scrap of her, from nose to tail, is used by man. We use her horns to comb our hair, her skin to clothe our feet, her hair keeps the plaster on our walls, her hoofs make glue and her tail makes soup. Her blood is used to make our sugar white, her bones are ground to fertilize our soil.

She has gone with man from Plymouth to the setting sun. It was her sons who turned the sod in the settler's clearing. It was her sons that drew the prairie schooner for the sturdy pioneer, while she followed, and when the day's march was done she came up and gave the milk to fill the mother's breast to feed the suckling babe that was, perchance, to become the ruler of his country.

The Boss Is Keeping Tab

By Walt Mason

The Boss is keeping tab, my son, he marks your every curve; and if you do not earn your mon you'll get what you deserve; if you are only sprightly when your weekly wage you grab, you'll shortly join the jobless men—the boss is keeping tab.

Perhaps you fool around at night, and paint the village red, when you'd be wiser sleeping tight in your nice truckle bed; then you are dead upon your feet when you to duty go; you make a snail look pretty fleet, your movements are so slow; your eyes look like a total loss, you have a taste that's drab; you cannot put such things across—the boss is keeping tab.

Perhaps your thoughts have roamed afar from work you ought to do; you're thinking of some movie star who made a hit with you; or of a joy ride you will take when this sad day is done; or of a shady way to make a little bunch of mon; or of a large planked tenderloin that you at night will stab; 'twere better far to earn your coin—the boss is keeping tab.

And then, perhaps, on t'other hand, you're workin' like a jo; you're hustling round to beat the band, to make the business grow. And there is vigor in your walk, your movements are not dead; you do not pause to watch the clock and count the hours ahead. Success for you is looming plain; some big prize you will nab; the worker does not work in vain—the boss is keeping tab.

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Greet These "Heads" From the North

J. N. WHITTINGHILL

"WE HAVE with us today" a group of not only fine-looking men, but fine telephone men, from the Northern Division. We want you to greet these co-workers because they are a part of the great Mountain States system, and their aims are your aims; their purposes your purposes; their pleasure your pleasure — all bound together with the one cord that spells Service!

J. N. Whittinghill commenced with the telephone company at La Junta, Colo., on January 2, 1908, as helper. From January 1, 1909, to March 1, 1909, he worked as inspector; from March 1, 1909, to May 10, 1910, as district cashier; transferred to Lamar May 10, 1910, as manager; to Helena October 11, 1911, as division cashier; to Billings January 1, 1918, as district manager; returned to Helena February 1, 1920, as assistant division general manager, which position he held until January 1, 1921, when he was made division general manager of the Northern Division.

C. J. EATON

C. J. Eaton began with the telephone company January 2, 1911, at Denver, Colo. He worked in the auditing department as bookkeeper; was traveling auditor August 1, 1911, to October 1, 1911; supervisor of methods, October 1, 1911, to July 1, 1912; again traveling auditor, July 1, 1912, to January 1, 1914; January 1, 1914, to March 1, 1914, special work for general auditor in connection with taking over independent properties in Montana; on March 1, 1914, transferred to his present position at Helena as division auditor, Northern Division.

W. R. DRESSLER

R. J. Collins started his career in the telephone game July, 1910, as transitman for the old Colorado Telephone Company. Shortly after, he was assigned to the head of surveying crews, and May of 1914 was transferred to the Northern Division as surveyor; June, 1916, was promoted to assistant construction engineer, and on February 1, 1920, was made construction engineer for the Northern Division. Previous to his connection with the telephone company Mr. Collins was connected with various railroads and engineering companies and has had experience in practically all phases of engineering work.

R. J. COLLINS

Wallace R. Dressler has been go-

W. F. McINTYRE

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Important Features About the Peg Count

By R. L. Roper, General Traffic Department

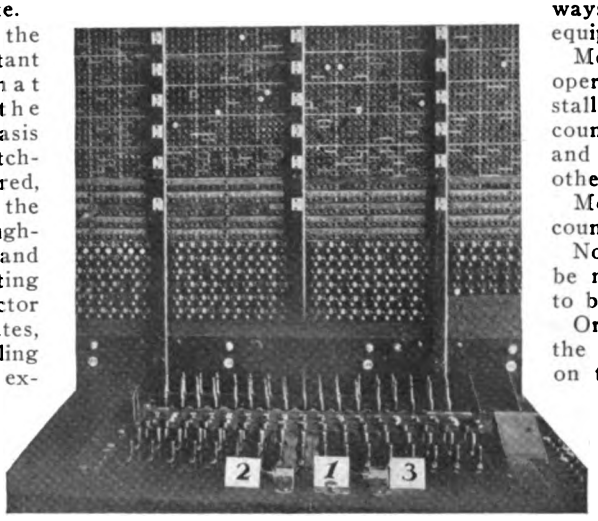
R. L. Roper

"THE Peg Count," which is best known to the traffic department, is a very important record; in fact, it is much more important than its name would indicate.

It is one of the most important records that comes into the general offices, in that it is the basis for determining the amount of switchboard and other apparatus required, including trunk lines and toll lines, the number of operators necessary throughout the various hours of the day and the efficiency and cost of operating labor. It is also an important factor in the computing of exchange rates, due to the fact that accurate calling rates are so necessary in figuring exchange rates. Thus the importance of its accuracy can readily be seen.

The peg count is primarily a record of the number of calls handled, and is taken regularly each month at exchanges having four or more operators at the switchboard during the busy hour, and four times a year only, namely: in the months of January, May, August and October, at exchanges having less than four operators during the busy hour.

Counts are taken on two normally busy days, one of which shall be on or near the 3rd of the month, one of the two days to be either a Monday or Friday, and no one shall be a Saturday, Sunday, legal holiday or the day immediately preceding a legal holiday. A schedule showing the exact dates on which peg counts are to be taken each month is carefully prepared in the general office, a copy of which is forwarded to each chief operator as well as to the traffic supervisory forces throughout the territory, so that there will be no doubt as to the days on which the counts should be taken.



Operator's Position No. 1 Relay Switchboard, Showing Counters in Place for Counting Peg-Count Calls. (1) Electrically Operated Peg Counter for Counting the Principal Class of Calls. (2 and 3) Mechanically Operated Peg Counters for Counting Other Principal Classes of Calls

The counts are made in one of the two ways next outlined, according to the equipment furnished.

Method 1.—Mechanical or electrically operated position counters will be installed on each "A" and "B" position for counting the principal classes of calls, and tally slips will be used for counting other classes of calls on that position.

Method 2.—Tally slips will be used for counting all classes of calls.

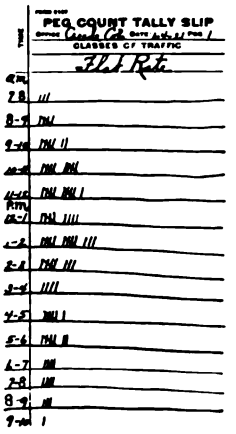
Note.—All counters and tally slips will be marked to show the classes of calls to be counted on them.

Originating calls will be counted by the OPERATOR ANSWERING THEM on the register or tally slips provided ON HER OWN POSITION. Occasional calls of a class for which she has no register or tally slip will be counted by the nearest operator handling calls of that class.

Calls will be counted while the operator is receiving the order from the person calling, one call being counted for

1. Answering a line signal on which a person calling requests a connection or communicates with the operator for any purpose.

2. Completing, or attempting to complete, an order received in response to a cord signal for connection to another number.



Peg-Count Tally Slip for Counting Calls on Switchboards Where the Number of Calls Is Few

3. Completing, or attempting to complete, a call originally referred to a supervisor, monitor or information operator.

4. Calling back an originating station and finally completing a call previously delayed on account of "busy," "don't answer," "no circuit," etc.

5. Plugging in on a line on which a subscriber is signalling another station on his own line.

Note.—It follows from the foregoing that unsuccessful attempts to complete

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ing up! And here is his card record with this company: Began in the traffic department as a student on October 12, 1911. In a short time he was transferred to the operating department as long distance manager and soon became manager of all the exchanges in Denver, including long distance. His next step forward was to the Salt Lake City traffic department. From there he was transferred to Pocatello as traffic chief, and later was placed in charge of all the Idaho traffic, and now the official announcement on the "promotion card" places him at Helena as division traffic superintendent.

Twenty-seven years is quite a stretch of time for one man to work for one company, and for both to be thoroughly satisfied with themselves and with each other. This is the service record of W. F. McIntyre, now division plant superintendent of the Northern Division, located at Butte, Montana.

McIntyre began his telephone career in 1894 as groundman in the construction department. He soon became lineman and climbed poles with the agility of a bob-cat. Then he was made city construction foreman at Colorado Springs; later district plant chief at Boulder, and in 1910 went into the engineering department at Denver. In 1911 he was made division construction engineer of the Northern Division, which position he held until 1917, when he was again promoted, this time to Northern Division plant superintendent at Helena, which position he now holds.

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calls noted under 4 will not be counted.

The readings of the registers or tally slips for the various classes of calls are made each hour and entered on Form 4111 designed for that purpose. The previous hour's reading is then subtracted from the current hour's reading to determine the number of calls handled on each position each hour. At the end of each day's count the total calls for each class of service are transferred to Form 4114, which is the summary form showing the total calls from each class of service each hour for the entire day. Four copies of this form are made in the exchange, the original and two copies being forwarded to the district headquarters, where they are carefully checked, and the fourth copy being retained at the exchange. After checking, the district office forwards the original copy to the general traffic department, one copy to the division traffic superintendent and keeps the third copy.

The above outlines briefly the routine followed in taking, compiling and forwarding the peg count. However, there is considerably more work to be done on the counts after they are received in the general office. As stated above, the original copy is forwarded to the general traffic department, where a force is employed to further check the counts, equate them by applying the proper coefficients and prepare the data for compiling peg-count summaries, statements of traffic costs, load and efficiency statements, traffic engineering records, etc.

Traffic is equated by expressing the labor values of all calls in terms of a unit. The unit to which the traffic is equated is represented by 15.65 seconds of an operator's time. As there are 230 such units in an hour, it follows that the number of units required to handle a particular class of call will be the ratio of the number of calls of such a class which can be handled in an hour to 230. (Thus a class of which 115 calls can be handled in an hour requires 2 units per call.) Traffic is equated by multiplying the number of calls of each class respectively by the number of units required to handle one call of each class. A call of any class of traffic of which 230 calls should be handled in an hour requires one unit of time for handling and may be considered a unit call, but as types of calls and methods of handling are subject to change, any type considered as a unit may lose its significance in the course of time. As a matter of convenience in equating, however, the unit has been so chosen that, at present, a flat rate local call handled on a No. 1 relay switchboard may be considered a unit call, since 230 such calls should be handled in an hour. As calls of this class constitute a large proportion of telephone traffic as a whole, the labor of equating is minimized from the fact that a coefficient of 1 can be used.

Without the peg-count records the traffic engineering department would be practically at a standstill, in that all recommendations for additional equipment are based chiefly on peg-count data. The engineering department keeps a card record of all exchanges in the territory, on which they show the type of equipment used in each exchange and the capacity of the equipment as to the number of subscriber lines for which the board is equipped, the number of answering jacks, number of multiple jacks, etc. In addition to these entries they obtain from the peg-count department each month after the peg counts have been equated information as to the number of subscribers' lines in use, the operators' loads in units being carried for both the busy hour and the day, the busy-hour ratio, etc., which enables them at any time to determine whether or not additional equipment should be added. Therefore the necessity for accurate peg counts cannot be overestimated.

As an illustration of this we will say that for the last five or six months a certain exchange has been showing, as indicated by its peg counts, a considerable overload in excess of the capacity of the switchboard. The traffic engineering department would start drawing up recommendations for additional equipment to care for this overload, which would probably cost $25,000 or more to install. Upon investigating more closely they find that the peg-count records were incorrect, due to the fact that the operators were careless in counting calls, counting more calls than actually originated. If the equipment had been installed based on the peg-count records the company would have $25,000 invested in that office for which they would be getting no return.

The peg-count summaries compiled in the general office, copies of which are forwarded to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York each month, as well as to the traffic supervisory forces throughout the territory, are compiled at considerable expense. Therefore it is expected that all the good possible should be derived from them. They give considerable valuable information to traffic supervisory forces, such as the number of lines, number of stations, calling rate per station, units per employe hour day and busy hour, etc. In other words, they give a traffic chief or district traffic chief a picture of the volume of business being carried in his exchange, the number of people provided to handle it, etc., so he may readily determine whether the force is too light or too heavy. Of course these summaries are being compiled from the data shown on the peg counts. However, if the counts are not correct, the summaries do not present the true conditions.

As an illustration of this we will say that a district traffic chief, in looking over his peg-count summary, notices that a certain exchange in his district is carrying, as indicated by the units per employe hour shown, a very light load. The first thing he thinks about is that here is a chance to reduce expense by cutting the force. He visits the exchange and finds that all operators seem to be comfortably busy—in fact, they could not give a good grade of service in the exchange with any less help. He begins to realize right away that there is a possibility of the operators not counting all their calls on peg-count day, thereby not getting full credit for the business actually being handled. Such instances as this make the peg-count summaries worthless, as they do not offer any assistance in remedying conditions.

The same is true of the traffic cost statements. These reports show what it costs per thousand units to operating accounts 623, 624, 626 and 627 on one report for individual cities, and also to all traffic accounts on another complete report for the entire company. This information is of considerable value to the department heads in making traffic expense studies. The peg-count units are used in deriving these items.

Another form compiled in the general office, known as the "Load and Efficiency Statement," is forwarded each month after peg counts are equated to the division headquarters and from there to the district headquarters. It shows weighted coefficients with which peg-count calls can be equated to determine the number of units each hour for the purpose of figuring operating schedules. These coefficients are obtained by dividing the total units in an exchange by the number of calls; therefore if the peg counts are incorrect the coefficients are worthless, in that a schedule drawn from a peg-count equated by these coefficients would not meet the actual requirements, it being either too light or too heavy.

There is no end to the many traffic problems which have a direct bearing on peg-count records, a great many of which directly involve large expenditures of money. Therefore it would seem that traffic supervisory forces, especially the traffic chiefs and chief operators, in every exchange should lay special stress on peg-count routines, makes themselves thoroughly familiar with the circulars on the subject, so that they can intelligently explain doubtful cases to their forces and obtain more accruate peg counts. It is vitally important to every employe individually that there shall be no "over-expenditures" in this business, either for equipment or for unnecessary labor. The success of this company depends to a large extent upon how carefully the operator counts her peg-count calls.

Splendid Issue

The February number of the Monitor, the monthly publication of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, has just reached the Journal. The issue this month is especially interesting and attractive, and contains in addition to the usual amount of "stuff" some additional features and some splendid winter scenes, the front cover being one of these done in colors. —Telluride (Colo.) Journal.

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Summary of the Annual Report of the Bell System

By President H. B. Thayer

What has made the standards of the Bell System in instruments, apparatus and methods standard the world over, and what has given to the United States the cheapest, best and most widely utilized telephone service in the world, is clearly epitomized by President H. B. Thayer in the annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, issued March 5.

The facts presented are of direct interest to the millions of subscribers as well as to the 140,000 stockholders, for they forecast a continuing policy of service and business ability.

Stockholders' Equity

It is shown that although the dividends are paid on a par value of $100, there is much more than one hundred dollars earning that dividend. The amount paid into the company's treasury for stock exceeds the capitalization by $36,000,000. Because of the earnings on this sum and of other earnings left with the company, surplus and reserves of $154,000,000, or $35.00 per share, have accumulated.

Most of this capital and surplus is invested in stocks of the associated companies, many of which have at times left all or part of their earnings in the business. The interest of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in the amount so accumulated is equivalent to $67.00 per share of its own capital stock. This amount added to its own surplus and reserves ($35.00 per share) makes over $200 in assets to earn the dividend upon each $100 par value of its stock.

The report states that the company's main program for the year was to bring telephone service uniformly up to standard, to bring wages up to standards that would attract and hold "a skilled, loyal and hopeful army of employes," and to increase the revenue to an amount nearer to that justified by the investment of the stockholders.

Service to Be Better Than Ever in 1921

Gratification is expressed that the great effort made to restore the service where it still suffered from the after-effects of the war has met with success. Intensive methods of training and operation together with the effective and loyal work of the traffic forces made it possible to bring back the service to a substantially normal condition. "There are good reasons to believe," says Mr. Thayer, "that our continued efforts will result in further improvement in the service, and that during the year 1921 the Bell System will give the best and most uniform service it has ever given."

Mention is made of the Certificate of Merit awarded to the Company by the War Department for services in connection with the war.

Cordial Relations Between Employes

The morale of the personnel improved steadily during the year. Mr. Thayer says, "Never have the relations between the management and the employes been more cordial or based upon better mutual understanding."

The total amount of payments under the Employes' Benefit Plan for pensions, sickness, accident, and death benefits during 1920, the eighth year of the plan's operation, was $3,838,797.

A year of unusual activity and accomplishment is reported for the Department of Development and Research, in which some 2,800 employes have been occupied with over 2,500 research and development projects.

Net Increase of 563,430 Stations

Demands by the public for additional telephone service necessitated a large construction program. In spite of difficulties, the Bell System constructed the necessary plant and installed a net increase of 563,430 stations, which is the largest number of stations ever added by construction to the System in any one year.

Facts About the Bell System

At the end of the year the number of telephone stations constituting the Bell System in the United States was 12,601,935 of which 8,333,979 were owned by associated companies of the Bell System. The increase in the total number of stations in the Bell System during 1920 amounted to 806,188. The daily average of exchange and toll connections during 1920 was 33,162,000, an increase of 2,700,000 over the daily average during 1919.

There were 231,316 employes in the Associated Bell Companies at the close of the year. The wire mileage totaled 25,377,404, of which 95.1 per cent was copper. The percentage of Bell-owned wire in underground cable, exclusive of submarine cable, was 61.8. The underground plant, including cables and conduits, represented a cost of $307,800,000. The net additions to the Bell-owned plant during the year was $147,882,100, an increase of $74,436,100 over the additions made during 1919.

Surplus Earnings $7,785,486

For the whole Bell System, with all duplications excluded, the total gross income for the year was $85,264,976, from which over $37,000,000 was paid in interest, rent and miscellaneous deductions from income, and approximately $40,000,000 in dividends. The surplus earnings for the year were $7,785,486.

The capital stock, bonds, and notes payable of the Bell System outstanding in the hands of the public at the close of the year 1920 were $1,107,417,623, while the book cost of the net assets devoted to earning a return on these outstanding securities amounted to over $1,551,000,000.

Dividend Rate 8 Per Cent for Past 14 Years

For the American Telephone and Telegraph Company the net earnings of the year, after payment of interest and fixed charges but before dividends, were $51,821,215.66. Dividends at the usual rate of $8.00 per share per year amounted to $35,376,792.88. Of the resulting balance, $8,000,000 was appropriated to Reserve for Contingencies, and $8,444,422.78 was carried to the Surplus Account.

The company and its predecessors have paid dividends to the public at the rate of at least $7.50 per share for the past 39 years, and during the past 14 years the rate has been uniformly $8.00 per share.

The number of shareholders in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company on December 31, 1920, was 139,448, an increase of 18,988 during the year. To this number should be added some 20,000 employes of the Bell System, who are paying for stock at the rate of a few dollars per month. Approximately 23,000 other employes are already stockholders of record.

Has Widest Stock Distribution

Of all American corporations the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is third in the amount of stock outstanding, and is first in the number of holders of common stock, and has the widest distribution of ownership of any corporation. Of the 139,448 stockholders at the close of the year, 130,407 held less than 100 shares each; 8,741 held from 100 to 1,000 shares each; 274 held from 1,000 to 5,000 shares each; and 13 held 5,000 shares or more each (omitting brokers, holders in investment trusts, etc.). Of the holders of less than 100 shares each, 109,080 held 25 shares or less each, and 52,055 held 5 shares or less each. The average number of shares held was 32. There are more women shareholders than men. These shareholders reside in all parts of the country, and their investment has been applied to the building and extension of telephone plants in every section of the United States.

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J. A. Miller

How They Do It In Denver

By J. A. Miller, Denver Plant

ONE reason for this article is to give an idea of our assignment methods to those of The Monitor readers who are interested in the problem of giving service to the public with plant that is congested—a problem which is confronting many managers and wire chiefs yet today, as it has been for the past several years.

To tell a prospective subscriber that we can give him a telephone and later have to back up and tell him "nothing doing" is a mighty bad thing; to turn one down with the reason, "Our facilities in your part of town are 100 per cent in use," and next day have him find that his next-door neighbor got a telephone without difficulty is maybe worse. It leaves the idea that we don't know what we have and perhaps that this "crowded to capacity" stuff is all bunk? The days when the commecrial folks can accept a contract for a new telephone without question are gone and probably cannot return for some time. So now there is a very great need for co-operation between managers and wire chiefs and for assignment practices that are efficient.

To introduce our method of getting the best possible results from what we have —that's ECONOMY—it is necessary first to burden you with a description of our ordinary records:

We have a map of the city of Denver made up into sixty-three sheets, each sheet representing one square mile drawn to the scale of 200 feet to the inch. These are bound into book form and numbered consecutively. On these maps, which are white prints on fine linen cloth, have been drawn in two colors, black and red, all of the existing aerial cable and open-wire leads in the city. To indicate underground cable terminals we use a black oblong (—), and aerial cable terminals a black circle (o). For the cable and open-wire leads a red line is used. The type and street address of the terminal and the number of the cable it is on is written in lead pencil opposite the symbol so this information can be easily changed to agree with the frequent changes being made in the plant. These maps are kept up to date from construction engineer's drawings as new plant is completed, and each day as new pole lines are constructed in the course of routine work proper changes are made.

For each central-office district a record of each cable is kept on standard forms in loose-leaf binders, and this is called the "cable record." It consists of single sheets, each ruled on one side only, horizontally, to take care of fifty pairs of wires, or a "cable cycle," one horizontal line for each pair. Vertical rulings for ten cable terminals are also provided. On these sheets all pairs, either idle or working, are shown. There will be no entries on the horizontal line for an idle pair, other than those which are provided for all pairs, to show what cable terminals they "appear" in. A working pair will have the telephone number to which it is assigned, class of service, terminal out of which it is working and address of the subscriber indicated. The average cable consists of eight "cycles" or 400 pairs of wires. In the Denver exchange (comprising five central-office districts) there are 108 cables, made up of 49,270 pairs of wires, 80 per cent of which are working.

A record of all switchboard numbers is kept by central-office districts. These are also bound in loose-leaf binders, each sheet ruled horizontally with a line for each of 100 numbers, fifty on one side, and ruled vertically with columns for class of service, opposite number (the "other party" on a two-party line), meter number, panel and jack numbers, cable and conductor assignments, and also a column for showing when the number was disconnected, moved to another district or changed to another number. This is called the "multiple" record. There are 35,100 multiple numbers in the five central-offices in Denver.

Still another record which is kept is the "panel and jack" record—also in loose-leaf binders for each central-office district. Each panel is represented by one sheet, which is ruled horizontally and vertically to make 100 squares, each square representing one answering jack, and the squares numbered from 0 to 99. The heading provides space for filling in the position and panel number and class of service. There are 36,080 answering jacks in the five Denver switchboards now serving 54,432 telephone stations. The panel and jack form is also used to keep a record of the 5,000 measured-service meters, which are used in the Main and Champa offices.

One more essential record is the "dead loop" catalogue, which is formed by 3x5 white cards showing the location of all drop wires left in place after removing telephones. These cards are filed by street addresses.

In addition to the before mentioned records we keep a record of all private branch exchanges, a complete set of blue-print maps of the underground and aerial cable plant in the several central-office districts, and these are all arranged for handy reference, although not used in the daily routine business. All these records are kept in the office of the Denver plant chief, located at 1175 Osage street, about a mile from the main commercial office.

Now let us see what all these records are for: A prospective customer comes into the Denver commercial office, located at 1429 Champa street, and requests that a two-party measured-service telephone be placed in his home at 408 South Clarkson. In the old days, when there were plenty of facilities, the clerk would take his money and without question would assure him that his telephone would be in within a few days—and let the order go through the usual channels. Nowadays it must be different and the clerk who is waiting on him will ask him to sign a contract (Form 2002), with the understanding that it will be completed providing there are facilities available, and if there are facilities he will be notified shortly by letter to come to the office and complete the necessary formalities by paying the installation fee and rental. Then after the prospective subscriber has gone away the clerk takes the contract and makes two 3x5 white cards, giving the name, address, class of service desired, the rate, and date the contract was taken. This is mailed to the assignment clerk at 1175 Osage street, messenger service being maintained between these two places with a forty-five-minute schedule. Upon receiving these two cards the assignment clerk proceeds to spot this address on his sectional maps. He finds that the map shows a cable terminal at 403 South Emerson, which is in the alley back of this address, and also shows that this ter-

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minal is on cable 21, cycle 4. He then goes to the proper cable-record book and upon checking finds that there are facilities for a two-party measured-service telephone. Fine! He now marks the cable record to indicate that the vacant side of this two-party pair is assigned on a tentative basis. The available switchboard number is then checked against the multiple record and the proper suffix is assigned for this contract. One of the two 3x5 cards made up by the commercial department now has written in its upper left-hand corner "cable 87, conductor 401, 403 South Emerson"; in the upper right-hand corner the number assigned is written in with the current date beneath it. The card is then filed.

The number assigned is placed in the upper right-hand corner of the other 3x5 card, which is immediately returned to the commercial department. Upon its receipt the commercial people know that facilities are available and the prospective subscriber is notified. When the remaining commercial requirements are complied with the original contract (Form 2002) is forwarded to the addressograph department, where Forms 3160A are made up in accordance with the five-copy routine. One copy of Form 3471 is also made. These forms are then forwarded to the assignment clerk, who upon receiving them checks them against the 3x5 card he has filed and the assignment information on the W. C. copy of Form 3160. He then checks the address against the dead loop catalogue to see if there is a dead loop at that address, and if there is, the cable assignment is placed on the E. W. copy, which is the installer's copy. If more than the connection of a dead loop is necessary the cable assignment is placed on the L. W. copy (the lineman's copy) and is left off of the E. W. copy. The "orders" are then checked against the cable records, which will show the telephone number written in under the cable terminal address and opposite the conductor number. Now it is passed to the multiple record clerk, who checks the number and suffix, assigns "the panel and jack"—the answering jack—that is to be used, enters this in the "multiple record" book and "panel and jack" book and also fills in this information on the W. C. and C. O. copies of the Form 3160. The E. W. and L. W. copies are handed to the dispatcher, who routes them to the installers and "drop wagons" for completion. The W. C. copy is forwarded to the wire chief's office and the C. O. copy is forwarded to the chief operator of the office in which the telephone is to be located. An average of sixty-five orders are handled in this manner each working day.

All this is very well—cable and switchboard facilities were available. Here's the routine followed in the "other case": No definite law is laid down to cover the number of pairs per cycle which must be kept vacant to care for move orders, cable trouble, etc., but it has been found possible to get by with two vacant pairs. So, as long as there are no more than two pairs vacant, a "no facilities" condition for new business is considered as existing, and the two 3x5 cards from the commercial department are filed in the assignment clerk's office, one by the proposed subscriber's name, and the other by the cable and cycle involved, the cable record having first been referred to of course. While for local reasons this scheme is not employed in Denver, it would be advantageous in some offices to mark the "cable record" sheet to indicate that there is a filed card representing an order which requires facilities in this particular cable cycle for its completion. Then when a pair comes available there would be something to tell the assignment clerk that there is an unfilled order awaiting that pair. He would then turn to the cards he has filed in the "cable and cycle" catalogue, select the oldest and proceed with the card from then on as he did in the case where facilities were available.

Upon the completion of the installation of the telephone the W. C. copy is returned to the assignment clerk, where it is again checked against the "cable record" for changes or corrections and the address, which has been purposely left off when assignment was made to indicate that it was an unfinished order, is written in the proper space. Then the order is passed to the multiple record clerk, who checks the number, panel and jack for changes and corrections and erases a check mark which has been previously placed opposite the number in these records to indicate an unfinished order. It is then filed away in the archives with the completed month's work.

This routine applies to all orders except that in the case of a request to move a telephone or for changes in service. In these cases the Forms 2030, for move orders, and the Forms 2002, which are used in Denver for a change of service, are forwarded to the assignment clerk, where, in case of no facilities, they are held until such time that they can be taken care of.

In working up the routine of the 3x5 card catalogue we have eliminated a great amount of the work necessary to keep a close watch of the delayed business, which will gradually be taken care of, as cable and switchboard facilities are being continually added in the several districts. The intentions are to take care of the oldest ones first. It is obvious that by keeping a card in a file as described they can be referred to very easily.

At the present time we are holding on account of no facilities 2,100 connects, 155 changes of service and no move orders. The fact that we are able to care for move orders speaks well for the system.

No Less Important Than Soup

"Oh, gee! Ain't it fine? Now we can have soup for dinner an' everything. Mrs. Campbell says she will send a can right over so's when mamma comes home it'll be all ready for her; an' just think, if it wasn't for the telephone right here in the house I'd have to go to bed without soup, so I don't know which I like best—the soup or the telephone. I guess we ought to be pretty thankful to Mr. Bell and Mrs. Campbell both, don't you?"

Certificates Issued From Jan. 21 to Feb. 20, 1921

Plant Course No. 1—Elements of Electricity and Magnetism

Herrmann, A. L. (P).....Denver, Colo.
Johnson, Alan H. (P.)....Helena, Mont.
Lamb, J. W. (P.)..Grand Junction, Colo.
McIntyre, Willard F. (P.).Helena, Mont.
Safford, Ralph W. (P.).....
.....Grand Junction, Colo.
Wolf, Fred E. W. (P.).....Denver, Colo.

Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice

Rymer, Donald H. (P.)...Helena, Mont.

Plant Course No. 4—Outside Plant

Eddy, Franklin L. (P.)..Ft. Lupton, Colo.
(P.).....Plant Department

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But a dollar invested is worth two in your purse.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. And a rolling dollar gathers no interest.

An ugly dog is better to have around than a grouchy man—because you can shoot the dog.—Exchange.

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IN THE BEGINNING

By Geo. C. Quillian, Salt Lake City

TO ALL of the tribe of the Telephonites, greeting. May the joy of united endeavor be thine. Now be it known unto you that in the days which are long passed there was a great city which was set by the side of the sea, and this certain city was a very rich city, for all roads by land and by sea lead up unto its gates, and within the city was a great market place, and the merchants and the traffickers were many, and people without number came from far countries to this city to buy and sell, and in this city the king of that country did dwell, and the wise men and the teachers did daily go up unto his palace to give instructions to all who came and asketh, and this city was unto this country as thy head is unto thy body, and all was contentment within the gates except on one account;

For it chanced that the streets of this city were very narrow, and when the hours of business had come each day they were filled to overflowing with messengers going forth each from his master's place to take word either by letter or by mouth to him to whom he was sent, and there was much confusion and delay, because the messengers were not all diligent and did often stop upon the way to converse with one another, and some, it were known, did take that which they did bear to those to whom it was not sent, and the hosts of messengers did so fill the streets that the people of the city could not go forth except with much trouble and unpleasantness, and they complained unto their king, saying, "Oh, king, is there aught that can be done, is there not some better way by which we might send unto one another our thoughts than by the hand of a tardy messenger?"

And the king called unto him the wise men of the country and did lay before them this question and did say unto them, "He who shall make a way to better this sad condition, him will I reward with riches, and honor shall be upon his head." And then stood up before the king a certain wise man, who spake saying, "Be it known unto you, O king, that but a few hours ago, when alone in my study, there came unto me a vision, and in that vision I saw a man who was a merchant in the market place, and when he was minded to speak unto him who was the keeper of his warehouse upon the wharf he did not write upon a tablet and send a messenger, but he did take up from a stand an object of a shape I could not see and did speak into it, and he who kept the warehouse did likewise, and they did communicate one with the other. Behold, I have shown you the way that this plague of messengers can be removed from the streets of our city, and I beg of thee mine reward."

And the king did answer, saying, "Thy vision is but a dream, and the messengers are still clamoring in our streets," and he did dismiss the council.

Now, as the wise men did go out from the palace there was a certain teacher who spake unto him who had the vision, saying, "Verily, thou hast given unto me a thought; let us together study that which thou hast seen." And they called yet another wise man, skilled in magic, and these three did go unto their workroom, and after many days did draw a plan by which to make those things which, when all set up, would enable one man to talk to his friend, though they be away from one another, and they again went up to the king and showed unto him their plan and did claim the reward, and the king did listen unto them, and did look upon their plan, and did say unto them, "Thou hast set a pretty picture before my eyes, but my ears are still filled with the shouting and the clamor of the messengers as they run through the streets. Get thee gone until thou canst show unto me more than a picture." And the wise men did depart much cast down.

As they went away they did fall in with another skilled in building and full of knowledge of all the metals, and they did show unto him their plan, and he was much pleased, and said, "Give unto me this plan, and I will build that which thou hast shown, and we shall all share the reward." So he called together his workmen, and they did toil mightily for many days, and did build a house of many rooms, and did make instruments with great cunning, and did place some of these instruments in the house of each merchant in the city, and did bind them all together with wires, and when all was finished they again together went to the king, saying, "We now have builded that which we saw in the vision, and did draw upon our plan, and each merchant can now speak to one another, and his messengers will be idle henceforth."

And the king spake, saying, "Hark ye, is not that still the sound which has filled thine ears for these many years? The merchants are still sending out their servants bearing messages as of yore."

And the wise men again went away filled with silence, and they did go to a merchant who was wise in the ways of trade, and did speak

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unto him, saying, "Behold, one of us had a vision by which thou couldst speak to thy neighbor instead of sending unto him a letter or word by thy servant when thou wouldst, and others of us have worked out and drawn a plan of this thing, and yet another did build that which was needed, but the king will not give unto us his reward, for the messengers are still as an army in the streets."

And the rich merchant did speak, saying, "Thou needest an organization to make this thing a profit. Let thou me arrange for those who are needed, and this then will be as thou hopest."

And he did go out and hire men and women, young men and maidens of all degrees and workers skilled in all the arts, and did place them within the building which had been built, each at his appointed task.

And again they went up before the king and told him that which had been done, and again he mocked them and asked if they saw not the throngs of messengers in the streets.

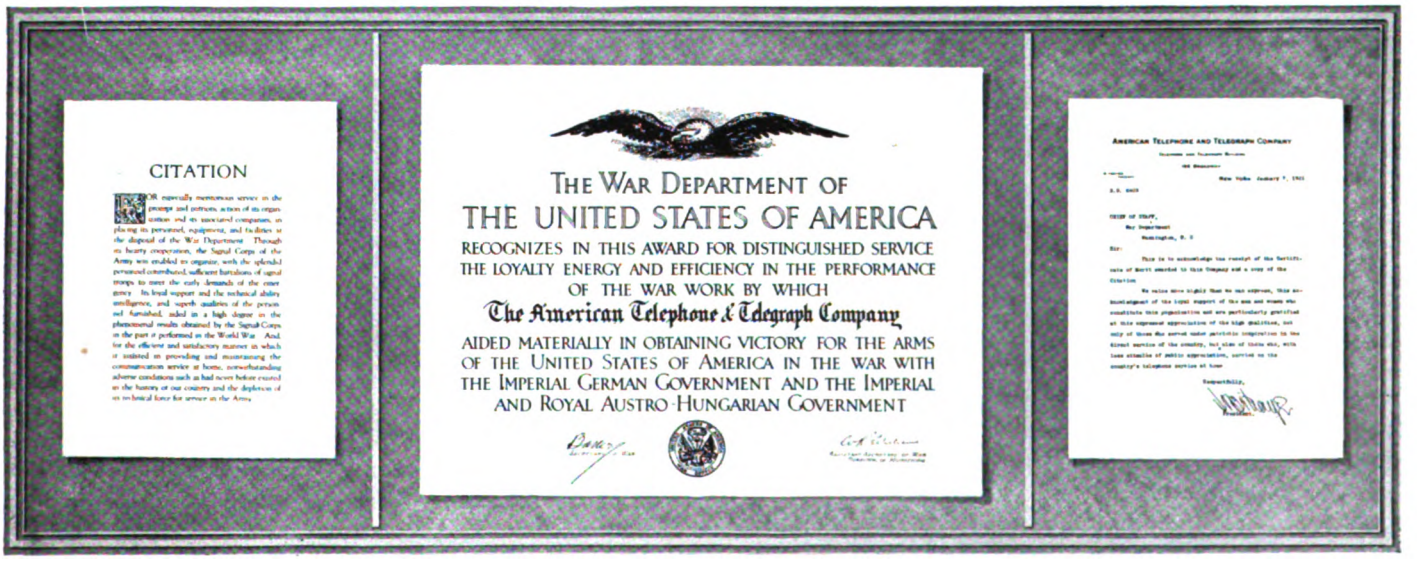
And now be it known unto you that when they returned to the house, he of the vision, he of the plan, he who did build and he who did hire, and were much cast down, one of the young maidens who was at the appointed place did see a tiny light flash upon the "board" before her and did "plug in" and did enquire, saying, "What number wouldst thou have?" and when it was made known unto her she did arrange that he who was wanted did answer. Then began all the lights to flash, and the maidens were busy, and those who had charge began to find that which was not as it should be and began to make it right, and the keepers of record did dip their pens in the ink and began to write upon the books, and the people came into the house and did pay that which was due.

Then swiftly over the city there came a great stillness, and the sound of midday was as the sound of midnight, and the king was troubled and he ordered inquiry made as to the cause of this great silence which had come even at the noontide, and his servant went out and returned, saying, "There are no messengers upon the streets, and the people who would go forth have room in which to move, so there is no clamor or shouting."

And the king was alarmed and went himself out to see that which had befallen them, and he found each merchant in his place, and each was busy, more than ever before, and the carts and the wagons upon the streets were moving with speed and the ships were being loaded, and those who were messengers were now porters and did carry burdens to the ships. All was well, and as he went about he saw those in authority did often place a strange thing to their mouth and ears and speak into it, and the king said, "At last I understand. That which I have long believed impossible hath become true."

And he called the people all together, and when they were gathered he commanded him who had the vision and he who drew the plans and he who did build and he who had taken charge and the young maiden who answered the calls to stand before him, and he spake and said unto them, "Behold, I shall reward thee ALL AS ONE; for without the vision the plan would not have been drawn, without the plan the plant would not have been builded, without the plant thy organization would have been useless, and without the doing of that which thou settest out to do all that went before would be of no avail. So without the maiden who giveth the service thy building would be as an arch without the keystone and would surely fall, but together thou hast rendered me a GREAT and GOOD SERVICE, and I shall exalt ye all, each as the other for I know no degree of difference among you, thou art all equal in my sight, and from this day thou shalt be known as the Honorable Tribe of the Telephonites and thy reward shall be great."

And it was as the king commanded, for the name of this king is "The Public."



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American Bell Club of Denver "Hotdam"

WHEN A. R. Grosheider nicked the top of a dollar-and-a-half kitchen table with a hand-me-down gavel, told a little story ending with "Hotdam'," and having to do with the enthusiasm of a crew of ebony-hued followers of the gentle game of golf—African variety—and incidentally called to order a meeting of about sixty Denver Telephonites on the evening of February 11, SOMETHING was started. "Hotdam'" ran through the whole meeting, which naturally ended up with the formation of the American Bell Club of Denver.

To tell the story properly, it's necessary to go back to December of last year, when Mr. Grosheider found that he was a long ways from being alone with the feeling that Denver absolutely HAS to have an organization or club made up of Denver telephone men. Together with ten others who keenly felt the need of a club which would bring together the several hundreds of Denver telephone men as they ought to be brought together, Mr. Grosheider formed a "committee of eleven" to consider the proposition from all angles and to devise ways and means of starting the ball a-rolling. After a number of meetings and a great deal of work on the part of each member of this committee, a provisionary constitution was framed and everything set to get the gang together.

A letter was sent out to about fifty men believed to be more than mildly interested, asking them to attend a meeting on the evening of February 11. All but two of those asked were on deck and the meeting was opened with the formalities already mentioned. Due almost entirely to the efforts of George Berggren in its preparation, the provisional constitution was adopted "as is," and it is one that can hardly be improved upon. The constitutional objects of the new club are not a great deal different than those of its predecessors. But the membership proviso, as well as other important features, are entirely different. Membership is open only to those men who are engaged in the telephone or kindred industries in Denver, and to only those who are qualified from an age and service-in-the-industry standpoint.

The club will be governed by a board of directors, who will select the usual officers from their number, and who will retain their directorship and office for one year. The directorate for the ensuing year was elected at the first meeting, and it includes the following: O. L. Andrew, A. E. Mix, C. W. Tucker, G. E. Berggren, R. F. Morris, W. C. Taylor, P. H. Dexter, G. E. Matheson, A. R. Grosheider.

These men met a few days later and selected the following officers: President, A. R. Grosheider; vice-president, G. E. Berggren; secretary, C. W. Tucker; treasurer, A. E. Mix. The directorate includes all but four of the original committee of eleven, these four being R. D. Hahn, Harry M. Hastings, R. L. Thorne and O. C. Miller.

Attendance at a certain number of the two regular meetings to be held each month is mandatory, but from the enthusiasm displayed at the first meeting, and from the character of the proposed activities of the club, it is very evident that it will be unnecessary to assess penalties for non-attendance.

For the present, meetings are to be held at various Denver hotels, and it is the idea to make one of the two monthly meetings a noonday luncheon. The second meeting is to be held on the evening of March 4 at the Albany Hotel—dinner at 6:15 P. M.

Applications for membership are coming in mighty fast, and it is expected that by the third meeting there will be a full house.

ARE YOU IN ON IT?

My First Telephone Pole

By A. D. S.

Telephone pole climbing as a profession, occupation or vocation does not appeal particularly to me nor conform to my ideas of what is most easy, useful and necessary for the maintenance and care of one's self, either physically or financially. The ease and grace with which others can surmount a pole leads me to foolishly believe I might achieve like success.

But how often do the best laid plans of men and mice miscarry! Here I was, a perfectly normal young man, with a pair of hooks fastened to my legs. I set off blissfully to do or to die. I came desperately near doing the latter. I have been up high mountains, on tall buildings and have sailed with the clouds in an aeroplane, but never have I, to the best of my knowledge, felt that "sinking" sensation that came to me when descending from the first telephone pole.

One should be a bookkeeper as well as a trapeze artist to successfully cope with a telephone pole when he is on the descent. I am going to adopt the motto of the Bolsheviki, that "Whenever you see a Pole it is better to retreat." How blissful do the words "Safety First" ring upon my ears, even as I now think of that first pole. Mother Earth was made for my feet to trod upon and henceforth and forever more my pedal extremities rest in their natural places upon the ground and never shall I raise my voice in contradiction to these principles.

I carressed my last pole this very day. Also my very first pole. So fare thee well, O tall and stately pole; may your burdens be the lighter by not having my carcass gracing your circumference.

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Courtesy In Tree Trimming

Everyone knows the receipt for curing a dog of the sheep-killing habit—cut off his tail right behind his ears. Likewise, most telephone men know of the receipt for trimming trees which have a habit of growing into our lines—cut off the small branches about six inches from the tree-roots.

But like cows which meet up with the pointed end of a railroad locomotive, trees which grow along our lines, draping their foliage over long toll lines much to the detriment of their talking qualities, are always worth enough to pay two European war debts. So it is not always possible to apply the best receipt for tree-trimming.

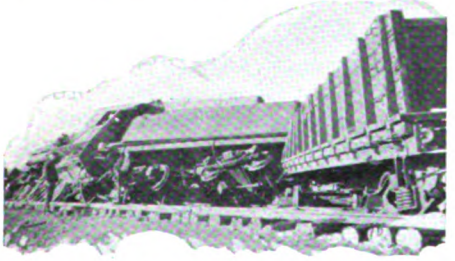
But there are times when it is possible, as depicted in the accompanying pictures. These show the results being obtained by Messrs. Flannery, Ford, Drannon and Burk, on the Pueblo-Holly toll line near Fowler, Colo. Not all of the offending cottonwoods could be treated as those pictured, of course, but a large number of them were.

These men are of the kind who make tree-trimming easy, for they know and respect the rights of tree-owners, and their work is of the know-how variety. When Pueblo Wire Chief Barcus, who secured the required permission to trim trees all along this line early this winter, comes along later to see how the owners are satisfied, he will find a bunch of people who will say, "Come again, whenever it's necessary."

And for a long time the line-insulation requirements of Toll Plant Circular RM-3 will not be a matter of worry, as far as the Pueblo-Holly line is concerned.

Off Agin', On Agin', Etc.

Photograph of a recent wreck on the Colorado, Wyoming & Eastern railroad, operating between Laramie, Wyo., and Walden, Colo., taken by Manager Whiting of Walden and sent in to Mr. Bond in district office, to be shown to District Cash-



ier Burns in explanation of why Walden's collections were only 53.3 per cent.

According to Mr. Whiting, these limited trains rock off the rails whenever their speed exceeds five miles an hour—and it's tough going for Mr. Manager, who has to use this means of transportation to get to the money-boxes in his toll stations.

Vice-President "Butting In"

E. M. Burgess, vice-president, not only knows how but can show you. He is seen here butting a pole which had become tired and laid down on the beautiful prairies of Wyoming. This picture was taken a few years ago, but Mr. Burgess says he still enjoys getting out among the boys.

Right—Mr. Burgess

Some Good Advice

When you go to a circus, a theater or any place where a crowd is striving to gain admission, you take your place in line and patiently wait until you get up to the main entrance. You don't fret about the time that is being consumed and you keep your temper and finish up in a good humor.

And yet, unless you are far different from the average citizen of Douglas, if you start to call someone by telephone and don't get the number within a second or two you're angry and want to give the telephone operator "a piece of your mind?" Haven't you noticed it? And haven't you noticed that the very people who can stand inconvenience in most any other form can't hold their temper when they're trying to get someone by phone? Certainly you have, and we daresay you've been guilty of the same offense.

Maybe it's just a trait of human nature—but at that it's a bad one. For the telephone operator would much rather give you your number quickly and take chances on getting a moment's rest than she would in holding you on the line and having to listen to sharp words or abuse. We've started in on a new year now, and it's a good long while to the end of it. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to resolve, even at this late date, to try and be just as patient with the telephone operators during the balance of the year as we are when we are in line at a circus or a movie show?—Douglas, Wyo., Enterprise.

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Great Basin Range Experiment Station

By Fern Thompson, Ephraim, Utah

Great Basin Range Experiment Station

The Great Basin Experiment Station, which is located on the Ephraim-Orangeville road ten miles east of Ephraim, Utah, on the Manti National Forest, is one of the important assets to the town and Sanpete County.

The station was established by the Forest Service in 1913 primarily for the purpose of studying range problems pertinent to the care of the range and the production of live stock. Some of the problems under study include: (1) Proper time of season for grazing the range; (2) reseeding of high mountain ranges to cultivated forage plants; (3) effect of grazing and vegetation on erosion and streamflow; (4) proper grazing intensity to allow for natural reseeding by the native plants; (5) planting trees and shrubs on terraces as a means of preventing range erosion; (6) effect of grazing upon aspen reproduction; (7) carrying capacity and value of browse range, and other problems of importance in range management on the National Forests and to the livestock industry.

Technical bulletins and reports are published from time to time as conclusive results are reached on the various problems under study, and, since this is the only station in the country dealing exclusively with range problems on the National Forests, these publications are read quite extensively in all parts of the West.

During the active field season, June to October, a force of eight to ten men is employed to handle the various projects under observation. Through labor and purchases of supplies and equipment the station each years leaves considerable money in the city of Ephraim. Many forest officers and visitors visit the station each summer, and they must of necessity pass through Ephraim on their way, thus coming in contact with the hospitality of this fine little city.

Visitors are always welcome and especially invited to call and inspect the station and its work. During the months of June to September this part of the Manti National Forest is very beautiful and the camping facilities good. An excellent automobile road connecting Sanpete and Emery Counties passes by the station, and of course the best of telephone service is always to be had here, so the visitor need not feel he is cut off from the world.

All In the Day's Work

When Manager Belden of Glenwood Springs made out Form 3403 (Repairman's Report of Toll Line Repairs) number 168, he didn't have any idea he was writing a Monitor story. He was simply telling the whole story so those who received his report would know that there was no "unnecessary" delay in restoring to service the four Denver-Grand Junction and Denver-Glenwood Springs circuits which failed at 3:45 P. M. on January 31.

This trouble "located" as being in the twisted pair strung in the Grand River Canon about twelve miles above Glenwood Springs, where our pole line had to be abandoned some time ago as an incident in the construction of a road through the canon. And fifteen minutes after the failure occurred Manager Belden in company with combination men Cribbs and Crane were on their way up the snow-filled canon.

Written under "Remarks" and extended on the reverse side of Mr. Belden's report was the following:

"Owing to the deep snow and to the fact that we lost the pin from the crank-shaft of auto 72-A so car could not be cranked, it was necessary to walk from a point 8½ miles east of Glenwood Springs. We arrived at the first road camp, 10½ miles east of Glenwood, at 7:30 P. M., where we obtained supper and borrowed a lantern to use in conjunction with our Grether lantern. Upon arriving at the scene of the trouble at 8:30 P. M., we found that the emergency twisted pair in all circuits at this point was broken by a rock slide at a point about 100 feet over our heads, where it goes along the wall of the canon over the Moss Cliffs.

"After completing repairs at 10 P. M., we returned to the road camp where we obtained accommodations for the night and breakfast the next morning. After breakfast we returned to the car, built a fire to melt snow for radiator water, and fixed the crank and arrived at Glenwood Springs at 1 P. M."

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UTAH

Ogden

Report of a Cut-Off "Re-established"

Ogden is still on the map, so please take one reading on "Ancient History."

Dan Cupid has been working industriously in the Ogden office of late. Dora Paine, chief operator for the past ten years was the first victim; then followed Gladys Riddiough, oldest local operator in service; next Annette Sherman, determined to start the new year right, heeded willingly Cupid's plea, and Myrtle Cooley is now enjoying her honeymoon in California. Ethelyne Packard and Mathila Bell, toll operators, will also leave our service soon—"more victims." Girls, "flu" was never in it. One aim of Cupid's bow at your heart and you are gone forever.

We indeed regret the loss of our old girls, but wish them all supreme happiness in their new walks in life. To fill their places we welcome the following: Marguerite Faulkner, Berneice Robinson, Sevilla Schumers, Alva Welch, Thelma Brown, Mary Brown, Lovina Stoddard, Pearl Stoddard and Hazel Carlsen.

The Misses Violet Rodgetts, Norma Olsen, Emma Selman and Thelma Wilson are learning toll. Miss Leona Austad has been appointed assistant chief operator and Kathryne Greenwell is filling her place as toll supervisor.

The most brilliant affair of the season was the costume party given by the girls of the traffic department. Music for the evening was furnished by a complete minstrel jazz orchestra consisting of snare drums, horns, tin cans, trombones and last but not least the old-time paper-and-comb flute. Special features of the program was the rendering of the "Qartette Rigoletto" and the "Sextette from Lucia" by celebrated and distinguished artists. The charming costumes worn were models from the Metropolitan (Museum).

Virginia Call, as Caruso, came forth with mighty tones as though it were the world's greatest tenor himself. Herma Gale, as Galli Curci, was charming, graceful and beautiful, her soft voice rising at moments to a high, clear, ecstatic climax. Leah Seager, as John McCormick, sang with a most wholesome, golden voice, and Verna Bult, as Madame Tetrazzini, was charming in appearance and poured forth thrilling tones. Annie Welsh produced tones from the piano that gave us a vivid picture of the "maestro" among pianists, Paderewski. The young artists held their audience spellbound by their grace of manner, wonderful voices and magnificent technique.

Other features of the program were solo dances given by Annette Sherman and Elva Fenstermaker and a soprano solo by (Sheriff) Nelson.

Traffic Department, Ogden, Costume Party

Promptly at 9:30 p. m. the grand march was led by Galli Curci and Caruso, followed by "Samantha Perkins" Brough and the "Sheriff of Hickville" Nelson, "Charlie Chaplin" Anderson and "Minnie Gump" Taylor, "Frenchy" Geiger and "Sarah" Packard, "Messenger" Geiger and "Buster Brown" Tite, "Sammy" Castlemain and "Grandma" Hodgkins, "Phoebe" Maycock and "Slick" Anderson, "Rastus" Seager and "Fairy" Sherman, "George Washington" Call and "Martha Washington" McFarland, "Snowball" Gale and "Florence Nightengale" Stevenson, "Sambo" Bult and "Dainty" Fernstermaker, "Dutch" Irraelson and "Priscilla" Galt, "Gob" Dick and "Gypsy" Meissner, "Fatty Arbuckle" Sisco and "Maranda" Johnson, "Buddie" Anderson and "Senorita" Taylor, "Aunt Mariar" Hodgetts and "Dude" Wilson, "Senorita" Wild and "Fendigorita" Austad, "Carmen" McAllister and "Yama Yama" Rollins, "Yama Yama" Stewart and "Delores" McAllister, "Alabama Joe" Welsh and "Mary Jane" Cook, "Rebecca" Wilkinson and "Prudence" Christensen, and "Queen of Sheba" Davis and "Fairy" Fenstermaker.

After a dainty luncheon everyone departed for home, declaring the party a huge success (even the camera man).

Salt Lake-Wasatch

Irene Lewis, Utah District Correspondent

Again we must report losses. Those leaving us are the Misses Cox, K. Duffin, L. Murphy, A. Clark. We wish them all success and happiness.

Miss Julia Nielson is now an A-1 information operator. Miss Julia McCluskey has been promoted to rank of P. B. X. operaator. Miss Ada Smith is our new supervisor.

A surprise was given Miss Marion Jennings, night operator, who leaves shortly on a two months' furlough. The evening was spent in games and dancing. A delicious supper was served at 8 o'clock. Everyone had a delightful time.

Hyland

The ones missing are Misses Lorraine Connors, Norma Spence, Evora Drake and L. Young. Success, girls!

We are glad to welcome some new people. They are Lola Wagnall, Lena Carnes, Sara Gerrans, Lorna Stark, Anna Grath and Dona Ruston.

We have Blanche Stark with us. She has been transferred from Logan.

Mr. Hardy Cannon met with an accident. He injured one of his toes. Where, when and how he declines to answer.

Toll

Miss Mamie Scheutter has resigned in favor of marriage. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Emery happiness.

Miss Ruby Nelson is our new supervisor.

A series of tests have been given our operators. This seems to be a means of telling what we know or do not know.

Miss Flannigan has taken the transcontinental position.

We are very sorry to report Mr. Leonard's illness, though we are delighted that he has again recovered.

Training School

All of the teachers enjoyed a swimming party at the Y. W. C. A. pool. Each teacher invited one guest. My! what a good time we all had.

Commercial

Miss McLean is again with us and we are all so glad to have her back again. Just seems things are bound to go right when she is with us.

During the past month we have changed the routine of our orderwork, and although some of the departments complain of "no business," the contract department has been kept busy. We hope we shall soon be adjusted again.

We all bid good-bye to Margaret Sommers, Nellie Iverson and Aretta Hardy. The girls made many friends during their stay in the office and we regret their leaving.

Miss Gertrude Rector has been ill for the past few days. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

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Beaver

We are very much enthused about two callers during the month. They were C. W. Nitschke and Miss Katherine Schooler.

J. A. Green and his construction men are here rebuilding our exchange.

Davis County

The Layton sugar factory completed this season's run February 11 with one of the most successful years in its history. Better than 5,000 acres of beets were raised this season, amounting to 91 tons of the refined product, which netted 207,000 bags of sugar.

Recently W. P. Epperson of the Inland Printing Company ordered their second linotype machine from San Francisco by telephone, the call costing him better than thirty dollars. Mr. Epperson said the urgent need of the machine to take care of their present rush of work justified the expense.

Two crews of linemen have been doing considerable tree-trimming at Bountiful and Woods Cross, not only improving telephone service but have improved the appearance of the streets. Many favorable comments have been made by local people.

Two construction companies are at work doing excavation work on a canal for the Bonneville irrigation project, which covers the southern portion of Davis County. The water for this project will be taken from the Jordan River and lifted by electric pumps to a height east of the river, thence to the foothills near Beck's Hot Springs. It is expected that water will be turned into the canal on or before July 15 of this year.

Heber City

Our chief operator is enjoying a visit in Eureka.

Miss Baird, relief operator, and Miss Clyde, night operator, both enjoyed a sleighing party to Charleston.

Mr. Henderson, traveling auditor, gave us some good advice while here

Nephi

Miss Schooler has been with us during the past month. We surely did profit by her visit.

Mr. Peterson and his construction crew are here to give us everything new.

Ben H. Whiteley

The hand of death again reached into our organization, this time claiming Construction Foreman Ben H. Whiteley, who passed to his rest at 7 o'clock in the evening of February 24 at St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver after a brief illness.

Mr. Whiteley came into Denver on February 11 after completing an exchange estimate in Riverton, Wyo., and before tackling another job took a few days to visit his folks in Sterling, Colo. Again returning to Denver, he was taken down with a cold which developed into pneumonia, and he was removed from his hotel to St. Joseph's Hospital, where the end came four days later.

Ben, as he was known to his many friends, was born in England in 1881. He started his telephone career with the old Colorado Telephone Company in 1903, and from that time on, with the exception of a few years spent with the Pioneer and Pacific companies, he was almost continually one of our men. In 1917 he left his job as Boulder district foreman to join the colors with the 405th Telegraph Battalion, and he served with the 405th continually until their return from overseas.

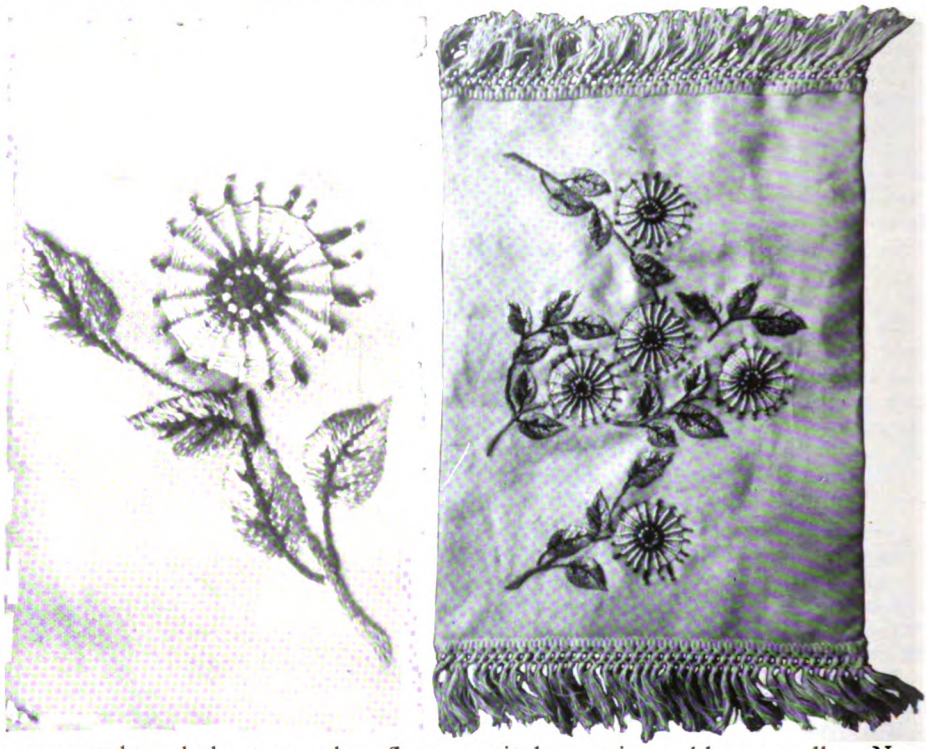
In the army of our country, as in the telephone army, he was always the smiling, good-natured and unselfish Ben we knew so lately. His smiles concealed an inner man to whom life was serious, and this inner-man was revealed to many of the younger members of the 405th, who will ever remember him as the young, yet old, man they so often went to for counsel and advice.

Ben's aged parents and relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire telephone family.

How to Make Cosmos Flowers

Directions by Marie Lederman, Salt Lake

The flowers on this pillow-top are made with the new weaving stitch. They are beautiful when each flower is made in a different color and in three shades. The flowers at the right and left have three shades in brown, and for the lower flower in the center three shades in purple



were used, and the two other flowers are made in three shades of pink. The leaves are made in long and short stitch in three shades of green, starting at the base of the leaf with the darkest color and use the lightest near the point of the leaf. The veins in the leaves are made with black cotton rope, and the stems are made in brown, a medium shade.

The foundation stitches for the flowers are worked in single stitches in black cotton rope, using three threads in the needle. Start the weaving with the darkest color of the three shades first.

Weaving Stitch

Bring the needle up through material at inner end of any black stitch. Take a stitch under first two stitches, using a blunt needle. Now take a stitch over the second and under the third. Continue around, taking up two stitches each time, until required rows are made.

The centers are padded and worked satin stitch in black (cotton rope). There is a row of French knots around center in yellow, made with a single thread twice around the needle, and the points of the flowers have also a French knot.

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IDAHO

Gooding

"When we get into our new office," the most popular phrase in use in Gooding for the past few years, has ceased to be used, for on January 15, 1921, at 8 p. m. we moved in. We are very proud of our new quarters, as they are the nicest in this part of the state. The building is made of yellow brick. The front or business office is decorated extremely nice in a Venetian design. The floors are varnished and everything shines. The operating room is large and light. The terminal room is on the west side of the building and is light and roomy.

For the past few months W. L. Ackroyd, foreman of installers, and Byrd Gish, construction foreman, have been busy getting it ready and making it possible for us to move.

H. W. Kline, C. A. Snyder, R. G. Spore, R. A. Rodgers and C. C. Pratt were also on the job, and the cut was made with no interruption to the service.

Gooding is the county seat of Lincoln County. It is located on the main line of the O. S. L. R. R. It is a town of about 2,000 and is located in the center of a large rich country, rich in agriculture, stock-raising and dairying, and being only about twelve years old has a very promising future before it. Gooding has the state school for the deaf and blind and Gooding College. The college is showing a wonderful growth this year, and it was necessary to build another large dormitory to accommodate the students this year. We have two banks, two elevators, a modern theater, three good hotels and good stores and a live commercial club. All the roads leading to Gooding are graveled. One hundred thousand dollars was spent last year on them.

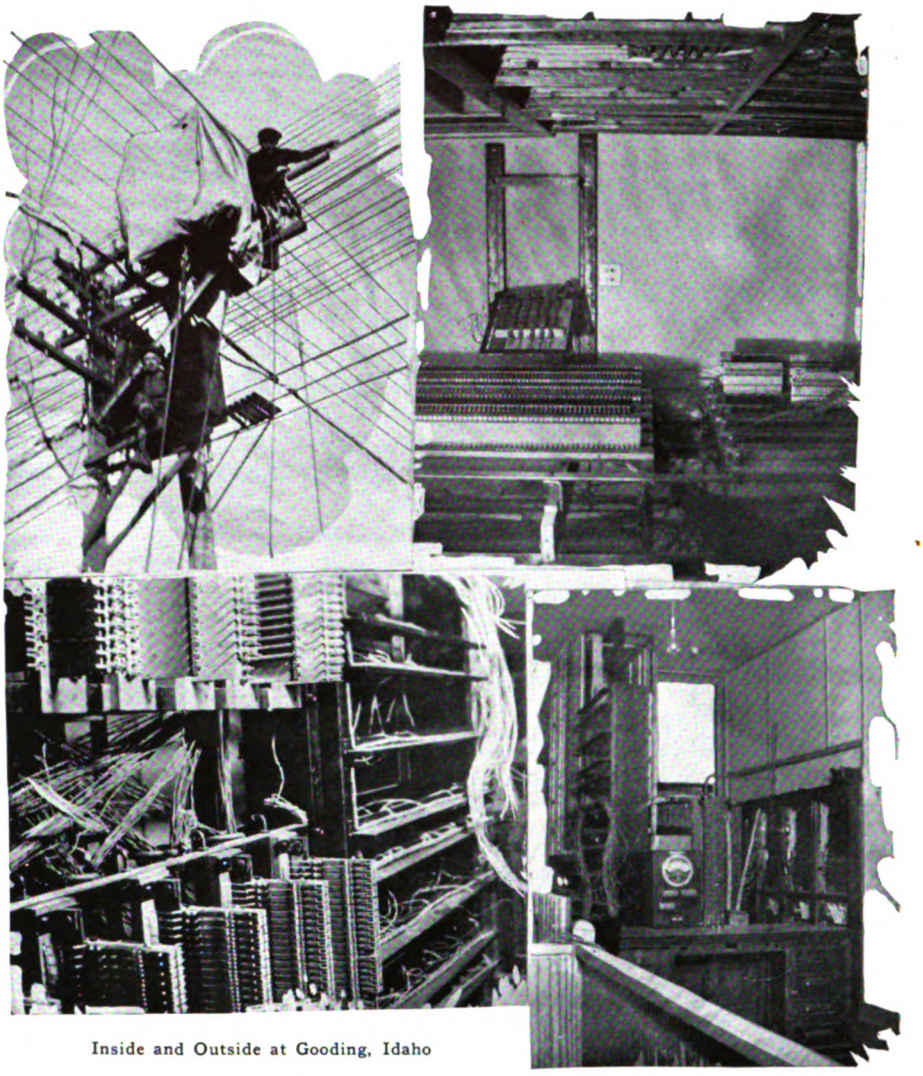
Watch Gooding grow.

Edith Nye, Toll Operator, Burley, Idaho

Burley

Considerable activity exists in and around our exchange at the present time, from the point of additions and re-arrangements to the plant and office quarters.

Ben L. Lennon with his "strong gang" is just now completing additions to our plant, consisting principally of more cable. Our exchange growth has been stepping along so rapidly that it is a thing made necessary every once in a while.



Inside and Outside at Gooding, Idaho

"Bennie," as he is called by all, made a favorable impression with everyone here.

Mr. Pappendick and Mr. Burnett, switchboard men, are busy with re-arrangement of the power plant in the terminal room, after which they will commence upon the installation of additional switchboards. The local and toll boards are to be separated and occupy different locations in the operating room. The toll board when completed will consist of seven positions and the local board nine. The operating employes are to be provided with quite a fine retiring room. This will be the room formerly occupied by the manager's office. This is a thing which has created a pleasant feeling among the operating employes, as heretofore this had been a thing a little bit run down at the heels. To make all this re-arrangement possible it has been necessary to locate the commercial and public office in quarters outside the exchange building. These are now found in the new Fouts Building on Oakley avenue and they are very nice in appearance. Everyone seems to be pretty well satisfied.

W. G. Bryon of the Walker Construction Company has charge of the office re-arrangements and is quite a pleasant and efficient man.

Misses Geneva Burt and Myra Bates are on a furlough.

Misses Margarett Rydalch and Elva Jenkins of the operating force spent several days visiting at Twin Falls.

Mrs. Hattie Lyons, Agent, Eden, Idaho

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Feminine Spokes in the Telephone Wheel—No Spoke So Small But it Has a Place

(Continued from page 19)

Being of a curious turn I asked if ever she felt she would like to work elsewhere than with the telephone company, and that winsome smile instantly lighted her face as she said with the utmost sincerity, "Oh, no, not since I've worked here." And I for one am mighty glad she feels that way about it, and I'm sure my sentiments are echoed by all who know little Miss Gwendolyn Lomas.

There are so many feminine spokes invaluable in the turning of the wheel that it would take one or two full issues of The Monitor to record the splendid service they are giving, but we hope little by little to get better acquainted with them. Meanwhile the following brief listing of various positions held by women with the company, various feminine spokes in the great wheel of telephone achievement, may prove interesting to consider:

Stenographers, clerks, including general accounting, rate, mail, contract, peg count, duplicate bill, compiling, coupon, ledger, payroll, selling and adjusting suburban service, billing and adjusting disconnect accounts, directory, traffic, contometer, addressograph, local collections and many others who come under the clerical classification.

Cashiers, operators, including local, long distance, chief supervising, service test, house board, information, complaint (better known as Main 2-F) and others.

Matrons and assistants, elevator girls.

Then there is the school for operators with its application clerk, teachers, supervisors and students; the cafeteria with its clever manager, its cooks, cashier and numerous assistants; nurses; the sick benefit department, with its capable corps of women assistants, and a lot of other niches filled with young women who have specialized along particular lines that smack with human interest, and as I said before, I hope we are going to enjoy a more intimate association with their work through these columns from time to time.

Behind the Wings Where Eats Are!

(Continued from page 15)

or ice cream before 11 o'clock in the morning is to benefit US—to prevent us from very foolishly loading up on sweets at that hour of the day and probably suffering a splitting headache a few hours later.

Doesn't it stand to reason that, since the stock is always plentiful, the management, had it not our interest at heart, would be glad to make as many sales as possible regardless of what they were? Yet some of us fuss and fume in bitter resentment at what is really a kindness—a personal favor.

Still, for the most part, I truly believe we are appreciative of the comforts and benefits we receive through this splendid establishment, for the average number of sales per day in the Main cafeteria is 748 and on Sundays 265, while at York the daily average is 207 and at South 151, showing that it is well patronized, and what better evidence of appreciation can we show?

Of course, with as many women as are employed in the Denver offices and the utter impossibility of arranging shifts so that the employes can get home and back during their time off, especially with the present rather inadequate car service, the cafeteria serves a great need for the company as well as its employes.

And yet we should not lose sight of its benefit to each and every one of us personally and of the fact that the management is really bending every effort to render the best possible service.

Take, for example, the night service. Doubtless many are not aware that this is the only company cafeteria in the country which serves hot meals to the all-night girls—supper at 11:30 and breakfast before they go off duty in the morning. And another interesting fact is that whether this service is rendered is strictly optional with the management.

According to Miss Titus and her assistant, Mrs. Edith Terrill, there has been a noticeable change in the demand for special kinds of foods during the past few months.

The girls are demanding food that is better for them—for instance, stewed fruits, salads, etc., supplant ice cream, candies and rich deserts in the demands of the girls, who, perhaps through some of Mrs. Higgins' timely suggestions on proper foods, and partially through the education that comes with having the proper food combinations put before us, are going in for better diet, a fact which in itself is bound to make for efficiency.

To that corps of energetic, capable women who join forces daily behind the scenes to furnish us this service, let us doff our caps the while in all fairness—a large amount of credit should go to Miss Titus, whose clever management is the prime factor in the success of the establishment.

Miss Titus came to us well equipped for her responsibilities. She was graduated from Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, in 1915, in domestic science and institutional management. Her first year out of college she had charge of a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria at Aurora, Ill. Then for a school term she was in charge of a high school lunch room at Camden, N. J. She was then with the national headquarters of the Y. W. C. A. in New York, having charge of the cafeteria and dining hall, also serving as assistant building manager, which gave her an opportunity of learning much about machinery—elevators, etc.

She then enlisted for government work during the war and was in service just two months prior to the signing of the armistice, this interfering with her assignment to take over the management of the dining hall in a large munitions plant down South.

Changes, Transfers, Promotions

W. D. Hand has been appointed division cashier for the Southern Division, headquarters at El Paso.

W. C. Calloway is the new manager at Bisbee, Ariz.

J. R. Vance is on a vacation in California, and Andrew Peterson is manager at Richfield, Utah.

Miss Nellie Bernard has transferred from Montrose, Colo., to Trinidad, Colo., where she is chief operator.

Mrs. Pearl Filer is chief operator and clerk at Shoshone, Idaho.

C. F. Heller has been appointed manager at Hardin, Mont. L. A. Byers is on furlough.

Shirley Christensen, formerly of Mount Pleasant, Utah, is now manager at Malad, Idaho. Scott Taylor, formerly at Malad, was called to California on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Miss Bertha V. Cook is manager and chief operator at Denton, Mont.

Miss Margaret E. McGill is in charge of the Mondak, Mont., office.

James Davenport is the new manager at Dillon, Mont.

Miss Lulu Richardson is manager and chief operator at Salesville, Mont.

Clarence S. Doak is manager at Twin Bridges, Mont.

Elizabeth S. Kerr is in charge of the Cascade, Mont., office.

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STRAWBERRY

(Continued from page 9)

thing that a few moments ago was just dead wood and metal will go on during this period answering to the touch of girlish hands transmitting every human emotion, comedy and tragedy, bring joy to some, sorrow to others, the hands that direct its life current being inspired by loyalty to the company and its ideals of universal service.

"Yes, sir, a cutover is a happy event—sometimes.

"When the old independent office was cutover to the Bell in Salt Lake a few years ago the funeral aspect of the independent office as she gave her last dying gasps was very marked. We were cutting the lines over in groups, so the death struggle was prolonged, and during this time fewer and fewer calls were coming in. I remember there were three operators left on the board, and they were racing from one end to the other trying to beat each other to every call, because each wanted the honor of answering the last call to ever come in to that switchboard.

"I remember one of these operators quite well. She was red-headed and young and plump and pretty and when she laughed it reminded me of this river, just the same as you hear it now. I didn't know her name, but in my own mind there immediately flashed a nickname that was what she should have been called in the first place. She was quicker and brighter than the other two and was answering about half the calls as they came in and hoping each would be the last. Now and again when she lost out in a race down the operating room her happy laugh that reminded me of a trout stream would burst forth. She sure was a nice little kid.

"We finally got to the point where there was no use continuing the misery and had John Back, who had been wire chief, pull the main fuse that stopped the old board's lifeflow forever.

"I went back to the operating room and told the girls it was all over, and because I am a man of deep feeling and with great consideration for others——"

"Yes, sure," remarked Bill and Ed. And Chick seemed pleased when no further banter was forthcoming, sensing that he really had them interested.

"As I was saying, being a man of deep——"

"We heard you the first time," howled two lusty voices in unison.

"Yes, I know you did, and being a man of deep feeling and with great consideration for others, I turned my back and pretended to gather up some wire that was on the floor.

"Well, sir, when it got home to those three kids that never again would a call be put through that board, that was dead as a mackerel, their laughter stopped, and after standing in a dazed and uncertain way for a few minutes each just naturally drifted back to the position where she had answered no one knows how many thousand calls.

"The room was as still as a church —the room that had ceaslessly heard for years the pleasant-voiced 'Number, please' day and night, Sundays and holidays, and all was as still as an empty church.

"In a few minutes I heard a sound that brought me back to earth quick —the sound of a woman crying. Did either of you ever stop to think that nature purposely made the sound of a woman crying plum distressing to a man and with a very definite thing in mind? No, of course you didn't. If I had stopped when I said, 'Did either of you ever stop to think,' and then answered my own question in the minus, that would have covered the whole matter. Well, she did anyway. I spun around, and there on her old position where, as I said before, she had answered no one knows how many calls, sat little Strawberry——. Oh, I forgot to tell you the name that flashed in my mind when I first saw her. Well, that was it, and if I had thought she needed any other name I would have called her 'Wild Strawberry'—not because she was wild but because she reminded me of trout streams and sweet wild strawberries and all the other clean things that go with them. As I was saying, there sat little Strawberry with her arms spread out over the key shelf, her hands clutching the keys that would never more answer to her touch, her head bowed down on her arms, and she was crying as if her heart would break.

"Poor little Strawberry, who laughed like a mountain stream, crying hard, ugly-sounding sobs."

Chick paused in his story, and all three of them sat looking into the dying embers of the camp fire, each thinking his own thoughts but saying nothing.

A coyote howled his mournful howl, a hoot owl up on the hill back of the camp said, "Who-who-who," and presently was answered from the other side of the river. The river babbled on in the tongue which each of the three understood well but which is an unknown tongue to the indoor man, the city dweller who never goes fishing with two old cronies who kick about everything you do, including the cooking, and make remarks about your singing weird songs.

After several minutes Chick continued: "Well, sir, being of a sensitive and bashful disposition, I am here to say that it got me hard to hear that poor kid crying like that. It wasn't right. Nature intended she should laugh. So I walked over to her to try and console her, and as I said before, being of a sensitive, bashful disposition, I was mighty embarrassed, but it was up to me. Later I remembered what it was I said to her, and this was it: 'Never mind, Strawberry. Don't cry. The worst is yet to come. We all got to die and go to hell yet."

Then, after another pause: "Yes, sir, wild strawberries are as sweet as they can be, and especially if they are red-headed."

With a remark on the part of Ed about someone being a sentimental old cuss, all three rolled in for the night, with the sky and its stars for a roof. The moon rose slowly over a near-by mountain, the pine trees on it being plainly visible in its pale light. Down over the camp settled that "peace that passeth all understanding." The night breeze sprang up and added the song of the pines to the murmur of the river that laughed like "Strawberry."

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Where the Nek-hu-wi-ka Gently Blows

(Continued from page 4)

These herds, one of the Indian chief's sources of revenue. are gradually becoming extinct. Last fall several trainloads of Indian ponies were rounded up and sold to a California concern, to be converted into chicken feed.

These ponies were practically useless and doing great damage to the rich pastures in the river bottoms, detrimental to the herds of cattle.

Annual Sun Dance of the Blackfeet

The proposed American Falls dam, which will be the greatest water-storage project in the world, will back the waters up to a great distance and will deprive the Indians of much of this valuable bottom land for pasturage.

While the red man pursues the carefree and easy-going mode of life, scorning his restless, nervous white brother to the north, the panorama and scenes are ever changing.

Blackfoot early became the seat of Bingham County, the location of the federal land office for southeastern Idaho, the junction point for two branches of the Oregon Short Line, one to Mackey through the Lost River country and the other to Aberdeen.

The wire chief reminds me that I must not forget to mention the "nut house," the Idaho State Insane Asylum, where Dr. Hoover cares for many patients. By the way, Dr. Hoover was a constant chum of "Tad" Lincoln, the idolized son of President Lincoln, and many a time when the clouds hung heaviest over the nation and the heart of America almost stopped under the strain, President Lincoln revived his faith and love for mankind in brief but happy moments of playing tag and marbles with the boys.

Blackfoot has developed into quite a banking center, with banking resources of over $4,000,000.

The first sugar factory built in Idaho is still here in operation, turning out a heavy tonnage each year.

The long and dusty freighting outfits have been replaced by motor trucks and pleasure cars, of which there are over 2,000 in Bingham County today, or one for every nine inhabitants.

The Oregon Short Line handled 3,313 cars of outgoing frieght and 3,852 coming in here in 1920. Hundreds of cars of the finest potatoes that ever grew outside of the Garden of Eden are grown in Bingham County soil and shipped yearly to Eastern markets.

When Blackfoot changed from a freighting center and a cattle country to an agricultural community prosperity found root and grew. The cowman lost the battle to the irrigator; the branding iron has yielded to the plow. The cowpuncher has moved 'way back into the tall timbers, and the waving fields of alfalfa and golden grain, studded here and there with rows and rows of beets in military array, parked on either side with acres and acres of "Murphies," spell bank accounts to the toiler of the soil.

Though Bingham County lost half of its acreage when new county lines were drawn, its increased valuation has been 1200% in the last 24 years.

Some of our brother red men have availed themselves of our generous school system. Mr. Ralph Dixey, here shown in photogravure, is a college graduate, a keen business man and banker, a true American gentleman in every sense of the word, embodying the Indian fidelity and loyalty to his many friends.

The maiden shown in the picture is a modern Pocahontas—a recent graduate from college. Just observe this enchantress and let imagination weave a story for yourselves.

The settlement, town and city of Blackfoot has undergone the natural changes which come to any frontier community, and at the present time the 5,000 inhabitants enjoy all modern conveniencies of a modern Idaho city, with paved streets flanked on either side with prosperous business houses and beautiful and comfortable dwellings.

Last, but not least, our present equipment of an eight-position board with fifteen operators, is serving 1,200 of the best-natured subscribers in the state of Idaho.

SENATOR JONES GETS IN A TIGHT PLACE

Seth D. Jones, senator from Idaho County, is alleged to have threatened to sue the telephone company, the Owyhee Hotel management and all others who were "mixed" in with calling him to the hotel telephone booth Saturday night. The senator managed to get in the booth sideways all right, but when he attempted to make his exit he became lodged in the chamber and it was necessary to call the hotel carpenter in order to extract him, which was effected only by the removal of one side of the booth. Seth laughingly declared that he had been in tighter places before.—Pocatello Tribune.

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ARIZONA

Phoenix

Phoenix celebrated its fiftieth birthday on February 14, and the day was named Pioneer Day. A parade was held in the afternoon, which represented the different periods of habitation from the time of the aboriginies to the present day. It was educating and interesting to know how rapidly had been the advance of this community in fifty years and the progress that has been made in this period.

The employes of the Phoenix exchange wish to extend to the family of Harry Lyles their sincere sympathy in their recent loss. Mr. Lyles was familiarly known as Harry. On his return to his home from work one evening he was shot and died a few minutes later. Robbery was given as the motive of the crime. Harry had been a faithful employe of the telephone company for many years. He was also a member of many colored organizations and was a respected citizen of this city.

There is quite a disposition on the part of all concerned to become better acquainted with R. G. Spore. We have had just one little opportunity to get a slant at him since he became an Idahoian.

Miss Vera Edmondson, the cashier in the commercial office, has resigned in order to help in the affairs of James Billingslsy. She changed her name. Arilla Blackhurst, a former employe, succeeds Miss Edmondson.

Center—Sadie Lee, Who Does Much of the Exchange Work at Hazelton, Idaho, and Her Brother and Sister

Mr. Shook is installing two new party-line boards and two new main-line boards in our automatic switchroom. Sure will be a relief. Plant clerk has about 500 orders waiting for this new equipment.

Mr. Milligan paid us a two- or three-day visit.

Mr. King is back with us again. He has been on the sick list for some time.

Operators at Chandler, Arizona. Left—Opal Smith, Mrs. Barr, Glenn Adams, Violet Hunsaker

Mr. King has been appointed city foreman. All the boys welcome him back.

Thomas Berry had a 35-foot pole fall on his back a week ago, but expects to be with us again real soon.

Lorin Wright and Ira Eastman have new Fords, and it sure is a help to the repair department.

Chandler

Is there another state in the Mountain States territory that can boast of green grass and palm trees in the month of December? The attached picture was taken on the lawn of the Chandler exchange and represents the Chandler operating force. From left to right are Mrs. Violet Hunsacker, Glen Adams, Mrs. Orpha Barr, chief operator, and Opal Smith.

Miss Opal Smith, junior operator in the Chandler exchange, was a winner of the first prize of $100 given by the local newspaper, the Chandler Arizonian, for being the most popular young lady in the town. There was close competition and the contest lasted for one month. Miss Smith has been employed in the Chandler exchange about a year and we congratulate her on earning the approval of the community in the recent contest.

Mrs. Varella, Commercial Clerk, Tucson

Tucson

On the evening of February 1 nearly everyone of the traffic and commercial departments gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grown for a party. Those who were there to exhibit their skill in dancing and candy-making were Misses Hall, Shaw, Loretta and Harriet Johnson, Kilburn, Goodman, Breckenridge and Shapard; Mesdames Casey, Kenney, Hoblit, Phelps, Drown, Littlefield, and Messrs. Davis, Littlefield, Hoblit, Rowe, Bayer, Boilen, Cecil and Harold Drown and Headman.

J. M. Hobbs has been recently made patrolman for the southern part of Arizona. Jim worked for the company several years ago, but was more commonly known as the "Cyclone Kid." His companion on his long trips will be "Si," the mascot, a Collie dog.

Messrs. Carr, Syler and Wilson, toll line inspectors, were in Tucson recently. While here they took a side trip to Nogales, our border attraction.

Prescott

Mrs. Jones, supervisor from the Phoenix exchange, was a welcome visitor to Prescott recently.

We had with us during the month of December Misses Clara and Edith Kohl of the Proenix exchange. They did excellent work while here toward perfecting the efficiency of our inexperienced operators in giving good service. Our only regrets were they could not have remained with us.

Miss Jennie Rawson, chief operator, we are glad to report, is at her post again after several weeks' illness.

Mr. McCandliss was a pleasant visitor to Prescott exchange recently. He, with our genial manager, Mr. Raber, drove over to Humboldt to visit that exchange one day, and after giving them ample time to return to Prescott Mr. Land, our manager at Humboldt, was much distressed when he called up and was told they had not arrived, and said, "Wonder what's happened to them. They have had plenty of time. Hope that Ford did not jump them over the embankment. Bad place, you know. Do hope they are all right. They left here before 2 o'clock, now it's 4. I'll call up later. I'm kinda worried about them boys." When lo and behold, in they walked, having been in Prescott an hour and a half attending to business.

A Prescott man says: "The beautiful thing about 'bawling out' someone over the telephone is that one can hang up the receiver before the other fellow gets a chance to reply."

Tempe

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Ruth Spangler of Tempe, whose father met death recently while in performance of duty. Mr. Spangler was night officer and in attempting to capture a Mexican lawbreaker was shot and died shortly afterward.

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A special crew of telephone linemen have begun work out of Denver constructing the new telephone system of ditpatching trains that has been adopted by the Colorado & Southern Railroad. Wires have already been strung from Ft. Collins to Cheyenne and from the former city to Greeley. The linemen expect to make from ten to fifteen miles a day from Denver north. The telephone system will be supplemented by the telegraph. Similar systems have been used on other roads to great advantage. Telephone boxes will be placed at blind sidings, so that conductors of freight trains may get into communication with dispatchers. At times such crews have been stalled for hours at blind sidings because of inability to reach them after issuing original orders, which, for reasons known to the dispatcher, need changing. This will save time and expense to the railroad.

There was a scramble for Monitors this month. We are very well pleased with the paper and especially enjoy the news notes.

The photographs which accompanied the article entitled "Nederland in the Rockies," which appeared in the December Monitor, have been included in several pamphlets advertising the district and make a very attractive page.

Virginia Turner, who formerly appeared for the company in the capacity of lineman, has come in from his homestead near Craig to give us the once-over and say howdy again. Friends will be glad to hear that Mr. Turner is meeting with much success on his homestead.

Charles Wilson has forsaken his splicer's kit and assumed the duties of local bug-hunter at the Boulder exchange. He says he likes it fine, and actually gets to be at home two nights in succession—sometimes. Mr. Ross, who has been getting the trouble, has taken his position on the Dodge truck with Big Jim McIntire, with whom he is stubbing poles and pulling slack.

Traffic

District Traffic Chief Copps has accepted a position with the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company and left for his new headquarters at Grand Island, Neb., February 24. Mr. Copps has been with the company about seven years, and his rise in that time from the storeroom to traffic chief has marked him for one of the big men in the telephone game. We hate to see Mr. Copps leave our district, for with his going we lose the atmosphere created by his presence. Our best wishes go with him and his family wherever their fortunes may take them, and to all those who serve under him in his department we can gladly say, "Here is a REAL man." Good luck, Dutchie, and do not forget the old bunch at Boulder and throughout the district.

The A. T. & T. Club met last month at the home of Carrie DeWalt, 646 Marine street. Mrs. A. W. Barnes was chosen president to succeed Mrs. Copps, who was elected to that office at the regular election meeting and had to resign because of other duties. Mrs. J. L. Patterson favored the guests with several vocal selections, after which refreshments were served.

The Boulder operators are indebted to Mr. Knudsen for a beautiful fern which he recently sent for the rest room in appreciation of excellent service, and to Bud Wilson for the artistic fern stand which he made for it. The two make a very attractive addition to the retiring room.

Miss Nadine Morton resigned February 19 and will take up her work with the White-Davis Mercantile Company as P. B. X. operator. This is a very desirable position and we are glad to see Miss Nadine appointed for the place. She has been a very faithful and efficient operator at our exchange for three years, during which time she has made many friends who, while they rejoice with her because of her change, still will miss her from the operating and retiring rooms, where her motto seems to be to

"Never let a shadow fall
Or bid a frown descend
Or fail, to others in the storm,
Your cheery help to lend."

The J. U. G. Club recently held a kid party at the W. O. W. Hall, where the eats, games and dancing were all mixed up in real kid style and everybody had a lovely time. This being the first appearance of the J. U. G. Club in the columns of The Monitor, it might be well to say that it is composed of the girls of the exchange and also that we presume that the suspicious initials, J. U. G., have the innocent meaning, "Just Us Girls." That is fine, girls, but any time you have a real jug of the brown variety, don't forget that the river has been very dusty for a long time and thirsty guys are not very hard to find. Perhaps there were lemons enough received on February 14 to make a jug full of lemonade. No? Well, Kelly's birthday only comes once a year, but he would be glad to buy lemonade at any time.

Longmont

Miss Jennie Brinkerhuff was the hostess at a shower given on Monday evening in honor of Miss Ruth Adams. The home was an attractive bower of light and color with cupids and hearts in profusion. The bride-to-be was the recipient of many lovely gifts. These were displayed on a table, the centerpiece of which was a diminutive bridal party, the characters represented by kewpie dolls. A mock wedding was staged, Miss Marie Brinkerhuff acting as groom, Miss Adams as bride and Miss Marie Dekker officiating. A delightful luncheon was served by the hostess, assisted by her sister, the Misses Marie and Erma Brinkenrhuff.

J. U. G. Club, Boulder, Colorado, in "Evening Attire"

Miss Maree Sorenson, who was transferred to Estes Park the early part of the winter, has returned to us. Welcome home, Maree.

The January get-together meeting was held at the home of Miss Pearl Powell. Two interesting subjects were discussed, "How a Business Woman Should Dress" and "What Each Person Can Do to Help Our Company Economize." Miss Eller presented the first topic, in an excellent talk, in which she contrasted the business girl's costume with the frilly blouses and has-been party dresses which are so often worn in the operating room. The idea was enthusiastically received by all those present.

Miss Barnsley presented the second topic in a way that caught the interest of her co-workers. She pointed out many trivial ways in which we as individuals might economize for our employers, but the foremost idea was that efficiency on the part of each individual would do more than anything else toward the making of better times.

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The meeting was designated as a "kid party," and after the business meeting the "children" brought out their playthings, which furnished the entertainment of the evening. Luncheon was served by the hostess, assisted by Miss Barnsley and "Inez."

Johnstown

We are all glad to have Edna Carlson back on duty after a month's absence. On January 10 she was operated on for appendicitis at the Longmont Hospital. We all missed her sunny smile, and she is delighted to be with us.

Hildreth Carlson heard enough of the "telephone" sermon preached by Rev. Atkinson in the First Baptist Church at Loveland February 13 to inform us that "the sermon by phone was a great success."

We are delighted to learn that the Great Western Sugar Company is to resume work here in May. The building of the sugar factory has transformed our country town into a lively little city.

Fort Collins

Ina Wells, Correspondent

Miss Eliza Seela, supervisor at Fort Collins, who has been in the hospital for the past four weeks, is much improved and is at her home now.

Mrs. Nellie Piatt is our latest operator. Mrs. Piatt was an operator in the Fort Collins exchange a few years ago.

Miss Leona Cole had posted in the retiring room for a week the following notice: "Lost—Two pounds somewhere around this office. Finder please return same to Operator 14 and receive reward. I have my suspicions that Miss Elizabeth Bogard is the party who found them. (Signed) Leona R. Cole."

Remark—We can't see why she makes such a fuss about a little thing like that, for we think she should be willing to share with her fellow-workers.

Lost—One disposition by Dewey Seaman, cashier. No reward is offered, as it was not in a very good condition at the time it disappeared.

A very select crowd, according to the plant department, enjoyed a valentine party at the Fort Collins exchange on Monday evening, February 14. The affair took place in the public office, and we'll vote that we had a most wonderful time. Admittance was given only to those operators dressed as little girls. Valentines were drawn from a valentine box, resulting in the pleasure of all, especially Miss Cole, who drew the nicest bossy with the prettiest goo-goo eyes. At the close of a series of stunts in which each played a part, refreshments of ice cream and wafers were served. In spite of the fact that these little tots did not leave till a late hour it was noticed that there were remarkably few drowsy operators on the switchboard the next morning.

Miss Stewart, chief operator at Weldona, has returned from a Denver hospital, where she has been for some time recovering from some torn ligaments in her knee. In getting off the train at Weldona she tore out a stitch in the wound and is laid up on that account for a few days.

We think quite a bit of the idea the Longmont bunch is using for their Monitor notes, of appointing a Monitor committee each month. Think this would be a good plan in other exchanges.

Miss Morris, chief operator at Sterling, has gone to California in an effort to regain her health. She reports that she is much better. Miss Eslick has been appointed chief operator at Sterling during the absence of Miss Morris.

Pueblo

The wild and woolly West is not yet a thing of the past. Mr. Harris, who presides at the test board in Pueblo during the day, was returning to the regular monthly meeting of the plant department the other night when he was accosted by a tall, dark man wearing a cowboy hat and requested to "put 'em up," which Mr. Harris promptly did and was forthwith relieved of his watch and some small change. However, this did not deter Mr. Harris in his efforts to reach the meeting, and we do not blame him, for they are certainly interesting. Let us tell you about them:

These meetings are held by Mr. Barcus, who is an able instructor, due to his ten years' experience in the telephone business and having served in the capacity of instructor in telephone work and electricity while overseas with the A. E. F. The subjects discussed at these meetings are changes in routine, with which the plant men in the field are unable to keep in close touch during the month, also some technical phases of the plant end of the telephone business.

A regular course of instruction has been mapped out by Mr. Barcus, starting with the elementary principles and leading up to the more complex points dealing with circuit diagrams, switchboard work, etc.

We believe as these meetings, which are nothing more or less than classes of instruction in plant work, that we will soon have a highly trained and capable organization of plant men in Colorado District No. 3, thanks to Mr. Barcus' efforts and initiative.

Trinidad

Miss Edith Dunlap, a recent bride, who was in the commercial department, has resigned, and our former chief operator, Mrs. Mitchell, has filled the vacancy.

Miss Nelle Barnard, formerly of Montrose, was transferred to Trinidad as our new chief operator.

Miss Alma Cowan, former night operator, is now assistant chief operator.

Las Animas

Miss Iva Hayes has taken a two months' furlough and is going to her brother's ranch, being called there on account of sickness. We plan that we will drop in for a Sunday dinner some of these days. You know how those good country dinners sure do warm a person's heart. (Sure, I am speaking for all of us.)

Miss Lucy Santistevan has returned from Texas and is helping us out during Miss Hayes' absence.

Miss Faye Lewis returned to her home in Bristol, Colo., last month. Although her stay here was not very long, we enjoyed having her with us.

On Friday night, February 18, a very interesting meeting was held at the office. Each one took part and the following subjects were talked on: "Why Speed, Accuracy and Courtesy Means Service," "Responsibility," "Actions of Operators in Rest Room and Operating Room," "Records," "How the Operators Can Help the Chief Operator," "Troubles and Their Cause," "The Relation Between the Subscribers and the Operator," "What Makes a Subscriber Appreciate the Night Operator." Each employe gave a very interesting talk on his subject, and in future meetings we plan to have the same interest shown.

Miss Edna Howard is taking charge of the work as chief operator while Miss Hayes is away.

Main

Miss Lucile Ligen, information, has returned after a short absence on account of illness.

South

Girls, eat your way to health and beauty. Order an S special once a day. The A. N. operators do and quite resemble Marie Nunn, the originator. Just smile and say "S special," and like our new matron they soon learn you want toast and coffee. We just have to smile now, and our new matron knows.

Miss Margaret Murray, A. N. chief operator, was married on January 12 to Clarence Martin. We all wish them success and happiness.

Gallup

Girls, visit Chinatown via B board on position 6. Have you all noticed the yellow paint?

New girls added to the A. N. force are Vera Currier, Marie Jons, Bessis Morrison and Anna Reilly. We are glad to have them with us and hope they will enjoy the work.

York

Girls, be careful! Little Dan is more than matching up heartstrings. Jeanette Brissenden, York A. N. chief operator, has been captured.

Englewood

Betty May Weber, a D. U. student, came to work January 22, but found she did not have time enough for her studies, so resigned. We are sorry to lose Miss Betty and wish her the best of success in her university work.

Ruby Welfenberg, assistant chief operator, was absent several days on account of an attack of tonsilitis.

Marie Wimmer of Carbondale, Colo., and Mary Walker, late of Concordia, Kan., started with us in February.

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MONTANA

Miles City

E. E. Miller, Correspondent

Weather that far surpasses that of the famous California coast is the kind we have been enjoying (with hardly an exception) in the Yellowstone Valley during the past winter months. The sun has been shining every day, and with hardly any wind to speak of and no snow except in the distant hills this territory in particular has been surely a much favored spot.

We all still have a keen remembrance of last winter, which started in early October with cold, freezing temperature and considerable snow and gradually as time passed, the thermometer going lower for long periods and the snow piling up everywhere.

Hardship and suffering was experienced by a great many. Coal was costly and scarce in quantity in all parts of the state. So this winter with sunny, cool days and no extremes in temperature, we have just had to smile and feel lucky; and the coal merchant, poor fellow, he is not so well pleased.

The old-timers are all agreed that this winter has no equal in their remembrance. Business is dull right now and will be for some time in the future, until the forthcoming readjustment takes place and we find ourselves once again doing business and living more normally, as we did a few years ago and more particularly so before the war.

Harlowton, Montana
Addie F. Evans, Dorothy M. Plater, Operators

Commercial

News Items—Nothing to report.

Business Items—Business fair. Collections good, and why not? Miss Kern, cashier, just won't let them get away.

Plant

Wire Chief Bartlett has completed the work necessary to connecting with our switchboard the new toll line of the Eastern Montana Telephone Company. This line extends from Miles City to Broadus, a distance of approximately 87 miles and there are at present six stations connected and working fine.

Deer Lodge

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company of Deer Lodge is making some progress toward getting into their new central office quarters in the new Masonic Temple, which they have been holding vacant for some time past. There has been considerable difficulty in securing material, while not all of it has arrived work has been started. It is to be quite an extensive job, including installation of a new 4-position switchboard of the latest type, entirely new central equipment, the replacing of all old independent subscribers' station equipment with new standard equipment, and the building of a new outside cable and wire system. The installers are now placing the new switchboard and central office equipment in place and making the changes of telephones. The construction crew to place the new outside plant is expected soon. When the work is completed, Deer Lodge will have a telephone office and system second to none in the Northwest.—Butte Post.

Butte Traffic

H. M. Kelsey, Correspondent

Like the little red ant, we work and strive in silence, and our efforts bring praiseworthy results—92 per cent service for January.

Our deepest and most sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Margaret McGlynn in the loss of her father, recently called by death.

The Lenten season has put a temporary ban on our numerous social functions at least for the near future. During this brief period we will store up our pep and energy to enjoy more in the future the wonderfully entertaining dances given quite frequently by our operators, such as were held on Wednesday, January 10, at the 20th Century Hall, and on Monday, January 31, at the Muller Apartments.

Helena

The regular monthly luncheon of the male telephone employes in the exchange and division offices at Helena was held January 29 in the grill room of the Placer Hotel. The attendance was nearly 100 per cent and a very interesting program was presented.

J. N. Whittinghill was toastmaster. The program opened with a musical number by R. J. Conrad on the piano and Alan Johnson on the cello.

Reece Heaton of the engineering department in an interesting manner told the employes present the data which is required before a bill of sale covering any of our plant can be made up.

Operators at Dillon (No Names Given)

E. L. Holden, division cashier, read a paper on "Report Charges"—why they are necessary to the best interests of the subscriber and the company.

E. A. Murphy gave a short talk on his recent trip to Denver in connection with the work of The Monitor and explained how the officials of our company want the employes to look upon the company magazine, to make its mission to fulfill the desires of the employes in the field.

Attorney John G. Brown of Helena, the speaker of the day, was then introduced and in very pleasing words told of his having met the late Theodore N. Vail. He then drew a beautiful word picture, representing us as part of a huge family of which Mr. Vail was the father, and concluding with words of commendation for the great work which the Bell system is accomplishing throughout the country and particularly in our own territory.

Saturday evening the cozy banquet room of the Eddy Cafe in Helena was the scene of a farewell dinner party to H. E. McAfee, recently transferred to Denver as division general manager. All the department heads and many other employes were present. Several complimentary talks were made and Mr. McAfee responded in his usual good manner, expressing regret at leaving a field where he had made so many good friends, but assuring those present that he would always have a warm spot in his memory for Montana and its hospitable people.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Whittinghill, Helena, on January 22, a son.

Married—Donald H. Rymer of the electrical department, Helena, and Miss Margaret Mae Bohn of Denver, at Helena.

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Bee Natty Wires!

When storms of life would toss my craft
And things seem topsy-turvy,
By faith I draw my mantle tight
And laugh at the whims so nervy;
For I know the laws of Nature grind
The same for everyone—
Sometimes the tempest rages high—
Sometimes the glorious sun.

Sometimes in soothing solitude—
In day-dreams there alone—
My thoughts are carried far away
To the one I'd call my own;
And then in passion's fervent glee,
With all the burning fires,
With love I charge the raging storms
And hail the "noisy wires." —RIPS.

WELCH HAFFNER PRINTING CO DENVER

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Eagle Rock, Montana

With its massive crags and dark spires jetting into the skies, clear-cut and imposing, stands Eagle Rock, near Craig, Montana. Here the mountain eagles build their crude nests and hatch their broods, safe from the intrusion of man. At its base runs the icy head-waters of the great Missouri river. Montana has many wonderful scenic attractions

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The Monitor

April 1921

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April Showers
in the Mountains

If you have not seen an April shower in the Rocky Mountains, you have not seen Nature at its best in the spring housecleaning. Come stand with me on some lofty peak on an April afternoon. Out across the rocky, pinnacled range a springtime shower is playing. Above it hangs a dark, tumbling cloud moving slowly before your vision. Red and lurid flames play and cut through the breast of the storm, and the sharp peals of thunder rumble down the canons until the very rocks beneath your feet quake and tremble. The rain falls in torrents and soon swells the plunging stream in its wake. Half an hour passes and the storm is over. The sheer granite walls in the canons are washed clean, and the green pines give forth a fragrant perfume that sends new life into your veins. To witness an April shower in the mountains is to lift one's self above the finite things of earth and stand in the presence of the Almighty.

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ESTES PARK

Specimen Mountain—Courtesy Mile High Photo Co.

By Walter T. Lee, Boulder, Colo., Plant Department

WE DO not resent the Northern Division's recent excursion into the scenic wonderland of the Eastern Division in search of local color; rather we approve this unconscious admission that there is nothing doing in their own bailiwick. We do, however, object very much to his use of capital letters in describing Yellowstone as THE national park of the U. S., and while comparisons between two of Nature's beauty spots are not only odious, but seldom conclusive, they may be contrasted without transgressing the rules of correct usage.

The Yellowstone, with all of its attractions of colossal proportions, stuns one with a reverential awe: Estes, with its mood for every whim, entrances with its charms. Therein lies the chief difference between these two great playgrounds, and upon the principle that the memory of a delight remains with us long after our recollection of a scare has passed away, the prospective vacationist will do well to "run his finger easily over the map" until it rests on any one of the several gateways to Estes Park. It makes but little difference whether he selects Loveland, Longmont, Lyons, or Boulder—all roads lead to Rome—he will arrive in that great amphitheater which God has reserved amid the majestic mountains as a recreation place for man.

In the Yellowstone, the stage is set for tragedy and grand opera, while in Estes it is arranged for the romantic drama and catchy musical plays—the kind which make you go home whistling. Yellowstone suggests Dante or Faust; in Estes you unconsciously bend your ear, half expecting to catch fluty notes of the pipes of Pan and see the fairies of all folkland skipping out to dance.

If you are in the mood for King Lear or Macbeth, go to the Yellowstone, but if you would realize "A Midsummer Night's Dream" there is no place in the world where you may more reasonably expect to find it than in Estes Park.

Here are the words of the United States Government in an official pamphlet entitled, "Rules and Regulations, Rocky Mountain National Park":

"It (Estes Park) is splendidly representative. In nobility, in calm dignity, in the sheer glory of stalwart beauty, there is no mountain group to excell the company of snow-capped veterans of all the ages which stands at everlasting parade behind its grim, helmeted captain, Long's Peak."

Very deep emotions are necessary to stir our staid old Uncle Sam to such eloquent outbursts, but listen to him rave in the very next paragraph:

"There is probably no other scenic neighborhood of the first order which combines mountain outlines so bold with a quality of beauty so intimate and refined. Just to live in the valley in the eloquent and ever-changing presence of these carved and tinted peaks is itself satisfaction. But to climb into their embrace, to know them in the intimacy of their bare summits and their flowered, glaciated gorges, is to turn a new unforgettable page in human experience."

Any one of the towns referred to in the opening paragraph affords excellent outfitting facilities, though, because of its proximity, the village of Estes Park is the one most generally selected, and on account of its delightful situation has all but given its name to the great Rocky Mountain National Park. It is reached

Loch Vale—Courtesy Mile High Photo Co.

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Fern Falls—Courtesy F. W. Byerly

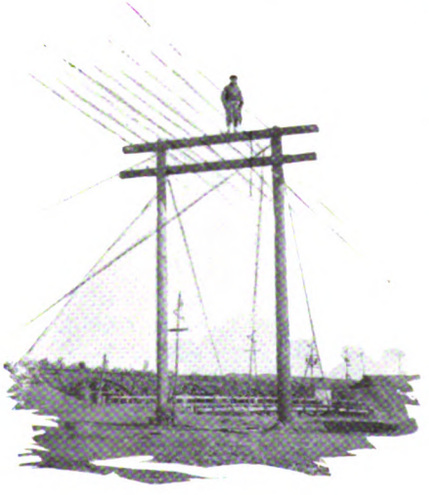
from Loveland after a drive of 32 miles along a splendid mountain boulevard through the Big Thompson Canon, this trip itself being rich in scenic grandure. The hotels of Estes Park furnish ample accommodations for those who desire to travel by train and auto stage and not be bothered with camp equipage, and the rules and regulations prescribed by the government are the most liberal of any of the national parks. The flivver is as welcome as the finest sedan,, but will not be admitted unless it appears to be in god running order and carries an extra tire. Ordinary rules of the road apply except that horse-drawn vehicles are given the right of way over those propelled by motor, though there are a few special regulations which the mountainous nature of the country makes necessary.

The majority of the visitors prefer to stop at some one of the many first-class hotels, making daily excursions to the places of interest and return to comfortable quarters at night. By whatever method you choose to go there, you will have plenty of company, as the annual attendance at Estes Park runs into the hundreds of thousands

It would be useless to attempt to catalogue all of the attractions, much less to describe them, but one may sit on the cool veranda and command an incomparable view of a sky line broken by the Continental Divide, raising its serated backbone into the loftiest continuous range of mountain peaks in the world, extending from Mummy Mountain on the north to Arapahoe Peak in the south, more than 60 miles in length. This statement does not mean that they are the highest mountains in the world, but refers to the highest unbroken series of peaks. In the Hymalayahs there is a plateau hundreds of miles in length whose average elevation is more than a thousand feet higher than the highest mountain in the United States, but the idea of great altitude is lost in the absence of something with which to compare it.

When one has "fed up" on the wonders of this region, when he has seen the ancient beds of prehistoric glaciers that literally tore down mountains more massive than any that exist today, when he has drunk in the wondrous beauty of the placid lakes, and when he has looked upon the matchless natural flower garden for the last time, he should head his tireless jitney toward the west along the Fall River road and cross the divide at Milner's Pass, nearly 11,000 feet high, through forests of spruce, pine and quaking aspen, to Grand Lake. From there he will pass through a country presenting every aspect of natural beauty, cross the divide again at the far-famed Berthoud Pass and slide gently down through Denver's mountain parks, past Buffalo Bill's grave on Lookout Mountain and thence over a fine paved highway to the metropolis of the West. Then he can go home and, like the tourist of old, exclaim: "Now let me die; I have seen Rome."

New Huerfano River Crossing



A pair of clean-cut "H" fixtures, part of a long-span crossing over the Huerfano River, twenty miles east of Pueblo, Colo.

This crossing is being constructed by Foreman B. H. Griffin and crew, under the supervision of District plant Chief Ayersman, to take the place of a bridge fixture-crossing, which, with the bridge, went down the river some time ago during a freshet.

It is clean-cut jobs like this which make the other fellow-lineman say, "It takes a Bell Telephone gang to do a job RIGHT."

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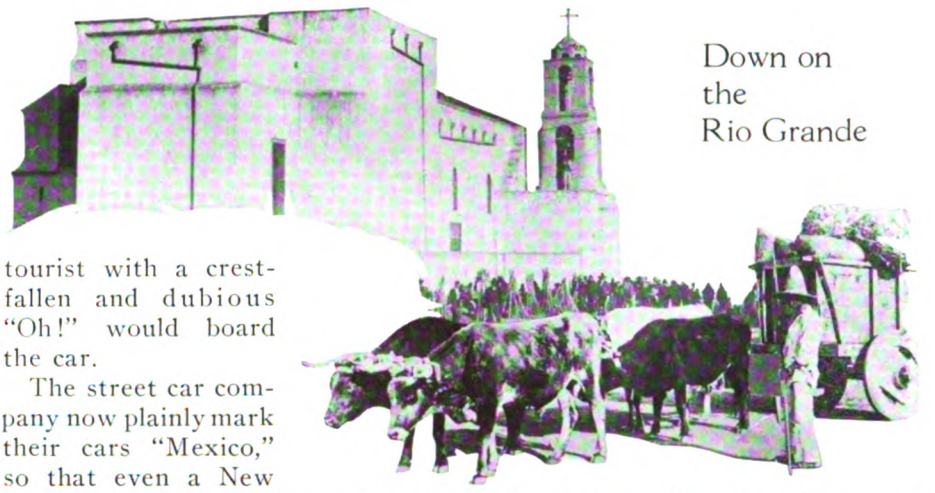
Juarez Mexico---

Call it "Whar-ez" and you'll get by

E. A. J. Seddon, El Paso

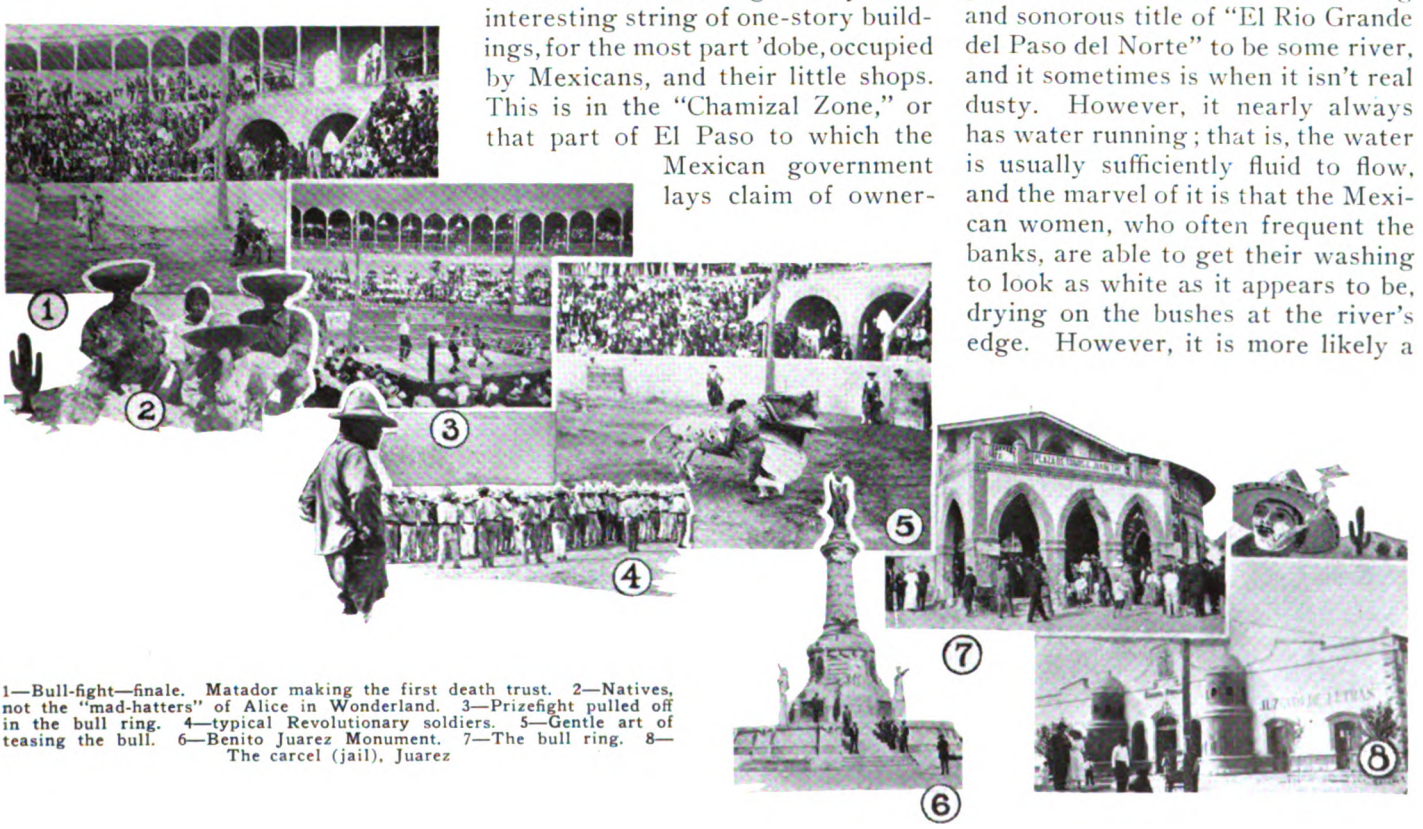


Down on the Rio Grande

NO, you don't pronounce it Jew-ar-ez—you pronounce it something like it isn't spelled, for instance, try this: "Whar-ez." Now, that's better. Try it a time or two more and you will begin to think you can talk Mex.

When the street cars first started running across the Rio Grande into the Mexican town the cars were plainly marked Juarez, but the Eastern tourists, who had somewhere picked up the proper pronunciation and were proud of it, and who had been told they could catch the Juarez cars on the Sheldon Hotel corner, would stand there and let the Juarez cars pass by. Eventually they would ask a passerby if they were on the right corner for the Juarez cars. The passerby would assure them they were and point one out to them. The tourist with a crest-fallen and dubious "Oh!" would board the car.

The street car company now plainly mark their cars "Mexico," so that even a New Yorker can get it right as he gets on the car and asks the conductor, "Does this car go to Juarez?" Being assured that it did, he pays his "jit"—no, it's six cents now, but he usually doesn't register a kick, because he is passing from a thirsty land to an oasis—and settles down to his adventure into a foreign country. When the car leaves the metropolitan aspect of San Antonio Street and turns directly south on Stanton Street it almost immediately plunges into the cosmopolitan quarter of the "Second Ward," where most of the working class of Mexicans live and have their being. The substantial business houses soon give way to an interesting string of one-story buildings, for the most part 'dobe, occupied by Mexicans, and their little shops. This is in the "Chamizal Zone," or that part of El Paso to which the Mexican government lays claim of ownership, due to the alleged vagaries of the Rio Grande in changing her mind as to what direction to go. An international commission has been pondering this matter for several years and still ponders. Almost unexpectedly the bridge is reached and the car stops, and the neat, clean-shaved U. S. Customs and Immigration inspectors pass through the car keenly looking the passengers over with a practiced eye, and if nothing arouses their suspician the car is allowed to proceed. The bridge is a disappointment, an old wooden affair, and so is the river—a disappointment. One would naturally expect a river with the fine sounding and sonorous title of "El Rio Grande del Paso del Norte" to be some river, and it sometimes is when it isn't real dusty. However, it nearly always has water running; that is, the water is usually sufficiently fluid to flow, and the marvel of it is that the Mexican women, who often frequent the banks, are able to get their washing to look as white as it appears to be, drying on the bushes at the river's edge. However, it is more likely a



1—Bull-fight—finale. Matador making the first death trust. 2—Natives, not the "mad-hatters" of Alice in Wonderland. 3—Prizefight pulled off in the bull ring. 4—typical Revolutionary soldiers. 5—Gentle art of teasing the bull. 6—Benito Juarez Monument. 7—The bull ring. 8—The carcel (jail), Juarez

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tribute to the purifying rays of the ever present Southwestern sun.

After crossing the bridge the car is again halted and Mexican inspectors give everybody a look-over and inspect purchases made on the American side.

The Mexico town is not built as closely to the banks of the river as is El Paso, doubtless due to the fact that the river makes a sharp turn at this point, which naturally subjects the southern bank to inundation and erosion in times of flood; however, the danger has been greatly lessened by the building of the Elephant Butte dam a hundred miles up the river, which controls the floods of the late spring and early summer, caused by the melting snows of the mountains in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado.

It is about a mile along Avenido Lerdo to Calle Comercio, which is the main business thoroughfare of Juarez, and it is at this corner that most visitors alight. Near this corner is the "Plaza de Torros," or the bull ring, which is a never failing point of interest to the visitor.

Calle Comercio is the main business thoroughfare, narrow and crooked, and lined on both sides with 'dobe buildings. Curio shops, gambling halls, saloons, are the first business places that greet the visitor. A very considerable number of visitors start in right here and get no farther. They start in patronizing the saloons and gambling places freely and are freely welcomed and accommodated to the limit. Every opportunity is offered to relieve the so-called sport of any circulating medium he may have in his possession, and it is done with an ease and celerity that astonishes him. It has been said "There is a sucker born every minute, and every darned one lives." It must be so or else the state of Chihuahua would not have sold the gambling concessions for a million pesos for a three months' period, payable in advance.

Race track or hippodrome

Sordid attractions of this character can be found almost anywhere, but in Juarez it is done openly. However, the better class of Mexicans do not pride themselves on this kind of traffic, but permit it as a means to bring revenue to their depleted treasuries, caused by the long, lean years of warfare.

Juarez is an old town and in the earlier days was known as El Paso del Norte—The Pass of the North. It is naturally a strategic point for Mexico and as such has many historical associations. It was a town before El Paso was more than a settlement. On more than one occasion it has been the seat of government for revolutionary forces, and perhaps the most important occasion was when the Mexican patriot, Benito Juarez, maintained his seat of government here at the time of the French occupation, when he was campaigning against the Emperor Maximillian. It is in honor of this patriot that the town is named. A very fine monument has been erected to his memory.

Another point of interest is the old Guadalupe Church, reputed to be nearly 300 years old. It has thick walls of 'dobe brick and the heavy 'dobe mud roof is supported by heavy wooden beams, hand carved by the Indian workers who constructed the building. The Fiesta de Guadalupe is a very interesting affair and attracts many pilgrims and visitors. At night beacon fires are lighted on the Juarez mountains for the purpose of directing the saint to her destination. All around the church numbers of small stalls are erected for lunch stands, and for the sale of images of the saint and other religious tokens, and also a large number of petty gambling stands, which are largely patronized by children. Close to the church is the public market place, which is always interesting to the visitor, and here one may sample some of the typical Mexican dishes at the lunch stands occupying the center. On gala occasions the streets are lined with numbers of little stands and stalls from which are sold a remarkable assortment of articles, from dulces, cakes, fruits, vegetables to old scraps of iron, old knives, burro's shoes and every conceivable piece of junk salvaged from no one knows where.

On special occasions the plaza is the center of activities and as the band plays the young people walk

Religious festivals are numerous and often picturesque

(Continued on page 41)

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ASHTON IDAHO

1—Nightcap of snow. 2—Street in Ashton. 3—Dog team in action. 4—One of the falls near Ashton. 5—Hauling provisions in the Island Park country. Snow is 7 feet deep. This is the team that finished first in 1921 races

By Conrad Draper, Manager

FIFTEEN years ago a person with small foresight would have seen a small party of men wandering, apparently aimlessly, with instruments and notebooks, through a barren stretch of sagebrush, with nowhere a dwelling in sight, especially if that person had been told that these men were laying out a town. But that's just what they were doing, and now we can show you very convincing proof of it.

The best proof of it is the statistics showing that in 1918, one of the bumper crop years, Ashton shipped to the big markets 500,000 bushels of grain, besides the carloads of sheep, hogs and cattle.

Approaching Ashton from the south, where most of the traffic comes from, one is already accustomed to the never-ending expanse of beautiful farm land with its rich growth of grain, alfalfa, sugar beets, potatoes, peas and all the rest. But there is a surprise in store for the traveler. After viewing one of the most thriving and important little towns for its size in the West and congratulating the citizens on the wonderful atmosphere he breaths at this altitude, the tourist makes the final preparations for diving into the glorious rugged grandeur of the mountains between Ashton and the Yellowstone National Park, seventy miles to the north. And he can feast upon the constantly changing landscape of pine-clad peaks and ridges and look beneath upon the foaming, twisting streams hundreds of feet below, hedged in by thick growth of pine and precipitous cliffs.

Government road projects have made the roads to the park a delight and there are cool stretches, miles in length, as straight as an arrow, shaded by tall, beautiful pines.

In 1920 a large portion of the travelers by automobile stopped at Ashton on the way to the park. Federal statistics show that 76,500 cars entered the park last year. Ashton has provided up-to-date camping grounds for the tourists and, since the number of travelers by car was so overwhelming last year and the grounds proved so popular, the grounds will be enlarged and more improvements added.

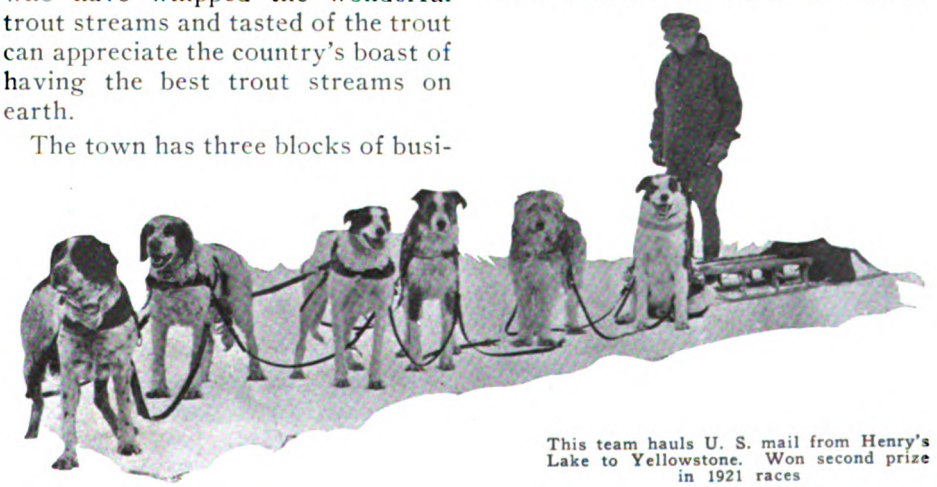
Ashton has long attracted the hunter and fisherman, and only those who have whipped the wonderful trout streams and tasted of the trout can appreciate the country's boast of having the best trout streams on earth.

The town has three blocks of business houses on each side of the main street, and the volume of retail business done in a year is almost unbelievable. Its trading area extends, roughly, about ten miles south, twenty-five miles west, thirty miles east and about eighty miles north.

The dry-farming area is tremendous. The traveler can go to the top of the Warm River grade north of town and look back on a rolling expanse of grain fields disappearing to the southeast into Teton Basin. And he can follow with his eye the winding course of the great Snake River through one of the richest and most beautiful valleys of the world.

But he cannot attempt to estimate the number of mouths this great river makes it possible to feed.

And if the traveler will look to the southeast about fifty miles he will behold the majestic presence of the three Teton Peaks, 14,000 feet above sea level. They are capped with snow the year through and appear much higher than they really are on account of their surroundings and their almost perpendicular sides. There is a movement on foot to in-



This team hauls U. S. mail from Henry's Lake to Yellowstone. Won second prize in 1921 races

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clude them in the Yellowstone Park Reserve, and anyone who takes a trip through that part of the country will support that movement.

So the Ashtonite believes that his town is several times blessed and that the population of 1,500 is only a good start. They have completed a good water system, they are building a modern sewer system, and they are contemplating street paving in the near future.

The land has advanced from $10 per acre in 1907 to $65 per acre for dry-farm land and $150 per acre for irrigated land in 1920.

Asbestos and coal are the only minerals being dug in this end of the county. The asbestos miners believe that they have a very good thing and the coal mine can easily take care of a large local demand with the machinery already installed, which would be a very good thing in case of a coal famine.

The Ashton Commercial Club is manned by up-to-the-minute business men, most of them having lived in the town since its incorporation. They have done much to make the town grow and are very much respected by the people in Ashton as well as all who know them in the neighboring towns.

Winners of 1921 races on home stretch

The big day of the year in Ashton is the dog-race day. Thousands of people come from all parts of the country to witness this exciting event. As the country north of Ashton resembles Canada and Alaska in the winter time and a dog is the only animal that can pull mail and freight over six and eight feet of snow, there are some splendid dog teams that take part, and they are usually in very good condition.

The course is twenty-three miles long and the time made by the winner in February, 1921, was 2:1:38. Between the exciting periods of the big race, the boy and dog races and also ski races are staged. The boy and dog races furnish a great deal of amusement, as there are usually a few mixups caused by one racing dog trying to keep all other dogs from racing on the same track. As nearly every boy in Ashton has some sort of a dog hitched to some sort of a sled, there are always plenty of entries for this class of racing.

There were three motion picture outfits picturing the 1921 event and the races are bringing such enormous crowds that plans are being discussed for enlarging the whole affair and improving the program.

Ashton exchange has about 300 telephones, and if development goes on as is expected the town plant will have to be enlarged before long.

There are three toll circuits between Ashton and St. Anthony, which are quite busy, and although the unsettled conditions of the last two years have caused a pause in development, Ashton's brightest days are ahead and it will not be long until the Ashton exchange will be a very important member of the Idaho district.

A good puller but stubborn about being directed

Across the Continent in Fifteen Minutes

By C. J. Lisle, Editor Bingham County, Idaho, News

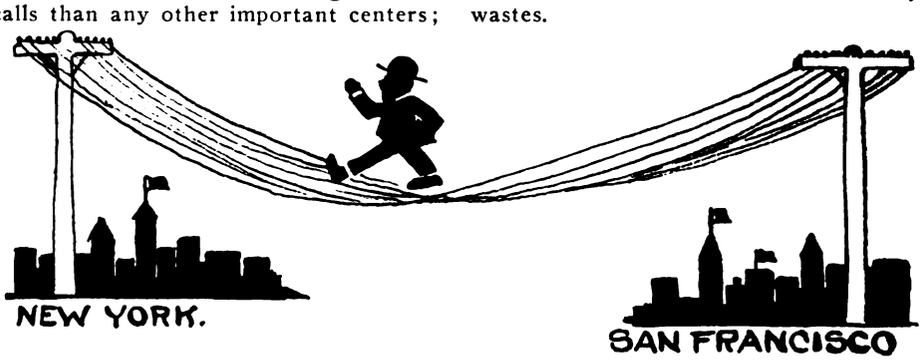
"TICKET to Atlanta, Ga,, please. How long will it take me to go there and back? What's that? Only fifteen minutes? And what will it cost? Impossible—only $6.75? You're not a joker—you're a plain short and ugly word—excessively, ridiculously ugly at that."

But here's what happened:

He wanted to discuss a vital business matter with Atlanta, and he was here in Blackfoot, and his time and money were both valuable. He needed that ten days for other things; and the nearly $200 for expenses, or maybe profits.

So he called up long distance; they hooked him on to the almost three thousand miles of wires a little after midnight, when he'd have a clear field, and in a few minutes he had fixed it all up. The bill was under $7.

The Atlanta call alone meant ten days, and 6,000 miles for the round trip. Boise and Salt Lake receive more long distance calls than any other important centers; a round trip to Boise is 550 miles, and it makes a $25 bill and a week look like a thousand dollar debt. Salt Lake is close to 200 miles away. It means a lot to be able to cut off these time and money wastes.



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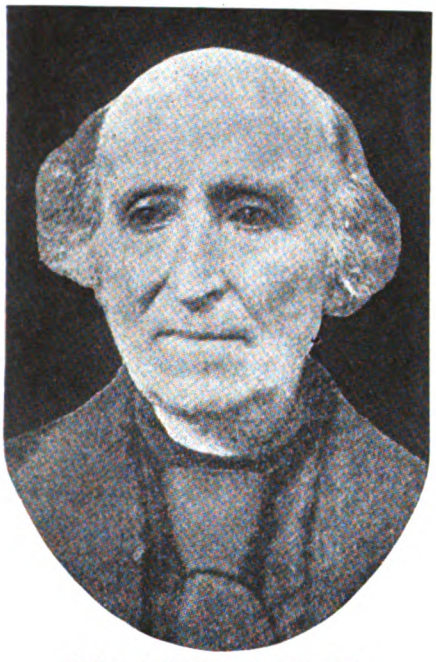
St. Mary's Mission in the Famous Bitter Root Valley

Old log mission built by Fr. Ravalli

By Olive W. Butterfield, Stevensville, Montana

ST. MARY'S MISSION, the first permanent settlement of white men in Montana, was established by Catholic missionaries in the Bitter Root Valley in the year 1841.

The Bitter Root Valley was inhabited by an Indian tribe kindly in their natures, who called themselves Selish. In the year 1815 a small party of Iroquois came to the Bitter Root from the Mission of Caughnawaga, near St. Louis. The Selish



Father Anthony J. Ravalli, S. J.

tribes welcomed the Iroquois and learned from them of a mysterious faith symbolized by a cross, and they told of the pale faced priests who taught the faith. The chiefs held a council and discussed a means of getting a "Black Robe" to come to them to teach them the new faith so it was proposed that a delegate be sent to St. Louis. It was a great and daring thing to do, but in the spring of 1836 four young braves undertook to bear the message to the Catholic bishop of that city, but were never afterwards heard from.

The next year three Indians left the Bitter Root Valley for St. Louis on a similar expedition, but were all killed by hostile Sioux. In 1839 two young Indians went from the valley to the headwaters of the Missouri, and from there made their way to St. Louis, where they were promised that Father de Smet would accompany them to the Flathead country; and he made immediate preparations for the journey, arriving in the Bitter Root Valley September, 1841.

They selected a fair spot near the present site of Stevensville and labored long to fashion the pioneer home of the Faith. The building of the mission was a labor of love as much as a religious rite, and when it was completed Father de Smet traveled to Fort Colville in Washington, a journey of more than 300 miles, to procure seeds and roots. The Indians watched with wonder the planting ripening and reaping of the crop, a thing before unknown to them. The work at the mission was growing larger, so Father de Smet found it necessary to seek reinforcement abroad. This trip of Father de Smet to Europe has a peculiar interest in that it was the means of bringing into the West, besides numbers of pioneer Sisters and clergy, a man so beloved that his name—Father Ravalli—is known by Catholic and Protestant, Indian and white alike throughout the Northwest. Those who knew the gentle old man loved him not only for his spirituality, but for his human sweetness. Father Ravalli was a native of Ferrara, Italy, where he was born May 16, 1812. He was a scholar, poet, artist and physician, but first of all a true missionary of the cross. So he came to the Indians, bringing with him great human kindness and a knowledge that made their lives more easy. It was through his skillfulness as a mechanic that early in the '50s the first sawmill and gristmill were put in motion in the valley.

His greatest mercy was his practice of medicine. He went to the call of the sick, over bleak snowy passes of the mountains, heedless of danger or hardship, no matter who they were. Often those who came for his help were robbed on the way However, he never hesitated. He was never molested, the most desperate characters on the roads respected him and allowed him to pass in peace. His trustfulness was his safeguard, like the good bishop in Les Miserables. There were some of the church who disapproved of his unrewarded toil, and there were times when he was an object of charity. He visited all the missions of the Northwest and even traveled so far as Santa Clara, California. But he is known best and loved most as the Apostle at St. Mary's. In fact, looking back over the life of the little mission one figure stands out among the pious priests who presided in his turn at its altar, and this figure is Father Ravalli. He

(Continued on page 41)

Fr. Ravalli's grave in the Bitter Root Valley

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Salt Lake City Sisters

First row, reading from left to right—Lois Goodmansen, messenger, 11-19-20; Norma Goodmansen, opr., 10-25-20. Second row—Helen Adams, opr., 4-15-20; Myrtle Mitchell, Hyland traffic chief, 3-30-14; Pearl Mitchell, local supr., 5-21-17; Isabel Armstrong, toll opr., 3-1-20. Front row—Vida Adams, opr., 1-10-21; Anna Glines, opr., 1-10-21; Retta Glines, toll opr., 8-17-20; Elsie Glines, toll opr., 8-16-20.

The traffic department of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company at Salt Lake City challenges the entire telephone system to show a greater per cent of "sisters" in any department, and here are the photographs to substantiate the claim. They are 20 per cent of the entire force of over 400.

Eighty-two beautiful girls—thirty-nine "sets of two sisters" and two "sets" where there are three sisters—making a total of 82. Talk about your "Telephone Family"—here it is, not only by telephone company association, but by kinship ties that are thicker than water.

In this we are reminded of the little boy who went to Sunday School and there he was told that he ought to work for the Master. Next Sunday he led his younger brother to the church and to the teacher he said:

"Please, Mister, do you suppose God could give Jimmie a job, too? He needs it bad as I do."

What was good enough for Johnnie was good enough for his brother Jimmie, and together, hand-in-hand, they worked for the Master.

Salt Lake City should rightfully be called the "City of Sisterly Love." That would go Philadelphia one better on its "Brotherly Love" claim. And it is a beautiful thought, isn't it, when you come to analyze it! Forty-one sets of sisters working for ONE company in ONE department and in ONE city is a rec-

First row, reading from left to right—Lorna Stark, opr., 1-10-21; Blanche Stark, opr., 1-12-20. Second row—Dorthea Warrick, opr., 3-12-19 to 10-9-20, again 12-8-20; Thelma Warrick, opr., 6-23-19; Leitha O'Berg, opr., 2-18-20; Beatrice O'Berg, opr., 11-14-18; Melba Riser, opr., 9-15-20; Athalia Riser, ticket clerk, 9-8-20. Third row—Ada Smith, local supr., 8-6-19; Leona Southam, opr., 5-21-17 to 2-2-18, 7-22-19 to 8-25-20, again 9-22-20; Lillian Southam, Cent. Off. Inst., 10-9-18; Margurite McDonald, toll opr., 7-15-20; Mamie McDonald, toll supr., 5-26-19; Wilhelmina Nielson, supr., 3-23-12; Julia Nielson, information opr., 12-26-18. Front row—Cumorah Smith, opr., 4-15-20; Julia McCluskey, P. B. X. opr., 1-19-20; Hazel McCluskey, opr., 4-24-16; Ruth Whitecar, record clerk, 8-17-16; Ellen Whitecar, opr., 3-15-20; Ruth Taylor, opr., 10-13-20; Pearl Taylor, opr., 10-13-20.—Salt Lake City

Contentment

By Miss Anne Barnes

This letter is intended for my telephone centrals who live in small towns and often grow discouraged, saying "their lives are just going to we should let our little forty-foot have acres in which to do landscape gardening, is that a good reason why waste in small offices." There is no waste if one just GROWS and BLOSSOMS where they are put.

Tennyson says:

And I must work through months of toil
  And years of cultivation
Upon my proper patch of soil
  To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall;
  I will not vex my bosom,
Content, if at the end of all,
  A little garden blossom.

Even Tennyson may have thought his little corner where he began his work dull, and that it did not offer much for the future.

There are thousands of little gar-

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ord that is hardly paralleled in any company in any city in the country.

Indeed the Telephone Family has many wonderful children in its circle, but until further evidence is in we will have to take our hat off to the sisters of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Top row, reading from left to right—Cumorah Davies, stenographer; Lillian Davies, employment clerk, 6-19-18. Second row—Cora Bird, Powell-mult. mark opr., 1-11-11 to 2-20-17, entered again 3-21-19; Bessie Bird, hospital opr., 8-11-19 to 2-27-20, entered again 7-31-20; Mrs. Rankin, matron, 5-12-19; Mrs. Patterson, matron, 1-20-21; Anna West, opr., 3-15-20. Third row—Louise Ball, record clerk, 10-17-18; Dorothy Ball, toll opr., 2-1-17; Dorothea Proband, toll opr., 4-29-20; Winnifred Proband, opr., 6-1-20; Edith Beyers, night opr., 10-9-17; Gertrude Beyers, opr., 7-20-20; Clara West, toll opr., 3-29-20. Front row—Myrtle Desmond, opr., 6-1-20; Mable Desmond, opr., 9-11-18 to 8-8-19, entered again 3-11-20; Anna Piercey, night chief opr., 8-16-11 to 3-26-15, entered again 10-16-15; Dorothy Piercey, toll instr., 12-2-17; Violet Floyd, opr., 9-11-18; Edna Floyd, opr., 4-20-19.—Salt Lake

dens to one big garden, making the earth brighter and more pleasant to live in. Just because we cannot lots grow up in weeds?

Some people are so hopeless. They make graveyards out of their little patches, filling them full of abandoned hopes and plans which they have failed to realize. Then they sit down and groan over them in the presence of the few who are unfortunate enough to be in their vicinity.

To such folks I say:

"You gave up your hopes and plans too soon. You buried them alive; you had better dig them up before they mold and decay. Go to work and clear your little patches of the noxious weeds and make them bright little centers of cheerful, willing service. Environment will not hinder you in your efforts, if you put the best of yourself into your work. You will not only feel contentment, as Tennyson, because of work well done, but greater opportunities will come to you, leading on to larger fields of work."

Many of those who have reached the highest pinnacle of success began their work in a modest way. In hard work there is growth for all.

First row, reading from left to right—Elva Olsen, opr., 3-15-20; Mabel Olsen, opr., 4-5-20; Olive Goold, opr., 6-22-20; Verda Goold, opr., 6-1-20; Emma Michels, opr., 4-5-20; Katherine Michels, opr., 5-10-20. Second row—Grace Best, ticket clerk, 9-1-19; Katherine Best, record clerk, 10-28-18; Iris Bergstrom, opr., 8-25-20; Verna Bergstrom, opr., 9-8-20; Afton Gallacher, local instructress, 1-29-17; Arvilla Gallacher, ticket clerk, 6-10-20; Zola Lemmon, opr., 1-26-20; Norma Lemmon, opr., 9-12-19. Third row—Mrs. Hutchins, matron, 1-25-21; Mrs. Swan, matron, 9-28-20; Katherine Rock, messenger, 6-23-19; Ethel Rock, toll opr., 5-1-20; Emily Crebs, toll opr., 10-20-19; Mary Crebs, opr., 12-27-20; Nina Erickson, toll opr., 7-1-18. Front row—Rose Vialett, local instructress, 12-4-16; Pauline Vialett, central office instructress, 3-13-13; Jane Wright, information opr., 9-4-16; Maude Wright, sup., 6-13-17; Lillian Wright, local instr., 8-9-17; Hannah Dolmer, local night opr., 7-12-20; Jennie Dolmer, local night opr., 8-10-20; Madge Erickson, toll opr., 7-1-18.—Salt Lake City

Had You Thought of It?

By An Employe

When the orders came for the transfer, and you thought of the friends you would leave, did you think of the sorrow that they felt, in the loss of a friend, eh, Steve?

In this interchange of employes if your heart swells and the tears come to your eyes, feel not ashamed; for such is an organization built on, brotherly love and affection.

In order that such a spirit may live, advise your fellow workmen as you would be advised yourself, then do the task before you as though it were by your own direction.

Be cheerful, courteous and kind—yes, and considerate.

The profits accrue to stockholder, and even unto you and me, if this spirit will spread and predominate, started by you and me.

Permanent, prosperous, yes, and successful, will be the organization, which is you and me, when conducted by brotherly love and affection—conducted by you and me.

Thoughts such as these come from what we call angels, even unto you and me.

The author then is our maker, and not for the credit of you or me.

Must Have Been Ten O'clock

Subscriber: "Time, please."

Information: "I'm sorry, but we're not permitted to give out the time."

Subscriber: "I know that, but I'll tell you what you can do. If it's ten o'clock you can say 'Uh-huh,' but if it's ten-thirty, say 'Huh-uh.'"

Information: "Huh-uh; we're not permitted to say Uh-huh."

These people who are always kicking on telephone service are going to have a hard time "plugging in" on the switchboard of eternity.

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Timpanogas, Wasatch

By L. P. Stoney, Salt Lake City, Utah

You may think of the great Swiss Alps,
You may look toward the Andes peaks,
But you're bound to stop and listen
When Old Timpanogas speaks.

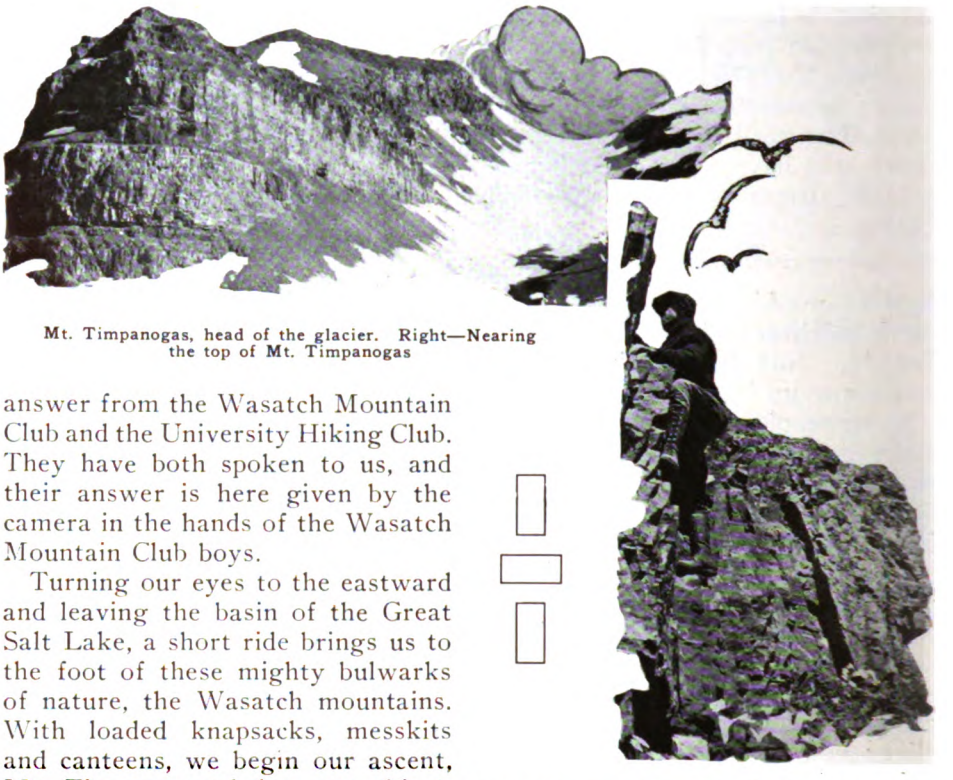
AND he speaks to you, to everyone. He is calling to you to come and see the beauties of nature all huddled together in one vast heap, and yet so beautifully and so minutely separated as to give, in perfect detail, all that nature has done.

Far out in the big world, beyond the great waters, the handiwork of the Great Creator is pictured in the Book of Life, Nature. And most prominent on the pages of that book are the stories that the mountains have to tell.

We hear! We wonder and we admire! We leave our own home and even our own land to see "what God hath wrought."

Yet here at the threshold of our own door lies a combination of all that might be seen if we were to travel around the globe.

Following the setting sun, our eyes rest upon the Great Salt Sea of America. Turning to see that sun rise again, the mighty Wasatch mountains greet us with their hoary peaks of gray. And we ask ourselves, "Are not these the handiwork of the same great power that created the beautiful Alps and the mighty Andes?" Behold the answer from the Wasatch Mountain Club and the University Hiking Club. They have both spoken to us, and their answer is here given by the camera in the hands of the Wasatch Mountain Club boys.



Mt. Timpanogas, head of the glacier. Right—Nearing the top of Mt. Timpanogas

Turning our eyes to the eastward and leaving the basin of the Great Salt Lake, a short ride brings us to the foot of these mighty bulwarks of nature, the Wasatch mountains. With loaded knapsacks, messkits and canteens, we begin our ascent, Mt. Timpanogas being our object. Over the foothills, into the river valleys, and up the mountain side, with little to mar our progress, we pass lightly over the first two hours.

Glancing back into the open valley we look upon the great inland sea, with its altitude of 5,000 feet. Then swinging back again to our task, we raise our eyes to the top of old Timpanogas, 13,012 feet up in the air, and just begin to realize our task. Rising more abruptly are the outskirts of this crowning point of the great Wasatch plateau.

The great buttresses, the deep gorges, the talluses of boulder and shale, are the work of erosion, and not the tearing up of the earth by earthquake and other mighty eruptions.

Another hour brings us to the foot of one of the many scraggy juttings from the mountain side, a point of rock too strong in its texture to have been torn to pieces by the action of the elements. Winding around the swinging trail, clinging to the brush and crags, pressing our bodies hard against the face of this wall of stone, climbing and clinging, clinging and climbing, we reach the top and have made another round of the ladder, not the ladder of fame, but the ladder that leads us to the top of Timpanogas.

Here we rest ourselves, and while we take from our stores of food, to lighten the

1—Off for a hike
2—Lake Utah, Mt. Timpanogas in distance
3—End of the climb
4—Looking south from the top

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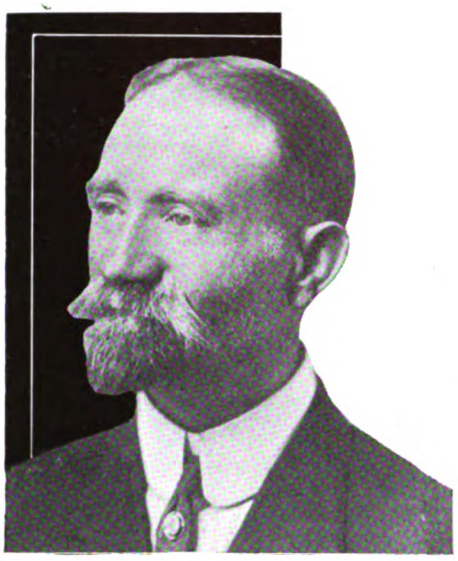
Bill Hummell an Interesting Character

On August 26, 1910, there entered the service of the Colorado Telephone Company a man answering to the name of Wm. T. Hummell. It wasn't very long, however, before he was known throughout the territory as plain "Bill" Hummell.

His first work was performed as a groundman on the Telluride-Norwood toll line. Those were in the days when everybody supplied his own bedding on camp jobs, and the horse was still in his prime as far as utility toward building toll lines was concerned. Returning to Denver on December 23rd at the completion of this job, he again ventured out as groundman with E. C. Coyer, foreman at Pueblo, Colorado. His ability soon asserted itself and he was made timekeeper and material man. On November 28, 1911, he was sent to Boise, Idaho, to help with the work of rebuilding in that city. Returning to Denver January 6, 1913, for a visit with his family, he left again on January 9th for Sheridan, Wyoming, and in April of the same year went to Helena under Foreman J. W. Adams. At the



WILLIAM T. HUMMELL

completion of the Helena estimate Bill worked on construction gangs at Livingston, Miles City, and Dillon, and on the 1st of July, 1915, was transferred to the Helena warehouse as storekeeper, which position he still holds.

A more conscientious employe in the company's ranks it would be hard to find. Bill keeps tab on every nail and bolt charged to his stock as though it were his own personal property.

An idea of what Bill thinks of the company he works for may be gathered from the fact that he is probably the largest stockholder of A. T. & T. Company stock in the Northern Division. The average number of shares held by each stockholder is thirty, but Bill has long since passed the average, and naturally he feels that a dollar saved to the company helps to maintain the eight per cent dividend on the stock of which he is the possessor.

Telephone Men Honored

Following the annual banquet of the Forbes Rickard, Jr., Post, American Legion, at the Adams Hotel in Denver, an election was held in which lively interest was shown. Two Mountain States men were honored, George H. Orahood being unanimously elected president and Harold N. Ferris finance officer. Both Mr. Orahood and Mr. Ferris are connected with our general plant department in Denver.

loads that we have been carrying, we feast our eyes from that greatest of all books, the Book of Nature.

At our feet ripples and gurgles and plunges the pure crystal stream that has its source in the great glacier at the top of the mountain. Winding its way through the dense growth of oaks and quaking asps, studded on either side by the sturdy pines and firs, with here and there the jutting crags from the perpendicular walls, making a picture inspiring in its awful grandeur, this glacier stream plunges on its way to become one of the feeders of the Great Salt Lake.

Rested and ready, eager to see that which still lies beyond the lines of the present horizon, we again face the chief of the tribe, the mightiest peak of the Wasatch. Up, and up, over crags and boulders, clinging to the brush and to the mountain side, over beds of perpetual snow, across deep gullies, slipping and sliding as we meet the beds of shale, broken loose by the wear of time, we reach another round of that mighty ladder.

Standing on this ridge, looking still ahead of us, we glance down into the basin of the lakes. Here, nestled at the foot of the snow-capped peaks, is another poem written by the finger of the God of Nature. He speaks to us in the language of these calm and placid waters, banked by the basin slopes covered with grass and backed by the grand old pine and fir.

After feasting for a while on these beauties we ascend again toward the crowning peak. On the way we pass by the grand old glacier, winding, twisting and crowding its way down the valley toward advancing civilization.

Passing again toward the summit, after a complete trip of seven hours, every minute of which has been filled with new and beautiful wonders which have inspired more awe and reverence, we finally reach the top.

From here one almost imagines that the whole world spreads before him. Across lower mountain ranges, to the east, clear into the basin of the Uintah, to the north, as far as the Idaho boundary line, south to Mt. Nebo, Mt. Baldy and Belknap, almost to the Arizona line, and to the west, over into Nevada.

From here the mountain streams run in all directions, bearing to civilization the best water that the world knows.

On all sides mountain peaks tower into the sky, but not the height of our present standing ground, for we are on the highest of all the peaks. And all the beauties of nature's mountain peaks, gorges and streams spread out before us.

Ever and always, Old Timpanogas invites, "Come, let me show you what God hath wrought."

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This is Jim

Wire-Splicer Talks Telephone

Address By James K. Powers Before a Local Fraternal Order---Full of Information.

By James K. Powers, Denver

A TALK on "talks" would hardly be expected from one who feels that he, himself, is not overly talkative; however, being connected with the telephone company I have had opportunity to make a slight study of telephone conservation and how it is carried on, so I feel that I can at least do as well as the parrot that has been taught to say "damn, damn, damn."

And, in the beginning, let me say that I imagine that if we knew more about how the "spoken words" are carried here and there over the wires, through weather foul and fair, I am sure there would be less use of the habitual words taught the parrot.

Do you know there are 55,000 telephones in the city of Denver alone, and that the average daily calls amount to 465,000, and that in 1920 there were 155,304,405 calls recorded in Denver? All of these calls are handled by girls, and the number of errors is remarkably low when we consider the enormous amount of calls they handle.

A mile is quite a distance if one has to walk it, but it is as nothing when you "talk it." And you will be interested to know that there are 28,827,188 miles of telephone wires in the United States—enough to go around the globe 1,153 times and have enough left to give our chairman a private line from here to Honolulu. There are over twelve million telephones in use in the United States, and the figures showing the actual calls in one year are so staggering that personally I did not have time to verify the statement made by the government, which places them at twenty-three billion, and then some.

The telephone business in America gives constant employment to 275,000 people. Of this number 170,000 are women. It may also be of interest to you to learn that the telephone stock, or interests, are owned by over 700,000 thrifty people; so you see it is by no means a "close corporation."

When we consider that the first telephone was invented in 1876, just 45 years ago, we are astounded at the magnitude it has attained. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor still lives to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that one of the greatest achievements of the industrial world had its birth in his inventive mind while he was yet a young man.

We often wonder, of course, what makes the telephone talk. The fact is, it doesn't talk—nor does it actually carry sound along the wires. The telephone at one end of the line simply takes the sound and converts it into certain electrical manifestations that are carried along the wire to the receiving telephone, which converts them BACK into sound. I imagine that if the sound was actually carried along the wires this would be a noisy town of ours when 55,000 people got to talking at once.

We see the little telephone on our desk and hardly give it a thought. We suspect but little as to its mechnism; but, do you know, there are 205 separate pieces in that little instrument? But that is not all of the telephone equipment required. In the whole it is such a big business that I could not tell it all to you in ten years, even though I were capable of doing so.

Unlike the gas company or the water company, the telephone company cannot furnish service to subscribers by merely tapping the "mains" and joining up a pipe or welding a wire. The telephone must furnish a separate line or circuit for each subscriber, excepting, of course, those on party lines. All of these wires are run out of the central office and must have a place on the switchboard before they are of any use. These wires are carried from the central office in cables, either underground or on poles. The wires, when in cables, are scarcely bigger than a large thread, and are made of copper. Such cables contain from 20 to 2,000 wires. The cable sheaths must be kept water tight. Should water get into the cables it will destroy the insulation. and "cross talks" will result in the telephones served by the wetted wires, or else the telephone will be dead altogether.

Sometimes constant swaying of aerial cables, or rubbing against a limb or other surface, causes the sheath to crystalize; then tiny cracks or holes appear and a hard, driving rain wets the wires inside and causes telephone trouble.

Underground cables are laid in conduits, which are pipes made of baked clay or other material, with a varying number of "ducts," laid in trenches dug under streets, and then covered.

The conduit ducts end in manholes at appropriate intervals; the manholes are sufficiently large for workmen to enter them and stand erect. The cables are drawn into the ducts from the manhole after the conduits are laid. Sooner or later, though, the wires must be brought out of the cables and carried along the tops of poles, to be distributed to the different telephones, and in doing this the heavy wires you see on the poles are used.

Such in brief—and very briefly—is the principal outside plant of the telephone exchange, and I know you are all wondering what happens inside the exchange where the actual connections are made, and it is my good pleasure and privilege, at this time, to extend to the members of

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The Medico Says

Doctor
C·B·LYMAN
Medical Director

"Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famished boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well."
—Byron.

"FAMILIARITY breeds contempt," it is said, and in respect to water it is a truism. Few people there are who fully appreciate the great value and necessity of water.

It goes without saying that water externally is of value, and the average person makes free use of it in that manner. The proper use of it internally is little understood.

Wherever in nature there is the production of heat and chemical activity there is always waste material. This fact holds good in the human body as well as elsewhere in nature. The temperature of the body is practically always above that of the surrounding atmosphere so that heat is always being lost and so must always be produced. Each and every structure in the body is going through a constant change, and waste products are being constantly produced. The body must be rid of these waste products as fast as they are produced, otherwise the body become overloaded with them, where they may act to produce symptoms of one kind or another which we call disease. It is therefore necessary that we provide for the proper elimination of these waste products.

In the various diseases which are the result of germ growth in the system there are produced as a result of germ growth chemical substances which are active poisons and which give rise to the various symptoms of which the individual complains. These poisonous chemicals are eliminated in the same manner as the normal waste products. It therefore follows that if we can cause the body to throw off these chemicals rapidly the symptoms will diminish. It is therefore necessary in sickness as well as in health that attention should be given to elimination.

The first question one would naturally ask is, "How are these waste products and poisonous substances gotten rid of?" There are in our bodies three main channels of elimination—the skin, kidneys and bowels. Through these three channels water is being constantly elimi-

nated holding these waste products and chemical poisons in solution. Through these three agencies at least three quarts of water is thrown off in each twenty-four hours. If the body is not supplied with that amount of water every day it will be abstracted from the tissues of the body, and they will suffer from the loss or the amount eliminated will drop below normal, and as a result the waste products will be blocked up in the body, producing various symptoms.

It is natural, therefore, that to ward off disease and to overcome many symptoms of the various ailments we are subject to, it is essential that we should pay attention to these various eliminative organs, and it is there that water plays the important role.

Excretions of the skin will be increased if the sweat glands are kept in a good normal condition. Frequent baths will do this. Sweat is being poured out of the sweat glands constantly in cold as well as in hot weather, although in this dry climate it is not noticeable, as it evaporates as fast as it is secreted. Hot baths aid in skin elimination. Twenty minutes in a bath at a temperature of 100 degrees will cause an average adult to lose from one to three pints of water in the shape of sweat. Frequent baths keep the dirt and refuse material washed off, leaving the skin in a healthy condition.

The kidneys normally secrete three pints of water daily, carrying in solution many refuse chemicals. Often, however, this amount is diminished, and we have blocking of these in the system, and then follows various symptoms which we call sickness or disease in one form or another. The kidneys can be made to increase their activity by drinking water freely. Many a simple ailment can be remedied in that way. To get the best results the water should be taken warm, as when taken cold in large quantities it uses up a good deal of the normal body energy to bring it up to the temperature of the body, namely, 98½ degrees. The average individual does not drink water enough—two to four quarts a day is a good amount. There is a popular idea that water should not be taken with the meals. This is not founded on good physiological basis. It does NOT interfere with the digestion of food, and it should be taken freely, two or three glasses with each meal and three to four glasses between meals. One or two glasses of hot water before breakfast will act as a laxative, wash the cobwebs off the brain and help to set one right for the day's work. A glass of hot water taken upon retiring will often induce sleep when one is not particularly sleepy.

Good old-fashioned hydrant water is good and it does not cost as much as water bottled at some bubbling spring. So do not be afraid of water. It can never do one any harm as long as the head is kept above it. In taking it freely one will always "be done good," and it is not necessary to ride the water wagon as long as one will drink freely of its contents.

---

this lodge a most cordial invitation to make a personal inspection of the operating rooms in the Main building, at some near date that may best suit your convenience. If you accept this invitation I am sure you will be well paid for your time and trouble and the telephone company will be pleased to greet you with its ever-extended hand of courtesy.

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What Percentage Is It?

Wanted—Saleswomen to sell molasses of unquestionable ability and character. —Ad in The New York Times.

—

Which Is Right—Layers or Lyers?

The Cincinnati Telephone Bulletin tells of a supervisor who has two hens and one rooster that "lay five eggs every other day." Wonder what they do the day before—lay off, we suppose. Say, who started this argument.

—

Cy Meyn Comes to Town

Cy Meyn, father of Hattie, the Hello Girl, came down from Boulder the other day and made us a "flying" visit. He hitched his aeroplane on the roof of the Monitor office and crawled in through the skylight. He brought his lunch with him. Cy spent a good deal of his time in our art department.

—

Pleased to Meet You

Recently a Trinidad operator was put on long distance. She did splendidly in passing a call to Denver. The D. R. O. P. R. said:

"Who are you, operator?"

Over the wires came the innocent reply:

"Why, I'm Calma McKissack."

—

A Real Authority

Little Nelly told little Anita what she terms "only a little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is an editor, and he knows more about lying than your father."—Blighty.

—

This Is a Deep One

"If you are a good little girl we will take you over to see Mrs. Bunny's baby tomorrow," said a fond telephone mother to her five-year-old Jacqueline, one evening recently. At the breakfast table next morning the little tot said:

"Mamma, was I a good girl while I was asleep?"

"Yes, Jacqueline, you are always good when you are asleep. Why do you ask?"

"Well, then, you'll take me over to see Mrs. Rabbit's baby, won't you?"

A Precaution

Several members of the women's club were chatting with a little daughter of the hostess.

"I suppose you are a great help to your mamma," said one.

"Oh, yes," replied the little miss, "and so is Ethel, but it's my turn to count the spoons today after the company is gone." —Exchange.

—

The Lady in the Moon

"Oh, dear! I wish we had telephones up here. I'd like to call up an aviator and let him rescue me from this piece of cheese."

—

Driftwood

By Bessie Hazlewood

Just a piece of driftwood,
On life's rugged sea,
I'm forever drifting
'Mid humanity.

Shifting ever shoreward
On life's stormy tide,
Until waves of fury
Fling me far and wide.

Drifting ever onward
At last I touch shore,
And linger contented
To drift never more.

———

Let us be content to work and do the things we can and not presume to fret because it is little.

Will It Come to This?

The following traffic regulations for pedestrians are suggested by Edward C. Widman in the Rochester Gas and Electric News:

Rule 1. Pedestrians crossing boulevards at night shall wear a white light in front and a red light in the rear.

Rule 2. Before turning to the right or left they shall give three short blasts on a horn at least three inches in diameter.

Rule 3. When an inexperienced driver is made nervous by a pedestrian he shall indicate the same and the pedestrian shall hide behind a tree until the automobile has passed.

Rule 4. Pedestrians shall not carry in their pockets any sharp substances which are liable to cut automobile tires.

Rule 5. In dodging automobiles pedestrians shall not run more than seven miles an hour.

Rule 6. Pedestrians must register at the beginning of each year and pay a license fee of $5.

Rule 7. Pedestrians will not be allowed to emit cigarette smoke on any boulevard in any offensive and unnecessary manner.

Rule 8. Each pedestrian before receiving a license to walk upon a boulevard must demonstrate before an examining board his skill in dodging, leaping, crawling and extricating himself from machinery.

Rule 9. Pedestrians will be held responsible for all damage done to automobiles or their occupants in collision.

—

The Boss: "What's this item on your expense account, 'Overhead expense, $5?'"

The Traveling Salesman: "That was an umbrella I bought."

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Snaps Dad Unawares

N. O. Pierce, eastern division plant superintendent, will probably tan Norman O. P., Jr., for this—if he is big enough—and then come over and pi The Monitor office. You see, "it was this way":

Mr. Pierce enjoys getting out in the open where the ants can bite him and the sun parboil his rosy cheeks and the zephyrs can toy with

Pierce, as he doesn't look

his eyebrows. Well, last summer he was placidly, though unconsciously, posing and trying to look like Bill Hart, the movie villian. His little son, Norman, happened along with kodak in hand.

"Hold it, dad! hold it!" he exclaimed, "and I'll snap you while you wait!"

Norman and Gertrude Pierce, chips off the old block

Just to please his young hopeful and heir apparent to the superintendent's job, dad held his position—and there it is. If Bill Hart sees this he will no doubt take Pierce over as his understudy.

Employed "Nom de Phone"

"Is Mr. Smith in?" inquired the visitor at the office of a Newark business man.

"Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith? I don't think we have any person by that name," replied the office boy.

"John Henry Smith was the name," said the caller. "He gave it to me over the telephone."

"Were you looking for John Henry Smith?" inquired a member of the firm who was passing by. "You want to see our Mr. Kraemberlicht. This is a new office boy, and he is not aware that John Henry Smith is the telephone name of Mr. Kraemberlicht. Mr. Kraemberlicht found that it was impossible to make anyone understand his name over the telephone, so he simplified it to John Henry Smith. A nom de phone."

"I see," said the visitor. "You might also call it a phoney name."—Newark Sunday Call.

Dear Hattie—My desires were never to be a scandal-monger, but the other day whilst I were taking my daily afternoon stroll through our plant department, I by chance overheard the test-board man ask an operator over in D——: "Did you get my ring?" Now, Hattie, don't you think, because this man happens to be many years married, that such a scandiculous thing should be halted? And what's more, lo and behold, he had no more finished asking her this, when he turns right around and says awfully imploring-like: "Didn't you get the FIRST ring?" After I had recovered my strength well enough to crawl up the stairs, I just decided to leave it to you, seeing that you are one of the many "plug-pushers." Anxiously,

ABIE TOLL.

Answer—Dear Abie, I would suggest that you either cease strolling around the plant department, or wear ear-muffs on your visits.

—

Dear Hattie—Can't grasp the main idee of these here name cards fer our desks. What d'yew say?

C. O. MERCIAL.

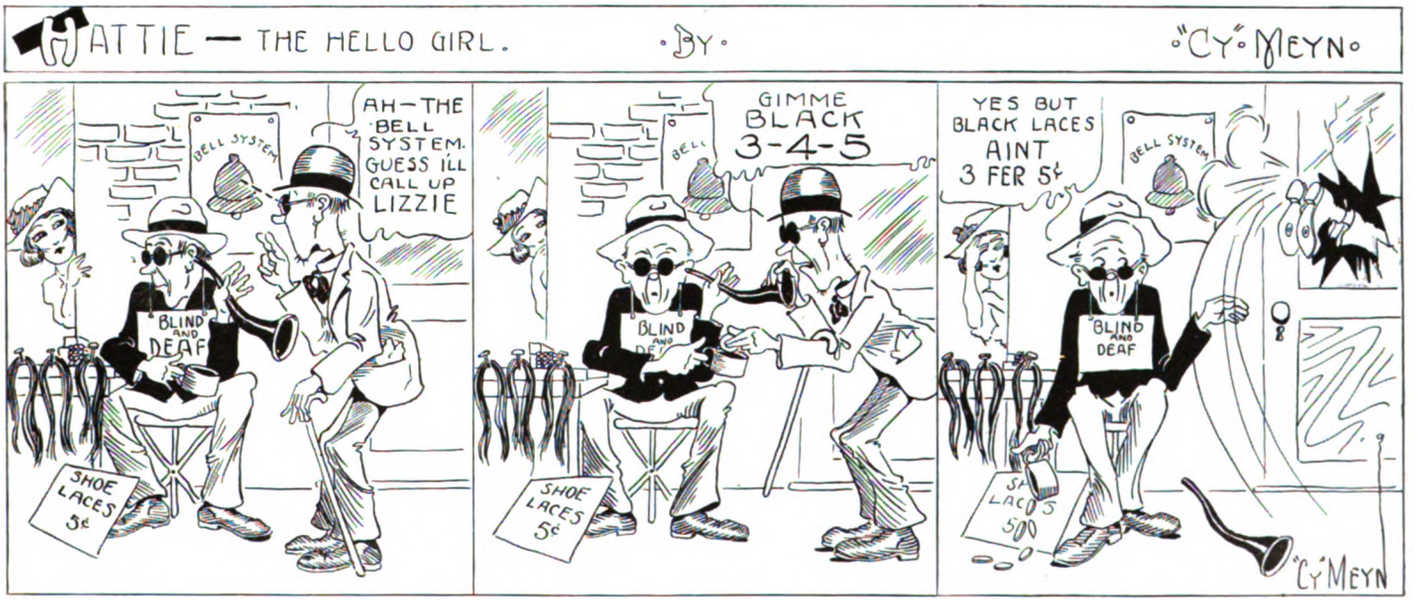
Answer—As we wear numbers across our backs in this office, I am unable to state. Come again.

—

Dear Hattie—Can you give me a good recipe for beer?

I. M. DRY.

Answer—Mr. Dry: Would refer you to your local undertaker. He is no doubt an authority on biers.



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Outside Looking In

Safety First, Where Art Thou?

Thursday afternoon, while Manager Broderick of the Mountain States Telephone Company was doing some line work on the Solomonville road, his safety belt broke and he fell about twenty feet. He was badly bruised and shaken up, but says he will be working again in a few days.—Safford, Ariz., Guardian.

—

Please Sit Tight

Parties endeavoring to use the Courier telephone are requested to sit tight for at least a minute after putting the call in.

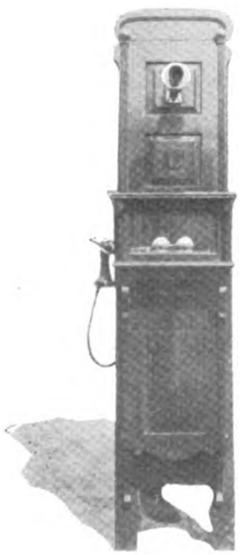
As a usual thing it takes some of the force at least thirty seconds to reach our end of the phone, and we are usually greeted with "What number, please?" and then "Please excuse me; there is no one on the line."

This has been the rule for seven months and we have averaged a new half sole for our shoes every month in answering these useless calls. Use a little persistence at your end and we will make connections.—Burley, Idaho, Courier.

—

Subscriber Set With a Record

Installed in the office of Judge Whitely at Boulder, Colorado, some thirty years ago, the subscriber's set shown in the accompanying picture has been in service up until recently, when it was retired to make room for more modern equipment.



It went into service as a magneto set, the Boulder office being a magneto office. Then, of course, with the advent of common battery the old set had the necessary changes made in its interior, and it went right along faithfully performing its duties. It served, in the course of its thirty years' work, the late United States District Attorney Harry B. Tedrow, as well as other well-known lawyers.

A plate glass window in the front of the cabinet reveals to all who use this telephone its inner workings. Its age is plainly told by the size of the battery compartment, which was built to accommodate wet-cell batteries, a type which disappeared from telephone use years ago.

Not For the Lazy Ones

It is now possible for Loveland invalids who are unable to go to church to hear sermons just as they are preached. Reverend Atkinson of the Baptist Church has installed a telephone in his church and by the use of a large megaphone mouthpiece on the phone the sermon can be transmitted through the phone to all parts of the city.

Anyone who is confined to his house through illness can hear Atkinson's sermons every Sunday. Special arrangements have been made with the telephone company to have the church line open through all the sermon. This means that anyone who wants to hear the preaching and music can do so without getting out of bed.

Reverend Atkinson adds, however, that the use of the phone is not for those who are too lazy to go to church.—Loveland, Colo., Herald.

—

Who Is This Boy?

Do you know this boy? Someone mailed in the photo — gun, dog, jack rabbit and all —but failed to tell us who the boy is. Anyway, he brought home the meat, and that makes us sure of it that he is a telephone boy.

A Beautiful Cover

One of the most beautiful cover designs seen on any magazine this winter arrived on our desk this week, a part of the Monitor, the magazine devoted to the interests of the Mountain States Telephone Company. The cover is in three colors and depicts a winter scene in the mountains amid the pines, and resembles our hunting trip and the snow that visited us this fall while there.—Artesia (N. M.) Advocate.

Words of Appreciation

The following letter was received from a rural subscriber in the Humboldt, Arizona, exchange:

"Herewith you will find our check to cover our final account with you.

"We wish to thank you for the very good service that was rendered us during the present local management as well as the very courteous and efficient service rendered by your Humboldt operators. Stoddard Supply Co.,

By C C. Spaulding."

The Tale of Two Nickels

Not satisfied to be outdone in honesty by a big corporation like the telephone company, one of our patrons writes the following letter to the Denver office:

"Dear Sirs: I received a five-cent piece some time ago which I had claimed was due me by mistake of one of the operators; but, however, instead of sending me one five-cent piece there were two received, and I am now returning the extra one. You may rest assured that I highly appreciate your kindness and attention toward me in this little matter."

Talk Very Satisfactory

The staff of the local office of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company yesterday maintained its record for efficient service when a call was put through from Mesa to New York in one hour and fifteen minutes from the time the call was made, and the circuit that was established permitted the speakers at both ends of the line to hear every word that was said with the utmost distinctness. Miss Edna Eaves handled the call from this end.

The call was made by John Taylor, who is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barkley on East First street, over the Barkley phone, and not only was Mr. Taylor able to hear the voice of his father in New York plainly, but those who were in the same room as Mr. Taylor at the time he was speaking could hear the replies that came from the eastern city.

For the three-minute call, Mr. Taylor was charged $17.15, which included war tax, a sum much less than is generally supposed to be charged for a call of this distance.—Mesa (Arizona) Daily Tribune.

Solar Plexus Punch

The snow storm Friday knocked down a line for the telephone company down on Keystone Hill, and while Manager Hunt and a trouble man were down there fixing up the line there was a rock slide down the hill near where the old road and the new joins that was a hummer. Jim said it looked like a white streak, but instead was a rock and mud slide of some proportions. However, it did not fill up the road, stopping above it.—Telluride Examiner.

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Lest We Forget

Some dead rest alone—and some rest where
No sign gives trace of sepulchre,
And others lie unknown and bare—unburied there!
I thought how many longed to lay
Love's token on those graves to-day
(God's acre 'round me bloomed so gay—this Easter day!)
In Paradise may hope not dare
To think all waiting souls have there
Some knowledge wistful love can bear—through thought, through prayer!

The above Easter thought was written by a mother whose two sons were on the battlefields of France in 1917. She was also thinking of Edith Cavell, Captain Fyfe, and other martyrs of the war.

The Engineer

The engineer is a pioneer,
He gives the world his best;
He goes where angels fear to tread
And easily leads the rest.

He dams the mighty rivers,
Builds railroads 'cross the plains,
He spans the deepest canyons—
I tell you, he's got brains.

He works out in the open,
And beneath his coat of tan
His mind is ever working
For the benefit of man.

And when his job is over
He'll have no doubts or fears,
Because he knows St. Peter
Welcomes civil engineers.

—J. R. Johnson, Helena, Mont.

Telephonitis

A symptom of telephonitis is that it recognizes no rights in others. The person who has it does not consider that he or she may be breaking in on a man who is trying to complete a sale or a woman who is engaged upon the multifarious duties of a household. The telephone fiend wants to telephone to somebody and that somebody must take the consequences or be accused of rudeness. Those who have telephonitis believe that, by calling on a dozen persons and chatting with them on every subject from the weather to golf and opera criticism, they are accomplishing a morning's work. The person called up may be interested in those topics, but not in their discussion at that particular time. As to this point the telephone fiend has neither knowledge nor consideration. It is enough for the way of trapping a victim. The only escape from one of these misusers of the telephone lies in cold and somewhat brutal treatment of the guilty. How to apply this must suggest itself to each sufferer according to the circumstances and his knowledge of the offender.—New York Herald.

In Recognition of Business Ability

(From the Helena, Montana, Independent)

Harry E. McAfee, former division general manager of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company of Montana, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by friends last night at the Montana Club. Mr. McAfee and his family leave Monday night for Denver, where he becomes division general manager for the same company in the district of Colorado and Wyoming.

Attorney M. S. Gunn was toastmaster. He introduced, first, Governor Joseph M. Dixon, who spoke feelingly his sincere regrets that Montana is to lose a man who has so endeared himself to the citizens of this state during the years that he has been at the head of the telephone service.

Associate Justice Albert J. Galen followed and he, too, spoke of the painstaking efforts of Mr. McAfee in bringing his company to the splendid point of public service that it has attained under his management.

Lee Dennis, a member of the Public Service Commission of Montana, expressed his sincere appreciation to Mr. McAfee for his constant efforts to cooperate with his department.

Other speakers were N. B. Holter, Montana Member of the Ninth District Federal Reserve Bank; Sam D. Goza, Dr. John L. Treacy, and J. N. Whittingill, who succeeds Mr. McAfee as division manager for the Montana district.

Among the other friends who gathered to bid Godspeed to Mr. McAfee were F. P. Ogden, division traffic superintendent of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company for Utah and Idaho, formerly a resident of Helena, now located at Salt Lake City; Aubrey M. Holter, J. H. Bonner, C. H. Reifenrath, Clell Smithers, Harfield Conrad, John M. Power and State Senator W. R. Church.

Assuring those present of his sincere appreciation for the splendid friendships that he had formed while a resident of Montana, and for the helpful co-operation extended to him by public officials and his business associates, Mr. McAfee expressed his regret that he must leave the friends he had come to know so well. Although called to a more responsible position in a larger field of endeavor, he assured those present that he should never forget Montana, and that he hopes upon occasion to be able to return and mingle again with his friends and associates of former years.

Conductor (to lady handing him $5 bill)—"Is this the smallest you have?"

Lady (with child)—"Yes, but it's none of your business. I've only been married three years."—Exchange.

Mabel Stall Passes Away

On Friday night, February 25, Mabel Stall, a faithful and helpful member of our telephone family, passed away at her home in Pueblo after a long illness due to heart trouble.

Miss Stall entered the employ of the telephone company in June, 1913, and had a continuous service from that time until illness compelled her to relinquish the work she loved so well. She was first in the traffic department at Pueblo and later was manager at Limon, Colorado, from which place she went to California in July, 1920, in the hope that the lower altitude would effect a cure of the trouble from which she suffered. After spending seven months on the coast and receiving little or no relief Miss Stall returned to her home in Pueblo, knowing that she must give up life while its brightness and pleasant prospects were at their height. But in this, as in all other ways, she again proved herself a brave, undaunted spirit.

Miss Stall's keen interest in her work, her gentle disposition and many fine characteristics won for her numerous warm friends, who deeply regret her passing.

Everybody Happy

Brother's lost a button from his $14 shirt,
Mother's sewing fasteners on her $40 skirt,
Sister's nice and comfy in her $80 fur,
And father works like sixty for $30 per. —Cartoon Magazine.

If It Doesn't Snow

"April showers bring May flowers"
Is an axiom that is old;
But I'm wond'ring when it's thundering
Will the days be damp and cold?

Will the dancing girls go prancing
When the pitter-patter comes?
Well, I'm hoping while I'm groping,
O'er my eyes there'll be no scums.

Hail! the flowers and the bowers
That the April storms may bring;
With their coming bees are humming,
And the birds again will sing.

With your praises greet the daisies,
And the fairies in the storm;
Winter's over, we're in clover,
May is coming, soft and warm.

—Rips.

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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Keeping Fit

We learned many things from the world war and many things which we had known before in a general way were emphasized and impressed upon our minds as they had never been before. Not the least of these lessons was that it pays to keep fit physically.

Not a man was sent forward to the grind and strain of the trenches until he had gone through a course of intensive physical training. Likewise, civilian men and women devoting twelve to twenty hours a day in war work largely neutral, found it necessary to look to their physical strength in order that they might be able to carry on.

Among the methods employed by thousands of the military, naval and civilian forces was the one developed by Mr. Walter Camp, which consists of a series of exercises which he calls the "Daily Dozen" and which are outlined in the supplement contained in this number of The Monitor.

No person can reach his full capabilities, either mental or physical, with a body made of flabby muscles, sluggish circulation, and slowly responsive nerve cells, all of which tend to slow up mental effort.

Men who have adopted the "Daily Dozen" are enthusiastic over the benefits derived from their every-morning use. It pays to keep physically fit. Good health is a priceless asset and every means should be employed to conserve it.

□

The American Bell Club

The organization of the American Bell Club by employes of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, in Denver, is proving to be a splendid step toward further unification of purpose, helpful association and social betterment. An organization of this character, conceived with an idea of bringing the employes closer together, cannot help but result in mutual good for every member of the club, as well as reflect credit upon the company.

□

Vacation Time Comes Apace

Even as we plan for our day's work ahead, so it is well to plan for our days of recreation. This need not be done to the extent of detracting from our duty to service, but it can be made to blend into our daily work with such evenness that our labors will be made a pleasure and our vacation days of real joy. Anticipation is sometimes even sweeter than realization, so as we labor let us bend our thoughts toward a better piece of work, that our laying it down may not worry us when we are resting.

□

More Stories, More Stories!

A farmer was driving along the road with a heavy load. He came to a hill and one of the horses balked—wouldn't pull. The farmer began to lay the whip upon the willing horse.

"Why don't you whip the balky horse?" asked a passer-by.

"What's the use?" replied the farmer, "it's the willing one that always has to put on a little extra effort to put the load over."

Moral—Let's not lie too heavily on the willing members of the Monitor readers who are always there with a good story when called upon, but rather let us jump into the collar and write something that will be of general interest. Who wants to be a balky horse, anyway?

Importance of Knowing One Another

How frequently we have heard the remark: "I didn't care for her—she didn't impress me at all when I first met her, but she improves upon acquaintance." Or it might be that it was a "him" who was referred to instead of a "her." And it is very true that our first impressions, superficial as they must necessarily be, are liable to be wholly or at least partly wrong.

The remedy is for us all to become really well acquainted, for if we do that we are sure to find good, even lovable, qualities in every human being, and it is surely worth a little trouble and even extra exertion to draw those qualities out.

We of the telephone circle have ever been a chummy crowd. Whether the exchange be located in a large city or a hamlet hidden away in the mountains or exposed to the winds of the great plains, there has been and is now a get-together-for-a-good-time spirit as well as a spirit of mutual helpfulness. Many are the pleasant memories we all have stored away, and it is good to see an old-timer pore over a file of "befo-de-wah" Monitors and note the smile of pleasant reminiscence that steals over his features when he comes upon a story of some picnic or party where he had the time of his life. With the growth of the business the telephone circle is ever widening, but we who have seen it expand in the past feel that it will never become too large to prevent the old spirit from permeating from center to circumference.

So we will as in the past give the glad greeting to the new people who join our ranks, show our best qualities to them, and in turn find theirs. Years have a habit of rolling on, and in the days to come when some of the present old-timers sit on their verandas and smoke the pipe of reminiscence, or swat a golf ball in the elysian fields of California, or knit and gossip in an inglenook by the fire, the present newer people will be the old-timers, extending welcomes to those who step in to fill the ranks. And the old spirit will remain as a legacy handed on.

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Uncle Dudley Says—

It's just as difficult to keep a dollar man on a fifty-cent job as it is to keep a fifty-cent man on a dollar job.

My old friend, Kin Hubbard, says, "Lot's o' fellers are like a soft drink—they look th' part but won't do th' work."

What's What, or Who's It?

John M. Hay, Manager at Toronto, in "Some Facts"

Experience must be paid for! Occasionally the price we pay is too high. A story is told of an Irishman—Pat by name, of course—who, when visiting the home of a fellow-countryman, became entangled in an argument as to who knew the most. The host suggested that he could put a question to Pat in two words that could not be answered in ten. Pat wagered $10 that it could not be done. "The bet was on," and the following question propounded: "What's what?" After considering for a while Pat had to admit defeat and the loss of his $10. He proceeded home in a ruminating frame of mind, where he was warmly received by his better half, who administered a salutation in the form of a crack with a rolling-pin. "What's that?" exclaimed Pat. "That's what," was the answer. In a resigned tone Pat remarked, "Woman, if I had known that ten minutes ago I would have been richer by $10."

We telephone employes, like Pat, may go outside and pay dearly for what we might quite well learn at home gratis. A live question wherever there are telephone employes, is, "Which unit in the organization is most important?" The question has never been answered, but a compromise has been reached that all are equally important and co-operation is absolutely essential. This is a good compromise, but I feel that there is an answer to the question.

The Shareholder may say, "If I did not put up my money where would you all be?"

The Executive may say, "But for my foresight where would we be?"

The Manager may say, "Without my direction where would you get to?"

The Contract Man may say, "If I did not sell the service what would be doing?"

The Lineman may say, "If I did not put up the poles and build the line what good would the order be?"

The Installer may say, "What good would the line be if I did not put an instrument on the end of it?"

The Central Office Man may say, "If I did not do my job what good would your line and instruments be?" and

The Operator, of course, would remark, "But for my voice, with the smile, what good would all that equipment be?"

The Accounting Department may say, "If I did not send the bill how would the Collection Man know from whom to collect, and if he did not know and did not collect what would you do on pay day?" and so on.

There is one from whom we have not heard, and who, as a rule, is not thought about in such discussions, yet he, to my mind, is the most important of all. We call him the "Subscriber." Just as soon as every telephone employe realizes that the "subscriber" is "IT" in the telephone business, then we will be on our way to rendering a service such as we have often dreamed of. Therefore, let us get this idea right before the rolling-pin of public opinion descends.

Why We Are Short

So great has been the demand for extra copies of The Monitor during the past few months that our supply was inadequate. The reason more extra copies are not available is the fact that our cover pages are printed in sets of four months in advance. For instance, February, March, April and May covers were all printed in January and we cannot increase the number of copies until after the May issue is out. Then will come the printing of the June, July, August and September covers, at which time the list will be revised and we hope there will be no shortage from June on.

□

Home-Grown Garden

On another page in this issue appears a very helpful article on gardening, showing what to plant, when to plant, and how to take care of it. Every telephone employe who can should have a garden. It is one big way of reducing living expenses.

Rips Says

I would rather live in a humble little two-by-four cottage with peace, and love, and home-sweet-home environments, than be a mansion-dweller surrounded by turmoil and strife.

—

I once knew a man who shot and killed his dog because he thought the excited animal had bitten his baby. He then discovered that the dog had killed a great rattlesnake that would have fastened its fangs into the flesh of his child. This is just the way some people seek to crush the telephone company.

The Fable of the Ham and His Wicked Patter Act

By F. T. Duvall, Salt Lake

A certain ham had been signed by the vaudeville kings for a patter act. The ham had developed a line of chatter that he thought would soon worm him into the big time. HE KNEW his act was GOOD as he had worked most of it out HIMSELF. The booking sheet called for his first workout before the people of a first class burg.

On the first night just before the asbestos was pulled up the ham looked out through the peep-hole at the audience to give them the hurried once-over. As he gazed at the crowd he thought to himself "Pretty soft for me. I'll have these birds crying for help in a few minutes. I'll dazzle 'em with a fast and wicked line."

When the ham popped out behind the footlights and started to spill his chatter he found the audience were not falling for his stuff as he had expected. He cut his act short and dropped behind the props to mop off his sweating brow—no one had applauded him.

The stage manager informed the ham that his act would not be needed for the rest of the season and tipped the bouncer off at the stage door, to keep the ham on the outside.

MORAL—"Life is a stage and all things show it," but don't be a ham or else you'll know it.

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—Photos by De Lux

Employees Benefit Fund

By Betty Devine

Gertrude Livingston
Dora Lowrie
Fay McKinster
Dorothy Linck

"GEE! ain't it great—Daddy's almost well—sittin' up every day now." This cheerful effusion from six-year-old Little Bill as he slipped his hand into mine and walked along toward the house over which gloom clouds hung so heavily during the first few weeks of "Daddy's" illness.

Then the door swung open and the tired though smiling face of Bill's mother greeted us, while his baby sister laughed and cooed in her arms.

And do you know, as we crossed the threshold I noticed that the "Blue Bird" —Maeterlinck's symbol of happiness— whose life had been almost snuffed out in those first dread weeks, seemed again to have taken up its place on the hearth. It was as if the curtain had just gone up on a new scene, suddenly lifting us out of the throes of tragedy into a "Live happily ever after" atmosphere.

There by the window sat "Daddy" looking far from the hopeless invalid I had imagined him on a previous visit soon after his breakdown, when the doctor's edict had gone forth that he would be unable to work for from six months to a year.

"Tell me all about it," I said, after I had slasped "Daddy's" hand and paid due homage to two more kiddies who made up the foursome of "cherubs" in this happy home.

"Who's been playing fairy godmother?" I persisted, for I could not rid my mind of memories of the desolation which threatened the little household some months before when its breadwinner had been suddenly stricken with what the doctors feared would prove to be the Great White Plague.

The little mother had then confided in me that there were no relatives on either side to whom they could appeal for help and that to go out to work herself meant breaking up the home, placing the children in some institution—perhaps separating them—and taking the sick father to a sanitorium or leaving him alone all day too ill to wait upon himself.

But to get back to the transformation scene and the real story.

I soon learned that only with "Daddy's" sending word to the head of the department in the telephone company in which he had worked for five or more years did they have the faintest idea that he was eligible to a "Sick Benefit." Fact is they hadn't even known that such a fund existed with the company until a representative from the Benefit Department called to ascertain the true condition of affairs and acquaint them with just what they might expect in accordance with the man's service record and benefits to which this entitled him.

So it was that the home had remained intact, that the mother was enabled to keep her kiddies with her and to care for her sick husband, while lifting the weight of financial responsibility from his shoulders aided materially in his recovery.

He had received full pay for 13 weeks, half pay for 13 weeks, and when at the end of that time he was still not able to go back to work he had been extended a loan from the company loan fund, another branch of the organization which, until he came under its timely aid, he had not known existed

This was tiding him over the last lap between convalescence and being able to get back on the job, but another fortnight promises to see him there and in as good if not better health than he had enjoyed for several years. He will then shoulder the responsibility of paying back little by little each month, just as he can without its being a hardship, the money he has received from the loan fund. And the best part of it is he will have no interest to pay, for none is charged on company loans.

Well, do you know—perhaps I should be ashamed to admit it—but neither had I any real acquaintance with the benefits we telephone employes are entitled to after a couple or more years of continuous service.

Naturally I had heard of the benefit fund, and vague rumors concerning what had been done for certain afflicted ones, but being disgustingly healthy myself, I had never taken any special interest in investigating it, and some way it had always had a sort of mythical ring to me until I came face to face with its far-reaching good in this little home.

All of a sudden it struck me that one really owes it to oneself to KNOW what is going on, at least what is coming to one in a company where one works.

So I hied myself hence one sunny afternoon in search of the benefit department and a bit of enlightenment—that being all I could justly lay claim to there—and I had some misgivings as to this until Howard T. Vaille, who is in charge and the four young women in his offices began to make me feel as if I were doing THEM a favor to come in and let them explain the ifs, ands, hows, whys and whens of the benefit pension and loan funds.

What I couldn't seem to get through the cobwebs of my brain (pardon my

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seeming conceit) was just WHERE all the money came from when none of us ever is assessed, not even the tiniest per cent, of our salaries held out for sick, accident or other benefits to which I learned we are, in accordance with our service records, entitled to.

But it seems it is just all as much a part of the Bell Telephone System as switchboards, cables and other equipment. Yes sir, the late Theodore N. Vail, president of the A. T. and T. Co., had the "hunch," as it were, and I for one am mighty glad he had it, for I don't feel half so shaky and uncertain about my future and the future of those dependent upon me, since I know that all I have to do is play the game straight, stick to the company and keep my service record clear, and if sickness, accident, or such misfortune o'er take me, it's a safe bet that the benefit department will run a gang-plank out in my direction to help me back on deck.

Do you know that this plan was thought out for years by the brain heavyweights of the Bell system, as a reward for faithful service, and it has been in existence now since January 1, 1913.

A special fund of $182,000 is set aside in the Mountain States Telephone Company alone for taking care of employes' benefits. And I'll just wager that at least a third if not half the employes with this company are as little familiar with the benefits to which they are, with certain specifications as to service, etc., entitled, as I was.

Of course we have to earn our right to special privileges extended the family, for until we have evidenced our stability, our good faith and our earnest desire to make good and stay with the company, by being in continuous service for at least two years, we are not eligible to any save accident benefits.

In other words, we shouldn't expect to draw on the family checking account except through accident, until we have proved our worth for at least two years.

This service may, however, be with ANY of the companies in the Bell system, so it behooves us to be most careful in going from one company to another, to get a transfer of special leave, something from the company we are leaving, to show we are in good standing with them at the time of change, and also to keep our service record clear in case we come up for any benefits.

You see the specifications are that we must have had two years or more CONTINUOUS service—get that continuous—for we can't resign or be discharged, even though we have been with the company forty years, and expect to come back and have our FIRST round to count.

In case of sickness, after we have been ill for one week, obliged to be off duty for seven days, we can claim sick benefit, the point being that the first seven days do not count.

After two years' continuous service, or from two to five years, we are entitled (after the first seven days) to four weeks at full pay and nine weeks at half.

After five years' continuous service, or from five to ten, we are entitled to thirteen weeks at full pay and thirteen weeks at half.

After ten years' continuous service—and it is gratifying to note how many employes have been with the company this long—we are eligible to thirteen

HOWARD T. VAILLE

weeks at full pay and thirty-nine weeks at half. In addition to this there is a death benefit through death either by sickness or accident (providing the deceased has someone dependent upon him at time of death), and pensions in case we remain with the company long enough to be eligible to them.

The pension fund is a story in itself, so I won't try to go into it this time, though it may be of interest to some to know that the MINIMUM pension is $30 per month.

What most of us are interested in, I believe, are the sick, accident and death benefits.

Now this death benefit is in no way INSURANCE, and as a matter of fact it should not in any way make an employe overlook the responsibility he owes his family in the way of taking out insurance, for while insurance always is payable to one's estate, or someone, in case of death, the company death benefit is payable ONLY to DEPENDENTS, to those dependent upon us at time of our death, and this (in case of death through sickness) only after five years continuous service with the company. It is paid to the legal husband or wife surviving or the nearest relative who is dependent upon the deceased.

After five years' continuous service the death benefit includes six months' full pay at rate of salary at time of death. Ten years' continuous service entitles us to a year's pay of salary at time of death.

Right here it doesn't seem amiss to warn those with a penchant for marrying secretly that if they wish to protect their better half on the death benefit, it's a pretty good plan to take the benefit department IN on the secret by sending them a note stating to whom you were married and time and place of marriage. There's no law against marrying secretly if one chooses, and there isn't a chance of the secret leaking out through the Sphynx-like head of the benefit department, but there is a big chance of complications arising when a "secret" husband or wife looms on the horizon AFTER an employe passes to the great beyond.

Quite naturally, since this death benefit is NOT in the nature of insurance but merely a protection for those dependent upon the deceased, if there ARE no legal dependents, no benefit is PAID.

Concerning accident benefits, where the employe is hurt by accident arising out of and in the course of employment, the accident benefit begins at the time of injury, whether the employe has been with the company five minutes or five years, and the benefits are equal, accident benefit consisting of full pay for thirteen weeks if disabled that long, and half pay beyond that time as long as total disability continues.

In addition to what may have been paid following the accident or lingering illness caused thereby, death by accident entitles the employes' dependents to three years' pay with a maximum of $5,000. A burial fund of $150 also is given the dependent relatives of the deceased.

It is interesting to note that in nearly every case on record, the amount paid by the company in case of accident or death by accident is greater than required by law. To facilitate quicker action in accident cases the following representatives look after cases in their divisions and report at once to benefit headquarters here:

J. N. Whittinghill, general manager at Helena, Montana; C. E. Stratton, general manager, El Paso, Southern Division, and Orson John Hyde of Salt Lake City, for the Western Division, while Howart T. Vaille as secretary, in addition to supervising all benefit work, looks after the Eastern Division cases.

"Who administers this fund?" I asked, "who decides whether or not we are entitled to certain benefits or to special consideration. Supposing, for instance, that I have reason to feel that the head of the department in which I work is a bit prejudiced AGAINST me; how, pray tell me, in case of sickness am I to feel sure I will get a square deal?"

And when they told me that the Employes Benefit Fund Committee, com-

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posed of E. M. Burgess, vice-president of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company as chairman; Roderick Reid, general auditor, as vice-chairman; G. E. McCarn, division plant superintendent; W. F. Brown, acting general traffic superintendent, and Frederick H. Reid, general manager of the company, all men who it is of historical record with the company started in on one of the lowest rungs of the telephone ladder and CLIMBED to the lofty positions they now hold, men who have a thoro understanding of the difficulties that beset the ways of even the least important of us, men of broad vision and fair minds, who through personal experience in the telephone business are well equipped to pass judgment in such cases, decide how this fund shall be dispensed. I had a feeling of comfort, security and satisfaction.

In view of all the Bolshevik and socialistic propaganda spread broadcast the past few years of how the men at the heads of big interests, big corporations throughout the country are grinding down the "little fellow," and amassing great wealth at the sacrifice of human lives which are as nothing to THEM, other than so far as they can be of SERVICE, I'll admit it was interesting to note that the slogan of the benefit department seems to be "Keep Lives and Homes Intact." In fact, they spend more time figuring on the fellow who is entitled to benefits than on how to avoid paying more than is absolutely necessary; for there was any number of cases where employes had merely asked for a leave of absence because of being tired out, and the benefit department investigated their cases, looked up their service records, and found they were really ill and entitled to certain benefits, for which, you understand, they had made no application and which were immediately sent to them and continued in accordance with what is coming to them by right of this plan. One woman, for many years with the company, whose health finally broke, is at present receiving benefits which will be paid her for a year, at the end of which time she will be given a life pension.

The weekly sick report sent in to the department by each patient or employe on benefit, is watched with as much care by those in this department as the usual "nurse's chart" is by attending physicians. If the patient fails to improve as it would seem he should, the weekly report shows it, and benefit headquarters gets busy investigating to ascertain the cause. Consulting physicians are called in and when the occasion requires it, specialists, to determine the exact trouble.

Suppose the weekly report from one patient shows that she is about to undergo a serious operation, and she lives in some small town where the benefit department has reason to suspect perhaps the best surgical skill is not available. Steps are at once taken to have the patient sent to the nearest large city or town where skilled surgery may be had, thus preventing her being subjected to operation by inexperienced surgeons.

Perhaps this same young woman, having been ill for a long while with various doctors and hospital bank-roll-eating bills, and that she has no money with which to pursue the trail of health. If this knowledge reaches benefit headquarters, you may rest assured that the girl will be given all necessary financial aid and ample time and consideration when it comes to the matter of paying back her loan from the company loan fund.

So you see, too much care cannot be given to sending in the weekly sick report nor too much frankness in stating exact conditions concerning ours' or the case we are reporting. Conscientious answering of questions on this report save many lives.

Another interesting deduction I made from my visit to benefit headquarters was that the committee's attitude always is in FAVOR of the PATIENT or employe who is up for benefit, even though in some few cases there is a slight suggestion of sham. With the committee the illness is genuine until it is proved the contrary.

The benefit department is as busy as a beehive, for in addition to looking after such cases as the foregoing, special attention is given patients from other companies who seek our sunny clime in search of health. Should the search be in vain and the Grim Reaper claim them, every assistance is given to relatives or those in charge, ofttimes entire funeral arrangements being made by this department and even money advanced for shipment.

So you see how far-reaching is their work and how great their responsibilities; yet daily concentration along the tangled paths of sickness, accident, financial worry and death fails to register aught but cheer, hope and happiness on the kindly faces of Howard T. Vaille and his small corps of capable assistants.

Mr. Vaille has seen 39 years' continuous service with the company and certainly is the right man in the right place, for probably none with the organization has a more kindly understanding of human nature, greater consideration for afflicted persons, nor more eager desire to lend a helping hand wherever and whenever possible, than he. And he seems to have surrounded himself with others of like inclinations, for certain it is that there is equally as much HEART work as HEAD work in this interesting and helpful department and this same spirit is found thruout the entire organization wherever benefit work is handled.

Assisting Mr. Vaille in his work are Miss Gertrude Livingston, as sort of "first aid"; Mrs. Dora Lawrie, Miss Dorothy Linck, and Miss Fay McKinster.

A. B. Club and Its Royal Cabinet

The first banquet to be given by the American Bell Club of Denver was held at the Albany Hotel on the night of March 4, with 172 members present. President A. R. Grosheider opened the floodgates of oratory following the feast and made a splendid inaugural address. He then introduced R. F. Morris as speaker of the house. Speaker Morris distinguished himself in one of his maiden speeches, outlining the policy of the cabinet, subject always to the will of the president, with the usual referendum.

G. E. Berggren, secretary of the interior, gave some outside information that puts the A. B. Club on record that will be hard to live up to. Wilford C. Taylor, secretary of the navy, gave a glowing account of what might be expected of the Cherry Creek fleet in time of distress; C. W. Tucker, secretary of noodles, made such a stirring address that our reporter fell off the stool and broke his fountain pen; G. E. Mathewson, secretary of the maimed and disabled department, told of a plan on foot in the cabinet to invent a man with detachable limbs. In a flight of oratory that cracked the plastering in the gallery, he said:

"Fellow sufferers, personally I am against this disfiguration. Suppose you, or even I, desire to go out some inviting night, and our wife, or wives, as the case might be, would tap us gently on the head with a potato masher and then unscrew one of our wooden legs and hide it in the closet. Would we go out? I say not—I say not!"

When tears had been wiped away following this touching appeal, A. E. Mix,

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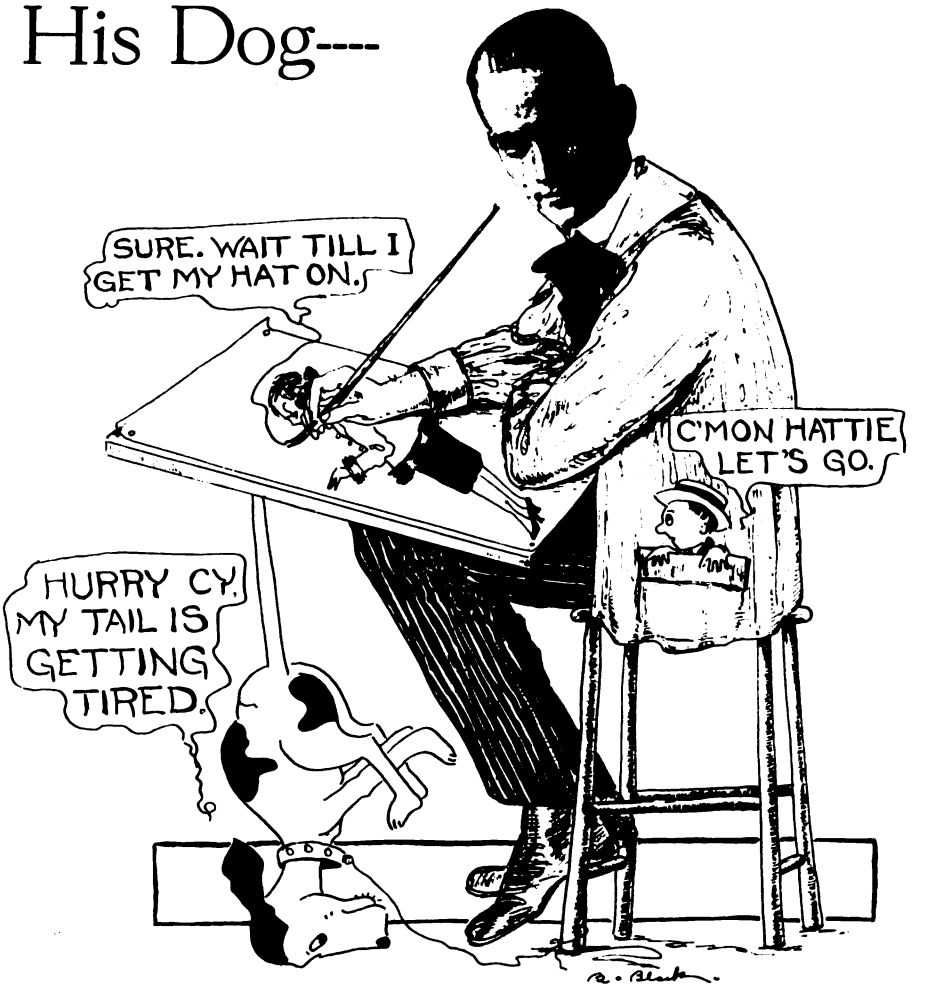
Cy Meyn and His Dog----



After persistent urging by The Monitor editor, Cyrus R. Meyn, Boulder, Colorado, staff artist, and author and furnisher of "Hattie, the Hello Girl," finally consented to lay his modesty on a cake of ice and has written his own biography, which is here given. Our readers have gotten pretty well acquainted with "Hattie," but we all wanted to know what her daddy looked like—just like Jeff sometimes drags Bud Fisher into print when he isn't looking. That's why we insisted on Cy's mug. But read this from Cy:

"Editor Monitor—Here is a brief synopsis of my dark past, and a remarkable likeness of myself. Please return the photo when you are through with it, as it is the only one of its kind in captivity."

All right, Cy, we won't keep it; but when Miss Beulah Black, our chief staff artist, saw that you had sent in only your head, she at once took the photograph in hand and now you know what she thinks you look like when you have arms and legs and a trunk. Also your dog.

"Cy" Meyn, by Himself

Why you want my tale of woe,
  Is more than I can see—
My auto-geo you shall have,
  As true as it can be.

I'm in the Boulder district plant—
  The boss thinks I'm the bunk;
Some day I fear he'll ship me out
  Mixed in with copper junk.

At present I'm a drugstore blond,
  Five feet and seven tall;
My favorite fruit a rank cheroot,
  I smoke out in the hall.

And when I was a little boy,
  The home folks told the kids,
"Something big this boy will do,
  Like washing Pyramids."

I started pencil pushing
  At the tender age of three,
When I drew a man so perfect
  That he fell out of a tree.

I did a little sculpturing once,
  Now please don't throw a shock,
The sculpturing was in a quarry,
  And I simply cracked up rock.

Now in my leisure moments,
  I spend many a trying hour
Blowing sweet notes in a trombone,
  That come out "OH! So Sour."

I spent six months in Chicago,
  Cramming art into my dome,
But I spoiled so darn much paper
  That I quit and came back home.

After that the job I filled
  Was Boulder's switchboard man,
One day I jimmed a gol-darned jack,
  And almost got the can.

My chief ambition up to date
  (A thing that makes me vexed)
Is to make my pay check reach
  From pay-day to the next.

---

succeeded in gaining recognition of the speaker of the house by climbing on top of a table. He is the secretary of the treasury and he said he had a palm like Judas of old, but that he would refuse to betray the confidence of any who walked into his office with more than the regular amount of dues. "In other words," said Secretary Mix, "I will not knock anyone on the head and take what is left after he had paid up in full."

When Mix subsided recognition was given to P. H. Dexter, secretary of agronomy, who gave a very interesting talk on the mental distribution of parasites. Other speakers carried the festivities far into the night, but it was a grand and glorious occasion—a rousing start for a truly active organization.

Then, on March 17, a dark green festival was held at the Albany, in commemoration of Patrick O'Henry and other Patricks. That, too, was a Corker.

Good Service Brings Kind Words

Mountain States Tel. and Tel. Co.

Gentlemen: I wish to call your attention to a piece of real service given me by your local office.

I was eighteen miles in the country from Debeque on the night of the 15th inst. I called for a local connection. Your Debeque operator recognized me and gave me information that there was a telegram at the Western Union for me. The telegram, as it happened, was a very important one for me. This was real valuable service, and I feel that I should thank your company for it.

Very truly yours,
L. B. HEDGE,
Electrical Engineer.

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BUSY BETTY SAYS

DESPITE the constant yowl about the world being full of crooks, crime and calamity, every now and then something happens to restore our faith in humanity.

No, siree, the species for which Diogenes searched so diligently with his flashlight—pardon the error, I should say lantern—is not extinct.

And Miss O'Brien in the Commercial department can vouch for it. It seems a few days ago Miss O'Brien looked up from her desk to find a man standing there explaining how he had come into the office to put in a long distance call for someone in a small town in the state. It was to be in the nature of an "S. O. S.," I guess as he said he was entirely out of funds and wanted to put in this call to ask someone (yes, I'll bet it was his wife) to telegraph him some post haste. But his greatest trouble was that the young woman at the public desk insisted that in order to have the charges reversed he would have to deposit fifteen cents for the charge of reporting on the call.

And he hadn't even fifteen cents.

Now just why he "picked" on Miss O'Brien none can say, unless the name had a familiar ring, and being a Celt himself he had reason to suspect that a generous heart accompanied it. 'Tany rate, Miss O'Brien volunteered to lend him the toll report fee and he accepted with unmistakable gratitude.

A few minutes later found him again facing his benefactress and holding out to her the "short-time loan," but true to her nationality Miss O'Brien's big heart was quick to sense the possibility that that poor chap might be hungry, so she asked frankly if he had had any breakfast that morning, and when he rather reluctantly admitted that he had —er—ah—well, postponed that meal indefinitely, she told him to keep the fifteen cents and get a cup of coffee.

He was profuse in his thanks and assured her he would pay her back that afternoon, but it being Saturday, with a half-holiday, she was not on hand to receive it if he did come in.

Recollection of the incident passed with a week but was again brought to mind by the sudden appearance of her smiling friend, standing in front of her desk the following Saturday morning.

This time he held out a quarter instead of the original fifteen cents, and when she reached for change he bowed low and waved it away, telling her to "keep it."

So there you are for at least one honest man, and it won't surprise us if Miss O'Brien soon hangs a special sign on her desk, "Accommodation Loans," she's so jubilant over her little experience.

The front of the Telephone building is getting to be a "cold trail" for mashers.

A few evenings ago I chanced to be parked in the offing when a couple of nifty looking young women operators who had been on duty during the early evening shift came out of the main entrance and started over toward Fifteenth street with nary a look sidewise nor an action of any sort to suggest they had the least interest in aught save getting home after a hard day.

A short while before I had noticed a couple of pin-feathered youths strut-

ting up and down in front of the building rather carelessly flicking the ashes from their cigarettes and quite evidently laboring under the impression that they were giving the people on Champa street a treat.

Now the fact that the aforementioned young women didn't even so much as glance in their direction was not the least discouraging to them and they promptly hit a brisk pace in pursuit, overtaking the young women just this side of the corner, within my range of hearing, thank fortune, for I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Honestly, a vacuum cleaner couldn't have taken the dust out of the eyes and the wind out of the sails of those would-be mashers more successfully than did the calling down they were tendered by the "telephone girls," and I for one, was just dying to shout "Bravo!"

A few more such instances will soon impress these hangers-on with their own insignificance and the knowledge that "Telephone girls" are far from the cheap, gum-chewing, fluffy ruffled type they may imagine and so often seen on the stage.

Methinks a certain tall, stunning blonde member of one of the clerical forces will hereafter "Stop, Look and Listen" a while before introducing her escort to a petite though charming young co-worker, with large brown eyes and that alluring accent that hails from the land of the Sunny South.

For the story runneth thusly: The tall blonde girl invited one of the perpetual temptations (bachelors) of the division auditing department to accompany her to the disbandment dance of the Girls' Society a few weeks back. He accepted promptly and all was coming along nicely until the sweet-voiced siren from the Southland appeared upon the scene, was introduced to our handsome friend—and Presto! They do say he has shown a decided preference for "brunettes" since the eventful evening.

Our blonde friend says in introducing them she hadn't thought he would "Stryker" so forcibly on first sight.

—

Have you noticed one of the stenographers strutting around with tilted chin and a look of expectancy in her keen blue eyes?

Well, you see it's this way: The other day she chanced, being of an observing nature, to notice the air brake on one of the doors to the office in which she works, hanging by the proverbial "thread," just dangling on one or two screws, ready to fall any moment, with perhaps some poor, sparsely settled head for its objective.

So, boasting the blood of heroes in her veins, she made a mad lunge at the offending brake, yanked it from its threatening position and deposited it safely on one of the desks.

And then, with visions of the Vail Memorial Fund looming in her consciousness she hastened to record the heroic incident with all its harrowing details, and file it with one who is supposed to have something to say about "Who's Who" when it comes to awards.

And despite the fact that while to date she has not received notification of a "D. S. C." headed her way, she still is hopeful of at least getting honorable mention for the lives she may have saved.

—

If I were really looking for a "chicken hound" George Althouse would be about the LAST one I'd cast suspicious glances at—isn't it the same with you?

But you never can tell, girls, you never can tell. You know the old bromide about "Still water running deep." Well, apropos of this, what would you say if I told you that I actually SAW our be-

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loved "George" prancing up street with a CHICKEN the other night?

Yeppie!—no chance for mistaken identity, EITHER, for when I timidly broached the subject to him a day or so later he brazenly admitted that he was taking said CHICKEN home.

And then through some of his associates the story leaked out. On the day in question a sweet-faced little woman appeared at the railing of Mr. Althouse's department with a good-sized box in her arms and when one of the young women stepped up to wait upon her she held it out, explaining that she had brought it in from her ranch for "that gentleman over there (pointing at "George") because he was so NICE to me the other day when I came in here on telephone business."

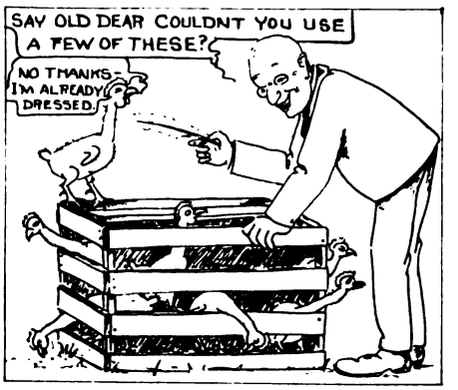
And when "George" opened the box there was a perfectly good CHICKEN—er—now should we say dressed, I wonder, since it hadn't a feather left on it, though confidentially it WAS of the feathered variety.

Of course he took it home, tickled as a little boy with a red wagon, but the best part of the story is that "George" admitted in his inimitable way, "You know I can't for the life of me remember what I did for that lady or that I did ANYthing especially NICE for ANYone."

And we all know that he is always just naturally so nice to EVERYone that to him there is no distinguishing difference.

How's this from a young woman in the commercial department?

Now of course modesty is our chief charm down here, but surely "civic pride," as it were, is pardonable, eh, wat?



And after the way Mr. Clark has been cramming us full of "smiles" and "courtesy," we all swelled with pride the other day when a fine-looking man walked up to one of the desks and voluntarily unloaded this effusion: "Well, I just want to go on record as saying that I never saw as many smiles and happy faces in my life as I've found in this office. I never had as many people step up and want to wait on me or was shown as much attention any place I've been, as right here—how do you all get that way?"

Where courtesy and smiles always count

Human History Moves in Cycles

George C. Quillian, Salt Lake City

In these days of uncertainty and tension, we are often told that everything is retrogressing, that the backward swing in the cycle of human history has set in, that we are hurrying back to the starting point of chaos and darkness. That human history has moved in cycles cannot be questioned—but are they true cycles? For the pen which draws a true circle must ever return to its starting point.

Don't you remember the old free-arm penmanship exercises of your school days? You began at the left-hand top corner of your page and awkwardly traced a rough circle.

Again you tried to form another which would cross the top of your first and advance across the page a little returning downward, crossing the first line at the bottom to come back almost, BUT NOT QUITE, to the starting point of your first circle. Again you started your unwilling pen upon its journey with muscles straining, fingers aching, tracing uneven, jagged lines in your attempt, until after days of practice you caught the knack of co-ordinating mind and muscle and could trace line after line of even circles, each one as its fellow, each advancing a little farther along the guide line, never backward, always forward, with even pace toward the end. Then you went on to learn other lessons.

So with humanity. Age after age it has traced, sometimes with swords dipped in blood, sometimes with the fine chisel of the sculptor or the inspired pen of the philosopher or poet, its history upon time's parchment, but, like your lesson, each cycle has advanced a little way along the guide line which leads to perfection, until some day that end will be reached, and other lessons will there await.

The Telephone

By M. R. Smith

There in its old accustomed place,
With slender throat and placid face;
Waiting, patient, loyal, true,
For a word from you and you.
What a wondrous tale this phone could tell,
If it could break its silent spell;
The tales of love and joy and hate,
The tales of chance and the toss of fate;
All are hidden in its great, dumb heart
And never, never will depart.
From its sphinx-like image, standing there,
Just behind the rocking chair,
It catches every shade of tone,
This secret, silent telephone.

Don't simply see how you can "put in the day." See how much you can put into the day.

Say it with work.

Even good luck cannot do anything for a quitter.

More men would have indigestion if compelled to eat their own words.

"The finest of all fine arts is to know how to live in the world and keep the world from living in you."

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President Harding Is Heard

With aid of the Bell Loud Speaker, installed at Washington by engineers of the Bell System, President Harding addressed the greatest number of people that has ever listened to one man's voice at one time in the history of the world.

More than 250,000 people who heard President Harding's inaugural address by means of the Bell Loud Speaker. This is the largest crowd that ever heard one man's voice at one time

FRIDAY, March 4, 1921, the day on which Warren G. Harding became the twenty-eighth President of the United States, will go down in history side by side with Monday, January 25, 1915, the day on which was opened the transcontinental line, and other momentous dates in the annals of science and human progress. For on that day the human voice, with all its nuances, and without distortion, was clearly heard and understood by an enormous crowd of 125,000 people, a crowd that completely filled the plaza in front of the Capitol and overflowed into the park beyond.

This was made possible by the Bell-ampliphone, in what has been called the most important telephone demonstration up to the present time. This Bell Loud Speaker, as it is officially known, is a loud-speaking device used in amplifying the human voice in public speeches, and which has been developed to the great state of efficiency demonstrated at the inauguration only after years of research and patient work on the part of Bell engineers. It represents the supreme achievement in voice dissemination.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole demonstration at the Capitol was the fact that no machinery or equipment whatever was in evidence. As early as 8 a. m. people began to gather on the plaza, and as they had seen in the newspapers that arrangements had been made whereby the President's voice was to be carried even to the most extreme edge of the crowd, they naturally looked around for the apparatus whereby this was to be achieved.

They saw nothing of it. The only thing unusual was a sort of Greek temple effect on the steps of the Capitol. Even this, to a person not familiar with the Capitol, seemed to be a permanent part of the structure, so perfectly did it harmonize with the surroundings.

But in the top of this stand—erected for one day only—were cleverly concealed the horns that were to carry the new President's voice to the vast crowd that was expected. And under the steps of the Capitol was the complicated machinery to be used in amplifying the President's voice millions of times.

The size of the crowd increased rapidly. All streets led to Capitol Hill on that day. Although there was to be no parade, thousands of people lined up on Pennsylvania Avenue, waiting to see Messrs. Harding and Wilson ride by, on their way to the Capitol. And when the inaugural party had swept by, there was a grand rush by these remaining thousands through the Capitol grounds to get to the plaza. They swarmed in from all sides, increasing the crowd already there to amazing proportions.

In other years, many people in Washington for the inauguration didn't bother to go to the Capitol at all—they were content to see the parade. But this year, people seemed to understand, would be different. They came to the Capitol in full confidence that they would be able to hear as well as to see; and they did. For forty-five minutes they listened with rapt attention and appreciation.

Such a crowd as filled the plaza on that beautiful, sunshiny day in March, overflowing the grounds of the Capitol and congesting the nearby streets! Think of a space about two blocks long and about a block wide and imagine this space packed so tightly with humanity that it is almost impossible to lift an arm, and you have some idea of the crowd. A group of army officers measured off the space in squares that they knew had been occupied by a certain number of people. From this they computed the crowd at 125,000, which is certainly the largest number of people that has ever listened to any orator, anywhere. Americans all; come to their Capital City to see and hear their chief executive.

Perhaps it is that they did not all see him, but certain it is that they all had an opportunity to hear him. And without the use of the amplifiers provided by the Bell System they certainly could not have heard him. And perhaps it isn't too much to say that the inauguration, lacking the military pomp and splendor of previous years, would have been a rather tame affair without the help of the amplifiers. As it was, the very simplicity of the inauguration and the great crowd that witnessed it will cause it to go down in history as a memorable occasion.

It was a good-natured crowd. The Washington police said it was the easiest crowd to handle in all their experience. A person in the middle of it found himself engulfed in a sea of friends. While the people waited for the appearance of the inaugural party, the people talked and joked, and kept their eyes focused on the stand from which the President would make his address. It was white, with columns fashioned to conform with those of the Capitol, and it was tastefully adorned with garlands of evergreen, clusters of roses, shields, flags and the Great Seal of the United States.

The crowd stood in the plaza, their eyes on this structure, hopefully watching and waiting. And as they watched, they were suddenly aware that a voice was speaking to them. It seemed to come out of the air, or the blue sky, and they were quick to pay attention.

The voice was that of a Bell engineer, trying out the apparatus. He explained to the people that his voice was being carried to them by means of horns directly over his head. The people looked up, but no horns could they see. More than one person turned to his neighbor with the remark: "Where are they? I don't see them." But the horns were there—eight of them, arranged to send out the speech in all directions. They were built of wood, in telescope shape, each horn ten and one-half feet long. But the peo-

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ple could not see them, for they were cleverly concealed by the railing around the top of the stand.

A few selections by the Marine Band, stationed just in front of the stand, followed. And another interval of waiting. Inside the Capitol Mr. Calvin Coolidge was being made Vice President and the outgoing congress was bringing its final session to a close.

Finally there was a stir, and the members of Congress emerged from the Capitol and took their places on platforms to the right and left of the stand. Slowly the platforms were filled and finally Mrs. Harding descended the steps and took her place in the stand. Applause greeted her appearance and she smiled and waved her appreciation.

The honored guests came forth and took their places. The people stretched their necks and whispered "There he is" at the sight of any man who walked down the Capitol steps. And then, with measured tread and great dignity, clothed in the black robes and caps of their office, came the justices of the Supreme Court, led by Chief Justice White. Slowly they filed down the steps, followed by the members of the diplomatic corps, resplendant in their gorgeous uniforms.

Suddenly there came a ripple of applause from the Capitol doorway. It grew and spread down through the stand and over the thousands of people. Warren G. Harding, soon to be made President of the United States, was descending the steps with a broad and pleased smile on his face. The band started to play and as he came to the rail a great cheer arose, and he smilingly bowed his acknowledgment.

Below stairs, all was in readiness, and with the first words of the oath the amplifying apparatus was cut into service. With his left hand on an open Bible on the desk, and with his right hand raised, Mr. Harding repeated the words of the oath and concluded with an earnest and ringing "So help me God." He then picked up the book and kissed the open page. The Bible was the one used by George Washington at his first inauguration, and the passage on which Mr. Harding's hand rested during the oath was: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

His voice came from the horns with great clearness and carried over the great crowd. The effect was impressive. The thousands stood at attention and the silence was profound. Not a sound sought to compete with the voice from the platform, save only the rustling of the garlands draped about the ballustrade.

The President began the reading of his inaugural address and immediately it was seen that he was being heard by all present. In previous years, those who were not fortunate enough to get within a hundred feet of the inaugural stand couldn't hear the speaker—they merely saw him and noted his actions. But this time they heard and understood. Whenever President Harding made a remark that called for applause, the applause came from all parts of the crowd at the same time. And in this the President was having an experience unknown to former Presidents. Heretofore, the applause started always at the front, by those who actually heard, and traveled back. Another result of the crowd's ability to hear was the fact that there was very little moving around, and few departures.

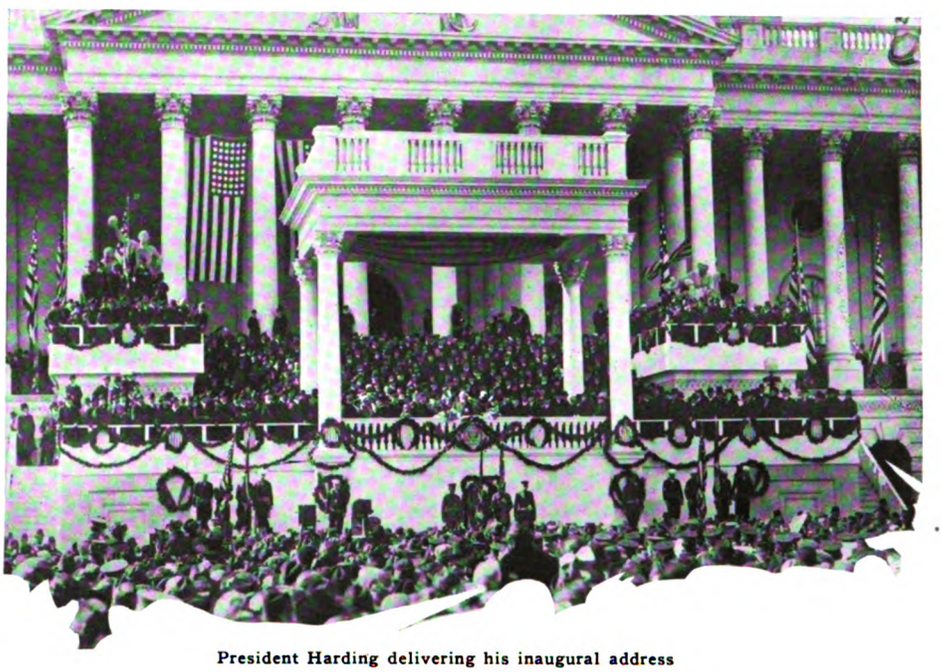
A woman in the crowd was heard to remark: "It must sound funny near the stand where you can hear both voices." But nobody heard both voices. The reproduction of Mr. Harding's voice by the Bell Loud Speaker was so perfect that those in the first rows could not tell where the natural voice left off and where the amplified voice began. If one could have walked away in a straight line from the platform, he could have detected no break in the tone and but small variation in the volume. On the outskirts of the crowd, the sound was as clear as in the first row. It was a perfect demonstration of the new art of voice amplification.

There is no doubt that the Bell Loud Speaker was a marked success at the inauguration. Numerous comments were heard, all in praise of the wonderful clarity with which the President could be heard, and more than one person was heard to say that the telephone company had helped to make the occasion one to be remembered.

When the President concluded his address, he waved to the crowd, turned and made his way up the steps. After a while he emerged with Mrs. Harding, and, surrounded by a troop of cavalry, began the ride up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House.

When President Harding had departed, the doors of the control room were thrown open and people were permitted to pass through and view the intricate equipment used to carry the President's voice. Ushers from the Commercial office of the telephone company at Washington were provided to show the people through, and signs were placed on the various pieces of apparatus to give their names and functions. Hundreds of people entered and viewed with great interest this wonderful electrical development that bids fair to have some far-reaching effect on the lives of the American people—a development that is destined to have a part in the spread of truth and righteousness. It marks, as somebody observed, the renaissance of American oratory.

And right here is perhaps the place to introduce into the story a description of the apparatus. The plant consisted of a system of motors, generators, wires, transmitters, amplifiers and other electrical equipment, weighing several tons and filling three rooms. And it was most delicate machinery, requiring the utmost care in its operation. A drop of water at a given point, or a piece of metal the size of the head of a pin, would have put the whole plant out of business.



President Harding delivering his inaugural address

None of the apparatus or machinery was in evidence. The speaker himself saw nothing of it except the small transmitter box that stood just in front of his desk. Even these could not be seen by the crowd.

And it might be mentioned that these were not ordinary transmitters, but remarkably delicate and sensitive instruments, adjusted to an infinite degree, carefully shielded with copper, which, grounded, carried off any tiny current that might interfere, and these ultrasensitive transmitters picked up every variation of the voice with exact fidelity.

The transmitters picked up a minute part of the energy created by the President's voice. This was carried by wires

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from the transmitters to the intricate apparatus in the control room, and stepped up through eight successive states of amplification. In each stage the energy was led into a glass bulb, called a vacuum tube amplifier, the function of which was to receive the energy, amplify it and send it on to the next amplifier in line until it had been amplified billions of times and became strong enough to go out in voice form through the horns in the top of the stand. The tones which left the horns followed the tones of Mr. Harding's voice with exact fidelity, but with a force of a million voices.

Provisions were made for the possible breaking down of the apparatus. Every piece of equipment was in duplicate; there were two transmitters on the stand; two sets of amplifiers—two of everything but the group of horns. Throughout the preceding the inauguration. In the human voice there is a range of tones, from several hundred vibrations per second to several thousand, and the system had to be tested out with a series of tones at intervals over the whole range.

And each horn was a separate problem—each horn had to be adjusted according to the space in front of it, the distance the sound would have to travel, so that the voice, coming out of the several horns, would be uniform. Men were stationed on the plaza, at different points, to catch these sounds and check them up with the men in the control room by means of telephone circuits. And the work required the utmost co-operation and co-ordination.

These tests demonstrated that more people could have heard President Harding had there been more people present,

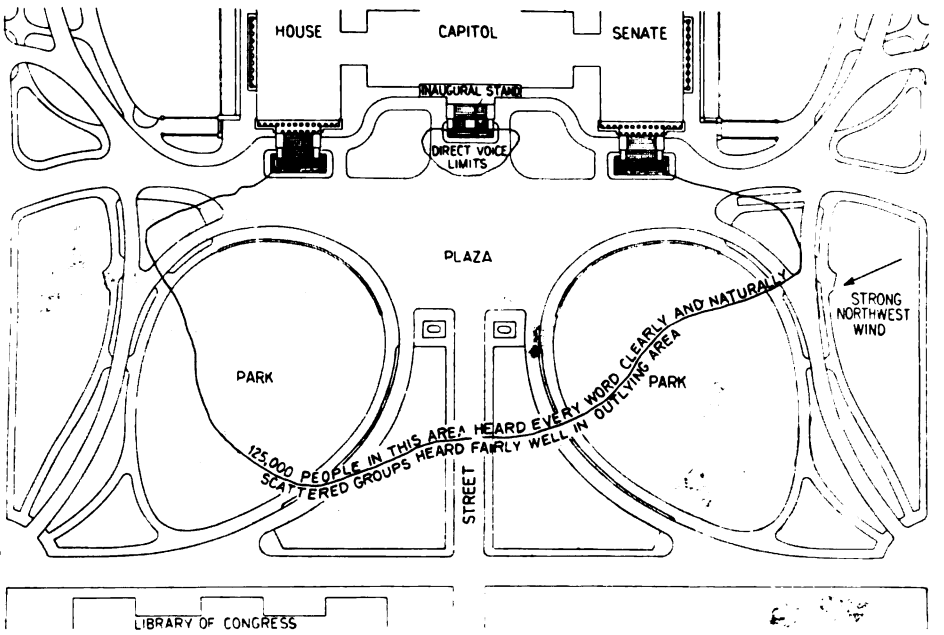

Diagram showing area covered by vast crowd which heard inaugural address of President Harding

address, men stood at the apparatus, their hands on the switches, ready to throw the current into the emergency equipment if necessary. But the need did not arise.

On the stand, just in front of the transmitters, which were set in the railing, was the speaker's desk, a beautiful piece of work, patterned after the speaker's desk in use in the House of Representatives years ago. On the ceiling of the stand was stretched an American flag, the one that flew from the Capitol when war was declared and when the armistice was signed. The desk and this flag were presented to the President after the ceremony. The transmitter, together with the amplifying tubes and certain other portions of the apparatus, will have a place in the A. T. and T. museum, to be shown future generations as the equipment that carried the inaugural address of President Warren G. Harding.

Much testing of the equipment was necessary, and this phase of the job was done in the days and nights immediately for the sounds carried beyond the space occupied by the crowd. Indeed, the sound was carried for a radius of six blocks from the Capitol steps, and could even be heard on the steps of the Congressional Library, more than 1,000 feet from the inaugural platform.

And here's another fact that is rather startling. Suppose the inauguration had taken place in a large, flat space, without any building for a background, as in the case of the Capitol. That would mean that the voice would travel in all directions, instead of fanwise, and that the people in back of the speaker could hear just as well as those in front. Under such conditions one man could talk to a quarter of a million people at the same time!

Making the tests were not without humorous features. The inauguration stand was not far from the Supreme Court chamber, where the members of the nation's highest law tribunal were listening one day to an important decision. Suddenly there was a blare of a dozen brass bands, playing a popular tune, seemingly in the courtroom. The telephone engineers were demonstrating the reproduction of music. The sounds carried into the courtroom, interrupting the Chief Justice reading the decision. Apparently he enjoyed the concert, for he stopped his reading, put down his papers and listened until the selection was finished.

The offer of the use of the apparatus at the inauguration—the gift of the Bell System to the people of America—was made to the inaugural committee by A. E. Berry, president of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, and the general arrangements for the demonstration were looked after by Mr. Berry and other C. and P. officials.

Preparations for the demonstration were begun three weeks before the inauguration and were carried out by the Long Lines department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with the co-operation of the Department of Development and Research, and that of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company and the Western Electric Company.

J. G. Truesdell, supervisor of telephone layout and transmission, was in charge of the installation and operation for the Long Lines department. G. K. Thompson, personal representative of Vice-President J. J. Carty, and A. B. Clark had charge of the development work involved, with the co-operation of H. A. Frederick, of the Western Electric Company.

The inauguration stand was designed by the Long Lines department and built under the direction of the C. and P. The installation of the equipment was also done by the C. and P., under the direction of G. L. Weller, of the Engineering department.

The three organizations worked hand in hand, co-operating in all phases of the work, and these organizations were dovetailed into each other in such perfect order that the composite organization worked like a well-oiled machine. All of those engaged on the job are to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which the whole job was done.

On the night of the inauguration the men who had worked so faithfully were given a dinner at the Columbia Country Club, and it proved an affair long to be remembered. Speeches were made by E. K. Hall, vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; President Berry, Vice President Buehler, General Manager Stryker, Executive Assistant Godwin, of the C. and P., and G. L. Weller of the engineering department of the same company, and Messrs. Thompson, Truesdell and Pomeroy of the A. T. and T. and H. A. Frederick of the Western Electric Company.

The day of the inaugural was a great day for all telephone people fortunate enough to be present, whether or not they had anything to do with the installation or operation of the apparatus. For, in addition to the pleasure of hearing the

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Ancient and Modern Medals

Here is a Medal that will interest Every Bell Telephone Employe

WITH the establishment of the Theodore N. Vail Medal, a glance into the history and significance of medals may be of some interest to employes of the associated companies of the Bell System.

Medals have a romantic history; in fact, the history of medals is the history of the world, for since the first medals appeared, the medal has been a distinctive device for commemorating famous personages and events.

That, it may be well to emphasize, is the purpose of any medal; it is purely commemorative. The Theodore N. Vail Medal, for example, commemorates the active and beneficient career of the great organizer and administrator of universal telephone service, while serving as a recognition to employes who preserve and promulgate his ideals.

The first medals were used as tributes to the gods and to other supernatural influences. Later, the Roman emperors usurped the position of the gods and ordered medals in honor of themselves. Because of this and other reasons, the medal lost its primary religious character and, with the exception of theological and papal medals, became something more personal and worldly.

Thus the art of the medal passed through the centuries, suffering somewhat during the reign of the powerful Roman emperors, when there apparently were no artists sufficiently trained in their work to produce commendable examples of medallic art. These medals, however, proved of great value to later historians and archaeologists, as, indeed, did all medals throughout history.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the time of the discovery of America, the invention of printing and the renewed interest in classical art and literature, all art was tremendously advanced, and the art of the medal shared in this advance, under the leadership of Vitore Pisano, of Italy, who became the foremost medallist of his day. A few years later the prominent Italian Estes family gave encouragement to medallic art by ordering medals bearing portraits of each member of their family, and inviting other families to do likewise and exchange medals. The revived medal movement spread from Italy throughout Europe, just as did all other art of the time, and it flourished particularly in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Then occurred a slight lapse, but in about 1860 there was a renewed activity in medallic art, France being the leader this time. This revived interest in medals soon spread to America, Augustus Saint Gaudens becoming the chief exponent of medallic art.

In the competition for public interest, the small size of the medal gives it an advantage over many other arts. This is an age when the small work of art is popular—the short story, the small statue, the miniature portrait. The small arts always have been known to flourish when civilization is at its highest points.

Hence the popularity of the medal, which combines, in a small space, the character of sculpture and the feeling of painting, in addition to a deep historical and sentimental significance.

Medals usually are round, this shape permitting them to be handled easily, and also because a circular edge contains no angles or prominent features to detract from the design. The bolder the relief of the design of a medal, the greater the symbolic strength given to it.

The manufacture of medals has become something of an art in itself. Medals may be "struck" or they may be "cast." "Cast" medals are made by making a plaster mold from the original wax model and pouring the hot metal into the mold. "Striking" is the modern method, and it permits a medal to be made from a larger original model, which is of great advantage to the artist in making the original. Steel dies are made from the wax model by a reducing machine, and the heated metal compressed between the dies by a screw press. The Theodore N. Vail Medal will be made in this way.

As to the modern application of medals in America, the subject is familiar enough to be widely known. We have, as examples, the several American military and naval medals, awarded to members of our forces who gain honors in the field.

Another conspicuous example of military medals is the Victoria Cross, the highest military award for the British forces. The wearer of the Victoria Cross, regardless of rank, commands the greatest respect of fellow soldiers. Some years ago a big Jamaica negro gained this award for bravery in action, and he was thereafter invariably saluted daily by high officers of the garrison of his naitve city, despite the fact that the honored one was usually in the gutters, thoroughly intoxicated with hard liquor purchased with his pension money. Finally, tiring of the custom of saluting the negro lying drunk in the gutters, the high officers combined to persuade him to cease wearing his Cross. They presented him a handsome sum for his agreement, whereupon the negro drank more and better liquor than ever, but spared the military dignitaries the embarrassment of saluting him.

The well-known Carnegie Hero medal was instituted in 1904 to reward persons or their families who risk or sacrifice their lives in an effort to save others. Such acts are brought to the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission either through direct application or through the public press.

Other modern medals are the Thomas A. Edison medal, awarded by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for meritorious achievement in electricity,

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President's address, they had the pleasure of seeing the Bell System—their Bell System—make good on a big assignment.

Following is a letter received by Mr. Berry a few days after the inauguration.

"UNITED STATES SENATE
"COMMITTEE ON RULES
March 7, 1921.

"Mr. A. E. Berry, President,
"The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company,
"Washington, D. C.

"My dear Mr. Berry:

"For the Joint Congressional Inaugural Committee I wish to express their thanks and appreciation for the very efficient and successful operation of the amplifier.

"A great deal of the successful carrying out of this ceremony was due to the efficient operation of the amplifier, and I hope you will express to the personnel the Committee's sincere thanks and appreciation.

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "Philander C. Knox,
"Chairman."

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A Questionnaire to Telephone Girls

By Ellen Groesbeck, Boulder, Colorado

DID you ever stop to question just WHY you are working for the telephone company? Do you do so because you must work and don't know how to do anything else? Do you do so because you have started out with us and are afraid to try anything else? Or do you do it because you like it and are interested in the work? As you go back and forth to the office each day, do you think with pleasure of the day's work ahead of you, or do you merely look forward to the pay check at the end of the week?

Girls, I am talking to you. I have worked with men, and I know that with few exceptions men enjoy their work. That is what they live for—to become successful, either by the work of their hands or the use of their heads. How about you?

I wonder if you have ever stopped to consider the tremendous part the girls play in the promotion of this great corporation. You compose almost the entire operating force. Practically every cent of revenue comes through your hands. Do you realize what that means? This is said to be the age of the "business woman." In politics, in business, professionally, we see her forging ahead, proving that she has a brain and the inclination to use it. Does this mean anything to you? Have you any pride in the thought that you are actually taking a part in the great world of industry?

This is your company—one of the greatest organizations in the United States, famous for its marvelous system, its high-class service—a company that spends thousands of dollars annually for the care of its employes, giving to them the luxury of really beautifully furnished retiring rooms, up-to-date cafeterias, pleasant, well-ventilated office rooms. Are you proud of the company? Are its troubles your troubles? Do you resent it when people call it a grasping corporation, grinding the life out of its employes and cheating the public it professes to serve? Do you ever retaliate or try in any way to show that you believe in the people for whom you are working? Or do you agree with the knockers and perhaps help them out a little? If you do agree with them, why in the world do you work for such a monster? If you don't know whether such statements are true, have you ever attempted to find out for yourself? If you do know and don't say anything, where is your backbone? A company that is worth working for is worth defending, isn't it?

MISS ELLEN GROESBECK

You are at work. You are dealing with the public. In the eyes of the public you are the company. Are you interested in what you are doing? Are you winning success for your employer by putting forth every effort to do your work most efficiently? Are you winning the confidence of the public by little acts of courtesy and thoughtfulness? Are you?

You are on your way to work. You look around and see thousands of others also on their way to work. Some of them are your business associates. Are you proud of them? Do they look like competent, clear-eyed business women, or are they more or less of a fashion show? How about yourself?

Wake up, girls! Here is your opportunity. Why not grasp it. KNOW YOUR COMPANY. Get acquainted with its interests, its troubles. Fight for it. KNOW YOUR WORK. Do it because you like it better than anything else. Put something more into it than merely the passing and completing of calls. Give something of yourself, your personality, your friendship. Get some ideas of your own and pass them on to the next fellow. KNOW YOUR BUSINESS ASSOCIATES. Work with them. Re-

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and the Franklin medal, similarly awarded by the Franklin Institute. Alexander Graham Bell and Vice President J. J. Carty are two telephone men who have been awarded both these medals.

In addition, of course, there are countless medals commemorating men and events; medals for inauguration of presidents, for centenaries, for world's fairs and for other notable happenings.

There are, therefore, the medal for valor, the medal for loyalty and faithful service, the purely commemorative medal, and the idealistic medal. The Theodore N. Vail Medal is of an idealistic nature; it idealizes Mr. Vail's contribution to the public service, and recognizes members of this organization founded by Mr. Vail who demonstrate his ideals.

It is obvious, therefore, that the Theodore N. Vail Medal will and should occupy a distinctive place among medals. It is not a medal for heroism alone; it does not encourage or reward unnecessary or foolhardy risks. It is not for faithful service alone; for that we have the service emblem. It is not for service otherwise rewarded—such as inventions or developments in the telephone art.

The Vail Medal is particularly for those Bell Telephone people who carry out Mr. Vail's ideals in their daily responsibilities of providing telephone service for the American public. Such exemplifications call for the display of quick wit, clear thinking and, above all, a sturdy and willing spirit of service to the public in any and all emergencies.

To award this medal for mediocre or commonplace acts would obviously impair its distinction; it is therefore to be reserved for the highest exemplifications by employes of the Bell System of the precepts and performances of the great man it commemorates.

Adolph A. Weinman, a noted New York sculptor, is now designing the model from which the Vail Medals will be made.

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spect them. Make others respect them. In the coming year the people who work and think are going to be recognized; the drones will be weeded out. Let's put the telephone girl where she belongs—a capable, intelligent business woman, and highly respected as such.

Inspect Telephone Plant

Pocatello, Idaho, March 17.—An innovation was the order of the day at the meeting of the chamber of commerce directors at luncheon. After luncheon the members adjourned, as guests of Manager E. P. Calph, to be shown through the plant of the business of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. The building, including the new addition, was carefully gone over and much of the detail of operation was explained by Manager Calph.

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Following the inspection by the business men of Pocatello Mr. Glenn Field, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, wrote the following letter to E. P. Calph, manager of the Mountain States Telephone Company:

"I think I express the opinion of every man who attended the luncheon of the Chamber last Wednesday, when I say that the trip through the local plant of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company was certainly enjoyed. It was educational as well as entertaining and I regret that every business man in Pocatello did not make the trip."

The Autobiography of a Stenographers' Notebook

GEE! but this is a cold, dark place to put me in after having served my life with one employer. I gave them the best I had, was subject to a moment's call, and even worked late in the evenings when I was called on. But I didn't kick—just plugged away trying to do the work assigned me. Sometimes my master would treat me rather roughly by throwing me around and even stepping on me, but I never murmured. And me, a highly educated individual—just think of it—I can record and decipher any language known to the speaking race today and have a memory for remembering what I am told for time everlasting. My success in life, however, lies principally in the fact that I am able to keep a secret. I never tell a word that is told to me until my master bids me do so, and when I speak I speak the exact words as they were told to me.

When I was assigned for duty with my present employer I was as spick and span as any fashion plate, but now I am indelibly marked for life, and nobody wants to have anything to do with me. But I don't care—presidents have conversed with me, great speakers and orators have told me of their hopes and ambitions long before the general public were informed of them, and I have been the medium of million-dollar contracts. Courts cannot get along without me. I have helped to modernize the present-day business system. Bankers take me into their confidence. Many of our present-day laws were recorded by me before being presented to Congress for approval. Many popular books and plays are the reproductions of results accomplished through my help.

Who am I, did you ask?

Why, I am Any Stenographer's Notebook.

A Cutover Knife That Really Cut

By J. L. Patterson, Boulder

A paragraph which appeared in a recent number of The Monitor, asking what had become of the gay fellows who used to send storeroom boys for ohm sifters, insulator wrenches and the like, calls to mind an incident which occurred some years ago in one of the large cities of Texas.

We were making ready to cut over an exchange from local to common battery and had worked long and hard to get everything in shape before supper-time, so that the cut-over could be started without any further delay when we convened at midnight to begin the actual work. Instructions were given to all to report promptly at 10 o'clock, so as to allow us plenty of time in which to take care of anything that might have been overlooked during the day. Everyone promised to be on time, and we left the office for our several homes, a good meal and a little rest.

Ten o'clock found us all on the job but one, a comparatively new man, who was reputed to be rather sleepy, easy-going and the like. The wire chief appeared to be very much put out because James Archibald had not made his appearance promptly at the appointed hour and vowed that the would put a crimp in his arrangements when he did show up. At 10:15 Archie rushed breathelessly into the room and between gasps, for he had evidently made a brave run for it, tried to explain that he had only laid down for a few minutes' rest, dropped off to sleep, and his alarm clock failed to alarm at the proper time, and so he was late.

"Here's your cut-over knife, boss"

"You mean you was so sound asleep that dynamite would have sounded as a gentle anthem alongside the noise your nose was making," said Rattlesnake Pete, the bug hunter, whose chief diversion was twirling a lasso and picking baling wire off the ranch lines with his long "pop-whip."

"Did you stop to kiss your fair

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one good night?" came from another of the group.

"Naw, he didn't do that. Lookut the new curl he's got in him hair. I bet makin' it lay right's what kep him so long."

The wire chief eyed the culprit till the boys ran out of jibes and taunts and then he said: "James, we have been waiting especially for you. We forgot to get a cut-over knife. I sent mine over to the Edgewood exchange some time ago and Foster has never returned it. We simply must have that knife before we can go to work, and as you are the swiftest man here I guess it's up to you to get it. Now don't let any sagebrush grow in your trail till you get back."

Archie had scarcely cleared the door when his mates let out such a roar of laughter as might well have given the thing away had not said Archie been so intent on getting the knife. As soon as the laughter had subsided the wire chief said: "Now it would be a shame to let him get off so easy, wouldn't it, guys? What do you say we call up Edgewood and tell Joe the knife was sent to Cliff?"

That was great stuff, so Joe was promptly informed of the particulars and agreed to do his best to send Archie farther astray in his quest for the knife. By and by the valient Archie informed us that the knife had been sent to Cliff, and he was promptly ordered to chase it down and do his best to be back by 12. The night man at Cliff was informed of the game, and so were others at Haskel and Avondale, which places were visited by the faithful Archie. The chief at Avondale was instructed to wrap up some bricks and deliver the package to the messenger upon his arrival, telling him that it contained the knife. Meanwhile we went gleefully ahead with the cutover, thinking up numerous taunts with which to rub in the joke when Archie should return. It was half past three when he arrived, lugging a huge box full of bricks and junk lead, which he proudly delivered to the wire chief. The box was carefully unwrapped, and when its contents were revealed the wire chief turned to the unsuspecting J. A. and said: "Well, I'll be switched! This is the right box all right, but the knife does not seem to be here. I wonder who put those bricks in my box? Well, we will just have to get along without it now. It is slow work, but I guess we'll make it."

Wire chief—"Never again!"

Nothing more was said at the time and we all worked steadily until someone noticed that Archie had seated himself at the desk and was busily figuring on a piece of paper.

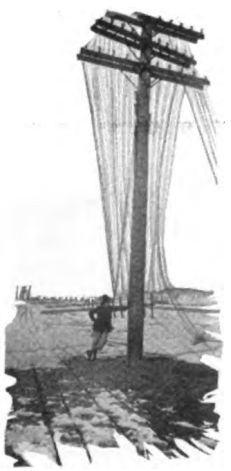
"Whatcha doin', Arch? Figurin' up how many miles you made tonight?"

"Yes," replied Archie, handing a voucher to the wire chief, who read: "To taxicab and owl car fare for James Archibald while hunting for a cutover knife to be used in making the cutover at Rosewood exchange, $8.50."

"You see," said Archie, "the cutover was to begin at 12 and I just had to find that knife."

P. S.—The records do not show a single instance since that time where said wire chief ever mentioned a cutover knife again.

Winding Up Estimate C-2617



The crew—the same one that braves the wind, sleet, snow and blizzard to get the circuits which go down in the storm working again right now—knows that the temporary repairs made after or during a big storm are only a starter of what is to follow. After that comes the big and hard job of permanently restoring the pole line, and the crew knows that these jobs cost real money and lots of it.

So is it any wonder that the crew scratches its head, individually and collectively, to find means of doing this kind of a job quicker, better and cheaper? Witness the results obtained by Foreman Gus Boschulte's crew on Estimate S-2617, which in less technical parlance was the job of rebuilding the Denver-El Paso toll line in the half-mile section between poles 2845 and 2866 which went down in the face of a sleet storm accompanied by a high wind on January 24th. During and on the day after this storm, 83,000 feet of twisted pair wire were strung on the ground to take the place of the broken-up line wires.

Then, after the storm had cleared, the work of building a new line was started, and after the new line and new wires were up and doing their duty, there remained the task of recovering the emergency twisted pair.

The boys put their heads together, and the next morning their truck woke up to find a strange affair fastened to one of its rear wheels. The new affair was a hastily built reel, to which the twisted pair was to be fastened and reeled in. They knew that the portion of Lizzie's anatomy known as the differential wasn't exactly built for this kind of a job, but investigation showed them that the strain of dragging in a half-mile of wire off the ground wouldn't be harmful, so Lizzie was given the gas.

The 80,000 feet of wire was coiled up with all splices cut out, properly tied and sent to the storeroom all in one day.

GROUP AT THOMPSON FALLS, MONT.

Left to Right—Margaret Mathews, operator; Stella Peterson, manager; Marie Hoagland, operator; lineman. At the board, Gertrude Mathews

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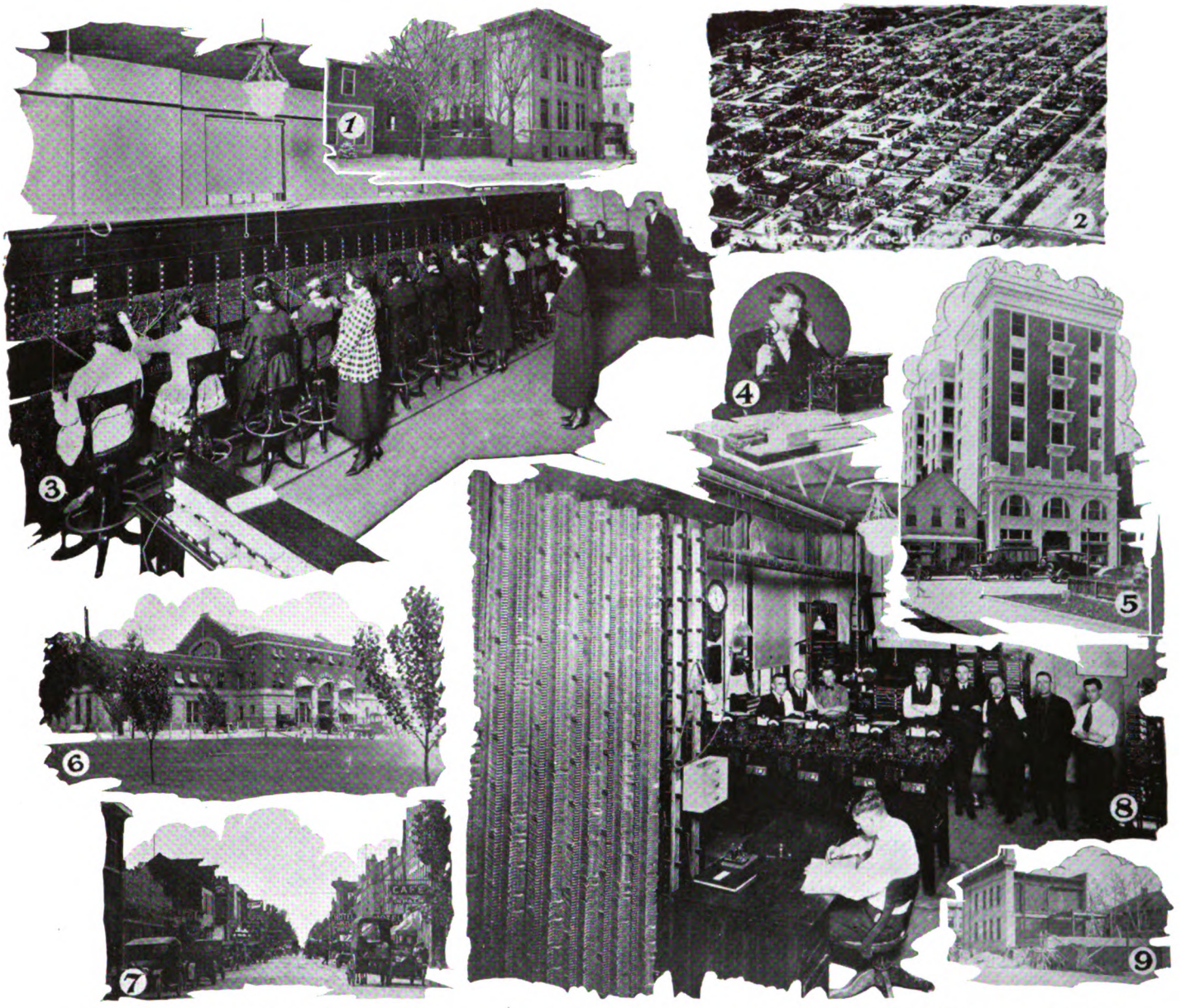
Pocatello, Idaho, Snapped by the Cameraman



1—Mountain States Telephone building. 2—Aeroplane view of Pocatello. 3—Switchboard at Pocatello. 4—E. P. Calph, manager telephone exchange. 5—Hotel Bannock. 6—Oregon Short Line Railway depot. 7—Street scene in Boise. 8—Inside plant and employes (left to right) J. H. Mullen, Morse repeaterman; F. L. Brian, toll testboardman; G. A. Braug, local testboard and plant man; G. W. Butters, Morse repeaterman; H. A. Clark, Morse repeaterman and testboardman; L. P. Whittinghill, storeroom man; Claude W. Holder, local wire chief; O. K. Barton, switchboard repairman. (Seated) J. P. Donohue, toll wire chief

Vacuous Conduits---Matterless Switches

Was someone saying that science had just about spoken the last word in electrical development? Well, he was evidently spoofing.. As evidence read the closing paragraph of the inaugural address of W. H. Eccles, D.Sc., recently elected chairman of the wireless section of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, with headquarters in London:

"And along some of the avenues of our particular technology (radio) we may catch glimpses of the radiant expanse of the dawning electrical age. The thermionic vacuum tube in itself contains the engineer with vision with some of the most resplendent of these vistas. For from the glowing filament the most subtle and potent of all the gases is distilled, namely the gas made up of pure electrons, a gas we cannot at present harness as easily as steam is harnessed, but which must take its turn as a servant of man. And in those future days strange engines of giant strength, utilizing electrastatic forces and thermodynamic cycles perhaps as yet unimagined, will be fed with electrons urged by millions of volts along vacuous conduits, and will be presided over by matterless switches. And the people of that age will look back and wonder why we in the twilight of the age of steam were so long content to urge slow floods of electricity through the crowded atoms of copper cables."

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How the Heads of the Eastern Division "Came Through"

—Photos by De Luxe

H. E. McAFEE

Coming IN through the organization of the Telephone Company is not without its trials and hardships and perseverance—ever on and on. And how gratifying it must be to one who has pushed IN toward the inner circle of a great business like that of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company to finally realize the partial fulfillment of one's ambition—an ambition that impels and buoys one to better and greater efforts in his work.

And, just what others are doing—just what is happening to others—is not impossible, nor even improbable for you, and you, and you. Efficiency never marks time—it steps out and goes forward; nor is it retarded by a fear that one mght be doing "more than he is paid for." The men whose pictures appear on this page today were the groundmen, the officeboys, and the clerks of yesterday.

H. E. McAfee, division general manager of the territory embraced in the states of Colorado and Wyoming, has ever had his face set toward the inner circle of the great system of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, until he is now located in Denver. His travels IN through the organization have been steady and sure.

Born a mile above sea-level—in Colorado—he naturally inherited considerable pep, as the saying goes, and when he jumped from newsboy to cashier of the local telephone exchange in Greeley in February, 1907, he placed his fingers on the pulse attuned to his ambition to become a really efficient telephone man. Two years later he was transferred to Denver as traveling auditor, and then in 1909 he became district manager at Butte, Montana. He remained there until 1917 when the order came transferring him to Helena as division general manager, and on January 1, 1921, he again heard the call—"Come in a little closer"—and now he holds the responsible position of division general manager of Colorado and Wyoming, generally known as the Eastern Division.

N. O. Pierce chose New Year day for his appearance on this earthly scene, probably for the good reason that he could start right, with no past scores to wipe out. And he must have resolved then and there to look upward and onward, for he has climbed the telephone pole from an inspectorship to the superintendency of the Eastern Division Plant.

N. O. PIERCE

Mr. Pierce started as an inspector with the Colorado Telephone Company in Denver in February, 1896. Three years later he was keeping the switchboards fit and serviceable, and on his birthday in 1902 he became building electrician for Denver. On June 1 of the next year Mr. Pierce was filling the post of

MARTYN R. CALDWELL

WALDO COCKRELL

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chief installer in the same city, and after serving in this capacity for six months was made superintendent of equipment for the city of Denver. September 1, 1907, his title was changed to superintendent of maintenance and equipment, and on November 1, 1911, he was made Denver plant superintendent. On New Year day, 1913, Mr. Pierce celebrated his birthday and the holiday when he was appointed to the position of Eastern Division plant superintendent.

On January 1, 1921, N. O. Pierce completed a quarter of a century of life as a telephone man—his "silver wedding" to Service, an exacting but satisfying partner in life's endeavor.

Perhaps climbing experience gained in navigating the hilly streets of Alton, Illinois, his birthplace and boyhood home, has had something to do with the progress Martyn R. Caldwell has made on hs way up the telephone ladder.

Mr. Caldwell started his telephone career on January 11, 1904, as a rental clerk in the accounting department at Denver. The following October he was made chief rental clerk, and about two years later he was sent out as a travelng auditor.

He traveled the territory of the Colorado Telephone Company until January 1, 1910, when he became chief clerk in the revenue accounting division at Denver. On January 1, 1911, about the time of the merger which formed the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, he was made supervisor of methods in the general accounting department, again in Denver.

Mr. Caldwell's next move was on January 1, 1914, when he stepped into the shoes labeled "Eastern Division Auditor," and he has been wearing these shoes very well ever since.

Waldo Cockrell has been a telephone man for twenty years. He began as clerk for a toll line construction gang with the Bell Telephone Company of Missouri in September, 1900. In February, 1901, he was transferred to the Chicago Telephone Company at Chicago as facilities engineer. March, 1902, found him back with the Bell Telephone Company at St. Louis as general foreman of installers, and in March of the same year he was again moved up a peg as cable facilties engineer for the New England Telephone Company, and again in July of the same year he was made wire chief in New Haven. February, 1903, he accepted a position as chief clerk to the district superintendent of the A. T. & T. Company long lines at St. Louis. In this position he labored faithfully until January, 1907, when he was promoted to manager of the Louisville territory of the same company.

On the organization of the long lines department he was made district traffic chief at Nashville, Tenn. April, 1908, continuing in this position until August, 1912, when he was transferred to the Mountain States Telephone Company as division traffic superintendent at El Paso. There he remained until March, 1914, when he was transferred to Salt Lake City as division traffic superintendent. And from Salt Lake City he was promoted to the position of division traffic superintendent of the Eastern Division in Denver.

Promotions, Changes, Transfers

F. S. Cundiff has said au revoir to Bisbee and is now located at Phoenix in the capacity of district cashier.

J. R. Vance is back on the telephone job as combination man at Payson, Utah.

Parley Young is the new combination manager at Driggs, Idaho.

Everett Wood, affectionately known as "Woodie" among his Boulder friends, has been transferred to Brush, Colorado, as manager of that exchange.

Glen F. Kulp, well known in the Eastern division, is the new manager at Silverton, Colorado.

J. C. Summers is combination manager at Grace, Idaho.

Hilding A. Streed was recently appointed combination manager at Oakley, Idaho.

Miss Marguerite Hunter has been promoted operator to chief operator at Fort Morgan.

L. J. Meyer, division traffic supervisor of the Northern division, has been transferred to Denver.

A. E. Crosse, traveling plant supervisor, Northern division, has been transferred to the general plant department, Denver.

Denver—Main:

Jennie Woodliffe from senior supervisor to central office instructress.

Miss Irene Whittlesy is a new information operator.

Anna McGraw from operator to information operator.

Josephine Kleewein from operator to information operator.

Denver—Champa:

Miss Helen Hackett from central office instructress to assistant chief operator.

Viola A. Remley from operator to supervisor.

Lillian C. Ludwig from operator to supervisor.

Miss Ruth Lee from operator to supervisor.

Denver-Gallup:

Ada Thompson from supervisor to assistant chief operator.

Mary Simmons from operator to supervisor.

Mary Ater from operator to relief supervisor.

Alma Bloom from ticket sorter to operator.

Gladys Long from assistant chief operator to district traffic chief's office.

Denver—York.

Miss Naomi Smith from supervisor to central office instructress.

Dorothy Mommons transferred from the general auditor's office to district traffic office.

Walter E. Vergon has been transferred from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs as combination man.

Paul Baker was recently transferred from Boulder, Colorado, to Sterling as combination man.

Certificates Issued From February 21 to March 20, 1921

Plant Course No. 1—Elements of Electricity and Magnetism

Burrows, John W., P.....Phoenix, Ariz.
Coleman, Jas. H., A. T. & T. Co.....
.....Denver, Colo.
Kelley, Lloyd, P.....Pueblo, Colo
McClure, Claude D, P.....El Paso, Tex.
Pittman, Thos. H., P..Lewistown, Mont.

Plant Court No. 3—Private Branch Exchanges

Allen, Jas. M., P.....Denver, Colo.

Plant Course No. 5—Central Office Equipment

Barron, Hugh T., G. T....Denver, Colo.
A. T. & T. Company.....
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
G. T. .....General Traffic
P. .....Plant Department

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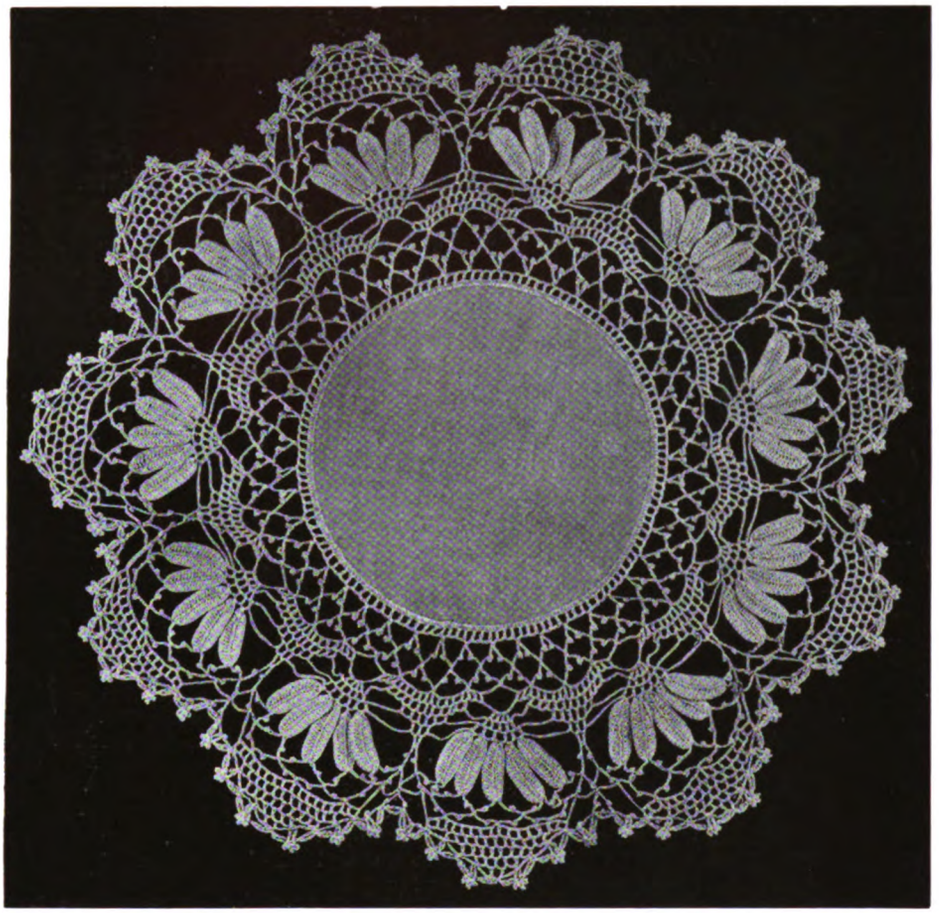
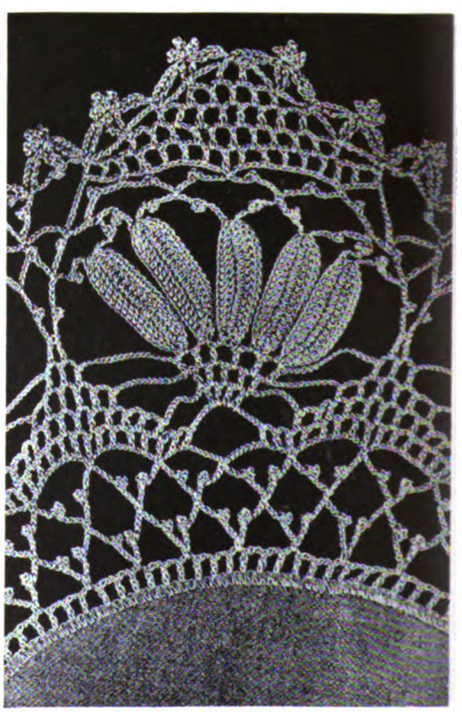
Lotus Flower Centerpiece Design

Done In No. 40 Thread, Directions By Marie Lederman, Salt Lake City



Chain 238. First row: 1 double crochet in 7th chain from hook *; chain 2; skip 1 chain, 1 double crochet in next chain; repeat from * (12 meshes form one scallop; join. Second row: Slip stitch to center of 1st mesh; chain 7, 1 slip stitch in 4th chain from hook for picot; chain 11, 1 slip stitch in 4th chain from hook for picot; chain 3, skip 2 meshes; 1 single crochet into next mesh; this forms a loop; repeat loops around. Last loop thus: Chain 7, 1 picot, chain 4, 1 long treble. Third row: Make loop as in previous row, 1 single crochet in center of next loop; repeat around; end row with one-half loop and 1 long treble. Fourth row: Chain 11, 1 single crochet in center of next loop; repeat around; join. Fifth row: Sl st to 6th ch on ch 11, ch 5, skip 1 ch; 1 dc into next ch; (ch 2, skip 1 ch, 1 dc into next st) 5 times; ch 2; skip 2 chs; 1 dc into next st; ch 2; skip (1 ch, 1 sc, 1 ch); 1 dc in next st; ch 2; skip 2 chs; 1 dc in next st; (ch 2, skip 1 ch, 1 dc in next st) 6 times; ch 13; 1 dc into 7th ch of ch 11; ch 2; skip 1 ch; 1 dc in next st; repeat around; join. Sixth row: Sl st to center of 3rd mesh; ch 5; 1 dc in next mesh; (ch 2, 1 dc in next mesh) 9 times; ch 10; 1 dc over ch 13; ch 2; 1 dc over same ch; ch 2; 1 dc over same ch; ch 2; 1 dc over same ch; ch 10; skip 2 meshes; 1 dc in next mesh; repeat around; join. Seventh row: Sl st to center of 3rd mesh; ch 5; 1 dc in next mesh; (ch 2, 1 dc in next mesh) 4 times; ch 11; 1 dc over ch 10; (ch 2, 1 dc in next mesh) 3 times; ch 2; 1 dc over ch 10; ch 11; skip 2 meshes; into next mesh; repeat. Eighth row: Sl st to center of 2nd mesh; ch 5; 1 dc into next mesh; * ch 2; 1 dc into next mesh; ch 12; 1 dc on ch 11; (ch 2, 1 dc into next mesh) 4 times; ch 2; 1 dc over ch 11; ch 12; skip 1 mesh; 1 dc into next mesh; ch 2; 1 dc into next mesh; repeat from *. Ninth row: Sl st to center of 1st mesh; ch 11; 1 sl st into 4th ch from hook for pi; ch 11; 1 sl st into 4th ch from hook for pi; ch 22; fasten into 1st mesh of previous row; turn; 1 sc in 1st ch of 22 ch; 16 dc and 1 sc in remaining ch; turn; 1 sc in 1st dc; 15 dc and 1 sc; 1 sl st; turn; 1 sc in each st to top of petal; * ch 7; 1 sl st in 4th ch for pi; ch 11; 1 pi as before; ch 22; fasten into next mesh; turn; petal same as previous one; repeat from * 3 times (5 petals in all); ch 7; 1 sl st in 4th ch for pi; ch 11; 1 sl st in 4th ch for pi; ch 4; 1 treble into 1st mesh; 1 tr into next mesh; repeat around; break thread. Tenth row: Loop; ch 7; 1 pi; ch 11; 1 pi; ch 4; 1 sc in next loop; 2 more pi loops; ch 7; 1 pi; ch 4; 1 sc into next loop; ch 7; 1 pi; ch 4; 1 sc into 1st loop of next scallop; repeat around; join; break thread. Eleventh row: Join thread to left of pi of 1st half loop; ch 15; 1 sc into next loop; ch 15; 1 sc in next loop; ch 15; 1 sc in next loop; ch 15; fasten in 2nd ch to right of pi of half loop; ch 8; 1 sc into next loop; ch 15; fasten in 2nd ch to right of pi of half loop; ch 8; 1 sc into pi; ch 8; 1 sc into next half loop; ch 15; repeat around; join. Twelfth row: Sl st to 9th ch of ch 15; ch 5;



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skip 2 chs; 1 dc into next st; (ch 2, skip 2 chs, 1 dc into next st) 14 times; ch 7; 1 pi; ch 11; 1 pi; ch 4; 1 sc in sc between 2nd ch of 8; ch 7; 1 pi; ch 11; 1 pi; ch 4; 1 dc in 7th ch of ch 15; repeat around; join. Thirteenth row: Ch 6; skip 2 meshes; 1 dc into next mesh; (ch 2, 1 dc into next mesh) 9 times; skip 2 meshes; 1 tr into end of last mesh; turn; ch 6; skip 1 mesh; 1 dc into next mesh; (ch 2, 1 dc into next mesh) 6 times; 1 tr into 3rd ch of ch 6; turn. Fourteenth row: Ch 6; skip 1 mesh; 1 dc into next mesh; (ch 2, 1 dc into next mesh) 3 times; 1 tr into 3rd ch of ch 6; turn. Fifteenth row: ch 6; skip 1 mesh; 1 dc in next mesh; ch 2; 1 dc in next mesh; 1 tr into 3rd ch of ch 6; break thread. Finish each scallop in same manner.

Edge

First row: Join thread between scallops; ch 11; 4 tr in center of loop to form cluster; ch 5; 1 sl st in 5th ch from hook; ch 5; 1 sl st in same place; ch 5; 1 sl st in same place; ch 5; 1 sc into end of 1st mesh; ch 5; 4 tr over ch 6; 3 pi as before; ch 5; 1 sc into end of mesh; repeat edge over scallop; ch 8; 1 tr between scallop; repeat around.

Odd and Interesting

Egypt contains neither woods nor forests.

In India last year 1,162 people were killed by tigers.

In all ages fine rugs have been used in religious rites.

The world uses up an average of 3,000,000 needles a day.

Julius Caesar was the first ruler to style himself an emperor.

The area of England is not quite equal to that of the state of Alabama.

Street railway fares in Wisconsin average lower than those in any other state.

Telephone Buds, Blossoms and Boosters

Baby June Kilbourn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Kilbourn, Rawlins, Wyo.

A Real Man

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit that he daily shows,
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.

A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars.
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

—Chords.

Rips from the Buzz Saw

Some people spend most of their time reaching out for something better instead of utilizing the blessings within their reach.

—

Some people never worry about the 'morrow because they know their relatives will take care of them.

—

A man with a brawling wife generally believes in a personal devil.

—

Many people lose faith in the doctor because there was nothing the matter with them in the first place.

—

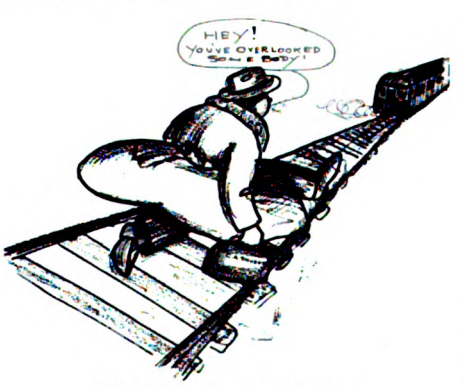
A little girl says she is tired of taking "wormifuge."

—

A telephone is like an automobile—it will only do the things you make it do.

—

He who lacks courage in the discharge of duty needs to pray, not for vision, but for reinforcement of his will.



Who he is we do not know—
But he comes from Idaho

Marion Corbett, chief operator, Deer Lodge, Montana

O'Delia L. Kanaar, junior operator, Deer Lodge

—

The eye which is constantly fixed on small objects may fail to see large things; so the soul that is concentrated on cents may be unable to appreciate God.

—

An employe trying to make good should be given plenty of rope. If he is made of the wrong stuff he'll hang himself with it. If he's the right kind he'll make a ladder of it.

—

It doesn't require much practice to acquire the art of being lazy.

Betty Louise Brennan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Brennan, Denver

Margaret Hodge, cashier, Helena, Montana

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How to Make a Home Garden

Raise your own vegetables and reduce Living Expenses

By C. R. Root, President Colorado Seed Company

Every telephone employe who has a back yard, or a side yard, or a vacant lot can raise sufficient garden stuff to supply the family, not only through the summer months but, in most cases, through the entire winter, and can do so at very little cost. Now is the time to prepare for garden-making.

"More gardens" should be the slogan, especially throughout this intermountain region, where gardens are few and far between. There should be no such thing as an "off year" on gardening—there is no "off year" on eating, to be sure.

Absolutely fresh vegetables will be just as hard to get this year as at any other time, and the prices in all probability will be no lower. In fact, vegetable and small fruit prices would have been much higher during the last few years had it not been for the War gardens and Victory gardens.

If you've never had a garden you've missed something. The juiciness of fresh garden peas, the sweetness of corn "from the garden to the kettle" and the real crispness of lettuce and radishes can be had only from your own garden.

Right now is the time to start gardening—not necessarily planting, but planning. A little of this indoor gardening will enable you to have fresh vegetables in the middle of the summer. You should know that plants of slow growth which occupy much ground—such as melons, cucumbers, squash, etc.—should be avoided in the small garden. Likewise care should be taken to keep plants of high growth which cause heavy shade—such as corn—away from sun-loving plants.

Many times you want a sprig of parsley or a cluster of mint, some sage or other herb, when it is impossible to get them from your vegetable man or corner grocery. These are easily grown and should find a place in every garden. A hotbed is a splendid thing to have, because you can then raise your own plants, such as tomato, cabbage, peppers, etc.; but this is not necessary.

Not many know that two or three nasturtium seeds planted with running vines, like melons, squash, cucumbers, etc., will keep the early lice off the tender plants. Try it.

Deep spading or plowing, of course, is very necessary to produce well developed vegetables. Too much water is just as damaging as not enough. In planting a garden it is well to consult some good seed catalog, and then follow instructions; but for the benefit of the telephone folks I have prepared the accompanying table, which, in my judgment, is worth their while to observe:

PLANTING TABLE FOR THE HOME VEGETABLE GARDEN

Kinds	Suitable Varieties	Times of Planting for best results	Time to first maturity (days)	Distance between plants (inches)	Distance between rows (inches)	Number of Seeds to sow per foot	Amount of Seed for 100 feet row	Depth to plant (inches)	
Beans	Stringless Green Pod, Golden Wax	May-June	50- 70	3-5	24-36	8-12	½ pound	1-2	For successive crops, sow every two weeks.
Beets	Egyptian, Early Blood Turnip	April-June	60- 90	2 3	12-18	20-40	2 ounces	½-1	Sow early varieties every two weeks. Use when small and tender.
Carrot	Danvers, Oxheart	April-May	60-100	2-4	12-18	30 60	1 ounce	½-1	For continuous crop, sow bi-weekly.
Cucumber	Long Green, White Spine	May-June	65- 80	24 hills	36-48	....	½ ounce	½-1	It is best to cover vines early in season with mosquito netting to protect them from depositing eggs on the vines.
Corn, Sweet	Golden Bantam, Evergreen	May-June	70-100	18 24	36-42	.....	¼-½ pound	1-2	Plant every two weeks for successive crop.
Lettuce, Head	Big Boston, Hanson, Prize Head	April-May	40- 90	4-10	12-18	10 15	1 ounce	½	Lettuce can be planted in seed boxes indoors in April and transplanted when weather permits. Protect plants from mid-day sun in hot weather.
Lettuce, Leaf	Grand Rapids, Simpson	April-June	30- 70	3-6	12-18	10 15	1 ounce	½	
Cantaloupe	Rocky Ford, Burrell's Gem	May-June	90-100	48 hills	60	.....	1 ounce	½-1	Plant as soon as ground is thoroughly warmed or start in seed boxes indoors.
Melon, Water	Kleckley Sweet, Gypsy	May-June	100-110	60 hills	96	.....	1 ounce	1-1½	
Onion, Seed	Yellow Danvers, Red Wethersfield	April-May	100-140	2 4	18-24	20-40	1 ounce	½-1	Can be sown indoors in March. For transplanting cut tops a third and roots a quarter.
Onion, Sets	Yellow, Red, White	March-June	25-40	2-3	12-18	6-8	1 pound	1	Onion Sets are preferable where large onions are wanted.
Peas	Telephone	April-June	50- 70	1-2	24-36	12-18	1½-2 pounds	2-3	The late crops are subject to mildew if given too much water.
Radish	Icicle, Chartier	April- June	24- 35	1-2	10-18	6-10	1 ounce	1	Crops mature in 25 days. Successive planting every week.
Spinach	Large Leaf Viroflay, Long Standing	March-June	30- 45	2-4	12-18	20-30	2 ounces	½-1	Sow seed thickly.
Squash, Early	Crookneck, White Bush	May-June	65- 80	36 hills	36-48	.....	½ ounce	½-1	Dust leaves with lime or nicotine to keep squash bugs away.
Squash, Late	Hubbard, Delicious	May	90-110	48 hills	72-84	.....	1 ounce	1-1½	
Turnip	Purple Top Strap Leaf, White Egg	May-July	50- 90	2-4	12 18	20-30	½ ounce	½-1	Do not plant later than August 1st. Use while young

Varieties marked for "hills" should have three or four healthy plants left, all weak plants removed.
Egg Plants, Peppers and Tomatoes can be most profitably handled by purchasing the plants of suitable size for setting out in May and June.

Many gardeners report the destruction of tender young plants by the cut worm. The cut worm is perhaps the most annoying of all garden pests. He works at night, attacks the strongest and healthiest plants and is content simply to cut them off, seldom eating much. The quickest and best remedy in small gardens is hand-picking. The worms may be found at night with the aid of a lantern, or early in the morning. In daytime they can be found by digging about the soil wherever cut-worm work is found. One of the best methods where only a few plants are put out is to protect each by a collar of heavy or tar paper.

Gardening is not without its trials and worry, but it all goes to make the product the sweeter. Any seed house will be glad to furnish you with information on "garden pests" and the common remedies.

CASH PRIZE FOR BEST GARDEN

The Monitor will pay $10 to the Telephone employe sending in the best photograph of a home-grown garden raised in 1921 and $5 for the second best photograph. Open to all comers. This article will tell you a whole lot about how to raise a garden.

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St. Mary's Mission

(Continued from page 9)

died on October 2, 1884, at the age of 73, after forty years of work among the Indians. It was fitting that he should lie down where he labored so long and lovingly, and they buried him in the shadow of the mission, in the Valley of the Bitter Root. This tomb of the gentle old priest will be written of and visited when the hallowed places of the West become shrines where travelers will gather reverently.

In spite of the progress of the work, dark days cast their shadow upon the little mission of St. Mary's. No power could keep the Selish from the chase, and during their absence twice a year, the colony left behind, consisting only of a few priests and the very aged and young, were attacked by the Blackfeet and Bannack Indians. The wayward children could not sacrifice the buffalo hunt for priest or promise of salvation, so the mission was dismantled and the priests started out to seek refuge in new fields. Father Ravalli went to the mission of the Sacred Heart among the Coeur d'Alenes and the rest to the mission of the Kalispehlms at St. Ignatius. For sixteen years the little mission remained dark and silent. The Selish mourned the loss of their friends, but in spite of the absence of the church's influence they prayed and waited. And all during those sixteen years they remained true to the cause their braves had suffered hardships and death to win.

In the meantime the West was changing. The mad rush of adventurers, good and bad, from the four corners of the world changed its spirit. In that mad rush who cared for the Indians, and the lower element of the gold seekers brought with them drink. So when St. Mary's opened her door in 1869 it was to see the beginning of the end. The climax had to come, and come it did in the form of the signing of the Garfield Treaty by Charlot, son of Victor, chief of the Selish. In this treaty they renounced all claim to the land of their fathers and consented to go to the Jacko reservation. The fathers watched the dwindling of their red hosts and St. Mary's remained faithful to the end. At last, in the year 1891, they resigned their right to their beloved Bitter Root and rode away to their land of exile. It is a lovely thought to remember that Father Ravalli, guardian of the Selish, lay down to rest before the final change.

The little mission of St. Mary's remains standing, a church of the white man, but an Indian mission no more.

Juarez, Mexico---On the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 6)

around the outside of the plaza, the boys in one direction and the girls in another, and as the two streams of gaily dressed youths pass each other they shower those whose attention they wish to attract with confetti.

The bull fight is Mexico's national pastime and is frequently made a more or less social affair, when a society queen and her court preside over the affair and bestow favors upon their favorite players. While the bull fight does not appeal much to the American sense of sport, it must be admitted that the players exhibit considerable prowess and skill in their work, which is fascinating. Expert players are trained from their childhood and fighting bulls bred from a carefully raised strain. The best matadores are usually imported from Spain, and so are the bulls, but usually in the smaller towns native players and animals are employed. At the beginning of the game all the players usually parade around the ring and then all retire except the banderilleros, who await the charge of the released bull. With their scarlet cloaks they worry and tantalize "el toro," seeking to jab small gaily decorated darts into the shoulders of the animal. Their agility and skillfulness in dodging the rushes of the infuriated animal and placing these darts is really quite fascinating. Following this, the picadors, who are mounted men, usually on broken-down nags, attack the bewildered animal with long spears, and it is this stage of the game which is most distressing, for the poor old nags are often badly gored and have to be killed. Then comes the climax, when the star player, the matador, enters the ring and engages the bull, manipulating a scarlet cloak to make him charge. This is done several times until at a given signal from the judges' stand the matador, luring the bull to his last charge, stands awaiting the onrush with sword poised, and as the bull rushes forth with head lowered for the attack, the fatal thrust to the heart is given. The accuracy of the death thrust and the agility and grace and fearlessness of the player determine the standing of the matador. Usually two or three bulls are thus dispatched at a game. The bull ring is often used to stage prize fights.

The race track or "Hippodromo", is another interesting Juarez feature and in its palmiest days attracted many of the horse-racing fraternity from all over the country. It has a very well laid out track, grandstand, paddocks and other buildings, and has also been used for auto racing. However, because of the numerous attacks on Juarez its old-time activities are a matter of history. It was from here that "Pancho" Villa made his last attack on Juarez and nearly succeeded when the big American guns spoke and scattered his forces into the desert.

Poor old Juarez bears many scars of battle resulting from ten years' warfare and has experienced many administrations as the different revolutionary factions rose and fell, and yet in spite of it all many improvements have been made and a considerable amount of paving has been done. The business interests of the Mexican town are wide awake and they stand ready to co-operate with those of the American town, as both

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towns are strategic business centers for their respective countries.

Naturally the telephone development of Juarez has not kept pace with that of El Paso for obvious reasons. There are at present about 300 telephones which are connected to the El Paso exchange by aerial cables strung across the Rio Grande. One of the first questions a newcomer asks is "Do you have Mexican operators?" We do not. Plain old United States is used to get the number you want, whether in Mexico or the United States. "Universal Service," you know. It is not any more difficult to learn the first ten numerals in English than it is to learn them in Mexican. It is just as easy to call for "Four, four, five, one" as it is to call for "Quatro, quatro, cinco, una," which means the same thing, and after you once get the number you can talk in any language you wish—the equipment will stand it—including Chinese. The traffic is confined strictly to local calls, as long distance calls are in competition with the government-owned telegraph lines.

Ten years' warfare is not conducive to a high degree of maintenance; nevertheless, while our plant in Juarez cannot be considered A-1, it is, taking all things into consideration, in a very fair condition and renders satisfactory service. The greatest need now is extensions and development, which will naturally follow as conditions improve. On more than one occasion our plant has been literally "shot to pieces" by stray bullets and shells during a battle, and after one of the earlier fights only one telephone was found to be working, when even the open-wire leads were cut down by showers of bullets. After every battle it was necessary to send over a clean-up squad, who sometimes worked for several weeks to get all telephones working again, and at times, when feeling was at a high pitch, it was necessary for our men to work under the protection of a Mexican escort. Through all the difficulties we have experienced our telephone men have demonstrated their loyalty and sense of duty, and this is especially true of the repair-men, who have usually worked alone.

There are of course many incidents that could be related in connection with the turmoil of the past decade, but that is not within the scope of this article. Those things are now passing into history and we, on both sides of the river, are looking forward to an era of peace and prosperity and of good fellowship and intercourse one with the other that should build up both cities and benefit us all.

The Telephone In France and United States

Review of Reviews

THE superiority of the American telephone service as compared with that of France is pointed out frankly and forcibly in an article in La Revue Mondiale (Paris).

"Whoever [the writer remarks] has traveled in the United States must have noticed how widespread the use of the telephone is in that country. The subscribers are reckoned at eight million, and the samllest towns as well as the most modest abodes are provided with telephone service."

The organization of the telephone service in the United States is particularly practical. Whether for urban or long-distance communications there is the minimum of delay in getting in touch with the person required. Furthermore, the moderate rates favor the increase of subscribers—an essential of the utility of the telephone.

"In France, on the contrary, one is confronted with an almost rudimentary organization. Except in Paris and some large cities, the use of the telephone is very restricted. There are towns of 100,000 inhabitants which reckon little over a hundred subscribers, while a community of like importance in the United States would have over 8,000. And, besides that, sparse subscribers, being able to communicate only with one another, that is, only with such a small minority of their fellow-citizens, soon get discouraged and give up their subscriptions.

"In addition, the communications are desperately slow, one must be armed with patience, repeat the calls several times, only to be finally often told that the line is busy—which is not always conformable to the truth.

No discipline in the personnel, rates so high that they are almost prohibitive for average purses, excessive complications and inexcusable slowness in long-distance service—these are the main causes of the rare use of the telephone in France.

"To what must be attributed a difference so fundamental in the results obtained by the telephone service on the two shores of the Atlantic?

"Solely to this: that in France the telephone service is a monopoly of the state, while in the United States it is a private enterprise: 'The American Telephone Company.'

"The company, though charging very low rates, distributes to its shareholders a dividend of 8 per cent, and employs a considerable portion of its income in the perfecting of its telephone system. The men, endowed with great technical skill and an exceptional faculty of organization, who have created and managed this great industry, have succeeded in inspiring capital with confidence and in amassing sums estimated at over four billion francs.

"On the other hand, with us, along with high rates, there is always a deficit in the elephone department; it imposes heavy burdens on the taxpayers and would need more than a billion francs to bring it up to modern requirements—a thing our finances do not allow, and which, moreover, it would not be safe to entrust to a personnel more intent upon political schemes favorable to its interests than to technical improvements.

"It may be said, it is true, that the Arabs, the negroes of Africa, the Chinese and other Asiatics are still more indifferent in regard to the telephone than we are; they do also without railways, electricity, mechanical industries, and appear to be none the worse off.

"It may even be that, on the whole, they are happier for not knowing the artificial needs created by civilization.

"It is not a useless task to demonstrate by striking examples, such as appears from a comparaison between the working of the telephone in France and the United States, to what results the propaganda of equality and a hatred of all superiority leads.

"No progress can be achieved if the risk, the interest, individual initiative are lacking."

Foolish Question No. 999

When about to deliver a lecture in a small town the well-known speaker asked the chairman if he might have a pitcher of ice water on the platform table.

"To drink?" inquired the chairman.

"No," answered the speaker; "I do a high diving act."

—

"And what's your name?" quoth the judge yesterday.

"Smith."

"And your business?"

"Locksmith."

"Well," said the judge with the gruff voice, "lock Smith up."

—

"Editor—I am a lady. There is some kind of a strange insect that bothers me nights. How shall I get rid of it?"—H. M.

"Place it on the window sill and hit it with the heel of your shoe."

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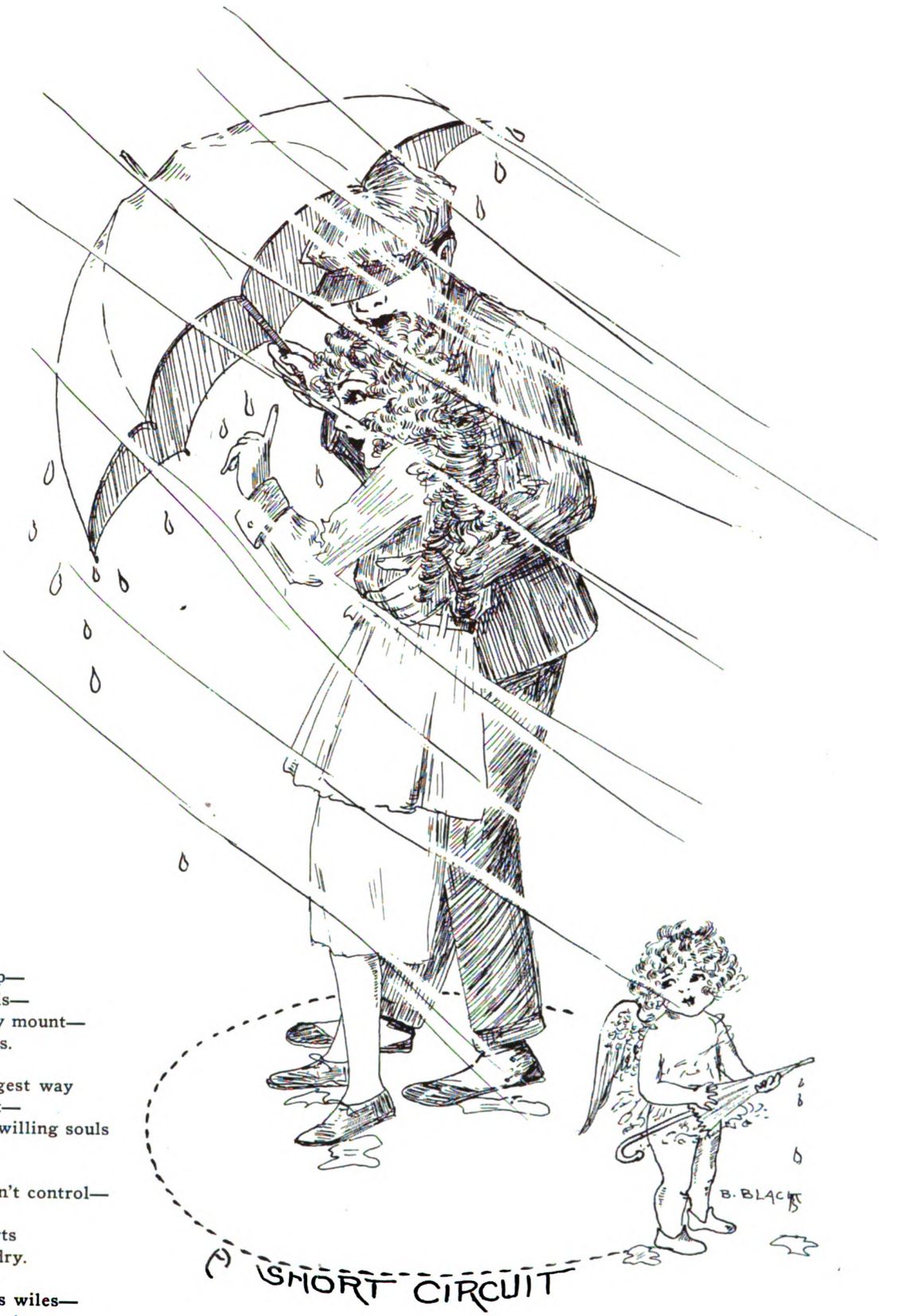

Dan Cupid is a funny chap—
He works in mystic spells—
Sometimes he plays on lofty mount—
Sometimes in flow'ry dells.

Sometimes he goes the longest way
Around to reach the heart—
Sometimes "short circuits" willing souls
Before they get a start.

But these are things one can't control—
A fool would only try;
For if we had no Cupid darts
This world would be too dry.

So here's to Dan, and all his wiles—
His work seems coarse at times—
But then he gets there just the same,
And beats us out betimes.

—RIPS.

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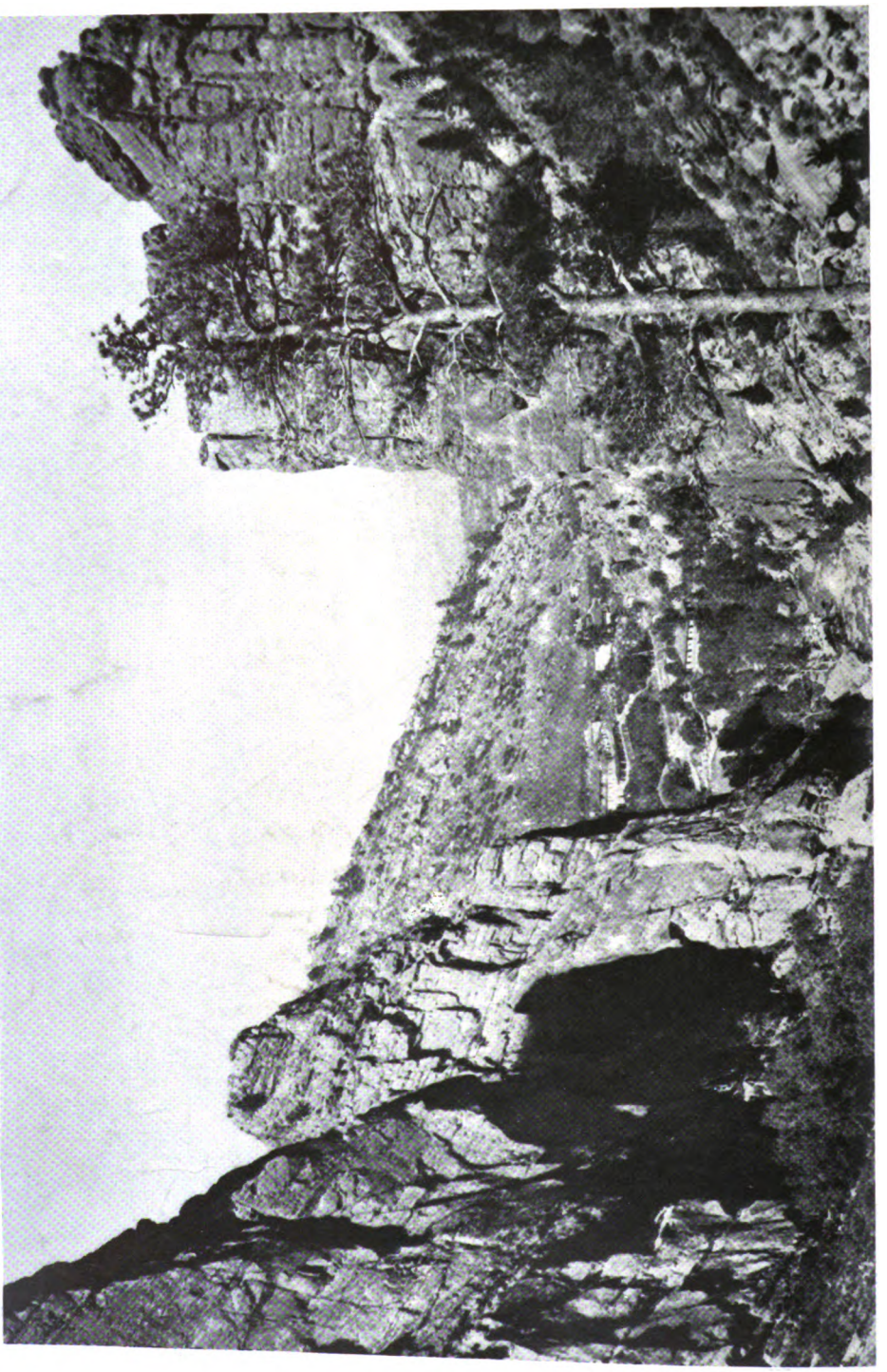

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Supplement to the Mountain States Monitor

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The Daily Dozen

Keeping Young at Forty

By Walter Camp

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WHEN you next go to the Zoo, or the circus, see whether you can find a lion or a tiger exercising with a dumb-bell in each paw! Has your dog ever surprised you by working at the chest weights when you took him with you to the gymnasium where you obtain your weekly exercise? Of course he hasn't. Caged and domesticated animals do not "exercise." Yet lion and tiger and dog keep fitter than you do. Even the caged lion is more powerful, proptionately, than we are. He comes nearer to being as strong, even though he is caged, as his wild brother, than do we to being as strong as a savage, or as our own primitive ancestors. You can see what the tame animals do if you study them carefully; and a little later on you will see how to turn their example to account.

We are caged animals, even though we don't see the bars that imprison us, just as much as are the beasts on exhibition in the Zoo. And captivity, whether it is enforced by superior strength or just by the force of circumstance, brings about all sorts of changes in the habits of daily life. Departures from natural, primitive customs are necessary. We don't live to-day, we don't use our bodies, as our Stone Age ancestors lived and used theirs.

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And so we, as well as the caged animals and the domesticated ones, let a good many of our muscles fall into disuse.

Our Stone Age progenitors were self-contained, self-sufficient, self-supporting. They had to be. If they didn't care for themselves, they died. If they didn't provide themselves with food, they starved. If they didn't guard themselves against predatory animals and enemies, they were killed. No one else did any of those things for them.

In the Stone Age men hunted and fished for their food. There were no great slaughtering and packing organizations to pour a supply of meat into butcher shops. No fishing fleets sailed out of Gloucester. Wild beasts of prey hadn't been driven back and back into isolated and desolate portions of the world; they roamed everywhere. There was no police force, no professional army, to take care of the predatory elements of society. Life itself depended, often, upon the ability to run a hundred yards in eleven seconds, a mile in less than five minutes; to walk all day and all night; to leap across a twenty-foot chasm; to wrestle to a finish with a bear or a man.

Times have changed. It is first-page news for the newspapers when a man actually has to fight, with his bare hands, to save his life, when he is attacked by a wild animal, or when he is cut off from the mechanism of everyday civilized life that he has to revert to ancestral type and kill his food before he can eat it. Feats that were once matters of routine living have become symbols of rare athletic prowess.

Our Muscles Play Us False

MEN are paid enormous salaries by the Ringling Brothers for doing, with flying rings and trapezes, what our ancestors had to do among the trees of the jungle to escape from wild beasts that had treed them. Only the rarest and most exceptionally gifted athlete, fitted by long and arduous training, can do to-day things that in the Stone Age were common to every man who had survived and attained maturity.

And yet we have, with very minor modifications, exactly the same bodies, the same sets of muscles, the same nerves, as served our ancestors. We have developed our minds to an astonishing degree. We have gone far beyond them in using our hands; we can do things, quite casually, that would have seemed like black

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magic to them. Inevitably, we have stopped using, or almost stopped using, a good many muscles that they were always calling into play. Those muscles, with disuse, become more or less atrophied. They are weak and flabby; when we do need them we find they play us false. And we do need them; we need all the muscles we have. They have functions, you see, that we don't think about, because they are, to some extent, automatic. And we can, up to a certain point, get the essential work done in other ways.

Stand Up! How Did You Do It?

SIT down, for half an hour, in an armchair. When you rise, how do you do it? Do you get up easily and naturally, lifting yourself by the muscles of your trunk? I doubt it—if you are hovering somewhere in the neighborhood of your fortieth birthday. I suspect that you push yourself up with your hands and arms, resting them on the arms of your chair. It's easy to do that—but it's a bad sign.

Suppose you have to pick up a bag or a bucket that is at your side. Don't you move your feet, turn your whole body into another plane, before you bend to pick up that object? Can you twist around, as a child would? The chances are that you don't, whether you can or not. We all tend to turn and make all our motions in straight lines, in single planes. A child never does that, nor does an animal. Throw your dog a bone or a piece of sugar, so that it will lie just behind him. He will turn and twist himself about to reach it; he will not, unless he must, change his position.

As a rule most of those muscles we neglect are not, in themselves, vitally important. But when they fail us we discover that they count a good deal. It's because we don't exercise them that we put on fat in awkward places—men and women both. Or, on the other hand, that we lack flesh. I was in Atlantic City not long ago, and a woman who was walking along the Boardwalk stopped to admire a gown in one of the shops. Her husband stopped, too, and she pointed to it, admiringly. He did a fiendish thing. He looked at the grown and then at her.

"My dear," he said, "you don't suppose, do you, that you'd look like that if you wore that gown?"

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That was cruel—but it was true. She was the sort of woman who cannot, with good effect, wear a low-cut gown. The bones of her chest stood out gauntly; her whole figure was ungainly. And it need not have been. Her thoracic cavity was too small—although it was in her power to increase it, to put a coating of good flesh and muscle over those prominent bones. And it is in the power of any woman, as of any man, to get rid, slowly but surely, of unnecessary flesh too. In matters of appearance, in matters of comfort and of grace, proper use of the neglected muscles will work wonders.

Some Neglected Muscles

THESE things may seem trivial. After all, the man or woman of mature years can get along, even though he or she is handicapped in appearance or in grace of movement. But there are related matters that aren't trivial at all. Probably the most important single thing in everyday life is the proper functioning of the bowels. And how many of us are troubled, more or less chronically, with constipation? How many of us are more or less habitual users of laxatives and consequently, at intervals, of purgatives? How many of us have to depend upon such artificial stimulation of the bowels if they are to do their vital work of elimination?

The cause is to be found in the disuse of those muscles in our trunks. They are essential bits of mechanism of the engine that keeps us running. And they are precisely the bits we neglect—partly because we can't see them. We take splendid care of our arms and legs. Nine-tenths of all the exercise we get involves our limbs. And those muscles are the ones that needn't concern us, because the routine of even our caged life provides them with work enough from day to day. You know that, if you have a motor car, you can, at a pinch, run on the rims, if your engine is all right. But if your engine has broken down, four brand-new tires and a couple of spares, strapped on behind, won't take you a mile nearer your destination.

Now, in this matter of the bowels, your diet is important, of course. It should be balanced. There are foods that cannot be easily eliminated; there are others that facilitate matters. But when all is said and done, the action of the intestines is largely muscular. You won't have smooth, regular, unstimulated activ-

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ity in that quarter unless your muscles are supple and strong. You may have recourse to an osteopath instead of to laxatives. But what he does for you is to stimulate those muscles into motion, artificially, just the same; it is like the artificial respiration that is used to restore life to a man dragged from the water.

You may think that all this sounds familiar; that it is platitudinous to call attention to the restrictive influence of civilization. That is an old story. True enough. It is. It is the argument of every inventor of a new system of exercise. Exercise, a product of civilization, seeks, when you analyze it, to provide a substitute for the work our ancestors did that kept their bodies up to concert pitch. Amusement, recreation, are, in a sense, by-products of exercise, as exercise is used by men in their prime, or past it.

But in nearly all exercise, in walking, in golf, or tennis, bowling, handball, amusement and recreation are the only really valuable products. So far as exercising the muscles that really need work is concerned, they are a delusion and a snare. The vitally important muscles, the ones that civilization atrophies, get no more benefit from a round of golf, as a rule, than they do from the work you do in an ordinary business day. That isn't quite true, but it is true enough for all practical purposes.

Again that is a truism. And because the fact has been so generally recognized we have scores of different systems of calisthenic exercises, carefully, and often skillfully, devised to bring into play the little-used muscles of the body. There are few men more than thirty-five years old who have not, for a time at least, more or less sporadically followed some such routine of exercise.

You may do it with a class, under a leader. You may do it at home, using a chart. You may have dumb-bells or Indian clubs; you may even have a set of chest weights. Whatever the system, the chances are that it takes, if you follow it faithfully, half an hour of your time, that it bores you to distraction—and that it does you mighty little good!

Swedish Drill Will Tire You

A LITTLE more than two years ago, at the time when we were approaching the peak of our war effort, when we were training millions of men, the commandant of one of the great naval training stations wrote me a letter. He was disgusted with the

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THE DAI

4—Grind

5—Grate

6—Grasp

7—Crawl

8—C

THE following directions are reprinted, for your convenience, for use wherever the Daily Dozen is taken in groups wit especially to develop quick coordination. The men are sent times make a false motion to see if the men are following order even when there are only two taking the exercises together, each a use individually or in groups. If you find they fatigue you, cut do

1 Hands: Stand erect, arms hanging at sides, heels slightly separated, feet pointing straight ahead.

2 Hips: As before, but with hands on hips.

3 Head: Arms up, hands meet with fingers just touching each other at back of head.

4 Grind: Arms outstretched straight from shoulders—called the "cross" position. Turn palms upward; make six-inch circles with hands, five times forward, five backward; keep arms stiff.

5 Grate: Arms at "cross" position; palms down. Lift arms very slowly to angle of about forty-five degrees, inhaling; bring them down slowly to shoulder position, exhaling. Repeat ten times.

6 Grasp: Let fingers of both hands meet at back of neck. Bend neck back. Bend body forward very slowly from waist, keeping head up, neck bent back; eyes fixed on an object at the height of a man's eyes. Come back slowly to first position; then bend backward. Repeat ten times.

7 Crawl: Stand at "cros arm; let left drop at s slowly down toward time curving right a gers touch left side of position and let right over head. Five tim

8 —Curl: Stand at "c fists. Begin to inhal arms and bringing th at elbow; curl arms under armpits. Ben backward as inhalatio hands and push strai to exhale. Bend for ing, and letting hands continue movement u the arms are raised inhale again as you re ready to repeat. Ten

9 Crouch: "Cross" po apart. Raise on toes slowly down as far Come up slowly, exh touch floor as you ri

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'Y DOZEN

'1

9—Crouch

10—Wave

11—Weave

12—Wing

from Collier's of June 5. The first three exercises are intended a leader. They are to improve the carriage and poise, and hrough the motions upon orders of the leader, who will some- or merely watching him. This practice can also be followed ting alternately as leader. The remaining nine exercises are for n the number of repetitions of each movement.

' position. Raise right le. Then let left crawl he knee, at the same n over head until fin- eck. Return to "cross" and crawl and left curl with each hand.

oss" position. Clench deeply while lowering n slowly forward, bent round until fists come head and shoulders is completed. Loosen ht forward, beginning ard from waist, exhal- come back across hips; il, as you remain bent, ehind you. Begin to rn to "cross" position, imes.

ition, feet 18 inches keep arms out. Squat as you can, inhaling. ling, and letting heels e. Five times.

10 Wave: "Cross" position. Raise arms, bending wrists until fingers touch above head. Bring both arms against head with snap movement. Moving *only from waist*, bend forward slightly, then to right, then backward, then to left, and continue until you are making a circle with your clasped hands extended above head. Repeat five times in each direction, reversing circle after first five.

11 Weave: "Cross" position, feet apart. Raise right arm, keeping eyes on it as it goes up; bend left knee and lower left arm until fingers touch floor between feet. Back slowly to "cross" position and reverse. Five times for each hand.

12 Wing: "Cross" position. Exhale, bringing arms straight out before you. Continuing exhalation, swing arms down and back, bending forward slowly from waist. Continue bending forward, pushing arms back and letting breath out as movement is completed. Keep head up and eyes forward. Now inhale as you go back slowly to "cross" position. Repeat ten times.

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Swedish drill in calisthenics his men were getting. He said that if his men followed it out conscientiously and faithfully it tired them out, left them without energy and zest for their other work, and that any man who wasn't disposed to be conscientious could go through all the motions and do no work at all. His purpose, he told me, was to cast it out from his station altogether.

Before that time I had, like most men interested in physical training, accepted the basic principles of such calisthenic drills without much thought. That letter made me think. I studied the system and saw that the commandant was right. The exercises imposed altogether too great a strain on the men who performed them literally. They made too great a demand upon the stock of vitality. They made for staleness, overtraining—and I have coached too many football teams not to know how carefully that condition must be guarded against.

You, Too, Are a Caged Animal

I HAD the purpose of that calisthenic drill in mind; it was, reduced to its lowest terms, to provide a substitute for the normal activity of man in his wild or natural state. The analogy of civilized man and the caged lion in the Zoo struck me. I went to Bronx Park to see what the lion did about it; to study his way, which would be a natural way, of solving the problem.

I watched those animals. And they all did approximately the same thing. They seemed never to worry about their legs. But they were always stretching and twisting and turning their bodies —their trunks. They used the floors of their cages and the bars to get resistance, and they pushed and twisted and turned as they did it. I took note of my dog, too—another caged animal, corresponding more to me, of course, than to the lion in the Zoo.

Call your dog, when he is lying, asleep, on the sofa. He gets down, readily enough. But he won't come to you until he has stretched. His front legs go down first and he stretches forward, then back. It is the same with a cat, or any other animal—except a beast of burden, like a horse or a mule. And a wild animal may stretch in that fashion, but has less need to do so.

Now, those stretchings and turnings and twistings aren't without aim or purpose. It is entirely possible to analyze them, to detect a definite rhythm, to see that, as a matter of fact, they exercise, simply and naturally, and without strain, all the muscles that, in captivity, tend to fall into disuse. Your dog stretches

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whenever rest has stiffened his muscles. And if a caged animal can do that, so can a caged man. My business was to use such exercises as we had and to devise a simple, easily remembered, easily performed schedule of such movements.

That is why I worked out the Daily Dozen. It was, in the first place, to give that naval officer a substitute for the Swedish calisthenics he was preparing to throw out because they didn't do what they were supposed to do. They were supposed to tone up the bodies of those men in training, to make them supple and limber, to keep them on edge and fit.

These exercises, based on the stretchings of caged animals, had to be simple. Complicated exercises involve too great and uninteresting a mental effort; most men will not take the trouble to memorize an elaborate set of movements. And they are right, too!

I found that twelve simple movements would cover everything required. I divided these into four groups of three exercises, and I named them alliteratively. Here are the twelve names:

Hands, hips, head. Grind, grate, grasp. Crawl, curl, crouch. Wave, weave, wing.

It takes ten minutes, or less, to go through the whole dozen. Each exercise is performed ten times, except the crouch—five repetitions of that are enough. It may be a little easier to learn the Daily Dozen with a leader and to work with a group; it isn't at all necessary. Any man or woman can learn how to go through these movements by reading the description of them. They are described in detail on pages 6 and 7.

These exercises will call for effort from all the muscles of your trunk; for arms and legs they will do little or nothing.

Some of these exercises will take it out of you at first. If you are short of wind, if you are carrying a little extra weight about the middle, they'll tire you. If any of them impose too much strain, if you're too tired when you have done them, cut down the number of times you do them and work up to the maximum slowly and gradually.

Salvation Isn't Won in a Day

ON the other hand, if you are in good condition, you may think these exercises are too easy. During the war Swedish instructors came in some of the groups to learn the Daily Dozen. Their tendency was to laugh at them; to think them child's play.

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It seemed to them that these exercises were useless. I remember one hard-shelled old chief petty officer. He had no use for them at all. But he went through them for two weeks, religiously, as a matter of discipline. And then he came to me. He had lost half an inch about his waist line! And he was the most surprised man I ever saw.

"I was as hard as nails!" he said. And he had been, too. "I don't see how it does it—but if it can do that to me I'm for it, sir!"

No matter what your condition, though, you won't get quick returns from the Daily Dozen. They won't help you to undo the effect of years of neglect in a few days. Nature does not work that way. If you're much overweight, you won't see the flesh roll off your frame.

Goodbye, Headaches!

BUT you will begin, pretty soon, to get definite results. The muscles in your abdomen will become supple and strong, until, ultimately, there will be a sort of corset of muscle about your waist. Your thoracic cavity will grow larger, because some of these exercises, particularly the curl and the wing, the grind, the grate, and the grasp, will make you breathe deep. They will strengthen the muscles about your shoulders, too, and across your chest and back. These are the exercises that will make the prospect of wearing a low-cut gown less of a nightmare for certain women.

The exercises go straight at the causes of a number of annoying little ailments, not serious enough to send you to a doctor, that keep you from feeling as well as you might from day to day. A good many headaches, for example, will yield to a few repetitions of the grasp. If they arise from eyestrain or from too great a concentration of the blood in the head, that movement will serve almost as a specific. The fixed stare at a certain point, as you bend forward, will rest some of the eye muscles and exercise others you seldom use.

Generally speaking, you often feel stuffy and logy after you have applied yourself closely to mental work. Your tendency, when you get up after a long session at your desk, is to stretch—just as your dog stretches when you call him to you. We don't carry that tendency quite far enough. A few of these exercises freshen one wonderfully when one is in that state. They restore and redistribute the physical powers.

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Officials may be obliged to attend several important conferences or directors' meetings in rapid succession. They need time to readjust their outlook between such meetings. But when that time can't be had, one will find that five minutes alone, going through this set-up, serves the purpose splendidly. In the same way, if one has to eat a meal on top of a long period of mental work, the exercises should be done first. Otherwise digestion suffers.

It is true that the Daily Dozen was devised in the beginning as a setting-up drill for picked young men—the boys who were in training during the war. But its greatest value is for men who are no longer young; for men who, when they have passed their thirty-fifth birthday, are beginning to realize that their bodies aren't as fit as their minds.

I applied it to middle-aged men, and men past middle age too, for that matter, during the war—men who simply had to do more work than they were in the habit of doing. They had to meet a crisis, a grave emergency. Their working capacity had to be increased.

Now, for a certain length of time, they might have gone on living in their accustomed way, doing more work. But they would have done so at the expense of their reserve of vitality; they would have been riding for a fall—heading straight toward a complete breakdown. My problem was to enable them to do more work without encroaching upon that absolutely essential reserve of vitality. That is as important to you as its cash reserve is to a bank. Unless you have it, you go down the first time anything goes wrong.

I want to go back, just for a moment, to the analogy I always have in mind. Consider the training of a fooball team. You can train those men down to the finest possible point; you can condition them so that they haven't a pound of superfluous weight. They start their big game on edge. In the first five minutes some one muffs a punt; an opposing player snatches up the ball and runs for a touchdown.

The overtrained team is beaten from that moment. It needs something that has been trained out of it—its reserve. Whereas no such sudden disaster can crush a team that has retained that store of extra power. In the emergency it is able to come back—to discount and offset that unexpected reverse.

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The Dollar-a-Year Men

WHEN Cabinet members in Washington, dollar-a-year men caught up in the war machine, business executives whose work was vital to the success of the conflict, asked me to help them to get through the extra work required of them without breaking down, I knew that we had to guard against depletion of their reserve power. In the Daily Dozen, I soon found, I had something that would actually increase that power. They grew progressively more fit as we went along.

They went through the dozen exercises once a day. They had a cold bath and a rub-down before breakfast—but the rub was a luxury, not a necessary part of the process. They drank a good deal of water, but not with their meals. They stopped smoking before breakfast — such of them as had that habit. Otherwise, they did as they pleased.

Don't Make Work of Your Play

I HAVE no specific suggestions about diet. Most men and women of thirty-five know what they can and cannot eat. Don't eat too much; avoid a feeling of being stuffed when you rise from the table. Drink two or three glasses of water when you get up in the morning; seven or eight glasses a day. Ice water isn't good, especially with meals. Your diet should be balanced; not too much meat, plenty of green vegetables.

Play golf or tennis, or any other game, as much as you can if you like to do so. But play games for pleasure, not in a spirit of drudgery. Don't work while you play. Both golf and tennis will, as a matter of fact, do you a lot of good, but don't play them simply for that reason. Their greatest value, after all, is in giving you rest, change, recreation. They will do you no good at all, but rather harm, if you have recourse to them only occasionally, and then without moderation.

I know men who get no exercise at all for days, and sometimes for weeks, and then go out and play seventy-two holes of golf or a dozen sets of tennis in a day. They are defeating their own purpose. You get more effect from a few minutes of work, scientifically correct, every day than from any orgy of golf or tennis or walking once a month.

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The monitor

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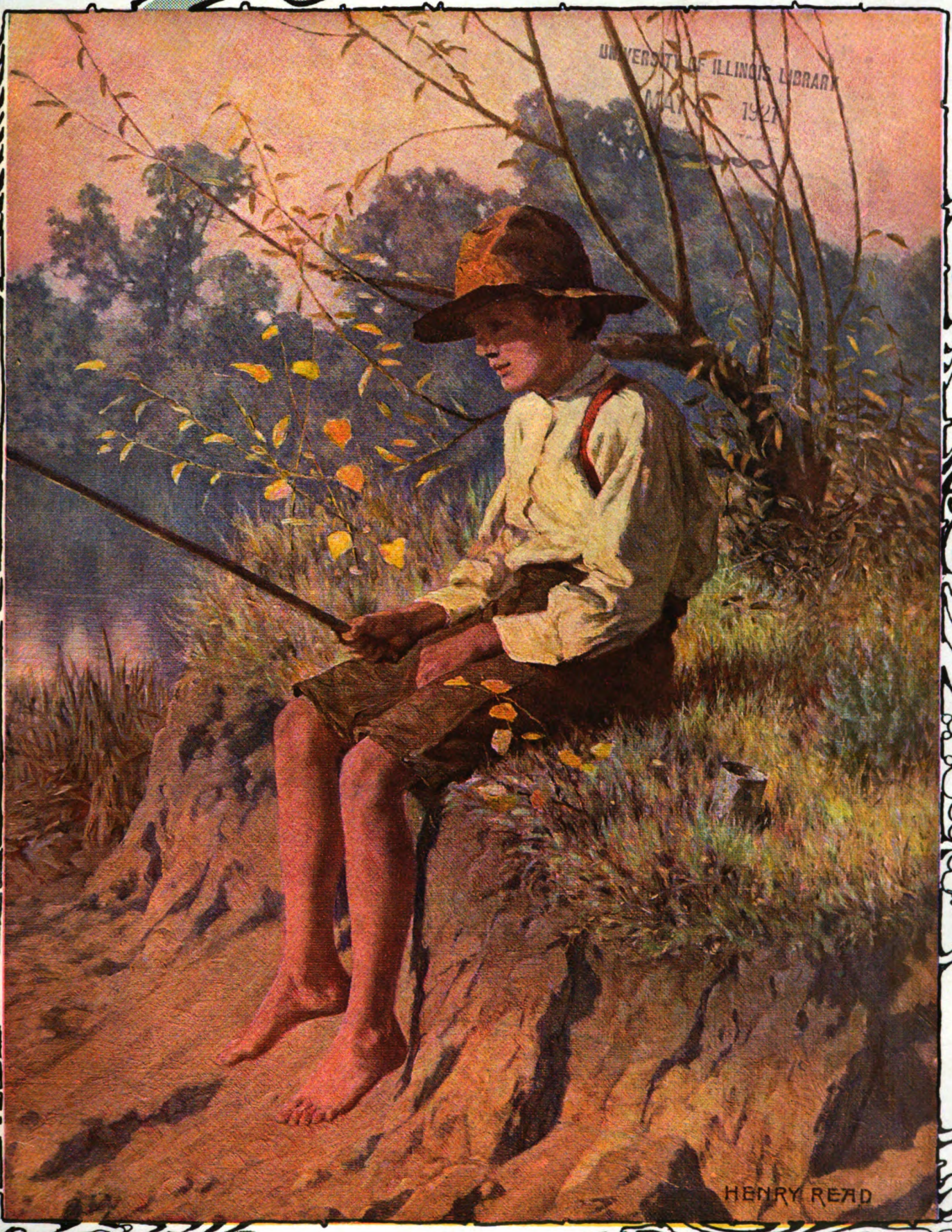

May
1921

O, Barefoot Boy

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!"
With thy old tin can of worms,
By the creek that twists and squirms,
With bended pin for a hook,
No flies nor bugs from charted book;
Thus you fish from morn till night,
Patient, hopeful of a bite.
If perchance a bullhead sees
Your bended hook beneath the trees,
And should you land him on the lea
You hurry home in childish glee,
Satisfied with luck that day
That drove the bullhead in your way.
"Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!"
Come change with me—*you* be the man.

—RIPS.

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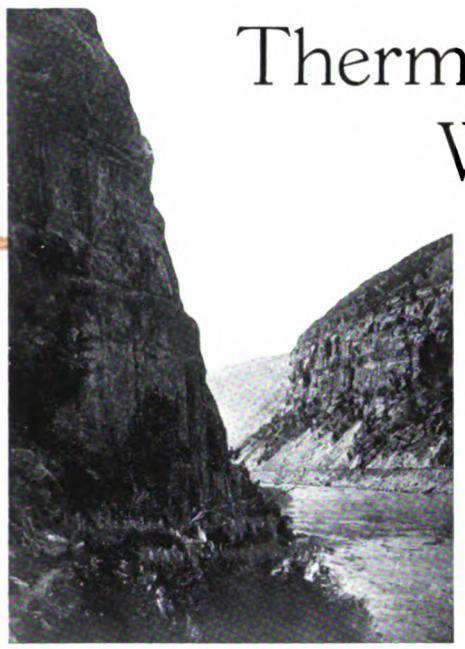
Thermopolis, Wyoming

On the Road to Yellowstone National Park

By Abbott D. Spaulding, Cheyenne, Wyo.



Wind River Canyon

A BURLINGTON train making its way into Thermopolis, "On the Road to Yellowstone National Park," comes through the eighteen-mile length of Wind River Canon, on serpent-like rails which parallel the Big Horn River. On either side of the roadbed towering cliffs rise, some places as high as fifteen hundred feet, and huge walls of vari-colored rocks frown down on the train as it passes through. As the train emerges from Wind River Canon a passenger would find his field of vision broadened, and he would behold Thermopolis, the home of the world's largest hot springs, in a basin which is almost altogether without an inlet or outlet, save for the canon of the Big Horn River, more familiarly known as Wind River from its source to the Thermopolis end of the canon.

The site of Thermopolis was originally the domain of the Shoshone Indians, who knew the curative qualities of the waters from the gigantic springs so well they had as one of their idols the god of "Bubbling Hot Water." Chief Washakie, head of the Shoshone Nation, gave to the state of Wyoming a one-mile square of land containing these hot springs, with the proviso that the state should erect and always maintain a free bath house, to which all afflicted people, rich and poor alike, could come for the relief to be had from these remarkable hot waters.

The agreement with the good chief was faithfully carried out. Commodious and attractive bath houses were built, and around the reserve which was the Shoshone's gift the city of Thermopolis was laid out. A few years ago a monument was erected in the center of the reserve to commemorate the good will of Chief Washakie and his tribesmen, and to this monument is piped water from the nearby springs, so all may hold their cups and drink as they read the legend of the gift of the Shoshones.

The largest spring is situated at the base of a mountain whose summit is perhaps a thousand feet high. On the summit of this mountain there have been erected many monuments, some crude ones of native boulders and others more elaborate, but all signifying the gratitude of their erectors for the wonderful cures the spring waters have effected.

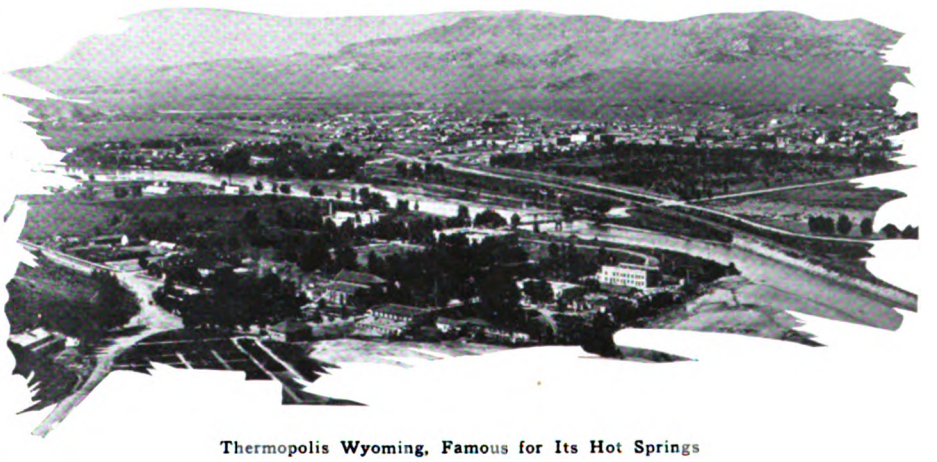
Eighteen million, six hundred thousand gallons of water, having a temperature of one hundred and thirty-five degrees, flow daily, winter and summer, without cessation, from the largest spring. There are four other springs, which, though smaller, pour forth a large volume of water as hot and with the same mineral properties as the waters of the big spring.

Monument Hill

The chemical nature of the waters is such that their internal and external use is remarkably effective in curing rheumatism, blood, kidney and stomach disorders and skin diseases. The springs are visited by more than one hundred thousand people annually, and the large swimming pools are daily enjoyed by hundreds of people.

From the summit of Round Top Mountain, which rises abruptly to an elevation of 1,150 feet above Thermopolis, and which can easily be climbed, the lofty, snow-covered peaks of the Big Horn range of the Rocky Mountains may be seen in all their grandeur, though they are fifty miles distant; the vast panorama of the Big Horn Basin is spread before you, and you receive an indelible impression of the beauties a kind nature has given to the Thermopolis region.

Thermopolis now counts more than three thousand people in its population. It is a thriving commercial city as well as a pleasure resort, for around it lie some seven hundred producing oil wells, whose golden fluid is piped into a large re-



Thermopolis Wyoming, Famous for Its Hot Springs

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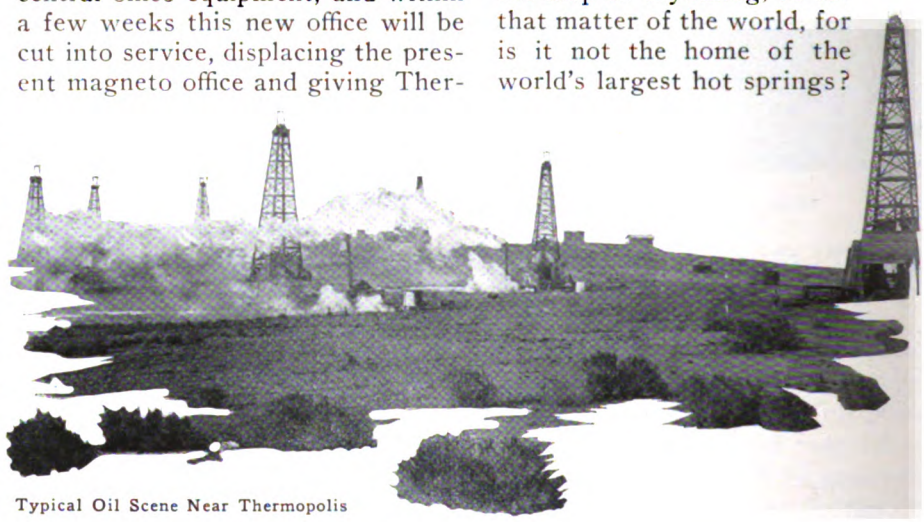
Drive In—
You're Welcome

Chamber of Commerce Camping Ground at Thermopolis

finery located in the city and there converted into the many oil products we know and use. Large beds of sulphur lie near the city, and there are immense deposits of alum and epsom salt nearby. An enterprising Chamber of Commerce, headed by J. A. Carlson and having O. E. Shelburne at the head of its improvement and utilities bureau, is thoroughly alive to the advantages of Thermopolis and does its part in forging the city ahead.

Over five hundred telephones in this little city are given universal service by a capable and efficient organization headed by Manager R. L. Pickering and Chief Operator Miss Gladys Ogsbee. The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company has shown its faith in Thermopolis by erecting a new Telephone building, in which there is being installed new and modern common-battery central office equipment, and within a few weeks this new office will be cut into service, displacing the present magneto office and giving Thermopolis a telephone plant as complete, modern and up-to-date as any town of its size in the country. High-grade toll circuits connect Thermopolis directly with Worland and Basin to the north and Shoshoni and Casper to the south. Cord circuit telephone repeaters at Casper and Basin permit the connection of Thermopolis circuits either directly or indirectly to all other circuits which make up the vast Bell network.

So Thermopolis is an important spot on the telephone map, as well as being much more than a spot on the map of Wyoming, or for that matter of the world, for is it not the home of the world's largest hot springs?

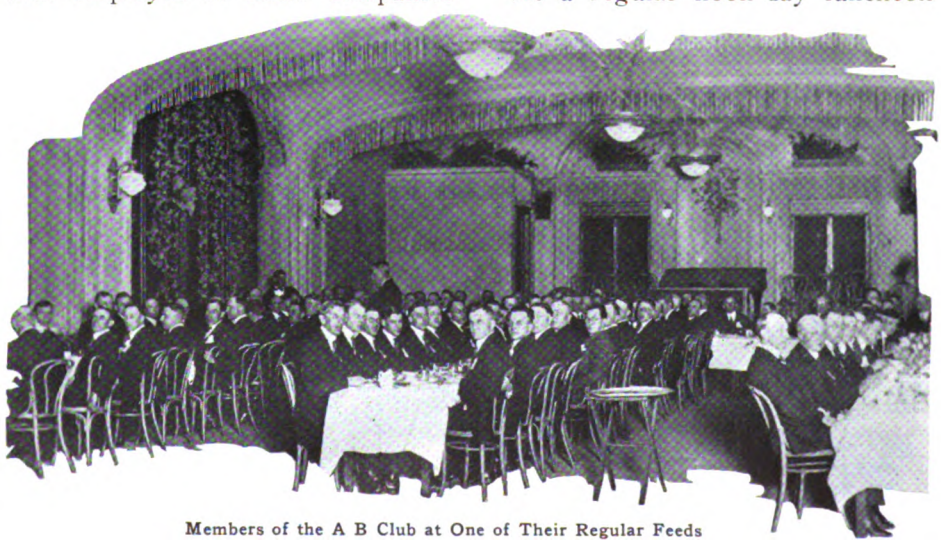


Typical Oil Scene Near Thermopolis

Doings of the A. B. Club, Denver

The MacDuffs have nothing on the American Bell Club of Denver—something doing every minute. In fact, so popular have become these meetings of the telephone employes that employes of other companies are said to be organizing similar organizations. Two meetings are held each month—one by daylight and one under the glare of electrified juice.

At a regular noon-day luncheon meeting held April 6 at the Albany Hotel, J. W. Kelley, a prominent Denver attorney, spoke on "American Citizenship," and his very forceful talk gave to his hearers a new appreciation of the value of what it means to be an American.



Members of the A B Club at One of Their Regular Feeds

The meeting was presided over by A. R. Grosheider and the speaker was introduced by John F. Greenawalt. A quartet composed of Denver telephone girls furnished entertainment during the luncheon.

On the night of April 21 a burlesque court trial was staged at the Women's Club Building that was a scream. For a while it seemed as though all the injustice expelled from other abodes had found there a welcome dwelling place, but the tide turned and both defendants and prosecution were found guilty.

The program committee is indeed working overtime and their efforts are greatly appreciated.

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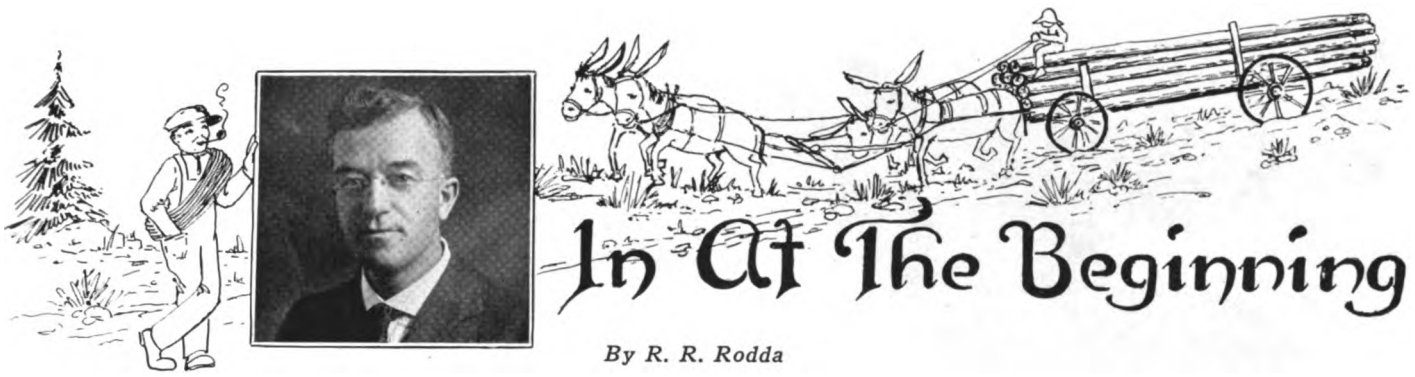

In At The Beginning

By R. R. Rodda

ONE day in August, 1979, poles were being hauled to the pole yard at Georgetown, and being a little inquisitive I asked the men what they were for and was told "For a telephone exchange in town." This was the beginning of my telephone carreer, and I became interested in the work watching the men digging holes and setting the poles and stringing wire.

The first exchange was placed in the telegraph office and was called "The Edison Telephone Company." This was in the summer of 1880. Not long after the Bell and Edison companies consolidated and became the Bell Company, and the office was moved to the Cushman Block with Mr. Ewing as the first manager. They had only about twenty-five subscribers, one operator, and all ground lines. Mr. Ewing only stayed bout a year and was succeeded by Mr. Horning, who managed the office a short time, when my brother Will took charge and was manager until 1884. Mr. John Williamson then had charge up to October, 1887, when he was transferred to Trinidad at the opening of that exchange. W. E. Dudley thereupon became manager of the Georgetown exchange and was there about a year and a half, when J. B. Fitzpatrick took charge. I succeeded Mr. Fitzpatrick in 1890.

My first work was with Mr. Williamson, starting October 1, 1887, and I have been in the service since that date, without interruption. In 1891 I was transferred to Central City as manager and had charge of that office up to and including April, 1898, when I went to Aspen, which position I held until 1905, going from there to Telluride. I remained at Telluride only three months, when I asked for a transfer to Denver, which was granted, and I started with Mr. Titus June 20, 1905, and have been in the Denver district since that date.

I have seen any changes take place in the company, watching it grow from a small concern to a large corporation reaching to all parts of the state of Colorado and other states.

The first line to Georgetown was a No. 12 iron on brackets, and this was used for many years. In 1887 a No. 10 copper wire was strung, and this was used for talking, using the iron for ringing. In 1890 a copper metallic circuit was strung from Denver to Leadville via Morrison and Turkey Creek Canon, which was very satisfactory. The company having two wires to Georgetown, one iron and one copper, it was decided to see if the two would work together as metallic. This was done and the result was good, and from that date the growth was fast. In 1894 the line was rebuilt from Denver to Georgetown with a two-pair crossarm, and the next year the two-pair was changed to six-pair and a No. 12 B. & S. copper circuit was strung to Idaho Springs via Central City and Fall River. This handled all the business for a year or so, when ten-pair arms were placed and additional circuit was strung. Along about 1900 I think the line was rebuilt and extended west from Georgetown to Leadville, and at present the lead out of Golden to Central City carries three arms full of circuits.

At the time I went to Aspen that place was the terminus of the line on the Western Slope. In 1900 we built to Glenwood Springs, which place had an automatic exchange of the Newburg type, with twenty subscribers, and there was one at Grand Junction with eighteen subscribers, which exchanges I had charge of in addition to Aspen. In 1901 the line was extended to Grand Junction and I had the pleasure (?) of unloading all the poles between Glenwood and Palisade. We had a line from Glenwood to Palisade and Grand Junction to Fruita, built in 1900. During this year Grand Junction was cut over to manual, with thirty-five subscribers, and Glenwood in 1903 with about 100. While on the Western Slope I built exchanges at Basalt, Carbondale, New Castle, Rifle, Grand Valley and DeBeque.

This is just a little history of pioneer days in the telephone industry in Colorado, where I have worked, and when the time comes for me to quit I will have the satisfaction of knowing that my services to my company have been appreciated. There are only a few old-timers ahead of me in the esrvice, and I hope to see a little story from them in The Monitor soon.

Will write again sometime of some of my trips over the mountains, shooting—not game, but trouble.

One of Us Just the Same

Miss Mabel Soderquist, although not an employe of the Mountain States company, is one of us just the same, and that she is interested in the great family is evidenced in a letter from her written at Willard, Colorado, where an independent company operates. She says:

"Last year a friend of mine sent me a copy of The Monitor, and I was so delighted with it that I sent in my subscription at once. I certainly enjoy every copy and just wouldn't get along without it. Yes, I am a telephone operator, but not Mountain States only on long distance. I enjoy and am indeed interested in all telephone work."

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Antelope Island, Utah

Remnants of the Original Herd

Antelope Island is the largest and the best known of the islands of the Great Salt Lake, lying just north and west of the Saltair Pavilion, and closely paralleling the east coast of the lake. It is of instant interest to anyone visiting Salt Lake City's well-known bathing resort or traveling between Salt Lake City and Ogden, as it stands out so clearly against the western sky, a mountain range surrounded by the briny waters of the lake. Access to this island is gained by boat, or in times of low water by fording, there being a sand-bar at the mouth of the Jordan River, which stretches from mainland to the island, over which the water is often very shallow.

We are indebted to Mr. T. McClure Peters, a leading attorney at Kaysville, Utah, and Mr. Angus Smedley, manager at Bountiful, for this article on the history of Antelope Island and the buffalo herd which for some thirty years has made it their home.

It is also of interest to know that an investigating committee from the Utah State Legislature has recommended that the State of Utah purchase this island with a view of using it as a site for the state penitentiary; also to make it a game preserve for the buffalo and other game, so fast disappearing from our Western country.

The Monitor feels justly proud in being able to present to its readers so splendid an article from an authentic source, containing so much of interest which has never before been printed. — Editor's Note.

By T. McClure Peters and Angus Smedley

OFTEN, looking over the lake from Salt Lake City or Davis County, I have speculated on the nature and history of the beautiful and symmetrical island outlined against the sky, which, with that deserted, unused sea, must present the same appearance that it did in the days of Fremont and before.

Fording the Bar from Antelope Island

It is an intrigueing outline, being too far off for detail; and I had always wished for an opportunity to visit it and explore its secrets. Owing to the kindness of the present hospitable lessees, the opportunity has been at length granted; and, stimulated by this, I have endeavored to learn what I could of its history. There being no records anywhere on the subject, I have had to gather my information from the somewhat conflicting memories of old residents of Utah, and am tempted to set them down in writing, that, such as they are, they may be preserved.

The island is about eighteen miles long by five at its widest point. It was originally called by the pioneers Antelope Island from the fact that a herd of these animals inhabited it, or Church Island from the fact that the Morman church at one time used it to pasture its stock.

Unloading a Boat on the Bar

There are three other considerable islands on the lake—Stanbury to the west of our island, Carrington to the northwest and Fremont, or Miller, to the north.

Fremont on his expeditions doubtless visited our island for purposes of exploration and survey, but his name is associated with the northern island, and there, it is stated, the cap to his telescope was later found on a rock at the summit.

From the first the pioneers discovered that Antelope Island afford-

Looking Across the Great Salt Lake, with Antelope Island in the Distance

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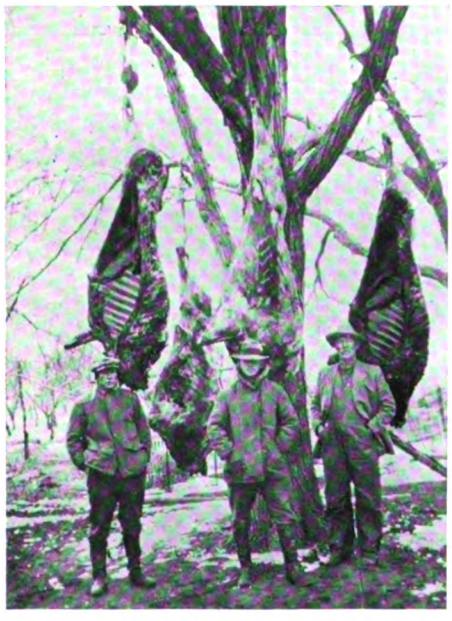
A 'Dobe House Built on the Island 68 Years Ago

ed ideal winter grazing. The lake was very low when they came, and they were able to drive their cattle across the Jordan bar. The church in the second or third year took the island over for a grazing ground for church stock, and about 1853 built the present ranch house and set out apple trees, which have grown to great size and are now supplemented by other fruit trees planted by successive owners. There are now also large stables and a corral fenced with great logs, many of which evidently were driven to the island by storms during the construction of the Lucine "cut-off." The church continued to so use the island until about 1875, when the U. S. Survey was made and the island thrown open to location for homesteads.

In the very early days of the settlement of Utah a man named John Baptiste, or more likely its French equivalent, Jean Baptiste, was discovered rifling the graves in the Salt Lake cemetery. His ears were cut off, he was branded on the back with the words "Robber of Graves" and



Locust Tree Bearing Strange Fruit

marooned, some say, on Antelope Island, others on Fremont Island. The latter, however, appears more probable. In fact, Mr. Charles Miller of Farmington, then a small boy, whose family at the time pastured their stock on Fremont Island, remembers his father telling him about it, and how from the absence of some ropes and lumber they believed he had made a raft and escaped or more probably perished by drowning.

Mr. Christopher Layton of Kaysville, whose father managed the island for the church for some years, tells of how he and his brother-in-law, Joseph Allred, spent the years 1874-1875 on the island in charge of about 5,000 head of sheep for the church and 2,000 head belonging to Mr. Layton's father. Their wives were with them, and it was practically Mr. Layton's honeymoon. There were then, he says, three antelope still on the island, which disappeared that year, not apparently caring for the society of the sheep.

Hyrum Adams, of Layton, Utah

There were beside the sheep blooded cattle and a lot of very wild horses. All these were driven off on the abandonment of the island by the church. There were large groves of cedar on the island, much in demand for posts. Before and during their residence there they took many loads of these cedar posts to the mainland. There were many wildcats on the island, then a serious menace to the sheep, which Mr. Layton and Mr. Allred practically eliminated by trapping. It was also their custom to take 400 sheep from Antelope Island to Carrington Island in the fall of each year. There was good feed but no water there. The sheep would be fat and ready for

Old Schooner Built by the Millers of Farmington, Later Operated by Charles Spackman

market when moved in the spring. Later the Millers did the same with their sheep on Fremont Island.

Curiously enough, there were more vessels on the lake in the earlier days than now. Largest and most important of these was the old "City of Corinne." This steam boat, upwards of 150 feet long, was built about the days of the Golden Spike, when Corinne became an important railroad town with an apparently rosy future. For some years she carried excursion parties about the lake, stopping at the resorts of that time for passengers. Later she was acquired by the church, which transformed her to a sailing vessel and used her for transportation of stock, cedar posts, etc., between the island and the mainland. The lake had risen in the early seventies far beyond its present level and the old boat, capable, with its engines re-

(Continued on Page 39)

A Buffalo Bull and His Proud Captor

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IN SACRED MEMORY

It will be Memorial Day and Memory Day—May 30, 1921.

The few who remain of the boys of '61—they who answered Lincoln's call with "We are coming, Father Abraham, two hundred thousand strong"—the light of youth coming again to their dimmed eyes as they re-live those days, will mingle with the middle-aged Spanish War veterans who rallied round the flag in "98" and the upstanding youths who defied the lurking submarines as they journeyed over thousands of miles of water to uphold, as did the others, the cause of civilization and humanity.

And there are not a few American families in which grandfather will don the blue, the Grand Army button in his lapel, and step off as bravely as his years will permit, to the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." Son will get out the old uniform he wore in Cuba or the Philippines and step into the ranks, thrilled as in the days when he answered William McKinley's call and the bands played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." And grandson in his spick and span khaki, his jaunty overseas cap perched at the proper angle, and the button of the American Legion in its proper place, will march with the springy step of youth to the music of "Over There."

But in the minds of all will be a common memory, in the hearts of all a common sorrow for those who sleep at Arlington and Gettysburg, and in the many other God's Acres of the homeland; for those above whose graves wave the evergreen grasses of the tropical islands where they fell, and for those who sleep under the poppies of France and Flanders, each one a patriot and a hero who did his duty to God and country and gave to both the last full measure of devotion.

Through years of strife, great events and great changes have come about. We who will observe Memorial Day, 1921, have had experiences such as few people of any time have ever been called upon to go through. Memorial Day has a deeper meaning to most of us than it ever had before, and it will be a strange heart that we cannot understand, a warped mind that we cannot comprehend, that will not be stirred when we hear the drum beats on that sacred day set aside from all the others of the year, first dedicated by General John A. Logan, "Black Jack," beloved by the men who served with him, as a day upon which to lay aside the ordinary occupations and pursuits of life, think of those who made the supreme sacrifice for their fellow-beings, and reverently lay the flowers on their graves. And we shall be better people and better citizens if we carry away and keep with us the solemn meaning of it all, and resolve that the great principles for which they died must and shall be upheld and maintained—that we shall not fail in our duty, as they did not fail in theirs.

Do You Know What Loyalty Is?

By Anonymous, Fort Collins, Colo.

"Anonymous," Salt Lake City, brings to our minds one question: "What is Loyalty?"

I will put down one short definition of this largest of a multitude of large words: Where there is cooperation, there is Loyalty; where there is gratitude, there is Loyalty; where there is courtesy continually, there is Loyalty. If you are loyal you are successful. If you are working for your own advancement you are nothing but loyal, and if you are loyal to yourself you cannot help but be loyal to your employer.

"Anonymous" asks three questions, and struck probably two more than the average employe would put over. To be loyal you must be interested in your particular line. If you are not interested you may as well get in line for a change, for you are not able to be loyal to either yourself or your employer. You may think you are devoting yourself to the company for the compensation they allow in return, but if you are not satisfied and entirely interested in your work you are not loyal to the company, neither are you doing justice to yourself. For ten more definitions I might refer to the "Ten Commandments of Success" by Charles M. Schwab. You can't find any sentence in that group that does not mean Loyalty.

The other day we chanced to run onto an old 1901 Colorado Telephone Company directory and saw there that the company advertised, "Let us take care of your telephone trouble. We have the advantage of twenty years' experience." That was just twenty years ago. Today we have that experience and also what we have accumulated in the last twenty years, and it surely is interesting to note the men then classed as agents and now are still with the company and still going. That is Loyalty and these men are Loyalists.

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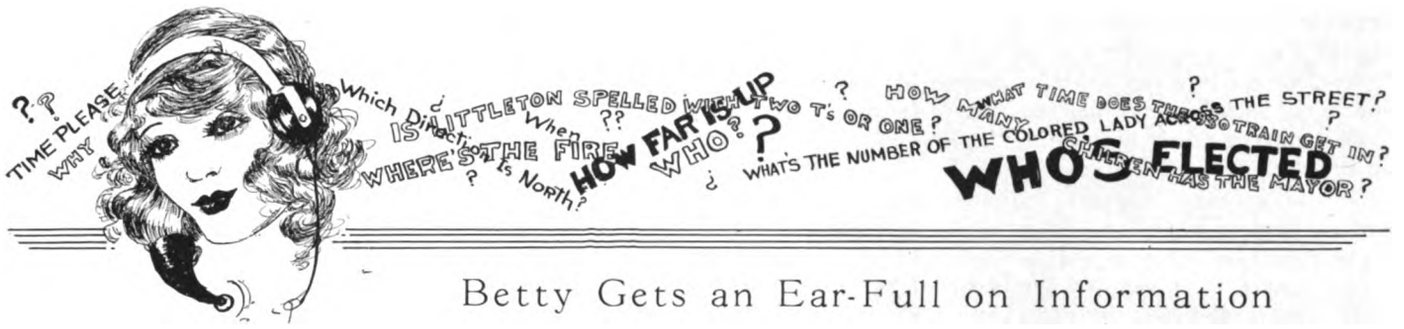

Betty Gets an Ear-Full on Information

By Betty Devine

ARE you a Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter? Were you born with a veil over your face indicating "Prophetic Instinct"?

Do you boast in your ancestry a "Crystal Gazer," "Seer," or mind reader from whom you may perchance inherit some of these psychic characteristics?

Is your nature calm as the moonlight and your disposition "buzz-saw proof"?

If you possess none of these qualifications do not hope for success as information operator, chief operator or operator of the Main 2-F (trouble) board.

Take it from me, friends—I KNOW!

Yessir, do you know I have always maintained that there is one awfully nice thing about me—I always KNOW when I've had ENOUGH, and when it comes to any of the above positions, just count me OUT.

For some time I had an irresistible desire to "try out" on one of these coveted places, so I finally succeeding in persuading Mr. Miller, Mr. Wetherill and Miss Eisele to give the poor girl a chance, as it were, and let me just sit "near-to"—alongside—'r close up, to some of the young women who are experts at this work. What is it the politicians call it when they want to go in for something political? Tossing their hat in the ring? Well, that was my case, just wanted to toss my hat in the ring with a view to being elected to any one of these important positions, BUT—woe is me!—as I said before, I always know when I've had enough—and I'm there now. I'll just scrub a few steps or do some other light, easy work for mine, in preference.

Not that the young experts I met on my first "inning" share my opinion nor that there are not any number of operators aspiring to these boards, but you see I boast none of the essential qualifications—and confidentially, I discovered that my bump of talent in this direction is a DINT.

I have a disposition, too, that within a week could not fail either to bring me into the limelight (if not into jail) as a new "White Hope" or as playing leading role at a "wake." You see, the real trouble was that I knew only the subscriber's side, having many times called information or chief operator and received such courteous treatment at their hands that I had visions of them sitting up there chatting away in a little group, perhaps even over a cup of tea, in the late afternoon and occasionally—I repeat occasionally—being called on the phone to give out some simple bit of information, ring a number that was slow in answering, or perform some such trivial service.

Yes, and I don't mind telling you, though I wouldn't for the world have Mr. Miller or any of the "Higher Ups" suspect it, but I also had an idea that every now and then they got an ear-full of some choice bits of conversation—and I'll say they DO.

Of course, I don't mean what you think, for I hadn't realized until the memorable afternoon I spent with them that they are not permitted to listen in on ANY conversation only just long enough to see that the subscriber GETS the party he is calling.

For instance, a man called the chief operator and asked her if she would kindly ring a certain number which he had been trying for some time to get. "I'll ring them for you," she replied, in a voice soft and sweet, and she did, calling him back with "Here's your number," and I just had myself all primed for a good ear-full when he said, "Is Mary there?" and ZIP! off went the switch before I had even a chance to learn if Mary WAS there—and between you and me, being of a curious nature, I've been wondering about it ever since, 'cause he had such a nice voice I know he was awfully disappointed if she wasn't.

But, would you believe it, that is the biggest bunch of conversation I got in on—that is, between subscribers—all afternoon, though, as I was saying, when that fellow called for Mary some choice bits of vocabulary came over the line, but it was all intended for US.

You see, my previous experiences had been largely as a subscriber, never before having had the opportunity to "See oursels' as ithers see us," and I had no idea how intolerant, irritable and unreasonable the average person is at the end of a telephone when a line is out of order, is busy, or for any one of dozens of unavoidable reasons a number fails to answer.

Another reason I wouldn't be a success in any of these positions is that I am just naturally inclined to mimic, to pick up phrases, etc., that I hear, and on the chief operator's board such a tendency would be fatal.

Why, inside of two days I'd be a linguist—speaking both Irish and profane fluently.

But do you know, every one of those young women now acting as chief operators has the sweetest, calmest countenance and a nature that must be bullet proof, for no matter how ugly the subscriber

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might be, it was just like water rolling off a duck's back, and I thought several times how foolish the irate one would feel could he see how little apparent effect his ravings had on these clever girls, who responded with the greatest courtesy to one and all.

On this particular occasion there was a shortage of operators, due to considerable sickness in the ranks, and one of the chief operators was obliged to double up by handling both her own and the 2-F or trouble board. This necessitated the almost constant coming in on her ear of other operators reporting permanent signals and troubles, wire chiefs calling one number after another for testing purposes, in addition to taking her chief operator calls and making out tickets reporting each case of trouble.

But each of the girls on various shifts handled the situation with nothing short of skill, showing no evidence of annoyance, confusion or any of the many emotions that were registering forcibly with me in my humble capacity of silent partner.

Then the jealous husband, whose home phone had been busy for "an hour" which probably in reality was ten minutes, made things interesting by constantly calling to see if they were "still busy," also to inquire WHO called WHO, whether his wife was calling the party she was talking to or whether THEY called HER—to whom was she talking, a man or a woman—what the number was of the party she was talking to and insisting that the operator break IN on the conversation, as the line belonged to him—that she disconnect them, and all sorts of suggestions born in a brain crazed with jealousy.

But none of his ravings jarred the equilibrium of the chief operator nor served to get more than a courteous "We are not permitted to give out any information concerning conversations being held over the lines." Once or twice when he hung up his receiver after such a reply I could imagine him getting down and gnawing the office furniture in sheer rage, but not having the faintest suspicion of who he might be, my interest soon waned, and having long since abandoned hope of ever qualifying as chief operator, I decided to transfer my headquarters to the information desk, where I found eight capable and energetic young women working like beavers and not at all as I had pictured them, chatting over a cup of tea.

A cursory glance at this big desk around which the eight "Fountain Heads of Knowledge" were seated dashed to bits my last faint hope of joining their ranks as a permanent fixture, for the center of the desk was lined with about twenty-one good-sized books to which they referred constantly for needed information as to where phones of certain numbers were located, the name of the party having such and such a telephone, whether there was a telephone at a certain address, the locations ranging from what seemed to me to be anywhere from a few

miles this side of Kansas City to "Main Street," but which really took in a radius of the entire city.

I learned later that these twenty-one or more books consisted of three sets of charts, registering listings of all telephones in Denver numerically, alphabetically and as to address. Also classified lists of doctors, schools, laundries, and other places of business.

Just handling these books alone would be enough work for one able-bodied person a day without the constant nerve tension of talking to hundreds of people of all sorts and nationalities, with their varied tendencies to talk so low it was next to impossible to hear or so loud as to almost burst one's ear drum.

Right away I seemed to know that I was not destined to become an information operator, but in watching those eight young women answer one call after another just as fast as it was possible for them to pass out the desired information—an endless task it seemed—with occasional explanations of "We are not permitted to give out such information," I was tempted to sit in and learn what sort of queries were being put to them, and this is a little of what I heard:

"Information operator" (from the operator herself).

"Oh! Information operator?" (rising inflection) from the subscriber, just as if the operator had never said it at all.

"This is the information operator" (the operator again).

"Well, central, you know a friend of mine told me how to set bread—light bread—but she didn't tell me how long to wait before kneading it down, and I wondered if you would tell me?"

"I'm sorry, but we're not permitted to give out any information, only that pertaining to telephones."

"Oh, the mean old thing!" (subscriber as she hung up receiver).

* * *

"Hello! Information operator?" (male voice).

"This is the information operator" (operator).

"Say, central, I want to get the telephone number of a man named Foot—I'm not just sure of the initials."

"Just a moment, please; I'll look it up for you" (operator).

"Hello! Were you asking for the telephone of a man named Foot?" (operator).

"Yes, central—Foot" (subscriber).

"Well, I have a Foot in the First National Bank Building and one in the Majestic Building" (operator).

"S-O-M-E stepper, I'll say you are, central" (subscriber).

And when I got back on the line after swallowing my palate to keep from screaming with laughter, central was busy with another call, her poise not the least disturbed.

* * *

"This is the information operator" (operator).

"Oh, y-e-s, central, why s-a-y, d-e-a-r-i-e, I wanta get the number of the telephone in a little grocery store way over near the end of the West 44th Avenue car line. Could you give it to me, please? (drawling feminine voice).

"What is the name of the grocery?" (operator).

"D-e-a-r-i-e, I just don't remember the name of it" (subscriber).

"Do you know the name of the party who runs the grocery?"

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Kitchenette Cookery

"I'M JUST too tired to think of anything to fix to eat."

Have you ever felt that way? Well, most of us have—that is, we who are not so fortunate as to enjoy the comforts of home and mother, or someone to plan and prepare meals for us.

In this age of apartment life, when so many business women build a cozy home atmosphere about themselves in a small buffet apartment, where they may either through choice or economy indulge in a bit of home cooking in preference to restaurant food, it has occurred to The Monitor that perhaps a suggestion now and then of some dish easily and quickly prepared might be helpful, so we hereby submit some simple recipes:

Minced Clam Soup

Get a small can of minced clams and pour the contents into a stew-pan with an equal portion, or a bit more, milk; enough milk may be added to serve three or four people if desired. Add a small piece of butter and place on a gas burner turned low so it can simmer, not boil, for from ten to fifteen minutes; then season to taste. This soup is very nourishing and especially nice for the sick. A little whipped cream added just before serving makes it a bit richer.

Pork Chops With Escalloped Potatoes

Peel and cut in thin slices two good-sized potatoes (enough for two people, though more may be prepared if one chooses, and warmed up next day, for they are very good this way). Take a fair-sized piece of butter (a tablespoonful should be about right for two large potatoes) and place in a baking pan (granite, aluminum or pyrex pans may be used) and set this in the oven so the butter will melt and cover the bottom of the pan. Then add a layer (about an inch deep) of the sliced potatoes. If you have a little stale cheese it lends a nice flavor to grate this over the potatoes, with a dash of salt and pepper and a sprinkling of flour. The cheese, however, is not necessary. Then add another layer of potatoes (cheese), salt and pepper and a very tiny sprinkling of flour. Pour over this about a half cup of water, then add enough milk to almost cover the potatoes, enough so it comes up around the edges of the potatoes at the sides of the dish. Then right on top of the potatoes lay your pork chops (cut not too thin), and put the pan into a hot oven. In about fifteen to twenty minutes turn the pork chops over so they will brown on both sides. All should cook in about half an hour, but you can tell by trying the potatoes with a fork.

In cooking escalloped potatoes, macaroni and cheese or any dish prepared with enough milk so it is apt to boil over in one's oven, a good idea is to place in the oven under the dish being cooked a dripping pan or other large pan half filled with water so if the milk boils over it will drip into the water instead of burning on the oven and causing a lot of unpleasant smoke in a small apartment. Do not place the dish being cooked IN the pan of water, but on the oven grate above it.

Thousand Island Salad Dressing

"Pronto," as they say in Mexico, meaning quick. Get a bottle of Heinz, Millar's or any good brand of chili sauce; also a bottle of Premier or Durkee's salad dressing. Take one good tablespoonful of chili sauce and one tablespoonful of the salad dressing and mix together with FOUR tablespoonfuls of cream and stir all well together. This should be enough for two persons, but if more is wanted use in proportion, always adding TWICE as much cream as the other ingredients. Sour cream may be used in place of sweet. Also a hard-boiled egg chopped up in the dressing or some chopped-up olives, or both, add considerably to it.

Sprinkle Salt in the Oven

If a little salt is sprinkled in the bottom of the oven when pies and cakes are to be baked it will prevent burning.

In Beating Eggs

A teaspoonful of cold water added to the white of an egg will cause it to whip more quickly besides increasing the quantity.

Remember This One

Boiled potatoes intended for the table should not be covered a moment after they are out of the kettle. It makes them hard, water-soaked and soggy.

Brown Betty

Two cups of finely cut apples, one cup of rolled bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Butter the bottom of a baking dish and put in a layer of apples dotted with butter and sprinkled with cinnamon, then a layer of bread crumbs and more butter and cinnamon. Bake in a closely covered baking dish for forty minutes and remove cover and brown. Serve hot with hard sauce.

"No, d-e-a-r-i-e, I can't remember that either" (subscriber)

"Do you know what street it is located on and the street number?" (operator).

"No, d-e-a-r-i-e, I don't, but you know where the car makes the last turn out there before it gets to the end of the line, dontcha—well, it's right about there" (subscriber).

"I'm sorry, but I can't find it for you unless you can give me the party's name or address" (operator).

"Oh, pshaw!" (subscriber).

* * *

"This is the information operator."

"Oh, yes, information operator, I want to get the telephone number of that scissors grinder. He left me a card with his phone number and I lost it, but YOU know the one I mean—the one who drives the old white horse" (subscriber).

"I'm sorry, but I can't help you unless you know the name or address of the party" (operator).

* * *

"This is the information operator."

"Say, central (high, shrill, feminine voice), I want to talk to a man who is laying a cement sidewalk out on Lafayette Street between Seventh and Tenth Avenues. Can you give me a telephone number out there some place?"

"What is the name of the party for whom he is laying the sidewalk?" (operator).

"I don't know the name of the party, central" (subscriber).

"Do you know at what address on Lafayette Street he is working?" (operator).

"Well, it's somewhere between Seventh and Tenth Avenues on Lafayette Street, central. There are lots of telephones out there. Just give me the number of any one of them and I'll call up and ask them to go get him to come to the phone."

"I'm sorry, but we are not permitted to give out near-by telephone numbers except in case of sickness or death" (operator).

"That's MOST annoying" (subscriber).

* * *

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Webster on March 9th, a nine-pound girl. Mr. Webster is the exchange manager at Deer Lodge, Montana.

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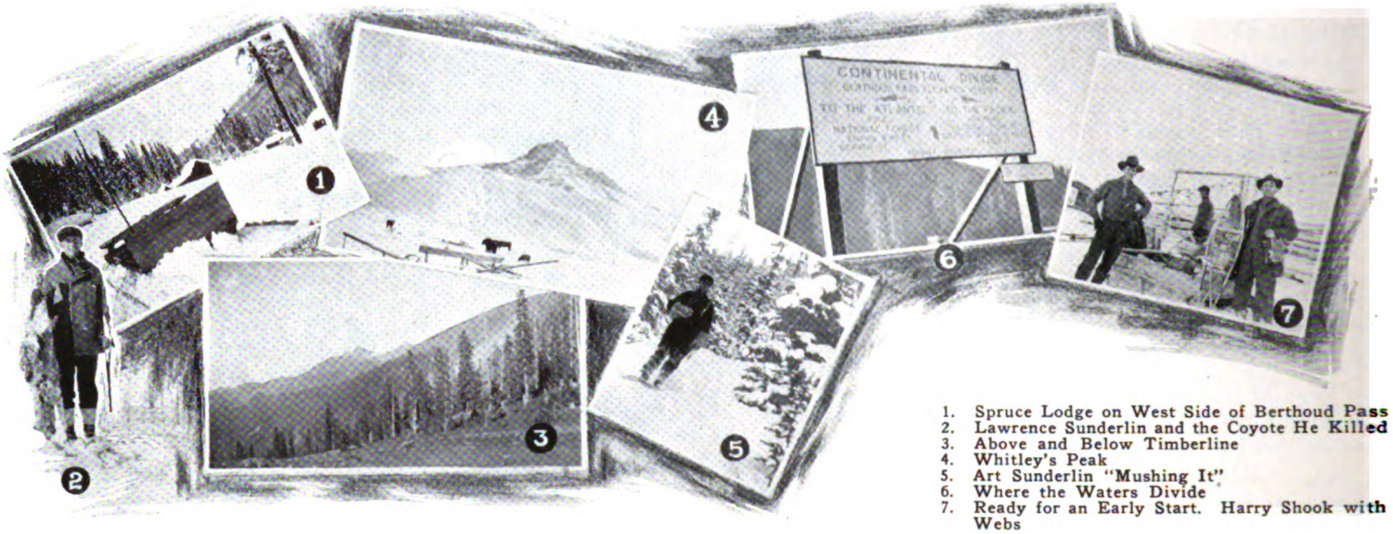
The Top o' The World--- Over the Continental Divide in Colorado



1. Spruce Lodge on West Side of Berthoud Pass
2. Lawrence Sunderlin and the Coyote He Killed
3. Above and Below Timberline
4. Whitley's Peak
5. Art Sunderlin "Mushing It"
6. Where the Waters Divide
7. Ready for an Early Start. Harry Shook with Webs

THERE are few people who are more keenly appreciative of God's great out-of-doors than are telephone folks. So it is certain that there are many among us who would like to have the job of shooting bugs or of patroling on the Georgetown-Craig toll line—

At least in the good old summer time, when the warm sun looks down on the 6,212 poles which make up this 170-mile line and has its rays reflected from the thousands of glass insulators into forests of spruce, aspen and pine, into banks of perpetual snow and across bubbling streams and grassy reaches of mountain meadow to snow-capped peaks.

Leaving its junction with the Denver-Grand Junction line near Georgetown, the long row of poles in the Georgetown-Craig line at first stretches upward, until at the end of the first ten miles the crest of the Continental Divide is reached and crossed on Berthoud Pass, at an altitude of nearly 12,000 feet. Then comes the drop down on the side of Pacific waters, and after passing the little towns of Tabernash and Fraser, Hot Sulphur Springs is reached, sixty-one miles from the start.

Hot Sulphur Springs is the metropolis of Colorado's "Middle Park," famed cattle country, and because of its natural advantages is being heralded more and more each year as a summer resort. Here there is a Mountain States telephone exchange serving about 175 telephones and managed by Harry J. Shook. Mr. Shook also looks after the Fraser and Kremmling agency exchanges—the first twenty miles east of Hot Springs and the other sixteen miles west. This little group of exchanges, with their solitary plant man, are the only exchanges between Georgetown and Steamboat Springs, a stretch of 125 miles.

Leaving Hot Sulphur Springs, the Georgtown-Craig line goes down the Grand River to Kremmling, crossing the Williams Fork and several other tributaries of the Grand, all haunts of trout and the summer stamping grounds of those disciples of Izaak Walton who love these speckled beauties.

Near Kremmling the line breaks off to travel onward through a wilderness again. Twenty miles from Kremmling it passes Martin, a ranch house which is also a postoffice, being served by a mail stage which makes weekly trips to and from Kremmling, providing postoffice facilities to the few ranchers who make their homes in this section. This is the only human habitation on the line between Kremmling and Steamboat Springs.

Then, a few miles further on, comes Whiteley's Peak, a deserted ranch house which takes its name from the peak at whose foot it is situated. For a long time this ranch house was the headquarters of a large hay-raising and stock-growing outfit, and when it was occupied a switching station was maintained here. There was a small switchboard which, in addition to affording the ranchmen opportunity to keep in touch with civilization via telephone, was used to connect a circuit from Walden to Hot Sulphur Springs and Steamboat Springs.

Leaving Whiteley's Peak, the line starts another up-hill journey, this time across the Rabbit Ear Mountains. This range is crossed at a pass bearing the same name as the mountain range, Rabbit Ear Pass, at an elevation of 10,000 feet. On top of this pass there is a relief cabin to provide shelter for the repairmen who must cross it in the winter.

Then a drop again and Steamboat Springs is reached, 125 miles and 4,304 poles from pole 1 of the Georgetown-Craig line. Steamboat is a town of 1,600 people and is the county seat of Routt County. It is the commercial center of a rapidly-growing agricultural country, among other things famous for its strawberries. E. A. Cook is the manager of the exchange here, which gives service to 474 telephones.

From Steamboat the line continues on to its terminus at Craig, the forty-five miles intervening being over country which, though it

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is perhaps less picturesque than that already traversed, is rugged and wonderful. Vast beds of high-grade coal underlie the surface, and every now and then the black tipple of a coal mine is seen. The mining town of Hayden, having a small exchange looked after by Steamboat Springs, is passed about twenty-six miles from Steamboat Springs.

Then Craig and the end of a 175-mile journey.

Craig, also at the end of the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad, "The Moffat Road," is the metropolis of Moffat County, an inland and isolated empire. It has an exchange with 280 telephones, managed by H. L. Sittser.

Truly, the territory traversed by the Georgetown-Craig line is a veritable paradise—the kind of country a man with blood calling for the out-of-doors wishes he could have for a domain—that is, in the good old summer time.

But the Georgetown-Craig line stands during the long and stormy winters which are the lot of this high country; and the strands of copper it carries are voice highways which must be kept clear at all seasons of the year. Perhaps this is even more essential in winter than in summer, for in winter the severe storms often block for days and even weeks at a time the way of the only railroad entering the country, and the telephone is then the only way in and out.

Picture, if you can, this 175-mile line—this time in winter; picture a mountain blizzard piling snow and more snow everywhere—on top of drifts blown up by previous storms, and over trails and roads already covered up. And then, in the midst of the storm, see Georgetown and Sulphur Springs and Steamboat Springs, the first two sixty-one miles apart and the second two even further apart. And think that these are the only places where there are men to go out in the storm and restore to service the slender wires broken down in its fury.

Perhaps the storm abates before a start after the trouble can be made, but even then there are almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of your going—blockaded trails, trees felled across your path by the blasts of the storm, and if it turns clear and calm there will be the intense cold we think of only when someone mentions Siberia. Thermometers along the Georgtown-Craig line often contract their mercury contents until they read 30 or 40 degrees below zero.

Still, telephone men are of the kind who laugh at the temper of an incensed weather god. It is only necessary to say to the man who must go, "Circuit 40 is out in your territory." Snowshoes or skis are strapped on, test set, slack blocks and repair material are slung across strong shoulders—and the man who must go goes; for he is a telephone man, and telephone men are loyal to those they serve—a public and a company.

Now it is spring. Soon you will be looking up from your desk towards distant hills and wishing—wishing perhaps that you had the job of patroling the Georgetown-Craig toll line. Then think that the man who is patroling it patroled it often during the winter just passed.

Then you'll stop envying—but you will admire, and perhaps say, "I'm glad I'm of their kind."

Vacation Ends in Total Accident

The death of Miss Fanchon Sherman in Los Angeles, caused by an automobile accident of a nature unusual even in accidents of that kind, caused a general sadness throughout the Denver offices, where Miss Sherman was well known. Only a short time before she had departed for California to join her sister, Miss Belle, also an employe of our company, and the two had been joined by Miss Zelda Sherman, a third sister, who is an employe of the U. S. Internal Revenue Department in Denver, and were full of expectancy of a happy vacation on the coast. Miss Zelda and Miss Fanchon had just returned from a trip to Catalina, and the latter stepped from the curb to cross the street when a large touring car traveling at a high rate of speed bore down on her and threw her several feet in front of a heavy truck, which passed over her. Death came in a few minutes.

Miss Sherman became an employe of our company in July, 1910, and was universally liked for her cheery disposition and pleasant companionship. She leaves a mother, two sisters and two brothers, all of whom live in Denver.

The funeral was held on April 7, a large number of friends of the family and from the general offices of our company being in attendance. The casket was covered with a blanket of fragrant roses, a tribute of the co-workers who will for a long time miss Fanchon Sherman's bright presence.

Playing Safe

The prosperous-looking one was panhandled by a tramp.

"See here," said the person approached, "with all the work there is to do, how comes it that you are bumming? If you don't work you cannot expect to eat—not these days."

"Mister," answered the weary one, "my father died of work, my brother was hurt looking for work, my sister fell off a car coming from work, and I ain't going to take no chances."

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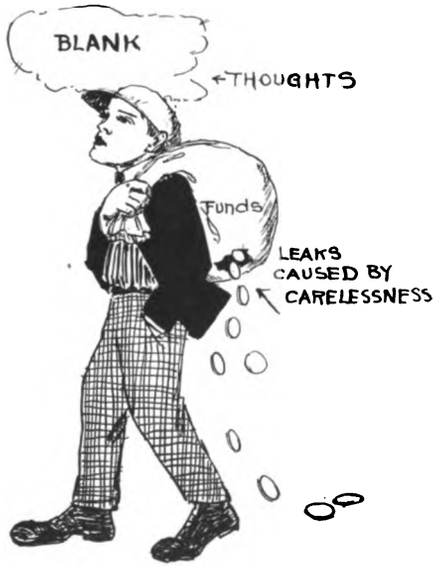
Accidents Which a Careless Workman May Cause

THOSE who know anything about accidents are aware that accidents do not happen; they are caused. The "safety first" practices which have been put into effect in recent years have resulted in great benefit to workmen, particularly those in hazardous occupations. "Safety first" has proven that many accidents can be avoided if ordinary precautions are taken, or if ordinary thought is exercised. Accidents in most instances result from thoughlessness or carelessness.

These observations follow the perusal of an article in Telephony by E. C. Blomeyer, in which he tells of the damage caused by a local manager he once knew and who was known as "Haphazard Bill." This individual could cause more accidents and make more damages in a month than most people could in years. Some of his exploits may seem overdrawn, and even if they are fictitious as applied to that particular individual, they are accidents that have actually happened in the experience of almost any telephone company. Bill was one of those boys who acted first and then gave the matter thorough consideration after the complaint about it had come from the subscriber. His fingers were all thumbs; his foresight was always in reverse and he believed in taking a chance. As Mr. Blomeyer says:

Bill couldn't bore a hole through a wall for the purpose of installing a telephone without boring through an oil



painting or a crayon enlargement of grandpa and grandma, on the other side of the wall.

Whenever he cut off a scrap end of a wire he invariably threw it down in the grass in the yard—where it tore two blades out the family lawnmower, or, perhaps, choked a $200 registered Jersey cow before the week was up.

If he dug a hole, he dug it through the roots of somebody's favorite shade tree and killed the tree. Then he left the excess dirt on the sidewalk, where the housewife had to come out and sweep it off, meanwhile "blessing" the telephone company on account of it.

Whenever Bill placed a guy wire he seemed to take particular care to put it carefully across some neighborhood path—all prepared for a nice lawsuit after the first dark night.

He was especially good at stringing low drop wires, just high enough to drag the top off automobiles. He was expert at dropping candle grease on polished hardwood floors, or at burning lace curtains when soldering with a candle—and he always found a place for the guy rod where someone could fall over it without any trouble at all.

The first I remember of Bill was when he sent in a voucher for "Repairs to peanut roaster, $12.65." When questioned about the expense he cheerfully explained that he had climbed a corner pole to replace a broken insulator. There was a peanut roaster operating on the corner, under the pole, and he had accidentally dropped the insulator through the top of the roaster. The top caved in, the heat and the steam all escaped and the whole batch of peanuts was ruined. Total damages, $12.65— and the company paid.

There are a lot of people who operate too much on the theory that "the Lord loves the man who will take a chance," when what they ought to remember, instead, is that "any fool can take a chance, but it takes a wise man to be cautious."

Whenever, for instance, a cableman undertakes to boil out a splice without spreading a tarpaulin to protect floors, or the body and clothes of passersby, he's taking a chance and letting down the bars for damages.

When troubleman tells a subscriber that his telephone is worn out, or when an installer tells a subscriber that although he has brought a wall set, the company has plenty of desk sets on hand, those boys are letting the company in for a kick from that subscriber beyond a doubt.

When a operator fails to observe a "no toll" marking on the switchboard, and allows a long distance charge to be made against a restricted telephone, she has made trouble for the company, and likely caused the loss of the charges for that call.

A cashier looks the other way when filing a paid stub in the card index box;

the wrong subscriber is credited with the payment; the subscriber who really paid is disconnected for non-payment—and sues the company.

The clerk wonders how the fish are biting while checking some directory proofs. Result: Mr. Jones listed as 846 instead of 648, and that entire edition of the directory may have to be marked to correct the error.

A lineman replacing insulators allows the old, broken glass to fall in a pasture, where it injures the feet of cattle

there—and the company is held liable for the damage caused.

An installer makes an entrance and places the protector over the coal bin of a residence, and thereafter every time the troubleman inspects that protector he must crawl over the family coal supply and track coal dust through the subscriber's house.

Such instances could be multiplied a hundredfold, Mr. Manager. You know of many of them yourself. What caused them?

One cause, I believe, it that a lot of us are always trying to save a little time or work by taking a chance on everything going all right. Some folk who do that remind me of a fellow named Henry, who lived up north, and who was eternally willing to take a chance on anything. One winter day his wife was asked where Henry was, and she said, "Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating; but if it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming." Sure enough, Henry was swimming. He took a chance.

Another reason for so many of these haphazard little happenings, I believe,

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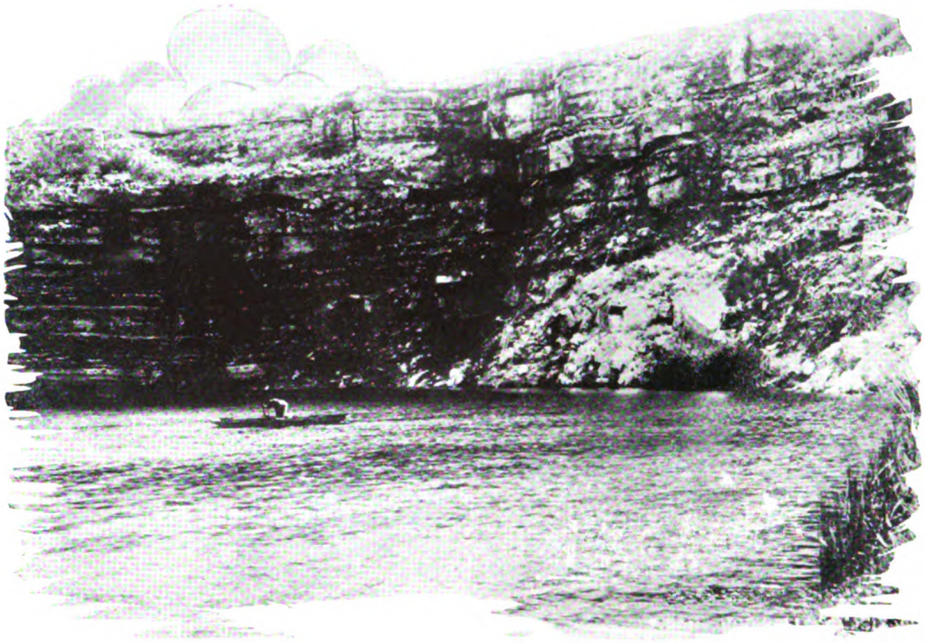
Bottomless Lakes of Roswell



Bottomless Lake Near Roswell, New Mexico

LOCATED within a few miles of Roswell, New Mexico, in the Pecos River Valley, are a number of so-called bottomless lakes. They are one of the many mysteries of Nature which abound in the Southwest. Some of them are attractive, while others are wierd and forbidding. Many of them are set in the picturesque and grotesque Pecos Bluffs. In general they are roughly circular in shape and vary from a diameter of 50 to 2,000 feet. The deepest successful sounding made in any of them was found to be 950 feet, the others remaining at an unknown depth, and the smaller the lake the deeper it appears to be. Many of the lakes are named after old settlers who homesteaded on the land on which the lake is situated, and many of them, because of their peculiarities, are named for their characteristics, for each of the lakes has characteristics and an individuality of its own. For instance, one is called Freak Lake because ducks are reputed to avoid it, while another is called Canvasback because this particular lake is a strong favorite with these birds. Others are called The Figure Eight, The Devil's Ink Well, The Cottonwood, etc., because of their shape or because of some adjacent object. Many of the lakes are well stocked with fish and have been adopted by different local sporting clubs as headquarters.

As there is no visible inlet or outlet to any of the lakes, many theories have been advanced as to the origin of these natural curiosities. The generally accepted explanation is that each lake is formed by a spring which found its way through the rocks and gradually dissolved the soluble gypsum and through many years of erosion and corrosion the lakes have been formed. It would seem that somewhere east of the Pecos there is a subterranean dyke. The drainage from the mountains to the west is unable to penetrate this dyke and as a consequence there is a vast subterranean water storage under pressure, which also explains the reason for the many artesian wells in this section.

is that many of us fail to think in advance.

"Safety first" is a popular slogan. Beyond doubt it has done great good, but I leave it to you if all the good it has accomplished hasn't been simply because it has made people stop and think. And, in my opinion, a good twin for it would be "Think first!"

"Haste makes waste" is none the less true because it wears whiskers. A fellow may be as busy as the only cockroach in a hotel kitchen, but that's never an excuse for not doing the job right, and safely, too.

Two of the biggest things any man who must work for a living can have said about him are that he is thorough and that he is careful. But the man who has a reputation for carelessness and slipshod work seldom gets, and never keeps, a responsible job in any organization.

Carefulness may not prevent an accident, but it never causes one. Caution and thoughtful consideration of the work in hand may not make it a perfect accomplishment, but it will seldom get a fellow into trouble, either with the boss or with the customer.

Haphazardness, carelessness, negligence, slipshod methods, inattention to the job, the "don't care" feeling—they all cut down both individual and organization efficiency. Furthermore, they cost real money besides that lost by poor work, because they cause accidents and mishaps—and those cause damages.

If you ever get that devil-may-care, haphazard feeling, remember Haphazard Bill. The last I heard of him he was driving a coal wagon, and he had just scattered two tons of the best nut coal along Main street because he neglected to fasten the end-gate when he loaded the wagon.

Put Out the Lights When Not in Use

George B. Hewitt, Augusta, Georgia

There is a phrase in much abuse,
"Put out the lights when not in use."
You see it here, you see it there,
Reiterated like a prayer;
And to correct it, what's the use?
Put out the lights when not in use.

We wonder why those lights are lit,
To make the phrase seem so unfit.
If we would say electric light,
Leave lights unlit, of course, we might.
But some folks are too obtuse—
Put out the lights when not in use.

And yet this sentence won't confound
The fellows that are around,
Who see lights burning all about
That really need to be put out.
To make expenses less profuse,
Put out the lights when not in use.

Put out the lights when not in use
Or else expenses play the deuce;
Its energy we must conserve
To get the living we deserve.
And nothing known may stand abuse,
Put out the lights when not in use.

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Helps Develop the Country

The Monitor, published monthly by the Mountain States Telephone Company, advertises well the mountain states, with its beautiful color cover depicting various scenes in that territory, together with its interesting descriptive articles. Thus does industry develop the territory within its field of operation.—Exchange.

—

Feeding the Horse

In discussing the public utility situation, E. K. Hall of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company said:

"When a man owns a horse he knows that if he wants that horse to serve him he must feed the horse. That is a simple proposition. He understands it because his every-day experience proves it to him. It is exactly the same proposition with the public utilities today, only it is not so easy to make him see it as it is in the case of the horse."

Rates and horse feed are a whole lot the same. It costs more to feed the horse and it costs more to run a utility than it did ten years ago.—Fort Collins Express.

—

Saving Coin?

Campbell Russell, chairman of the Corporation Commission, gave a happy illustration of public utilities and their relation to the people in an address before the Lion's Club of Oklahoma City.

"Oklahoma's public utilities are like a team of horses. The Corporation Commission is the stable boy," Russell said. "When you come out and say, 'Let's see the team,' we don't want to drive out a pair of high-hipped, slab-sided, wheezy, wind-broken skates and say, 'There's the team,' and when you remark that the nags are not in very good condition to stand a hard drive, have the Commission pull out a big basket of corn, representing money saved by reducing rates and say to you, 'Yes, but look at the feed we've saved you.'"

The core of Chairman Russell's talk was that the people of a community should inform themselves concerning the facts dealing with an increase in rates for gas, phone, water, light, power or transportation, before bellowing at a utility commission for attempting to do justice to the people and at the same time permit a corporation to make a fair return on invested capital.—The Manufacturer.

Now Let the Blizzards Howl

Manager J. E. Hunt of the local telephone station this week had Garrett Hendrickson build a new chimney to his heating plant, which was sure a "safety first" appliance when compared to the one which has been doing duty there for the past couple of years. The old one was only one brick thick and was a veritable fire trap. The one now installed is a good thick chimney, lined inside with tile.—Telluride, Colo., Examiner.

—

Let the Telephones Work for You

The following is from the Goodrich Tire Dealer, and what it tells of can easily be done by any business:

"Turn your telephone into a salesman, especially the toll lines.

"Scores of dealers are doing this today—moving goods off their shelves by calling prospects on the telephone. These dealers have tested the telephone sales method at the suggestion of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company.

"In a surprising number of cases they have found the phone a sure-fire, go-get-'em salesman. They are enthusiastic over the results obtained.

"One dealer made eight sales in one day out of twenty-nine telephone talks with prospects.

"Another dealer is so elated over the success of the telephone plan that he considers his phone worth $5000 a year as a salesman. Like others, this dealer had in the past allowed his telephone to remain idle 95 per cent of the time. He had never regarded it seriously as a salesman.

"He is now enthusiastic over it.

"The Goodrich Company is positive of the sales utility of the telephone—especially at this period of the year. We believe that every progressive tire dealer can increase sales—right now—by the Telephone Sales plan.

"This conviction is based upon a thorough investigation which we have just completed. During this investigation numbers of tire dealers have used the telephone, at our suggestion, with surprising success.

"On the basis of this investigation, we have launched a big Sell-by-Telephone campaign.

"We want every live dealer to get in on this campaign. We suggest a great telephone drive—the earlier the better."

Praise for Good Service

During March three very prominent stockmen spent several days in Johnstown, Colo., and vicinity, during which time they had occasion to use the local and long distance telephone a great deal. Before their departure they called at the exchange office and personally expressed their appreciation of the splendid service given them.

"It was the best telephone service we have ever had," said one of the men, "and we just wanted you to know that we appreciate it."

—

None Got Away

Grover Bigelow, the big-hearted "lineman" of this section of the Mountain States Telephone Company, was the dinner guest of "Aunt Hat" last Sunday, along with a half-dozen and two of the operators in the division office at Burley. Mr. Bigelow was chaperone and body guard of this bevy of Burley beauties, whose personality fitted so well the story of Eden's first woman. Our young men seemed not awake to the opportunity and allowed him to return home and take all the girls with him.—Eden, Idaho, Eagle.

—

Service Wonderfully Improved

There are many expressions in recognition of the fact that telephone service is greatly improved in this country, and especially in the Mountain States territory. The following is from a letter written by Mr. J. M. Walker, superintendent of telegraph of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, dated March 24:

"I desire to advise you that the new private branch exchange switchboard, Main 916, was cut in last night, replacing the old one. Our switchboard equipment is now A-1 and as soon as the newness wears off our operators should be able to give us an improved service.

"Your Mr. Sartore and assistant made the cut-over last night without a hitch, which was gratifying indeed. In this connection I desire to state that the traffic service between our exchange and the main office has ***improved wonderfully during the past six or seven weeks*** and I am glad to say that ***the service now nearly approaches pre-war basis.***

"Please accept our sincere thanks for your kindness in many ways in connection with the switchboard and the improved service."

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Unfair to Newspapers

There is a growing tendency for the farm bureaus to establish weekly or monthly newspapers and weaken support of country newspapers.

First they fill the country paper with propaganda for the bureau and then go into advertising competition with them.

The country newspaper fights the battles of the banks, the merchants and manufacturers against radicalism all the year around.

It is then left to starve for want of business support it is entitled to and placed in competition with a county farm bureau paper.—The Manufacturer.

—

Development of Soul

The day is passing when a corporation lives for profit alone, a cold, feelingless existence. In these days, alongside of the man whose business it is to see that two dollars come back for every dollar sent out, is another man or woman whose business is to keep sweet the smile with which the corporation greets the public, and to develop courtesy, loyalty and devotion. And this, in the last analysis, is development of soul.—Boise. Idaho, Statesman.

—

Blessing and Destruction

While the recent storm was a life-saver to the farmer, it raised havoc with the telephone and telegraph service over the territory it traversed. Down the line wires were broken down, posts broken off and for a few days' service completely demoralized. Large gangs of workmen were soon on the job repairing the damage.—Mereno, Colo., Breeze.

—

A Doctor Knows Good Service

From Craig, Colorado, the north-western empire of the state that we hear from via telephone, Moffat Road and U. S. mail, comes a letter of appreciation from Dr. James G. Clayton, county coroner. As members of his profession are generally fairly good judges of telephone service, we listen with attention to the doctor's words:

"For once I'll write you a letter concerning our service at Moffat. The girls —Misses Easum, West, Hamilton and Persens—are indeed fine. They are on the job all the time and taking everything into consideration, I believe they are the best we have had. Miss Ida Easum deserves great credit. At any hour of the night she is uniformly courteous and obliging. Night jobs may not seem so important, but they are hard to fill satisfactorily.

"I nearly forgot to mention 'Smiling' Harry Sittser, who, I think, is responsible in a large measure for the team work done among the operators."

Widest Stock Distribution

Of all American corporations the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is third in the amount of stock outstanding, and is first in the number of holders of common stock, and has the widest distribution of ownership of any corporation. Of the 139,448 stockholders at the close of the year, 130,407 held less than 100 shares each; 8,741 held from 100 to 1,000 shares each; 274 held from 1,000 to 5,000 shares each; and 13 held 5,000 shares or more each (omitting brokers, holding in investment trusts, etc.). Of the holders of less than 100 shares each, 109,080 held 25 shares or less each, and 52,055 held 5 shares or less each. There are more women shareholders than men. These shareholders reside in all parts of the country, and their investment has been applied to the building and extension of telephone plants in every section of the United States.—Phoenix Messenger.

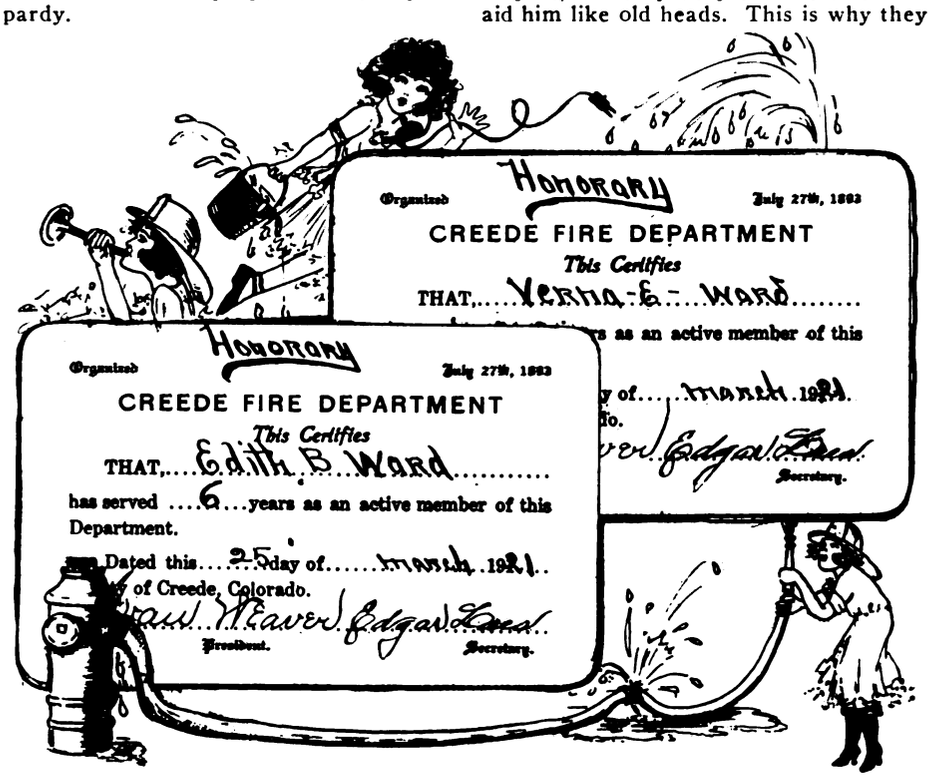
Now, That Was Fine

"Hello girls" of the Roundup exchange were given a free ride to Winnett on Monday by the Roundup Taxi Company in the new twelve-passenger White bus which has been purchased by Osborne & Lewis for use between Roundup and Billings and to the Cat Creek fields. They returned Monday afternoon, and in the evening Mr. Osborne provided free transportation to the firemen's ball at the pavilion. The bus is one of two which will be placed regularly in service in a short time and which are expected to furnish a more popular means of transportation than the Milwaukee railroad or even the convenient taxicabs which have hitherto been used by the Roundup Taxi Company. The big machines are the same size and style as those used in Yellowstone Park.—Randolph, Mont., Tribune.

Telephone Girls Are Honored

Creede, Colorado, is the first and only town in all of Mountain States Telephone territory to make public recognition of the great benefit and aid given by the telephone girls in times of fires and urgent emergencies where human lives and valuable properties are in jeopardy.

this is why the telephone operators are made honorary members of the local fire department. In a recent letter the secretary of the Creede Fire Department says: "In case of fires we find the telephone girls do everything possible to help us, and they obey the fire chief and aid him like old heads. This is why they



It was once said, in the early days, that "It is day all day in in the daytime and there is no night in Creede," and this might now be changed to a new phrase—"Honor is given where honor is due and there are no slackers in Creede." And

are made honorary members and are entitled to all the privileges and courtesies possible and are welcome guests at our entertainments and meetings."

The reproduction of membership cards are here shown.

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A New Listing

Subscriber—"Information, please give me the tooth dentist."

—

Ah, G'wan!

Night Opr.—"I haven't slept for days."

Opr.—"How's that—have you been ill?"

Night Opr.—"No, I sleep at nights."—Boise.

—

Boy, Page Mrs. Tan Lack!

Bourdette—"I can't get in my locker."

Campbell—"Well, you must have grown over night."—Boise.

—

He Might Be "Stude"

The "Comical" department call him Glen,
The "Terrific" department call him Faker,
But in his own department
They call him Studebaker.

—Boise.

—

Front

The old lady in the confectionery store was growing impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on the counter.

"Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nuts?"

—

His Quietus

Mrs. Cobb—"Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

Maid—"Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I sez, 'Who the hell do you think you're talking to? This is Mrs. Cobb.'"—Sugar Press.

—

Explosion Expected

Johnny's mother looked at him reproachfully. "Johnny," she said, "you have eaten enough for a plowman. If you don't stop you'll burst."

Between mouthfuls the undismayed Johnny replied, "Mother, please pass the cake again; and STAND BACK."

—

In Anticipation

"You look so pale and anxious! What's got you?"

"Work! Work from morning to night, and only a one-hour rest."

"How long have you been at it?"

"I start tomorrow."

—

Work Defined

"Wot's a minimum wage, Albert?"

"A minimum wage? W'y it wot yer gits fer goin' to yer work. If yer wants ter make a bit more, yer does a bit o' work for it."

Wanted—A Mind Reader

Operator—"Number, please."

Childish and very drawly voice—"1-1-1-W."

Opr.—"We have no such number."

Voice—"All right, ma'am."

Two or three minutes pass.

Opr.—"Number, please."

Same voice—"Four ones and a W."

—

Not on Good Terms

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business. That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your husband's home."—Boston Globe.

—

Turn Me Around

—

This From Boise, Idaho

Thyra had a stick of gum—
She chewed incessantly.
And everywhere that Thyra went
The gum was sure to be.

She chewed it at the board one day
To hear the "sups" complain,
But Thyra doesn't chew no more;
Henceforth she will refrain.

Oh, I See!

Operator—"Number, please."

Subscriber—"O-O-3-J."

Opr.—"We have no such number."

Sub.—"Well, now, I know you have!"

Operator answers several other calls and returns to ask, "Who is it you are calling, please?"

Sub.—"Dr. J——."

Opr.—"That number is 1-O-O-3-J."

Sub.—"Oh, pardon me; I just only left off the 1."

—

When Is a Private?

A reader wants to know why the word "Private" is always painted in big letters on the general's office door.

"How can he be a private when he is a general?" asks the reader.

A private ceases to be a private when he becomes a general, but when he becomes a general he prefers to be private. A private is not private, generally speaking, and in order to be private he must become a general—that is to say, if he—— Say, who started this argument?

—

A Matter of Diet

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put the lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

—

Righto, Miss McCall

Miss McCall, cashier, is in a quandary. What would you have done? A man stepped up to her cage and asked for the "manager of the whole works." The manager was out.

"Well, I guess you'll do just as well. You see," confidentially, "I just wanted to borrow $1.50 to give to a friend who is going out of town, but I haven't got it handy just now, and I thought you'd be glad to let me have it and charge it on my bill. I've been a subscriber for several years and you know I'm good for that amount."

Although the cash drawer was nice and full, Miss McCall was "very sorry" that she didn't have any funds for that purpose.

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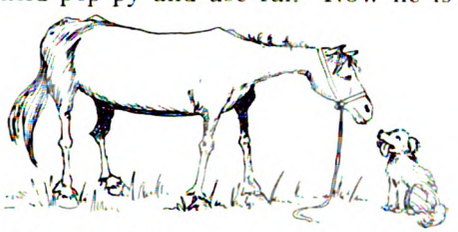
"Neigh, Neigh," Says the Horse

By E. Quine

THIS is a horse. See the horse sleep standing up. He is a-fraid to lie down. He is an an-ti-quated ani-mal who once was young and pep-py and use-ful. Now he is



full and of lit-tle use in A-mer-i-ca. He will soon pass out and some day he will be dug up in a grav-el pit and laid on a shelf like a gi-as-ti-cuta-cuss and have des-crip-tion tags pin-ned on him for the bone-olo-gists and pal-eon-tol-o-gists to read and look wise over.

The horse has four corners and a crook-ed leg on each corner. Some of his legs are crook-ed-er than others. I mean than oth-er legs on the same horse.

The horse has a black bri-dal veil for a tail. He uses his tail to kill flies and to gath-er ripe cock-le burs and dried mud. He used to be val-u-able but now he is not able and is on-ly an or-na-ment like a con-gress-man or an oil paint-ing, just to look up-on and to be-hold from a-far. The horse is sup-plant-ed by au-to-mo-biles and Fords and mort-gages and speed mani-acs and gar-ages and things that make life more like hell.

Once up-on a time the horse was con-sid-er-ed dis-tinct. Now he is almost ex-tinct and is pass-ing a-way like old-time re-lig-ion and long skirts and Haig-and-Haig. It us-ed to be if a young man smell-ed like har-ness oil and horse he had lots of girls at his beck and call. Now he has to smell like gas-o-line to catch on.

A one-horse con-cern used to be like two shorts and one long ring for a tele-phone sta-tion. Now a tel-e-phone has to be like a hur-ri-cane squad on a riot call or peo-ple com-plain out loud. Eve-ry thing has to hur-ry now-days and make speed or they will be rele-gat-ed to the rear of the pas-ture like the horse and the old songs like "Lost on the Lady El-gine" and "Yon-der Ov-er the Roll-ing Riv-er" and sas-a-fras tea and slip-pery elm.

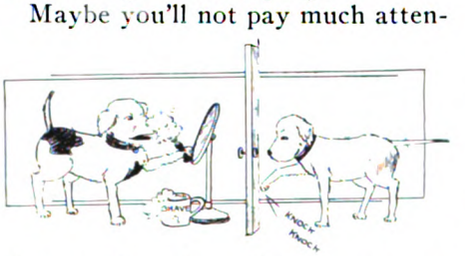
This is all I know a-bout a horse.

"You've Gotta Quit Using My Telephone"

By Empty Growler

Dear Telephone Company:

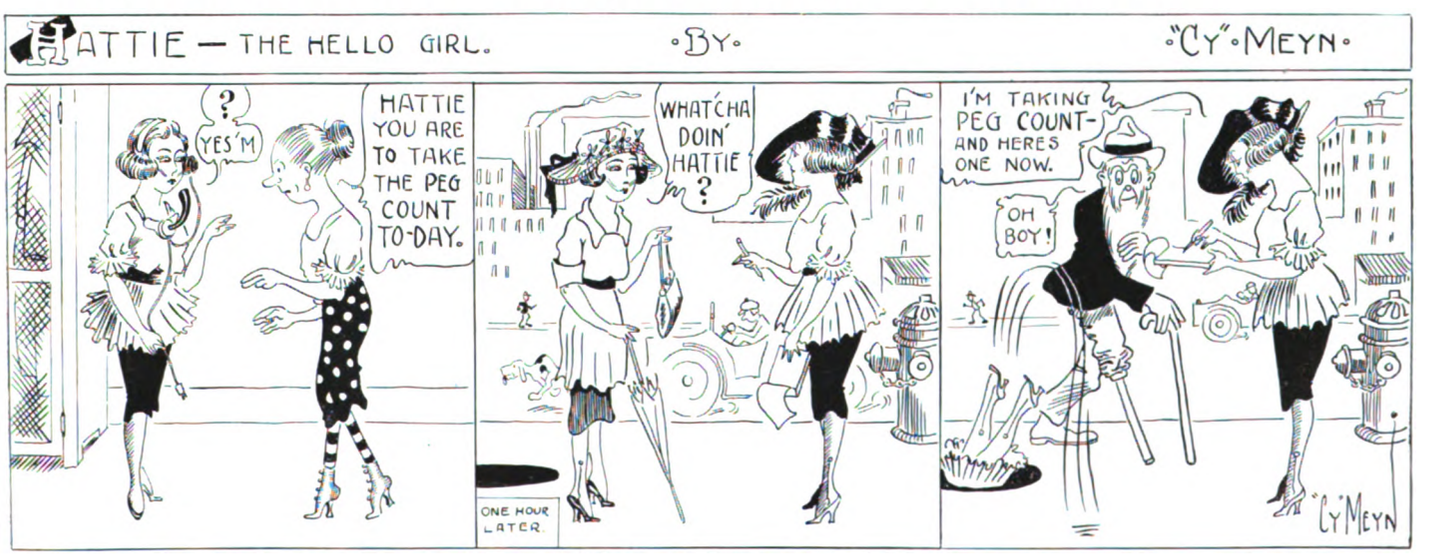
Maybe you'll not pay much atten-



tion to this, since I'm just a com-mon puppy, but I have a grievance and all the bark-ing or howling in the world won't get it out of my system, so it's up to you to give me an audience.

I live in an apartment house where there is no public telephone, but I have one, and I can't get along without it; the number is K-9.

I hold a responsible position, which compels me to keep an eye on all the profiteers in bones and punish them accordingly, so you see I'm pretty doggone tired when I get home at night. Then after dinner I'm on duty chasing the cats off'n humanity's fences, which makes it necessary for me to sleep as late as I can in the morning. With about two minutes to spare, I'm usually either balancing a mountain of lather on my nose all ready to shave or about to turn the key in my door, when some hound from across the hall wants to use my telephone. Two minutes after nine they're still growling about the high cost of mange-cure and the new species of fleas, or how Missus Fido makes dog-biscuit. All the while I'm all up in the air chasing my tail and biting my back 'n' all nervous cause this is the tenth morning I've been late to work this week. And the worst of it is, if they don't get their number right away or central says the line is busy, oh! how they howl about the service.



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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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MAY, 1921

The Service Is Good

For such a long, weary time there were so many adverse factors hindering our efforts to render a standard quality of service, that the public in general and many of our own forces appeared to settle into a state of mental acceptance of what seemed to be inexorable fate as far as telephone service was concerned.

Nevertheless, effort has never been abated. With admirable persistence the forces directly charged with the duty of handling the traffic labored earnestly and well to overcome the handicaps and obstacles growing out of the war period, and gradually the trend of the quality curve made its way upward on the chart, until today the average telephone service is back to the average maintained in the good ante-bellum days.

But because the public had become more or less inured to a service which was not satisfactory, recognition of improvement comes slowly. There is a psychological link to the solution that must be ironed out, and the ironing process must be directed by our own people who are now realizing what has been accomplished by our united, continuous efforts toward service improvements. The attention of the public must be attracted to the present quality of the service through constant suggestion, and the more general the public's acceptance of the facts becomes, the less difficult will be the task of maintaining a service of a high degree of excellence.

The service is good. Let's tell the world!

□

The Joy of Striving

A writer asks if you ever longed for a certain thing very, very much for quite a while and then suddenly have it given to you, or acquired it in some other way?

Has the long-desired hope the same glorious impression in the fulfilment that it had in the anticipation?

Someone has said that life is either a hope or a memory, and that does seem true. How very seldom do we see persons who are absolutely satisfied with their present condition; they are either planning for the future or recalling other days in their happiest moments, and the present seems to be only a place from which to look backward or forward.

Perhaps it is a good thing this is so, for effort is the soul of achievement, and while we may reach our longed-for goals, they should prove merely stepping-tones to greater endeavor if we are to reach the highest peaks of success.

□

Be a Sport

A man may be a bum as a pitcher and a bear as a baseman.

If you've been tried out some place in the organization and have failed—it's no disgrace.

Be a sport!

Swallow your pride and get back to your former work.

You can only be successful in work you are fitted for—and you are worth more there, both to yourself and to your firm.

□

Events in May

May 1—Dewey's Victory at Manilla Bay, 1898.

May 7—Lusitania Day, sunk 1915.

May 8—Mother's Day.

May 30—Memorial Day.

Leadership

Did it ever strike you that the reason your name appears on the payroll at this time is because you are a leader in your particular line and have the potentialities of still greater leadership?

Carrying this thought a little further you will realize that the rest of the community knowing you and your position is ever ready to quote you or misquote you as authority for the policies of the company. Thus it behooves everyone in these unsettled times to reflect on what a poet said:

"You never can tell when you do an act.
Just what the result will be,
For with every deed you are sowing a seed
Though its harvest you may not see."

As you know, during the past few years even the corner grocery man has had no trouble doing business successfully on a rising market. But from now on the man who succeeds is going to be a merchant.

How about yourself? You have had an ever-ready market for your services, but now there is a glut of the very wares you have to offer. So everyone of us will have to work. —Sugar Press.

□

Man, the Vital Thing

Business is not a machine; it is a living thing, made up of living beings who are putting into its making their muscles, their heart throbs and their thoughts.

Merchandise is merely the result, and buying and selling are simply methods of accomplishment.

The real, the vital thing in business is man. If it were not for man there would be no need for merchandise. If it were not for man there could be no making or selling of merchandise, and "business" would not exist.

It takes man to plan, to make and to distribute the goods men need. And it takes the continued co-operative effort of many men to make or market any one thing.

We are so dependent upon each other—the boss upon his army of helpers—the helpers upon their bosses and fellows—for any kind of success—that any sort of thing this side of perfect harmony—is madness.—Service.

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Uncle Dudley Says—

I once knew a bunch of a half dozen men waiting for a bigger job. Another man, much younger than the others, was working for the bigger job. The young man landed it. See? He worked while they waited.

The fellow who wins a Vail medal won't know he's winning it while he is pulling off the distinguished service stunt. The hunch to do the big thing will come so suddenly he won't have time to think about medals.

Value of the Big Organization

In entering business, this question often arises in the young man's mind: "Which shall I start in with, the big concern or the small one?" The head of one of the greatest retail stores in America answers this emphatically, as follows:

"Choose the biggest and best concern in the line of business that interests you. The bigger the business, the bigger the opportunities. The more competition the quicker your brain works. The more big men you have the chance to observe and work under, the greater is the experience that you gain. The more branches of the business there are, the more chances of progression and the more opportunities of selecting the branch you like. In a small business you often have to wait for the one or two men higher up to pass out of this life, or for some extraordinary occasion to arise to take them away. In a large concern someone is always being moved up."

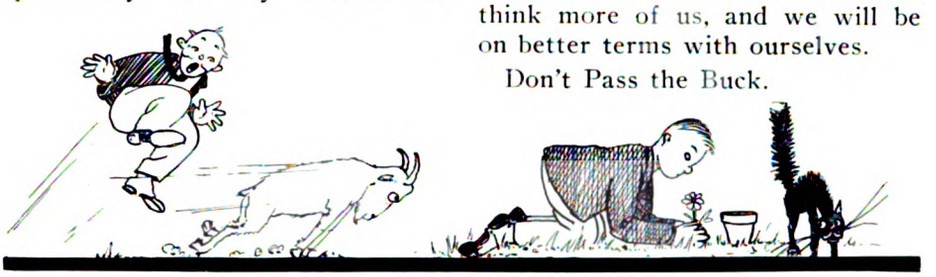
Look over the really big successes in our country today—and you will find each the result of big business, of perfect organization and thorough co-operation.

But it must not be forgotten that to succeed you must not only get with an organization—you must get into it. Get into it any place you can—even at the very bottom. Sincerity, fixed purpose and hard work will do the rest. You may not climb clear to the top—but you will undoubtedly get higher—according to your ability—than you would in the small business.—Norman Burdick.

Passing the Buck

There is a very popular indoor sport, perhaps it is the great American indoor recreation, which has originated many apt phrases. These, starting as slang, have come into such common usage as to become a part of the language. Of these expressions, probably none is more forceful than this one—"Passing the Buck."

It is human nature to evade responsibility for any unfortunate happenings or errors in judgment, in figures, or what not, and to claim credit for the felicitous circumstances. This condition does not exist to a greater extent in our Company than in any other of its size; but it is with us somewhat, nevertheless, and we should all do our best to eradicate it.



Let's be honest with ourselves. If we make a bonehead play, we should acknowledge it without looking around for someone to "pass the buck" to. The Telephone Company doesn't expect us to be infallible, but it does want the errors, misapprehensions, plain bone-heads, or whatever we may be pleased to call them, cut down to the minimum. An error acknowledged is pretty well fixed in one's memory and one is not liable to repeat that particular mistake. So let it be suggested that we all bear this in mind and if we are so unfortunate as to spill the beans, let's say so; not necessarily in a boasting way, but let's admit it and not try and pass it on to someone else.

If this idea sinks in and is acted upon, we will stand better with our company; our immediate "boss" will think more of us, and we will be on better terms with ourselves.

Don't Pass the Buck.

Mother's Day

Sunday, May 8, is the time to "say it with flowers," or a letter or telephone call that will gladden mother's heart. It is just possible that she sometimes feels a bit neglected and wonders if—oh, yes, of course, they do appreciate her. They are the best children in the world! A mother's viewpoint, whatever happens.

Early Copy

The Monitor should be in the hands of the employes on the first of each month. We have succeeded in getting this number out "on time." This can only be accomplished when our correspondents get their copy in early to the assistant editors. To insure articles appearing in current issues copy must be in not later than the 15th of the preceding month.

Developing Men for the Company

In life and in business men do not stand still. They progress or retrogress. Apply this principle to the relations between any executive and the employe or employes in his department.

Think about your immediate superior's job, which you want if you are a live one. If he is suspicious and secretive and does not do his best to make you a bigger and better man for the company, he is looking backward instead of forward. He is thinking more of his job than of his company's interests. And the man who looks backward is soon going back—or out. If he is the right sort and gives you all the information he can and tries to help the company by developing you into a more valuable employe you may be sure that he is going ahead pretty soon. Then if you have been doing your share you will know how to do his work.

You can't jog the boss out of his place. And do not try to get him through office politics. That will only get you, and it will get you mighty sudden-like. But qualify yourself for your boss' job. It is bound to be vacant some day. If he does not want to climb any higher—and is strong enough to stick where he is—pick out a job still higher up and go after it. You may not get it right away—or ever—but the trying will develop you. Then you are bound to get something better.—Sugar Press.

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The Spirit of Service is Ever Alive

Aphorisms Thrown to the Winds as Old March Leads

■ ■

Modest April is not Outdone

■ ■

THE old aphorism which is to the effect that if March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb was reversed in the Rocky Mountain region and particularly in Colorado in March of this year, for on the 25th of the month a furious storm of wind, rain, sleet and snow raged over the Rockies, bringing to an end a month which up to that time had been ideally spring-like.

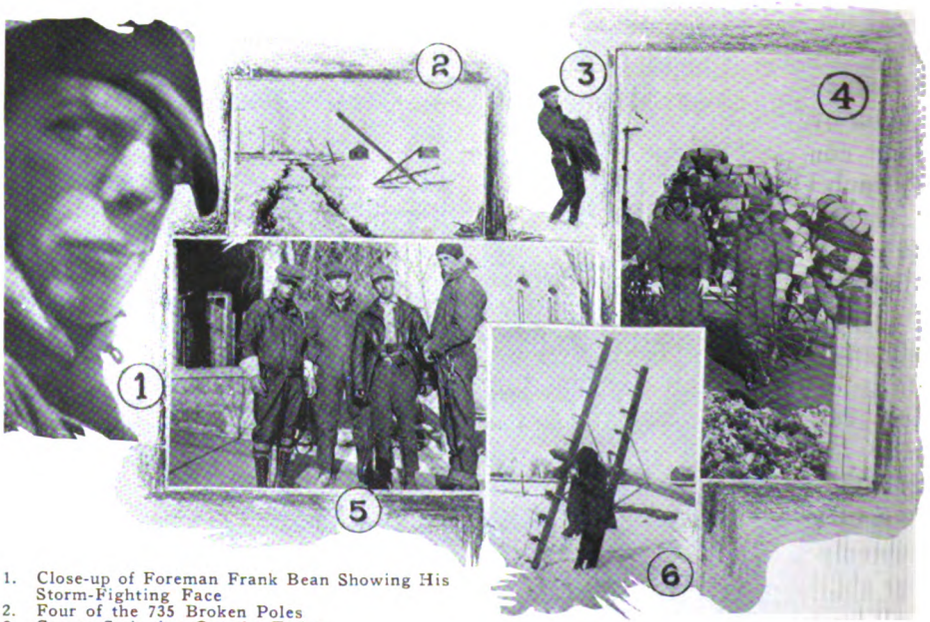
Traveling across Wyoming from the west and without having caused more than casual anxiety on the part of those who carefully watch the long lines, the storm reached the northeastern part of Colorado early Saturday morning, March 26. Here it seemed to gather new force and started in on the real work of destruction. The Sterling-Sidney and Sterling-Haxtun toll lines were the first to go, and shortly before noon of that day the sixty-mile Sterling-Julesburg section of the Omaha-Denver line succumbed to the storm king's force.

In the affected section, the Omaha-Denver line carries the "Transcontinental" phantom group, here making up part of a Chicago-San Francisco circuit, a Chicago-Denver circuit, and an Omaha-Denver circuit, also a Julesburg-Sterling 144 copper circuit, several other shorter circuits and many exchange lines serving rural districts.

Circuits had no more than begun to fail when the work of mobilizing a force to restore them to service was under way. Soon a number of line crews were en route from Denver and Boulder to the scenes of damage, their big White trucks plowing over roads full of drifted snow. Thousands of pounds of twisted pair were transported in the trucks and more was expressed to points along the affected sections of line.

A. T. & T. section patrolman, Sam Thompson, whose station is at Julesburg, and Harry Carper, whose station is Denver, covered the entire section between Sterling and Julesburg to determine the extent of the damage. Their reports showed that there were 735 poles affected, these being down in bunches of from two or three to forty or fifty, and for the most part badly broken and lying on the highway. Because of the importance of the affected circuits it was necessary to keep the amount of twisted pair wire used down to a minimum, and this made it necessary to "jury" the line, propping up poles by any means possible so as to keep the open wire in service.

Foremen Mahoney, Burrell, Smith, Sutton and Bean, each with crews consisting of from six to ten men,



1. Close-up of Foreman Frank Bean Showing His Storm-Fighting Face
2. Four of the 735 Broken Poles
3. Carper Stringing Out the Twist
4. A Load of Twisted Pair
5. Hubbell, Keyser, Dusto and Lund on the Job

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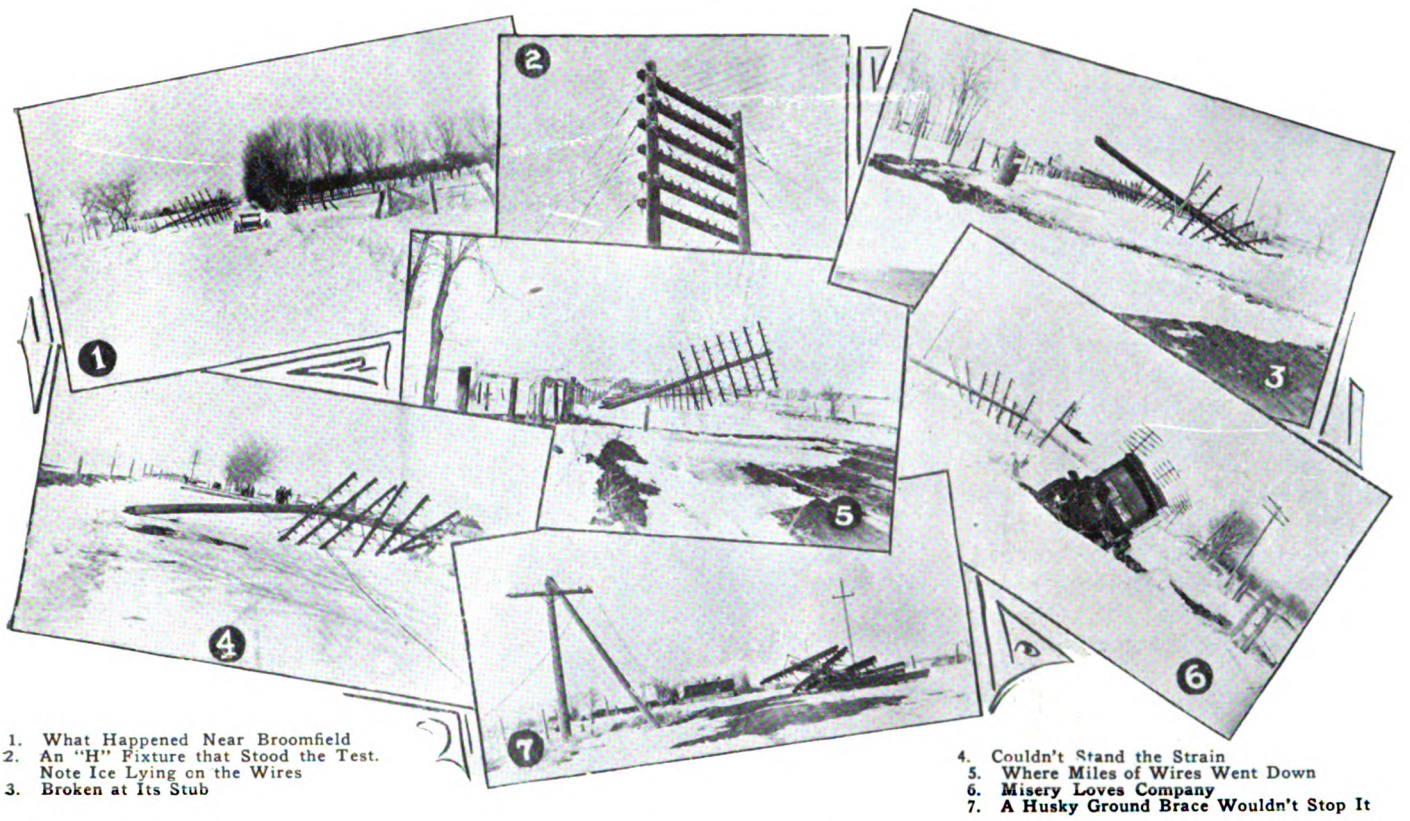


1. What Happened Near Broomfield
2. An "H" Fixture that Stood the Test. Note Ice Lying on the Wires
3. Broken at Its Stub
4. Couldn't Stand the Strain
5. Where Miles of Wires Went Down
6. Misery Loves Company
7. A Husky Ground Brace Wouldn't Stop It

were on the job, and through the coordinated efforts of all the men, one of the "Transcontinental" circuits was made good from Julesburg into Denver early on the morning of March 29. On the afternoon of April 3 all circuits were back in service, with all twisted pair removed.

Meanwhile, Sterling exchange forces, under Wire Chief Paschall, were busy in restoring the Sterling-Sidney and Sterling-Haxtun leads, which were not so seriously damaged as was the Omaha-Denver line. All circuits on these lines were restored to traffic by March 29.

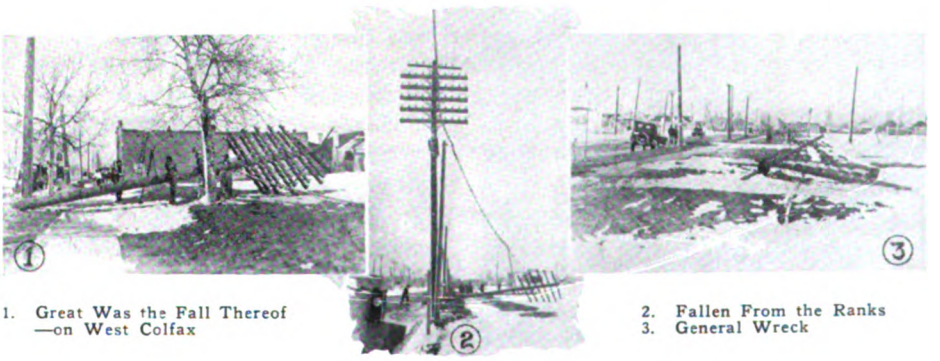
And yet this does not finish the story of destruction.

Not satisfied with the havoc wrought on March 26, the elements launched another attack on April 15, this time in the vicinity of Denver, from which it will require months to make a complete recovery. Starting with a spring shower on Thursday evening, April 14, the rain soon turned to heavy snow, driven by a high wind which continued steadily until Friday evening, tearing big gaps in all toll lines out of Denver excepting the Omaha-Denver and the Denver-Greeley lines, which two were able to hold up against the storm.

The Denver-El Paso line was the first to go out, its fifty wires failing at 5:55 o'clock on the morning of the 15th. The Denver-Grand Junction line went next, then the Denver-Leadville and Denver-Colorado Springs lines, and finally, at 9:15 a. m. the Denver-Salt Lake line fell before the blasts of the storm. These lines carry 106 toll circuits, so that with their failure, Denver was left with but 38 working toll circuits. Of the working circuits, all but 10 are comparatively short ones on the Denver-Greeley line. The isolation was practically complete.

Repairmen were started out almost at once on each of the affected lines, but the storm was still raging with such fury that progress was very slow. By evening, however, the damage on the Denver-Salt Lake line had been located near Broomfield, Colorado, about thirteen miles from Denver, where 132 poles were down. Also, numerous breaks had been found on the Denver-Grand Junction line, in Denver and near Golden, a total of 175 poles being down in the 14-mile Denver-Golden section. Many more poles were down beyond Golden, but because travel was so difficult, these were not reached for several days. Within the confines of Denver several of the falling poles crashed through buildings.

The damage on the Denver-Colorado Springs line was found to be between Sedalia and Palmer Lake,



1. Great Was the Fall Thereof —on West Colfax
2. Fallen From the Ranks
3. General Wreck

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The Clean Fragrance of the Pines

In the White Mountains Near Roswell

Upper Ruidosa, Near Roswell

The common conception of New Mexico and Arizona is that it is a sunbaked and desert land, stern and unhospitable, but one of the charms of the great Southwest is the wonderful variety of her scenery. In the heat of a midsummer day when traveling over the sun-scorched, dusty plains and everything seems to have succumbed to the withering heat, it is almost inconceivable that a few hours' climb into one of the larger mountain ranges will take one into sylvan retreats as refreshing and beautiful as any to be found in the Catskills of New York or in the mountains of the Virginias, Carolinas or Georgia. The upper Ruidosa is a favorite summer camping place for residents of Roswell and El Paso and other neighboring towns. In the cool, tumbling mountain streams is always good fishing, and the nights in these high altitudes are decidedly cool, making sleep delightful and recuperative—if you have enough blankets. The murmuring of the breezes through the stately trees and the clean fragrance of the fir-clad hillsides soothe and bring comfort.

in the Perry Park section. The snow was so deep in this vicinity that travel by any other means than on foot was impossible, and it was not until late Saturday evening, the 16th, that men sent from Denver met those sent from Colorado Springs and Palmer Lake. About 60 poles were down in the Perry Park country.

The Denver-Colorado Springs line also suffered numerous breaks between Denver and Elizabeth, and in the Denver-Leadville line there were numerous breaks all the way from Denver to Clifton House, a distance of 35 miles.

All the line crews which had been working in the vicinity of Julesburg, making permanent repairs on the Omaha-Denver line where it was wrecked by the storm of March 26, were brought into Denver, and these men, reinforced by all the Denver construction men, centered their efforts toward the restoration of service. The Denver-Salt Lake and the Denver-El Paso lines were restored within a short time, but the damage was so widespread and so great that many days elapsed before all the circuits were again in working order.

This storm of April 15 goes down into telephone records as the worst, from the point of damage done, in 14 years. The actual damage to telephone plant mounted high into the thousands of dollars, and the loss of revenue due to lost calls was very heavy.

In Denver the long distance operating room was practically deserted, while local rooms were blazing with signal lamps and humming with business. Weary operators did their best to handle the heavy overload of traffic, resulting from inquiries of anxious heads of families marooned down town, mothers locating children who had started off to school as usual in the morning, hospitable people who lived "near in" extending invitations to friends to come in and remain overnight, and nervous ones everywhere turning to the telephone as a true friend in time of need.

—

Grinding Along

Good morning! Did you do your Daily Dozen? The early morning "grind" will help us to get a good "grasp" on things for the remainder of the day and make the business move easier.

—

We often speak of the "Call of the Wild!" Sometimes when I hear men calling into a telephone I wonder if he isn't it.

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More About Home-Grown Gardens

HOME gardening is an outdoor sport that is both pleasing and profitable. Farm journals tell us that the farmer is "planning moderately" this year. This means there will not be an overproduction of garden and farm products. And that is just why every telephone employe should try and plant a little patch of garden of his own.

Last month The Monitor started something in the way of gardening when it published an article by C. R. Root, president of one of the big seed companies of Colorado, on how and what to plant in the home garden. By studying the table printed in our April issue, or, better still, by consulting any good seed catalogue, valuable information may be gained in the way to plant and care for a home garden. A mess of fresh roasting ears gathered from the garden after you have gone home from your day's work—right from the corn patch to the kettle—makes your dinner most inviting. Piping hot corn on the cob, rich yellow butter running down between the rows, pepper and salt—oh, boy!

How to Make Quick Growth

Here's something that every gardener doesn't know—how to force a quick and crisp growth of lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, tomato plants, garden greens, etc.:

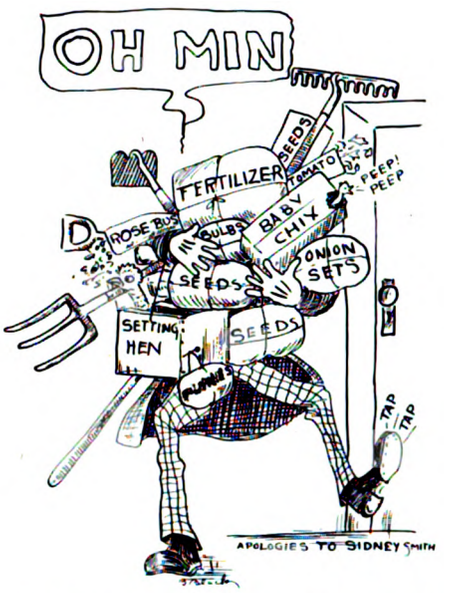
Buy a quarter's worth of nitrate of soda at any seed store. Dissolve a tablespoonful in a gallon of water, sprinkle the plant with it three or four times a month. The plant will shoot up as if by magic, be crisp and delicious. Try this. If you have a drp spot in your lawn this same application will make the grass grow rapidly. In fact, it is a good thing for the entire lawn. Also gives quick growth to sweet peas and flowers.

How to Kill Pests

A tiny maggot often attacks green onions—the tops turn white and the onion stops growing. A dime's worth of dry, air-slacked lime sprinkled on the onions will not only kill the maggots but will enrich the ground.

To kill the radish worm, sprinkle soot or wood ashes along the rows. Or, if you do this early, the insect eggs will not germinate.

Squash bugs are the hardest pests to get rid of. Tobacco dust is the best thing known to keep them away, but, like the little bean bug, they are best gotten rid of by picking them off and knocking them on the head with a hammer. There is a preparation known as Black Leaf Forty that is quite effective on all kinds of garden insects. Some gardeners lay a flat board down on the ground near the squash hill at night. Next morning all the bugs will be found under the board. In this way you can scoop them up into a bucket and pour boiling water on them.



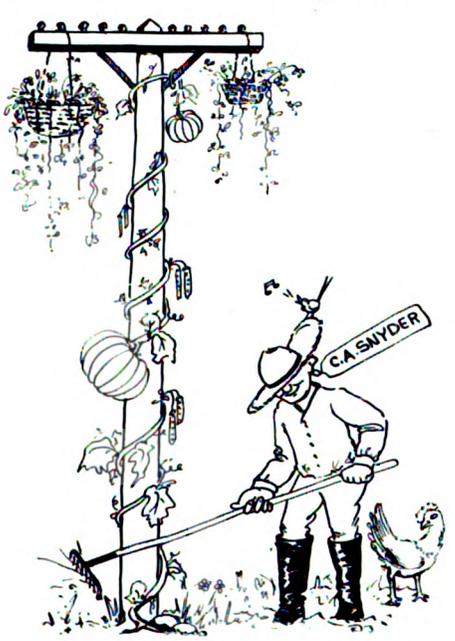
Strawberries Always Scarce

No fruit raised in the temperate zone is more delicate in flavor and delicious in taste, no fruit is easier to cultivate, more certain of cropping, than strawberries. Only a little attention spring and fall is needed. For the rest, nature brings the fruit in abundance at a time when it is most welcome. Where rich cream is available, it may be served in its most palatable form. And yet, probably nine out of ten go without. It's worth thinking about, and resolving to get a start at the earliest possible time. Even renters certain of the same place two or three years should set out everbearing strawberries.

Back-Yard Gardening in Boise

Payette, Idaho, Independent

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company are taking the initiative in back-yard improvements, which is only another indication of the high standard they always maintain. C. A. Snyder of Boise, who is district plant chief for the company, has laid out the yard at the back of the premises, which by summer will be nothing less than



wonderful. Soil has been brought from the river bottom and a lawn leveled off, bordered by rocks with a path through the center, also bordered with rocks. Flowers will be planted and such other shrubbery set, which will make it a beauty spot. Already some Payette citizens have spied it and have been drawn through curiosity to look it over. Watch it during the summer. Wouldn't it make Payette more beautiful if every business backyard were like it?

Springtime in the Mountains

It is springtime in the mountains
And the snow is going fast—
Just a gentle reassurance
That the winter days are past.

Here and there in track and gully
Run the noisy, swelling streams,
Lapping up the melting snow-drifts
Aided by the sun's bright beams.

Dripping boughs are overhanging,
Ladened with a late spring snow—
Soon to join the merry streamlets
To the rivers far below.

O, it's joyous in the mountains
When the warmful days of spring
Melt away the ice and snow-drifts,
And the birds begin to sing.

—RIPS.

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In the Land of Sunshine and Winter Roses

THE Phoenix bunch rallied together not so long ago which resulted in a never-to-be-forgotten picnic in honor of its traveling auditor, Harry Earl Rothermel, sportsman, fancy dance promoter, and stick candy importer and dispenser.

"I want more pie"—Little Mac

That the picnic was a complete success can never be doubted even by the most radical pessimist. After reaching the summit of the highest mountain peak in sight, the exhausted followers of our esteemed leader and traveling auditor sank wearily onto the soft, comforting rocks. The fast drooping spirits of his gang, aided by his good sportsmanship, lent wings of rhythm to his already fatigued feet, in the interpretation of the Highland fling. Harry Earl Rothermel certainly missed his calling. Even though he is far past 49 years, he is not too old yet, neither is it too late.

Our new district cashier, F. S. Cundiff, pleaded a cold, when notified that he had been conspicuous by his absence. We believe he's sorry, though, because he missed eating some of Mother Eastman's delicious potato salad. Ira Eastman, you are certainly a lucky, spoiled boy. Now we girls readily understand why it is impossible to vamp him. What's the use.

So perfect was Harry Earl Rothermel's interpretation of the Highland Fling that one shy little maid inquired, "Who is that Scotchman over there?" "That ain't no Scotchman, that's a traveling auditor," Bill Platner growled, green with envy.

Roberts, Slader, Latta, Shook and Blanchard at Roosevelt Lake

That Phoenix Picnic

The ladies who took children along on the picnic want to extend a word of thanks to Jimmie Davis for caring for them while they enjoyed the day.

"Little Mac's" plate seemed always empty and he kept all the girls on the run filling it up for him. Someone said, "Well, Mac, did you have a good time?" and all he could say was "When will we go again?"

Breezes From Roswell, N. M.

Greetings from Roswell, the land so fair.
Sunny days and climate rare,
Where the alfalfa waves in the breeze
And the bees hum a tune with lazy ease.
A land of sunshine, fruit and flowers.
A dream of the West, this valley of ours.

Roswell is a thriving little city and our telephone exchange an industrious and congenial family.

The construction crew have recently been installing more cable, and we are now prepared for the rush of a real "oil city."

Miss Crow, one of our toll operators, has yielded to Dan Cupid's plea. The fatal sign—the ring— sparkles in the sunlight.

Miss Lundgren, our chief operator, recently passed another milestone along life's journey. A dinner party was given in her honor to which all the operators were invited. We all joined in wishing her many happy returns of the day.

Miss Beulah Cooper recently took flight with Cupid and is now living in Wichita Falls, Texas.

Peppy Pointers from El Paso

New members are coming into the El Paso group so fast that it is hard to remember just who is new but we want to welcome all new operators and students. It is up to us older employees to get acquainted with the new folks as soon as they come to work in the telephone office. It makes a lot of difference when we are trying to make things pleasant and homelike. Do you remember when you were a stranger in this office? How did the older operators treat you? You felt much better after some one asked you how you liked it here and after you found a few interested friends. Let's see how friendly we can be to the new operators. Say "Hello" or "How do you do," or anything to make things pleasant for the stranger and see to it that the stranger is an old friend in a very short time.

The service this month looks good. It surely makes the work pleasant when we all do our share of it. There haven't been so many sick girls lately and this makes it easier for those who come to work regularly and also makes the service tests look good,—and you usually see the chief supervisor smiling because the office is running along smoothly.

Mrs. Glover is giving us some delicious lunches now and we are looking forward to some more good ones. The kitchen has all been fixed up nicely. It surely looks fine. Mrs. Wernette is improving in health and we hope to see her again soon.

The vacations are almost here and practically everybody has had her choice and knows when she is going to take it. These nice balmy days are very tempting to be out of doors. Save your money so you can take a trip to some nice place far away from the maddening crowds. We would like to have you tell us about your good times so be sure to take a camera along. Vacation time is a good time to pick out a husband so all of you get busy and look 'em over. Some of you have perfectly good husbands now and you folks better spend your vacations studying the cook book so you can make him happy. After the vacations are over we expect to have several very interesting stories.

Cathryn Tullis, Toll Operator, Phoenix

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Benefits We Got from Benefit Fund

Your Employes' Benefit Fund Committee Reports to You for the Year 1920 as follows:

	1918	1919	1920
Pensions	$ 5.218	$ 5.218	$ 5.681
Accident disability benefits (wages for time lost)	17,581	13,399	16.500
Accident disability expense (doctors, etc.)	6,914	8.334	9,812
Sickness disability benefits	44.464	42.163	45.211
Death benefits (accident and sickness)	24.354	8.732	16.629
State insurance	2,922	2,181	2,929
	$101.453	$80.027	$96.762

Average number of employes, year 1920, male 2,181
Average number of employes, year 1920, female 4 849
7,030

Nine hundred sixty-one persons participated in benefits, which means one employe out of every seven.

The figures for completed cases are as follows:

PENSIONS

Number of pensioners at end of year	12

ACCIDENTS

Number of cases	343
Total days of disability	4,229
Payments	$27.580
Average payment per case	$74.22

SICKNESS

Number of cases	543
Total days of disability	17.630
Payments	$40.305
Average payment per case	$80.41

DEATHS

Number of cases—accident	2
Number of cases—sickness	7
Payments—accident	$5.140
Payments—sickness	$11,489

LOANS

Number of loans made since July 1, 1918	120
Amount of loans made since July 1, 1918	$18,712.09

By action of the board of directors of our company no pension shall be less than $30.00 per month, effective July 1, 1920. Two persons were retired on pension in 1920, and there are now nine men and three women, total 12, receiving pension.

In the eight years of the benefit plan a total of $550.678 has been paid out.

We express appreciation of the help everyone has been to us in making out reports of cases and in furnishing us with necessary information. We particularly note the sympathetic spirit shown by all of our people everywhere in carrying out the purposes of the plan.

The report of audit of our books is submitted herewith.

EMPLOYES' BENEFIT FUND COMMITTEE,
E. M. Burgess, chairman;
W. F. Brown, Roderick Reid,
G. E. McCarn, F. H. Reid,
Howard T. Vaille, Secretary.

To the Employes' Benefit Fund Committee of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company:

Pursuant to appointment and in accordance with the provisions of the "Plan for Employes' Pensions, Disability Benefits and Death Benefits," adopted by your company, I have audited the employes' benefit fund for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1920, and submit the following report:

EMPLOYES' BENEFIT FUND
Year 1920

Credit balance in fund January 1, 1920		$182,000.00
Credits during year 1920:		
By interest at 4 per cent	5,610.24	
Additional appropriations	91.151.81	
Total credits		$ 96 762 05
Disbursements during 1920:		
Pensions	$ 5,681.00	
Accident disability benefits	16 499.51	
Sickness disability benefits	45.211.09	
Death benefits	16 628 75	
Disability expenses	9 812.47	
State insurance	2,929.23	
Total debits		$ 96 762.05
Balance in fund December 31, 1920		$182,000.00

I hereby certify that the credits and disbursements, as above summarized, do, in my judgment, conform to the provisions of the plan adopted, and that all the disbursements have been authorized by the committee and receipted for by or on behalf of the payees.

(Signed) A. M. HARRISON,
Traveling Auditor.

Salt Lake Bowling League

The Telephone Bowling League of Salt Lake City has wound up its finals, and judging from the scores they are real artists. Space will not permit The Monitor to give all of the individual results, but the following finals show how closely the "home stretch" scores were waged:

FIVE-MAN TEAM

Name	Games Won	Games Lost	Per Cent	Total Pins	High Single Game	High 3 Games
Engineers	33	21	.611	42542	969	2554
Maintenance	30	24	.555	41847	903	2490
Telegraph	27	27	.500	42289	945	2526
Auditors	26	28	.481	42005	924	2505
Construction	24	30	.444	41369	849	2484
Suburban	23	31	426	41564	937	2587

INDIVIDUAL

Name	High Single Game	Name	High 3 Games
Thompson	236	Albert	642
Forscutt	235	Carlson	602
Kehl, H.	232	Thompson	601
Albert	227	McAdam	595
Sullivan	226	Forscutt	591
Thayne	226	Kehl, H.	589

Faithful "Rowdy" is no More

"Rowdy" is dead.

Officers and employes of the Colorado Springs branch of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company are mourning the big Airedale, mascot and friend, says the Colorado Springs Gazette.

"Rowdy" slipped into the daily routine of their lives about five years ago, arriving from nowhere.

Late Saturday night a cut paw developed into something more serious, complications set in and "Rowdy" folded the mantle of night about him and slipped away just as quietly as he had arrived some five years ago, only with death as a companion.

"Rowdy's" grave is in the yard back of Bert Kellogg's house, and it is planned to erect a monument over the little mound of earth. "Rowdy" belonged to Bert Kellogg, technically speaking, but in reality was friend to all men. John Dinfel fed him doughnuts morning and night, and he was wont to eat his noon meal with the linemen.

"Rowdy's" friends declare he knew more about a telephone than a good many humans.

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What "Ricey" Jones Says a Rural Manager Is

(A Serio-Comic by R. W. Jones, Murray, Utah, 4/8/21)

The rural telephone manager is a personality flourishing with concentered guile in those portions of the land dubbed by the slangsters as the "thistles," the "bunducks," or the "sticks." He is to be found in the unbarbered locales, the timbered and the desert patches; in short, those places which have not yet been invaded by insurance agents, Henry Ford, the silk shirt or the short skirter. Alas! where are those places today? Time was, no doubt, when the drug-store portion of the general country store carried a judicious admixture of bear's grease and mutton tallow in bulk, from which orders for face cream, hair pomade and shoe polish were filled regardless. That time has disappeared over the western horizon with the redoubtable "Sigh-ox" brave and the black-maned woolly-bulls advertised by the writers Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte (the uncle of ride-'em-cowboy Bill Hart of the movies). Today the country drug dispensary is like a combination manager for the telephone company. Outside it is a garage, inside a soda fountain, and on top a roof-garden. The only difference between the drug store manager and the telephone manager is that the druggist sometimes finds a few spare moments to devote to "bootlegging." Shades of Captain Bonneville and Lewis and Clark, could you travel the old trails today! If you could and had a good press agent people would probably say: "Oh, yes, Captain Bonneville—lecturing for the Red Cross, isn't he?" Or, "Lewis and Clark—certainly, that famous vaudeville team. Weren't they through here on the Orpheum circuit last year?" ! ! !

A rural manager for the Telephone Company usually arrives at his exalted eminence today through one of three devious by-ways or departments, viz., plant, traffic or commercial (I wonder why it is always plant first). In the good old days he usually came up through the plant department and his lines and equipment were in excellent condition at his exchange, but service and collections were not so in proportion. He could make a whizz-bang telephone installation, or shoot a switchboard or line bug on the wing, but operating complaints and bill adjustments had him walking circles around himself. Per contra, did he originate in the traffic department, the service would probably be impeccable, but the use and application of plant "bug-powder" or the gentle art of extracting disputed revenue from irate subscribers would leave him metaphorically gasping at the post. If, perchance, he had somehow survived the slings and pitfalls of the contract counter in the commercial department long enough to arrive at that pinnacle of business endeavor, managership, his collection percentage would probably be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and plant complications or operating difficulties might find him fighting for air, but I doubt it. For training behind the contract counter leaves a man with that quality which is at once a deplorable affliction and a heaven-sent boon, namely, the gift o' gab.

However, in spite of the almost trite knowledge that it takes a weld of the great trilogy aforementioned—plant,

traffic and commercial—to give the highest quality of service with a capital S, I venture to say that if a supervisory employe who came up through either one of these departments were to choose a coat of arms insignia for the Telephone Company, there would be three selections, as follows: Plant, crossed "hooks" with pliers rampant above; traffic, operator's head-set with decorative answering-jack superimposed; commercial, crossed pen and pencil with large "PAID" stamp couchant as the foundation of the design. Furthermore and nevertheless, the end, the focus and the purpose of these three important branches of a great business is the same. And, in proportion as the rural manager recognizes and maintains each one separately and knits all three indissolubly to the end of service will be his glory and success in doing a good job.

To illustrate concretely: The perfect day for a rural telephone manager is about as follows: It is a beautiful morning and the manager enters the exchange public office whistling. Upon rising after opening Old Trusty, the office safe, he finds a woman gazing at him across the bright expanse of contract counter. She was evidently the person he passed on the doorstep in entering; apparently she had been waiting for the place to open up. This woman would weigh in at the ropes about 250 pounds net bellicosity. As the manager gazes at her she assumes that expression upon her rough-hewn lineaments made famous by John L. Sullivan when posing for a photograph for the Police Gazette. This expression hardens into the consistency of Vermont granite and she shifts her side-arms (an umbrella) menacingly.

"Young feller," she announces, "I am lookin' fer the manager; it's the open season on telephone managers and I'm goin' to bag my limit right now."

There is a dramatic pause, during which the manager hesitates between denying his identity, ducking for the terminal room and grasping the iron paper-weight on the desk behind his back. He does none of these things, but there flashes before his mind's eye a kaleidoscopic vision of the great martyrs, Copernicus, Galileo, and Parley P. Christensen. Swallowing his Adam's apple twice and straightening as though facing a firing squad, he answers calmly and quietly:

"Madam, I-yi-yi-yi-yam the manager."

What follows reminds him of a flashlight photograph at the time of the flash, interspersed with, "An' you cut me off the night before Christmas, you-u-u little whippersnapper—I'm going to take this up with the HEAD OFFICE—cut off my foam, will yer * * * B-r-r-r-r G-r-r-r-r-r—BANG!" And he comes to with the C. O. telling him to try and sit up and drink some of this. End of Perfect Day Episode No. 1.

The phone rings.

"Hello, manager?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want to complain and be kickin' all the time; this is Mr. Bile

on the four-eleven-forty-four line. Of course, I know we can't expect much on an eight party line, BUT"—and so ad infinitum. End of P. D. E. No. 2.

To complete P. D. E. No. 3, the wire chief dashes in and tells him that the order wire is out and the troubleman

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The Plan

■ ■ ■ ■ Splendid Article Every Employe Should Read ■ ■ ■ ■

By A. W. Davis, Salt Lake

Now that the uppermost thing in everyone's mind is thrift and economy, it brings to my memory incidents which may be of benefit to some of our great family. As it is said, "You cannot build a reputation on the things you are going to do," therefore, planning put into effect is the real ladder to success.

One of the officials when visiting our office once asked if we planned our work, that is, did we know what we were going to do tomorrow, the next day and so on through the week? I could not say I did, but I then resolved to check up my methods both for my own work and of those I supervised. I soon found the secret of system is to keep going. Plan your daily tasks intelligently. A memorandum kept handy of the important things to be done will spur a flagging spirit, serve to focus the wandering mind, and enable one to concentrate quickly on the work at hand. This is true everywhere, particularly in the exchange, where I have tried it out to my satisfaction. I made it a duty to make notes of all things which needed attention. Some were large items, some small and in all there was something that would always fit the time a man would have to spare between his regular duties. These notes were compiled, each numbered paragraph covering one of the items. We made periodic check of those items cared for, and it is needless to say, found great pleasure as one by one we checked them off completed.

It is true in our work that if we plan certain work for tomorrow, it may not be touched, due to something unforeseen taking us to other duties; but if we plan our work we will accomplish results far superior to the drifter.

The plan can very effectively be a time-saver in our office routines. I recall a case where a manager felt that he needed more help and stated that he spent most of his evenings at the office making out reports.

Upon entering his exchange we found things to have a very neat appearance and the man himself was a fine-appearing fellow. I told him I would stay with him long enough to see if we could fathom his troubles. It did not take long to find them, for he was not accustomed to completing the work at hand and as a result had too many irons in the fire at one time, which led to confusion. His stationery cabinet was in one room and his desk in another and each time he made out a report he had to get up and walk to the other room for the forms. When he filed his reports he had to take all his binders out to see which was the correct one. We soon set his desk in order, and as he was a combination man we set aside certain drawers in the desk for each branch of the work. We then placed a pad of each form of ordinary use in its respective compartment. We also made up sufficient binders to properly file, labeled them and placed them in designated places, and this done he was ready to sit down to the desk and stay there until all routine was over.

Next thing to do was to set up a daily routine, and we set aside the first period for recording all reports and answering correspondence. In this way we avoided going to homes before they were ready to receive us, and it often saves a second trip for trouble in the same direction of town by waiting until things are astir and all people have had a chance to report anything which may have occurred during the night to disturb their service. Trouble taken care of, he could then turn his attention to collections or other work. Another thing to bear in mind is that a job is not done until you have made out your reports, for if you wait and trust to memory you fail to report some of the material used and waste lots of time trying to brush away the cobwebs clouding your memory which would not be there if the report was filled out on the case of trouble or the telephone installation, or the voucher completely filled out to show clearly what it covered as well as being coded at one time. This manager soon become so efficient that extra help was not needed and he told me later that he did not spend many nights at the office any more.

Thus you can trace the efficiency of the plan through the entire organization and see its effectiveness. If an exchange has a well laid out plan which has been developed from the studies of the commercial and plant engineers the manager can make his future extensions intelligently and there will be no waste of time and material through abandoned plant which was not properly located or not of large enough capacity, etc.

There is one plan in the universe, and it works so perfectly that man's ingenuity is outwitted in its mysteries, yet it is so perfect that every molecule of matter has its definite laws to follow and it has been the same since time began. We cannot have such a perfect plan, but the more perfect our plan is the more efficient we are. Some are incapable of planning and have to look to others to do this for them. It is this that defines the executive and places the laborer in his class, so it behooves us all to be planners.

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If you want her to keep on the job and bring home the bacon she cries out, "No! I'm married now. You support me."

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mashed his finger in the bowling tournament the night before, and there's a lot of cable trouble besides the twenty-five odd lines the storm put out, and—LORD-HELPUS! * * * End of the Perfect Day.

Some good material for rural telephone managers should be found amongst the pipe organists, who play the organ with their hands, feet and nose at the same time. Or that feller in the orchestra who plays the drums, kettle, snare and bass and the cymbals and triangle at once, should have the making in him of one of the brethren of this weird and wonderful cult. In conclusion, we feel moved to poetry—

The Rural Manager's amthribious—
Traffic, commercial and plant;
He's usually lean when he ought to be fat,
And fat when he ought to be ga'nt.

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Mantello Club Pulls Off Some Big Stunts

TAMMANY Hall in its palmiest days had nothing on the election of the Montello Club held in Helena the night of March 28th.

There were two parties in the field for election, the Carpet-Baggers and the Home-Guards. A week previous to the election a daily newspaper called "The Teleworld" was published under the able direction of Glen F. Lewis.

Campaigning went on in earnest until the minute of election. Caucuses of both parties were held, platforms adopted and the fight was on. C. J. Eaton, as ringleader of the Car-

pet-Baggers, and M. C. Hensley, of the Home-Guards, are to be congratulated on the good work done in arousing the enthusiasm and pep shown throughout the campaign and election. Bribery, coercion, threats and violence were jokingly called into play and the affair took on the nature of a real olden time election with red fires, bands and stump speeches. While these two parties were keeping their eyes on each other, a third party, The Square Deal Party, gradually kept coming to the foreground. Who they were and what they stood for nobody outside of the members of the party knew. So smooth were they that they were invited into the caucus of the other parties and although protesting (slightly), they were even placed on both the tickets, a political coup it would be called. There were five directors to be elected and when the nomination speeches of the two first parties were made and E. A. Murphy sprung the third party the fun was on. The two original parties were indeed very much surprised to find that at least two of the members on their tickets were members of the Square Deal party and were on its ticket. After many parliamentary squabbles between W. R. Holgate, who presided, and the members in general the election was held with the result that members of all parties were finally elected in the person of C. J. Eaton, D. L. Shields, D. H. Rymer, L. A. Briese and R. J. Collins.

Following the election a social session was held ending in a hot-dog feed with all the trimmings. The session adjourned about midnight and all present were pleased with the fun and good spirit displayed.

Previous to the election the outgoing officers and the editor of the daily "Teleworld" were presented with beautiful presents as tokens of the esteem in which they were held by the club as a whole, the officers each receiving a small cut-glass bottle containing the liquid extraction of the pine tree, and the editor a hand-painted pewter mug.

Ready for the Good Old Summer Time

ONCE again the Northern Division comes to the foreground. This time it is not in work, but rather in play. At the last meeting of the Montello Club it was the unanimous opinion of those present that a community vacation camp should be established this summer where employees in the various Helena offices could spend their vacations or week-ends in the mountains.

The Montello Club has therefore arranged for a beautiful location on the Little Blackfoot River, approximately 25 miles from Helena. Here will be pitched three tents, two for sleeping and one for cooking. The

beds and other necessary camp equipment will be provided by the company from its supply stock, and all that the individual employee has to worry about is the grub he or she consumes. Here telephone employees and their relatives in Helena can spend their entire vacation, be it a week, two weeks or a month. The underlying motive back of the idea is the fact that many folks like to spend their vacations in the mountains and have no way of providing the facilities except at a considerable cost, and the further fact that many are not in a position to spend a great amount of money to go to distant points for their vacation. The camp will be located only a short distance from the town of Elliston, right on the main line of the N. P. railroad. The railroad service is such that employees can jump on the train Saturday noon and can return so as to reach home Sunday evening about 9 p. m. The camp will be situated right in the heart of one of the best fishing countries in this vicinity and bids well to become a very popular place in the summer. Regular bookings will be made so that the club will know just how many to make preparations for each week-end. All it will take to make a success of the undertaking is co-operation and we know that in the Northern Division we need not worry about this feature. To all our fellow-employees we extend a hearty invitation to come and spend their vacation this year at the Montello Vacation Camp among the towering pines of the Rockies.

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Telephone Girls Adopt Child

It is a fine, lovable spirit that actuated a number of telephone girls at Pueblo to adopt a poor little French girl whose father fell while helping hold back the terrible Hun, in the days of war, and it must be a source of much joy to the hearts of these girls to know that they have made at least one child and one family happy in the far off land across the sea. Following is copy of a letter recently received by the telephone girls at Pueblo, Colorado:

March 9, 1921.

My dear Benefactores:

Mamma and I extend to you our heartfelt thanks for the 65 francs.

It was a great help to us as groceries and all provisions are increasing in price. There is no one working that is earning any money but mother. I will be glad when I am able to help her. I don't earn anything yet; as I am an apprentice. I passed a satisfactory examination and mother was glad I am learning to embroider and mother makes gloves.

We went to spend 2 weeks at my grandfather's place as we felt worn out from too steady work. We took two little cousins and I can tell you we all enjoyed it so much. The little girls are twins and are two and half years old. We slept under the trees and rolled on the grass and had a fine time. We don't have the opportunity very often. Since I came home I feel very close and crowded as the space is not so large or the air so fresh and good. My mother and I again thank you from the bottom of our hearts for all the kindness you have shown us. We never will forget you.

Love to you all from
Your little protege,
MARCELLE CISSOT.

In reply to this letter of thankfulness Miss Julia Monahan, on behalf of the other girls, wrote the following letter:

"Our dear little adopted child:—

"We no longer have a National Committee in our city but wish to keep in touch with you, and today we are sending you an Easter offering of $28.00 which we hope will bring you a bright and happy Easter.

"With love and best wishes from the Telephone Girls in Pueblo, Colorado, U. S. A."

"Service" is the Word

L. G., of Boise

We remember, we remember,
Of the service long ago,
With flashes at a low per cent
And answer very slow.
We remember, we remember,
When per cent began to gain,

For thus we knew our efforts
Had not been in vain.
Still we struggle, struggle on,
One hundred is our aim;
Remember "service" is the word,
And we will win the game.

Ancient Table Cloth

All manner of things are learned through the telephone family. The most recent discovery was the oldest pair of table cloths in Montana. Away up in the dry land farms of White Bird Gulch dwell the Blacksmidt family. These lands are in the immediate vicinity of Columbus, and you reach them via Stillwater Valley. The geography is now complete. We are associated with the owners of these table cloths through Miss Ella Blacksmidt, who is employed as an operator in the Laurel, Montana, exchange.

One hundred and thirty-eight years ago a great-grandmother on Mrs. Blacksmidt's side wove a fine linen cloth near the family fireside in Baden, Germany. Later, when the family migrated to this country the cloth came and was accompanied by a mere youngster which is now only 110 years of age. These two pieces of linen are apparently as stout and firmly woven as when new. We offer this bit of information in the hope that others may be interested in the discovery of antiques. Our Treasure State may be a mere youth compared with a New England state, but in this one respect we feel quite grown-up.

Mother and Dad

Bessie Howard Firsching

Don't go to a theater, concert or ball,
But stay in your room tonight.
Deny yourself to all that call,
And a good, long letter write.
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded arms and downcast eyes,
Dreaming of their absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts may
Wander back to many a bygone night.
When both lost needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would give their delicate babe
To their tender, loving care.

Don't think that young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have today.
Remember through all the years that
have passed,
And all the good times you've had,
You never will know until too late
The value of "Mother and Dad."

UTAH

Irene Lewis, Correspondent

Salt Lake—Wasatch

We are glad to report few resignations. We are very sorry to lose Miss Elsie Stein, who is leaving the city.

Miss Bertha Carr is now day supervisor.

Misses Ida Whipple and Mame Sjostedt, who have been ill, are again at their old posts.

The instructresses have been helping out in the exchange. We are very glad to have them with us.

Salt Lake—Hyland

The latest victim is Miss Myrtle Mitchell. Miss Mitchell has been with the company for many years, and we all feel her resignation keenly.

Other resignations are the Misses Lola Wignal and Fern Roberts.

Our new chief is Miss Vida Cardon. Her coming to us compensates for the loss of Miss Mitchell.

Toll

Miss Naomi Baker is now the chief operator. Miss Baker was with us previously, so we are very delighted to have her return to us.

Our former chief operator, Miss Vida Cardon has "done gone and left" us to be the boss at Hyland.

We are getting new equipment. That is a relief.

Miss Blakely resigned during the month to take nurse's training at the St. Mark's Hospital. We wish her success.

Plant

When Jim Pratt, wire chief, was asked if anyone had left, he said, "There isn't anyone LEFT. That's all for this month."

Park City

Miss Mary Gwilliams and Miss Gladys Parsons have returned from a visit with friends in Salt Lake.

A delightful little party was given April 1st at the home of Miss Anne Cozean. Miss Hattie Eliner and Miss Rachel Morgan entertained the guests with several classic dances. Miss Sara Berry performed some very clever sleight-of-hand tricks. Refreshments were served later in the evening.

A masquerade party was held at the home of Miss Lenore Witherow. Games and dancing were enjoyed after which refreshments were served.

Manager Rund was presented with a beautiful fountain pen by operators in honor of his birthday anniversay.

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Mess Call Blows for the Zion Sector

The annual "bullfest" for the Zion Sector was held at the New Temple Hotel in Salt Lake City on April 1st, 1921, when eight of the members of the sight-seeing 405th Telegraph Battalion S. C. of both Company D and E assembled in holy amity to put on the nose bag and spray each other with the oats of friendship and comradliness for one entire evening.

Those present were: Ex-Top Soak John F. Leonard, address care the M. S. T. & T. Co., Traffic Dept.; Reformed Sgt. Bob Beveridge and Sgt. "Jimmy" Hicks, the two traveling delegates of Companies E and D of that intrepid battalion, address care Telephone Co., Salt Lake City, Utah; Cook Chas. Randall and Sgt. Brass-Pounder Bert Lusk, address same as above; "Ginrickey" Jones, address care the M. S. T. & T. Co., Murray, Utah; Chauffeur Luke M. Robinson, address care J. C. Penney Co., Murray, Utah; and last, but not least, that semaphore expert and brass-pounder, "Speed" Rawlings, address care Western Union, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The speeches were made by all present at the same time, after the opening high—er—um—er—er—um of the—er—dinner, just like a cafe rassle in dear old Frawnce. One of the novel features of the evening was fourteen letters received from different comrades in all sections of the West, which were read amidst cheers which entirely overwhelmed even a General Moan morning ovation. For the benefit of those members who read the Monitor names and addresses of those who wrote letters follow:

Major John A. Kick, 1101 Home Insurance Building, care Curtis Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Capt. Enoch R. Hannibal, care The Interstate Utilities, Spokane, Wash.; Lieut. Enoch M. Brown (written on a Santa Fe Consist 23 Report), 204 Jefferson St., Topeka, Kans.; Sgt. Milton J. Culp (Daddy), Room 404, Gaston Apartments, Louisville, Ky.; Sgts. Ray Davis and George G. Miller, 1523 East 63rd Seattle, Wash.; Sgt. Leland Taylor (Adjourhui), Apartment 3, 1001 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill. (wrote a cracking poem for the occasion); Sgt. George Mann, Tucson, Ariz. (says Perc. Rider is there and has hit the toboggan with tuberculosis as a guide—is flat on his back in bed); "Deacon" Jones is at Portales, N. M.; MacDougall in Bisbee, Ariz.; Joe Black is a repeaterman in Phoenix; Jack Dalton, manager at Tucumcari; Gail Hamilton, manager, Artesia, N. M.; Jim Currie writes that he and King, Benson and Shields are in Helena, Pechta is in Billings, Frank Roberts in Great Falls, Mont.; Clarence Bailey writes from care First National Bank, Fort Collins, Colo., says Jay V. Connet is pounding brass at the U. P. depot there and Bailey offers to loan money to all "defunct" members of the 405th—goldbrickers N. B; Sam Elmore ex-top, writes from care Associated Fruit Co., 510 Battery St., San Francisco, Calif., says Chos'ner is working for the Rock Island railroad at Kanorado, Kans.; Charley St. John writes from care The M. S. T. & T. Co., Cheyenne, Wyo., says Lou Probst is wire chief at Cheyenne, Ed Bertagnolli manager at Douglas, Wyo; Orpha Clark, troubleshooter at Rawlings, Wyo., Don McAllister, Columbus, Ohio, and "Amaroc" Gormley, Atlanta, Ga.; General Otto writes from care Civic Center Hotel, 12th and Market St., San Francisco; H. F. McCulla writes from care Lincoln Telephone & Telegraph Co., Lincoln, Neb., says Jimmy Beard is in North Platte, Neb., mentions Percy Ling, "Heinie" Taeder is wire chief at Fairmont, Neb. Says Bill Brainerd's body has just been brought home and buried at Minden, Neb. Capt. Quinn is with the Porto Rico Telephone Co., and Capt. Seidenfeld is practising cut 'em and carve 'em in San Francisco—couldn't get his exact address. Following is the epic masterpiece contributed by that leather-necked bard "Adjourhui" Taylor:

The Four Hundred and Fifth

By Adjourhui Taylor

The Four Hundred and Fifth came out of the West,
And along France's highways their lines were the best.
They were experts at stalling and building telephones,
Each one was an artist with the galloping bones.
They won the world's record at old Paliseau.
At absorbing French liquor and spending the dough.
In Tours they were pinched, as everyone knows,
For swimming the Loire without any clothes.
At Neufchatel when the Boche raided the air,
The boys found shelter in the cafes that was there.
They loved the French sisters, the fair Rouge and Blanc,
And on these two females spent many a franc.
They learned about gas masks in a way safe and sane
Down by the canal playing that Henry Ford game.
At Royaueimeix "Le Dump" with the kitchens together
They cussed the mess sergeants in all kinds of weather.
When Company D had pie and Company E had none,
Loud wails could be heard and transferring begun.
They studied art work in all kinds of places,
Their pictures were of kings and aces.
On Armistice Day they paraded Creue's one street
A-howling their motto, "Oh! when do we eat?"
They enjoyed the trip on the way to the Rhine,
By scratching themselves most all of the time.
The winter in Mayen we should carefully note
How the boys traded wildly with chocolate and soap.
Some moaned for home and "THE GIRL" loved so dear,
Others ducked the details and cussed German beer.
They crabbed about work and they howled for more rest;
The non-coms swore that the privates' billets were best.
When E Company passed D Company, full of cadence and schnapps,
Percy, the Pautsch would step out and blow taps.
Companies fought each other as companies do,
Then platoons fought each other when companies got through.
The only commands they would willingly obey,
Were, "Come get your chow," and "Fall in for pay."
To belong to that outfit it sure was a gift,
For there wasn't another like the Four Hundred Fifth.

(Compiled by R. W. Jones, Murray, Utah, April 12, 1921.)

Educational Department Certificates Issued Between March 21 and April 20, 1920

Plant Course 1—Electricity and Magnetism

Hill, LeRoy (P.).....El Paso, Texas

Plant Course 2—Substation Practice

Best, Harold Vernon (P.).....
.....Salt Lake City, Utah

Plant Course 3—Private Branch Exchange

O'Connor, Edw. J. (G. P.)..Denver, Colo.

Plant Course 5—Central Office Equipment

Foy, Daniel J. (P.).....Helena, Mont.

Commercial Course 1—Managership

Taylor, Hawley C. (M.).....Rigby, Idaho
G. P.....General Plant Department
M. . . . . .Manager
P. . . . . .Plant

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According to the Golden Rule

Irene Lewis, Salt Lake City, Utah

United we stand, divided we fall! Do we really understand how true this slogan is? Are there any of us who can stand aloof, and look down on their fellowmen with cool, calm contempt? There are none. Each individual is indispensable to every other individual. There are none of us so fortunate that he or she can travel calmly along on a bed of roses from birth to grave.

Why, then, should there be a feeling of aloofness among older employes toward newer ones. True, the new employe may not know as much about the job as you, but did you know what you now do when you were first added to the pay roll? Experience is the big constituent of one's success. Again he may not earn as much as you, but what is more despicable than an individual who snubs those acquaintances whose pay check registers less than his? What can be more narrow? That spirit most assuredly will never be demonstrated in our Bell family.

When you have gone for your pay check, have you ever noticed any people hanging back and letting everyone else go ahead? Did you notice if they were new employes, ones you did not know? Nine times out of ten this was the case. What was the proper thing to do? Do unto others as you would be done by. Make friends right then and there. Don't allow them to take the last place in line. It will not harm or humiliate you to slip to the rear of the line and let these strangers take your place. Show them the Bell spirit of friendliness.

Or again, was there a new fellow on the job, who, when noon came, took his lunch and removed to a distant corner to enjoy it in solitude? What did you do? Did you say, "Here, Bill, nothing like that in this bunch. You're one of us, the more the merrier." Or did you let him sit there lonely and disconsolate, dismissing the subject from your mind by saying, "Oh, he's a funny fellow, anyway." How do you suppose he felt? Well, just place yourself in his position and the question is answered.

Is there a new employe in the office? How are you going to make him feel at ease? Step up to him, shake his hand, introduce him to the rest of the force and tell him you are glad to see him and that you would be glad to assist him in any way you can, for he may be the "boss" some day. He will not have forgotten whether you were the fellow who gave him support when he needed it, who befriended him when he was a novice, or whether you were the snob who overlooked him because he was new, laughed at his mistakes and was rude to him in general.

Of course we do not realize any monetary gain from these courtesies, but we are well repaid by the good feeling aroused in us. Is not that a better recompense? Your superior sees those things. He is going to choose for promotion the one who, in addition to efficient work, makes the most friends, who is willing to co-operate with those farther down the ladder. The "Good Samaritan" wins every time.

It is very well to be kind and considerate of one's superiors, but the test of one's character is the ability to mix with those less fortunate than himself.

We have all heard people say, "Oh, I couldn't pick up with everyone. It isn't proper." But at the same time, these same people are the ones who usually demand the most attention and feel it most keenly if not given the preference at all times.

So let's remember to be kind to the new people. Show them the spirit of the Bell system. We older employes know what a fine company we are working for. Let us, then, reflect that in our treatment of others; show these new folks that not only the company but the people in that company are the finest, friendliest, staunchest folks on earth. How about it?

Changes, Transfers, Promotions

Miss Ella M. Quinn is now chief operator and manager at Boulder, Montana.

Shirley Christiansen is combination manager at Malad, Idaho.

Charles F. Heller has recently been appointed manager at Hardin, Montana.

George W. Rubison is the new manager at Malta, Montana.

Miss Maud L. Baillie is acting as manager and chief operator at Clyde Park, Montana.

Edward N. Thompson is combination manager at Beaver, Utah.

Daniel Moge, well-known in the Eastern division, has transferred from Silverton, Colorado, to Breckenridge, Colorado.

Theodore Douglas, who was with our company for a number of years, has purchased the Delta Abstract Company, and is again living in Delta, Colorado.

Mrs. Rose Proctor is manager and chief operator at Moore, Montana. Miss Mabel E. Gregg is acting in the same capacity at Rygate, Montana, Miss Anna E. Gatton at Hilger, and Miss Pearl L. Jones at Whitehall, Montana.

Joseph I. Henton is manager at Preston, Idaho.

Lloyd E. Webster is located at Anaconda, Montana, as manager.

In the Wasatch exchange, Salt Lake City, Miss Bertha Carr is supervising on the day force, and Miss Marion Jennings is the new night chief operator.

Main Office, Denver: Mary Cunningham, operator to supervisor. Dorothy Doyle, supervisor to clerk, district traffic payroll. Margaret Simpson, all-night information operator to all-night supervisor, York exchange. Mary L. Smith, operator to information operator.

Champa Office, Denver: Mrs. Agnes Macdonald, attendant to matron.

Boulder, Colo.: Ada Seeburg, chief operator to traffic clerk. Hazel Kelly, assistant chief operator to chief operator. Katherine Parker, supervisor to assistant chief operator.

Cheyenne, Wyo.: Mary Probst, chief operator, transferred from Cheyenne to Lusk.

L. R. Probst, transferred from wire chief, Cheyenne, to manager, Lusk.

Adolph Shurbert has come back to the Mountain States and has been placed as manager at Ouray.

Ned Brohl, former combination man at Lovell, Wyo., has been transferred to Casper.

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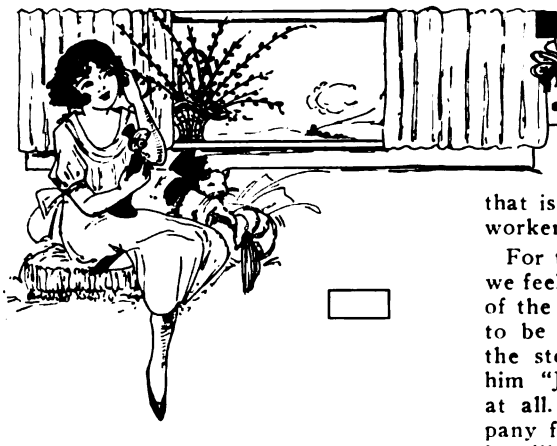

BUSY BETTY SAYS

List to the plight of poor Mr. Mix.
Accident? Sure, in an awful fix—
Got a life sentence—the kind that sticks.
Not Mix of the Movies—our Mr. Mix.
Guilty? you ask. Aw, come now—nix.
'Twas a perfectly innocent mix—
Happened 'bout Christmas—printers' tricks
Presented a wife to cherubic Mix.

YES and they do say "as how" the popular "bach" is still busy explaining in some quarters.

You see it happened thusly: Mr. Mix, like most of us, got in on the last lap ordering his Christmas greeting cards, and when he called for them, or they were sent to him, we can't be entirely accurate as to minute details, but leastwise, when he gave his new cards the once over he almost suffered a stroke at discovering that the printer—or the engraver—had presented him with a WIFE. Yessir, there she was big as life right along side of him—er, that is of course, on the card which read "Christmas greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Mix," or some such greeting appropriate to the Yuletide.

Of course, Mr. Mix was surprised—why he confided to some of his intimate friends that he wasn't even contemplating matrimony, that he hadn't even "remote intentions," but you'll have to hand it to him, for while he may not have mustered the necessary courage to take a walk to the Mendelssohn tune, he was game enough to use the cards just the same, taking, of course, the precaution of double crossing (out) the "Mrs."

After all, it sort of strikes me that the printer had some idea of the eternal fitness of things, for surely as nice a chap as Mr. Mix should mix up in matrimony.

—

I've often thought that if I had to choose a friend for just one certain characteristic, I would specify loyalty, for with that it's a pretty safe bet you'll draw a lot of other good qualities, as they usually go with it.

The same thing holds good with an employee, and apropos of this a little story wafted hereward from one of the small Colorado towns, makes a hit with me for it shows the brand of loyalty that is to be found among our own co-workers and employees.

For the sake of the story and because we feel reasonably sure that the modesty of the man in question would cause him to be embarrassed if we were to tack the story right onto him, we will call him "Joe", which isn't his real name at all. "Joe" has been with the company for a number of years, though he is still in his twenties. He is, I believe, with the plant department, and having for a year or so been stationed in a certain very small town in Colorado where he was more or less general utility man, he got tired, had a hankering for the lights of Denver and on several occasions mentioned rather casually to his boss that he wanted to lay off, wanted to come to Denver for a little trip. The boss evidently realizing it might complicate matters a bit to let him off and have a relief man sent from Denver, proceeded to all appearances to forget the request or at least not to take it seriously.

"Joe" worked on in his quiet way, not pressing his cause, until at last he felt justified in taking a stronger stand, so one day he walked into the office and in a manner which carried conviction with it, warned the boss that he better have a man sent from Denver at once to take his place while he had a rest and trip for he really NEEDED it and having asked for a lay off several times was about ready to TAKE it on his own initiative

So the boss sent for the relief and was notified that a man would be there a certain day and so notified "Joe." With the good news and a view to not losing any unnecessary time, "Joe" made arrangements to depart the day after his successor arrived. He gave up his room at the town hotel, which like most hotels throughout the country the past year or so was crowded to capacity, packed his trunk, sent it to the station and donning his "Sunday" suit was all ready to hop on the evening train for the bright lights of Curtis street when he chanced to encounter the relief man who had but the day before arrived.

"What time does that train come through, Denver bound?" inquired the relief man.

"Seven-thirty," replied "Joe", adding, "why?"

"Well, it's me for it, old top—nuf of this burg for me. I'm going back to Denver, right now."

"You mean you aren't going to stick—going to throw the boss and pull out on tonight's train?" queried "Joe" incredulously.

"SURE—just that, none of this small town stuff for your Uncle Dud—me for Denver tonight."

Anyone with a fragment of imagination can figure "Joe's" disappointment at thought of giving up his long-looked for rest and trip, his trunk there at the station, his room at the hotel gone and his home town—Denver—calling louder than ever to him, but a triple extract of loyalty runs through his veins—just bein' SQUARE is his creed, so without comment on the relief man's lack of these sterling qualities he calmly turned, walked over to the telephone office and said to the boss, "Guess I'll stick around for a few days, boss."

"What, aren't you going to take your trip after I go and get someone clear up here from Denver to relieve you—you're rare, I'll say."

But "Joe," in his quiet way, responded, "Well, you better phone for another one, 'cause this fellow's on his way—going back to Denver tonight, doesn't like the town—waiting over at the station now, so I'll just stick around a few days until you get straightened out on a relief man"—and he did.

Perhaps it was what he ought to do, but how many of us would have smothered the longings of our own hearts under identical circumstances, I wonder?

Mightn't he have pretended not to know that the other chap wasn't going to stick and just have gone on his way and let the boss get on as best he could?

There may be some who won't get a very big message from this little story but they're probably of the caliber of the first "relief man," for surely "Joe's" example, his sense of loyalty and squareness is something so fine that it holds a message for all of us and I'm inclined to suspect that President Ben Read, and others of the "higher ups," will agree that such men as "Joe" form a solid foundation for the success of ANY company and for a future worth while for themselves.

—

Speaking of bachelors—interesting temptations is a better name for them, for everyone is always tempted to try to break down their determination to live in single blessedness—you know, I for one am in favor of the tax plan advocated recently.

If the company would inaugurate this plan, wouldn't there be a grand skirmish to the altar?

Well, anyway, there is Frank Davis—"Tiny," as we who are closely associated with him call him—"Tiny" ought to be married. It's a shame he isn't sitting at the head of a table in his own home.

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Telephone Girls Modestly Doing Good

By Betty Devine

Ever notice how the busiest people you know always seem able to find time to do just a little bit more?

For instance, during war time, it was the little woman who had two or three kiddies to look after and who did all her own work who managed to get out and sell war stamps or spend an afternoon or so each week at the Red Cross rooms, while her professionally patriotic sister with a poor, anaemic-looking henpecked husband as her sole responsibility(?) couldn't possibly find time to do any actual work.

So it is that the young women with the telephone organization, many of whom keep house, make most of their own clothes, etc., in addition to putting in a good full day every day for the company, always find time to be thinking of others and doing for those whose lives lie in less rosy paths.

That's why we boast such a cheery looking lot of young women, because they know the joy of giving and of keeping out of their own light by thinking and doing for someone else.

It's the shadow of "self" that darkens many a life, and if we learn to think of others we won't have very much time to pity ourselves.

For instance, probably the young women of no organization in the city are as well known to the boys out at Craig Colony as the "Telephone Girls."

These girls have for a number of years given the Colonyites something really substantial to be grateful for on Thanksgiving day by coming out to them laden with turkeys and all sorts of good "eats" which they prepare and serve themselves, the money with which to purchase the dinner having been subscribed by the girls and their coworkers, including those of the male persuasion who wish to contribute to the cause.

Then, too, though taking up subscriptions is discouraged by heads of the company, there are always the exceptions from time to time throughout the year, deserving cases known perhaps to but a handful of intimate friends of the unfortunate one, and it's truly wonderful to see how willingly, eagerly the girls make up a sum to tide the one in need over her difficulties.

Yet, even these opportunities fail to satisfy the desire of the girls to do a little bit more toward easing the burden of life to some poor soul fighting for health and a chance to earn its way; so a week or more ago, after taking stock of "moneys on hand"—that is, certain money left over from their last philanthropical stunt—and carefully noting the neat addition which was tendered them by the men of "Chapter No. 1" when it recently disbanded, the young women who have been prime factors in these kindly thoughts and deeds, got together and decided it was a pity not to have that money doing a real work—real good to someone in need rather than lying comparatively idle while there were so many places where it could serve well.

After casting about for the best possible place to lend its kindly aid, and inspired also by sentimental leanings, they sent a check out to Miss Alice Gardiner, one of their former associates, now at Sands House (where she with many other young women is battling the white plaugue), asking Miss Gardiner to present it to those in charge of the little colony to be used in furnishing a room, the only specifications being a request from the girls that the room be named after Miss Gardiner —the Alice Gardiner room—in loving appreciation of her pleasant association during the many years she was with the company and as a tribute to the great sacrifice she made when, in comparatively good health, she left their ranks to go into a far country—China, in fact—and devote her life to Christianizing heathens.

And her sacrifice was almost supreme, for through her untiring work over there she was forced to return to America and Denver, broken in health, yet meeting her fate with a fine courage and spirit that has been and still is an inspiration to all who know her.

I didn't happen to hear just what Miss Gardiner said when she received the girls' message, but I'm sure a great soul, such as she, could not fail to be deeply touched and correspondingly gratified at being paid so splendid a tribute in such a delicate manner.

And while the girls prefer to do their kindly deeds quietly and almost swore me to secrecy when they found I had discovered the Sands House gift, I feel it is inspiring to all of us to know something of the good they are doing, and I am sure the men of the former "Chapter No. 1" will be interested and much pleased to learn that their contribution to the girls' fund is performing such noble service.

Besides the Sands House gift the girls, true to their first love, also tendered Craig Colony a "special performance" in the way of an extra chicken dinner on Saturday, April 23, going out and cooking and serving it all themselves.

But you know I have been studying "Tiny" and I am convinced mere timidity is responsible for his single career.

For instance, not long since one of the young women in the commercial department was married—had quite a smart wedding—and among others "Tiny" was invited. For days he bragged around about how HE was going to be first to kiss the bride, and the evening of the wedding he was in the "front trenches" lined up waiting to grab the bride the minute the damage—pardon the error, I should say ceremony was done—when all of a sudden his spine just seemed to shrivel and he stood looking at the blushing bride and would probably never have gained courage to carry out his threat had it not been for one of his feminine co-workers coming up behind and giving him a push in the bride's direction, which ended in a sort of "head-on" collision and the threatened kiss.

"Tiny's" predicament reminded me of the story of the Scotchman who, while lined up for his own wedding, suddenly evidenced nervous tendencies to the extent of attracting the attention of his best man, who leaned over and whispered: "Whut's the matter, Sandy—hae ye lost the ring?" To which Sandy replied: "No, Jock, I haen't lost the ring, but I hae lost ma enthusiasm."

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The LUNCHROOM LAMPOON

Our Bow-Wow

If the gentlemen inhaling yellow goo through the straws at the cream puff table will desist for a moment so we can be heard, we will make our initial — and doubtless our final — bow to the viand destroyers in the main building, Denver.

Thanks. We bow. We have bowed.

Who threw that mustard pie?

Our flowing locks are ruined!

Smeared!

Why—O why, are we not bald-headed like the editor of our esteemed contemporary, The Monitor! Then the pie would have skidded on and landed in Dexter's eye. He sees too much, anyway.

But we have bowed. The Lampoon has pooned. It is in your midst, even as the ham sandwich and the boiled egg are in your midst.

Move over—you!

Your bony elbow is in my short ribs and sweet potatoes!

My brains are pied!

I can say no more—meaning "we"—editorially speaking.

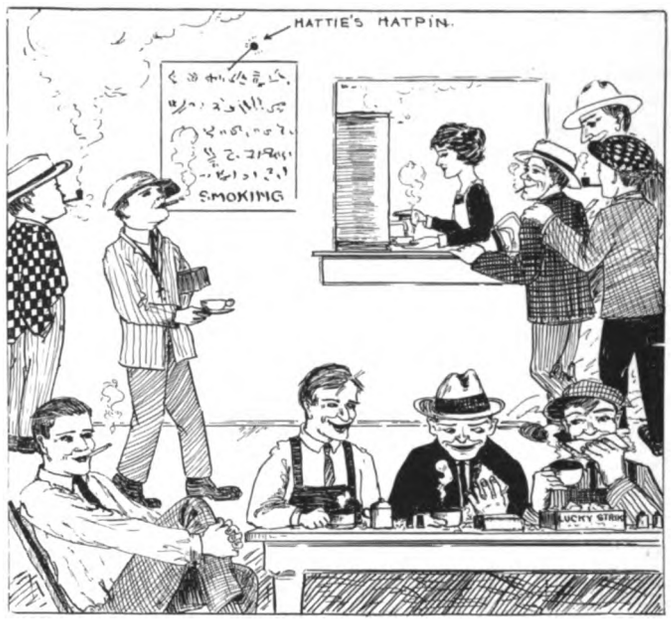
We can see right now that there was no "long felt want" for The Lampoon. The Monitor has got you locoed.

The best we can wish you is a life sentence in a soup house with muzzles on. No, not on the house.

Again we bow, dripping with mellow custard and vainglorious ambitions.

Howdy-do—adieu!

Inhaling the Gooey Cream Puff



Where They Take the Nosebag Off

Coming Events

All arrangements have been completed for the massacre of one Maurice V. Griffin, who mistakes the tolerance of gentlemen for his eating with them as an invitation to be sociable and very talkative. Mr. A. G. Johnson, chairman of the board of arrangements, has measured up the hospital beds on the third floor, and has had all but the very ordinary furniture and fixtures removed for his entertainment. It is expected that Griffey will be in the hospital about nine weeks.

Allan Moore, famous political economist from the traffic engineer's office, will soon lecture again on "When Is a Democrat, and if Not, Why?" Watch for the date and eat somewhere else that day.

The editor of The Lampoon will probably be shot at sunrise, mountain time, one of these bright mornings if some of the threats are made good. Funeral notice later.

The Fresh Thing!

This thing of putting salt in the other guy's coffee must be stopped! Some culprit filled Hal Dimmick's cup full of salt the other day and he didn't find it out until the next time he combed his muss-tash.

Surveying the Pie Counter

Judge Flays Law-Breakers—Threatens Drastic Action

Judge Gillette, building manager, has had his wrath aroused by the flagrant way that John Smith's law, to the effect that only those who WORK shall eat, is being violated. He promises that in the future all those transgressing on the majesty of this law shall pay dearly. It is only fair to warn A. C. Herndon, Eddie Heffron, Andy Frisch and Nelo Johnson that they are under suspicion.

No Work, No Eats

There is one class of people that advertising won't affect. That's the accounting department men. In spite of all the good advertising done by regular customers of the Lunchroom, Mrs. Hill dispenses good Java to only five or six accounting department men a day. In searching for a reason, we have concluded that no one in their department does enough work to warrant a lunch.

Chess or Checkers

On the 964th day of the chess and checker classic being held in old man Gillette's shop on Fourteenth street, every noon, the well-known Mr. Austerman beat Dad Wiswall by four pigeons, and the esteemed Mr. Gillette was crowded to a corner with 963 lost games to his credit.

(Editor's Note—It may be that the scores as printed are not correct. That chess bunk is Greek to intelligent men.)

Live to Eat

We know a lot of people who didn't read Dr. Lyman's article in the December issue of our esteemed contemporary, The Monitor. Come in any time and see them get away with forty-eight cents' worth of bakery goods in ten minutes.

Cawley and the Artist Talking It Over

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A New Attractive Tea Cloth

Instructions by Marie Lederman, Salt Lake City, Utah

Instructions for Crocheting Insertion for Tea Cloth

■ ■

Material: Two balls crochet cotton No. 50.

Abbrevations: Ch., chain; sc., single crochet; dc. double crochet; p., picot; o., open mesh; s., solid mesh.

Open mesh is made with 2 ch. Solid mesh is made with 2 dc. in place of the 2 ch. stitches, taking up both threads of the stitch below.

Chain 62. First row: Skip 8 ch. on foundation ch. (counting from hook); 1 dc. in next ch., this forms the first open mesh; 2 ch.; skip 2 ch.; 1 dc. in next ch.; make 16 more open mesh; 5 ch.; turn.

Second row: 1 dc. on next dc, 7 o., 2 s., 8 o., 5 ch., turn.

Third row: 1 dc. on dc., 6 o., 4 s., 7 o., 5 ch., turn.

Fourth row: 1 dc on dc, 6 o, 4 s., 7 o., 5 ch., turn.

Fifth row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 2 s., 2 o., 2 s., 2 o, 2 s., 4 o., 5 ch., turn.

Sixth row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 4 s., 4 o., 4 s., 3 o., ch. 5, turn.

Seventh row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 4 s., 2o., 1 s., 1 o., 4 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Eighth row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 2 s., 3 o, 1 s., 2 o., 2 s, 4 o., 5 ch., turn.

Ninth row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o, 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 2 o, 1 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Tenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 4 s., 1 o., 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 1 o., 4 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Eleventh row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 4 s., 1 o, 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 1 o., 4 s., 2 o, ch. 5, turn.

Twelfth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 5 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 4 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirteenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 4 s., 1 o., 1 s., 3 o., 3 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Fourteenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 8 o., 1 s., 8 o., 5 ch., turn.

Fifteenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 7 o., 1 s., 6 o., 2 s, 1 o., 5 ch., turn.

Sixteenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 4 s., 3 o., 1 s., 5 o., 2 s., 1 o., 5 ch., turn.

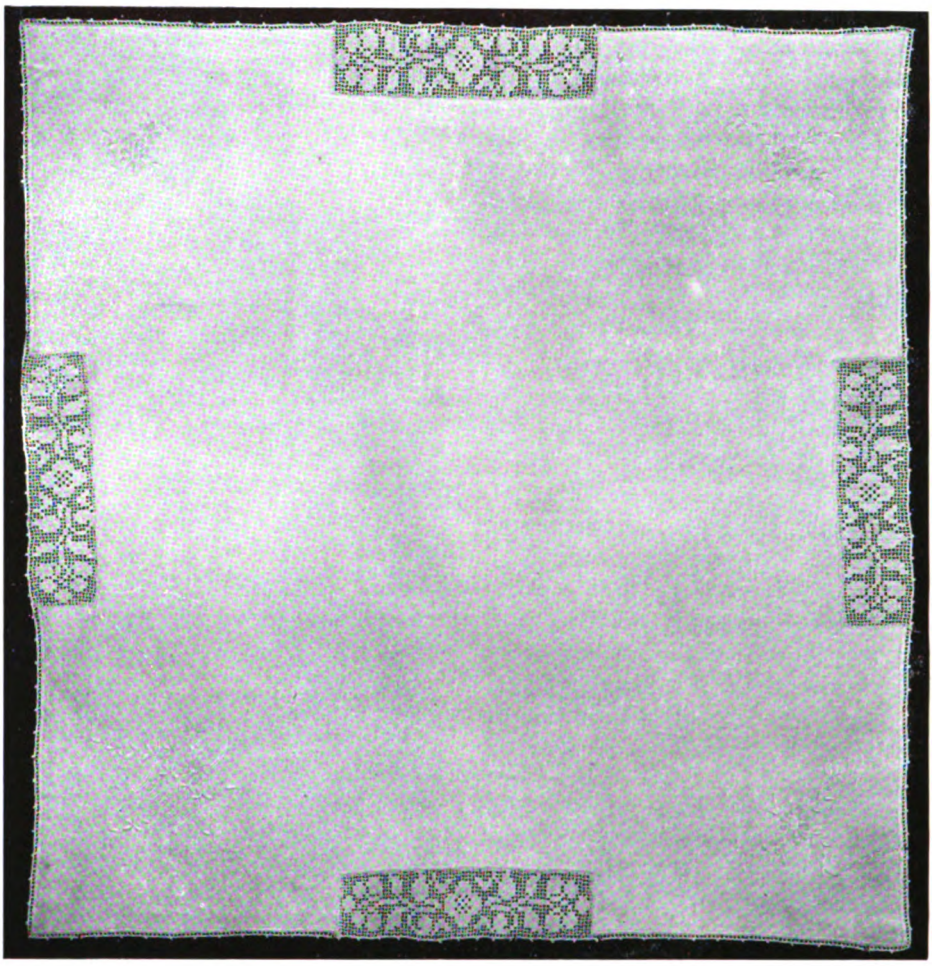
Seventeenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 4 s., 2 o., 1 s., 2 o., 5 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Eighteenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 5 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 5 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Nineteenth row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 3 s., 1 o., 1 s., 2 o., 5 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twentieth row: 1 dc. on dc., 6 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 8 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-first row: 1 dc. on dc., 7 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 7 o., 5 ch., turn.



Twenty-second row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 3 s., 2 o., 1 s., 9 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-third row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 3 s., 2 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s, 3 o., 1 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-fourth row: 1 s., 5 o., 1 s., 2 o., 5 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-fifth row: 7 s., 2 o., 1 s., 2 o., 2 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-sixth row: 4 s., 2 o., 1 s., 2 o., 6 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-seventh row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 3 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 4 s., 1 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-eighth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 3 s., 2 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 4 o., 1 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Twenty-ninth row: 2 s., 5 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 5 o., 1 s., 1 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirtieth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 2 s., 4 o., 2 s., 3 o., 2 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-first row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 2 s., 3 o., 1 s., 3 o., 2 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-second row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 2 s., 7 o., 2 s., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-third row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 2 s., 3 o., 3 s., 3 o., 2 s., 2 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-fourth row: 1 dc. on dc., 1 o., 1 s., 3 o., 5 s., 3 o., 1 s., 3 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-fifth row: 1 dc. on dc., 6 o., 5 s., 6 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-sixth row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 3 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 5 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-seventh row: 1 dc. on dc., 3 o., 3 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 3 s., 1 o., 5 ch., turn.

Thirty-eighth row: 1 dc. on dc., 2 o., 4 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., 4 s., 4 o., 5 ch., turn.

THIS IS THE CENTER ROW OF INSERTION.

Thirty-ninth row: Same as thirty-seventh row.

Fortieth row: Same as thirty-sixth row.

Continue repeating all the completed work, which is exactly the same.

Any pretty embroidery design may be used for the corners of the tea cloth.

The basket design on our illustration was worked with Flosella No. 8.

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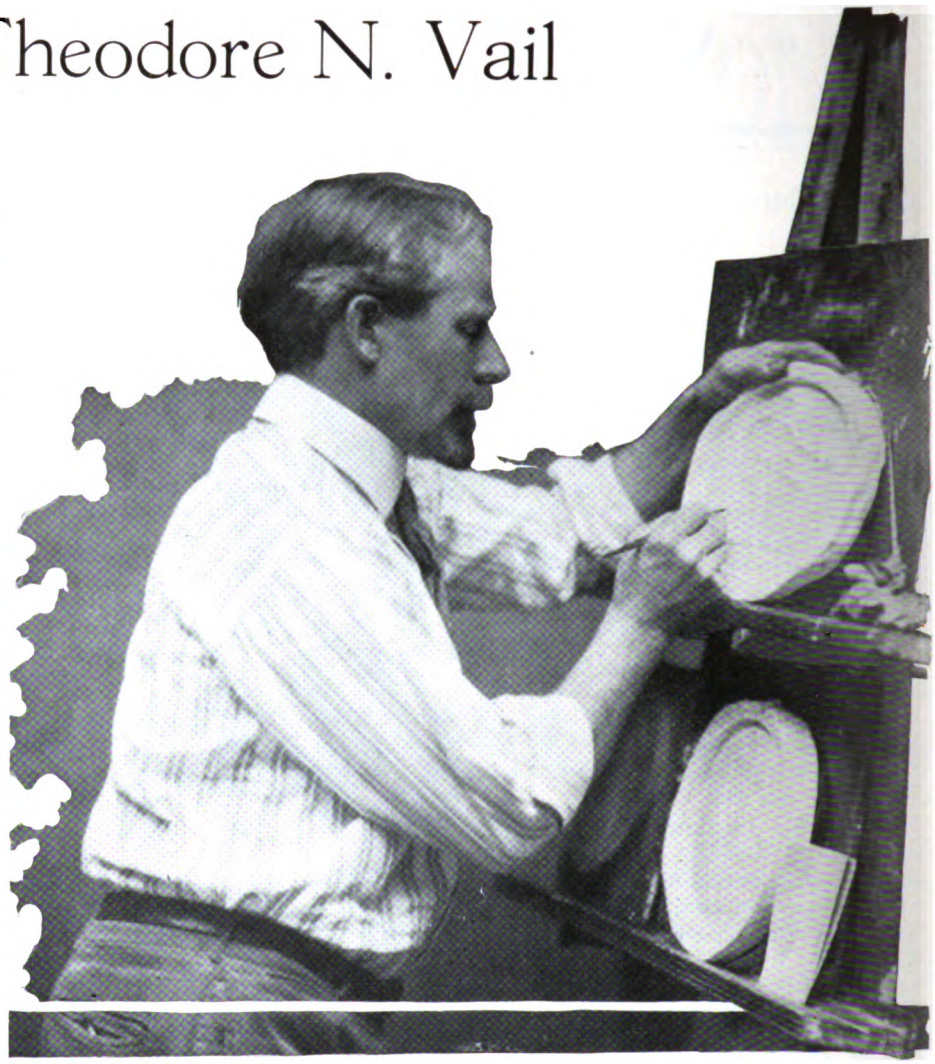
Designer of Theodore N. Vail Medal

IF YOU will reach into your pocket and take out a dime (of a recent series), "heads" up, you will observe a monogram in the lower right-hand corner, between the date and the "y" of "Liberty." Examine the monogram closely and you will find that it contains the letters "A. A. W." Or, if you look at a new-series half dollar, the same monogram may be seen under the tip of the eagle's left wing. The "A. A. W." is the signature of the sculptor who designed those coins.

That is as good an introduction to Adolph Alexander Weinman as one would want; he is the "A.A.W." on the dimes and the half dollars. Our present interest in him lies in the fact that he is the sculptor who is designing the Theodore N. Vail medal, to be awarded to members of the Bell System who earn it by conspicuous service to their fellow human beings, by exemplifying Mr. Vail's public service ideals.

Mr. Weinman also is the designer of the discharge emblem of the United States Army, which emblem also forms the center of the American Legion's insignia. It is safe to say, therefore, that every inhabitant of the United States has seen at least two examples of Mr. Weinman's work—the dime and the half dollar, and that our former soldiers are familiar with four of Mr. Weinman's productions. It will be seen that Adolph A. Weinman's work has reached an unsually large number of the citizens of his country. And what American is not an ardent collector of the two coins of Mr. Weinman's design!

Another product of Mr. Weinman's art is the "medal of medalists"—the J. Sanford Saltus medal, which is annually presented by the American Numismatic Society for achievement in medallic art. Mr. Weinman himself was chosen for this honor the second year it was awarded.



Adolph Weinman at Work on Preliminary Model of the Theodore N. Vail Medal

In his studio in Twenty-first Street in New York, Mr. Weinman has molded preliminary sketches, changed them here and there, discarded some, reconsidered others as a basis for the final work. For the creation of a medal is not an hour's task. The artist must, as a beginning, fortify himself with some knowledge of the character of the man he is attempting to portray. Mr. Weinman has studied the printed works of Mr. Vail; he has delved into the records of Mr. Vail's life and achievements for evidences of his subject's character. It would be unfair, of course, to expect the completed medal to instantly convey to anybody who looked at it the history of Mr. Vail's life. But the study of Mr. Vail's personality is an important preliminary step in the work of the artist who is designing the medal which is to commemorate that personality.

One side of the medal will contain a portrait of Mr. Vail. The other side will bear a symbolic expression of the personality of Mr. Vail and the Bell System.

That Mr. Weinman is singularly fitted for this task is demonstrated by his experience and reputation as a medallist and as a sculptor. An extremely important factor in any artist's success is the ability of the masters under whom he works as an apprentice. Mr. Weinman, during the early years of his career, following a few years with an ivory carver, worked with Phillip Martiny, Olin L. Warner, Charles H. Niehaus, Daniel C. French and, for the greater part of his student career, with Augustus Saint-Gaudens, probably the foremost influence in awakening the United States to an interest in fine

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Antelope Island, Utah

(Continued from Page 7)

moved, of carrying 400 sheep, could unload them on dry land along the Davis County shores. Shortly after the church abandoned the island she was run ashore at Black Rock and for some time her hulk was used as a hotel. The Millers also built and sailed a sloop and a schooner, afterwards sold to Charles Spackman of Farmington. Each was shipwrecked, the latter only about seven years ago near the promontory. The most dangerous place on the lake for navigation appears to be between the promontory and Fremont Island, where several boats have been piled upon the rocks. Mr. Layton and Mr. Miller both have interesting tales of storms and disasters on the treacherous waters.

Shortly after the government survey, the alternate sections granted to the railroad were purchased, about one-half by a company known as the Davis County Co-operative Company and one-half by a man named Paterson. Each of these also bought out numerous subsequent homesteaders, the Davis County Co-operative Company acquiring the ranch house property which had been homesteaded by John H. Layton, late of Layton, Utah. The Davis County Co-operative Company finally sold out to Mr. Paterson, who ultimately disposed of his holdings. At one time Wells Fargo and at another Fred Myers acquired interests which all at length passed to White & Sons Company and John Dooley and eventually to the Island Improvement Company, the present owners, which have recently leased it to the Buffalo Island Live Stock Company, the present lessees.

During these periods homesteaders came and went and the island for a time enjoyed a mining boom and was ransacked from stem to stern in vain by prospectors. Of the traces left behind them by the homesteaders there remains but one little cabin and one grave, by the prospectors some hundreds of prospect holes.

In the late seventies and early eighties Mr. Glasman, late of Ogden, acquired a herd of about forty-two buffalo. These he kept at a ranch called "E. J." near Black Rock, and attempted to domesticate them. This proving to be an expensive and profitless task, he finally sold the herd, White & Sons Company and Mr. Dooley, of Salt Lake, becoming the purchasers of some of them. Eleven of these were driven over the Jordan Bar in 1897 and are the progenitors of the herd on the island. Some additional bulls have been added from time to time. The head of one of these latter which was purchased from the Yellowstone Park herd for $1,000 and recently killed, adorns the walls of the house of Mr. John W. Thornley of Kaysville, president of the leasing corporation.

There are nearly 200 buffalo now on the island. They are a great drawback to the development of the island for ranching purposes, as they not only consume and trample much feed and harrow the cattle, but are no respecters of fences and render growing of crops very difficult. The present leasing company is required by their contract to preserve at least twenty-five head with their calves. It is ridiculous for the public to expect them to keep and maintain the whole herd at their expense. No one seems to want them. Mr. Hornaday of the Bronx Zoological Gardens, to whom I wrote, assured me, in effect, that buffalo were a drug on the market and that probably no one would go and get them if they were offered free.

I visited the island last year and it came up to my expectations. A strong, bitter east wind was blowing on the mainland, but it was warm and pleasant on the island. The old ranch house I found picturesque and not uncomfortable, and the stables and corrals were impressive. Mounted on excellent horses, we rode over a considerable part of the island and saw the buffalo herds on the hills and experimented on an ancient buffalo bull which, from choice or necessity, was herding with the cattle. He could outrun any but the fleetest horses and seemed tireless. The hills still carry considerable groves of cedar and the little canyons are well wooded with birch and maple. Though it was December the grass was high and rich. We saw no game, but I am assured there are some sage hens and that there are famous hunting grounds for geese in season. There are still some coyotes on the island. There are some patented homesteads. On one of these is a small cabin and a little cemetery of one grave, that of the wife of the homesteader, who died there.

I came to the reasonable conclusion that the island would be an ideal little principality for a man to own, rule, improve, build upon and dream about. That it would also be an ideal spot for a game club to own. Any game put there, from pheasant to elk, could not get away and the expense of guarding it would be a minimum. There is abundant water and food. But then again it is an ideal place for a cattle ranch, and perhaps my friends are making the best use of it after all.

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sculpture. The student plays a definite part in his teacher's work; the experienced sculptor usually assigns the preliminary hewing of the marble to his student, furnishing him the small wax model as a guide, and afterwards adding the fine touches to the work. This explains the almost incredible amount of work produced by some sculptors.

With such valuable training, Mr. Weinman, in 1906, set up his own studio. By this time he had formed a deep interest and liking for medallic art. His experience in all forms of sculpture is wide; he has produced sculpture as small as the ten-cent coin and as large as the twenty-foot figure atop the New York Municipal Building.

Throughout the Bell System committees of award have been appointed to consider cases eligible for recognition by Vail medals. The decisions of these committees will be based on the plan of the Vail memorial fund; that these medals shall be awarded to those in the ranks of the Bell System who perform outstanding acts which are illustrative of Mr. Vail's public service ideals, especially accomplishments of direct benefit to fellow human beings.

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A Simple Explanation of the Slide Rule

(Copyrighted 1921 by A. W. Baerresen)

By Albert W. Baerresen, Traffic Engineer's Office, M. S. T. & T. Co., Denver

THE purpose of this article is to place before the Monitor readers an explanation of the principle and operation of the slide rule that will be easily understood and be of general interest. It is not necessary for one to be an electrical or civil engineer and be on speaking terms with higher mathematics in order to understand and make use of this handy and labor-saving little device. Its use is becoming very general among merchants, manufacturers, mechanics and clerks, as well as among technical men for computing, estimating and checking the figures of others.

While the work of most of us is not such that we can make daily use of the slide rule, it is an interesting thing to study, and a knowledge of it may be useful at some future time. There are, on the other hand, no doubt, many in our company who are not familiar with its operation but who could use it to great advantage in their every-day work, thereby saving themselves a great deal of mental labor.

The slide rule is based on logarithms, but its mechanical operation can be learned without having to study this subject. However, as there is nothing very difficult about logarithms they will be briefly described in this article and the principle of the slide rule then taken up, as its operation will, after that, be almost self-evident.

It might be of interest to first find out who invented the slide rule and how long it has been in use. This device, as already stated, is based on logarithms, which were invented in 1614 by John Napier, a Scotch baron. In 1620 Edmund Gunter, professor of astronomy in Gresham College, London, designed a "mechanical" table or scale of logarithms known as Gunter's Scale. This scale, which was the forerunner of the slide rule, consisted of logarithmic scales marked on a stick or ruler so that by means of a pair of compasses or dividers distances on the scale could be added or subtracted and computing by means of logarithms thus done mechanically. The invention of the slide rule, a few years later, is credited to William Oughtred, an Englishman, who it seems was first to arrange logarithmic scales so that one scale could be placed at different points in relation to another and the distances on them thus mechanically added and subtracted. About 1850, Amedee Mannheim, a Frenchman, designed the type of slide rule used most extensively at the present time. Mannheim was only nineteen years old and an officer of artillery stationed at Metz when he perfected the slide rule. He was later professor of geometry in Paris.

It seems that the slide rule was little known and very little used in the United States previous to about 1880. Since that year the use of it has steadily increased in this country.

Logarithms

By the use of logarithms the work required in certain arithmetical computations is greatly reduced, for, by means of a table of them, the operations of multiplication, division, the finding of powers and the extraction of roots are changed to those of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, respectively.

The logarithm of a number is that exponent by which some fixed number, called the base, must be affected in order to equal the number. Any positive number except 1 may be used as the base. Suppose we take 2. The logarithm of 8 is then 3, since 3 is the exponent by which 2 (the base) must be affected to equal 8; that is, $2^3=2\times2\times2=8$. With the same base, the logarithm of 16 is 4 and of 32 is 5, since $2^4=16$ and $2^5=32$. If 4 is used as the base, the logarithm of 16 is 2, as $4^2=16$.

Let us consider some of the properties of logarithms by inspecting the following table, in which the top row of figures are the logarithms of the figures below them for the base of 2:

Exponent or log. base 2	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Number	1	2	4	8	16	32	64	128	256	512	1024	....and so on	

TABLE NO. 1

Multiplication.—If we add any of the figures in the top row (logarithms), as 2 and 5, their sum 7 is seen to be the log. of the product of the numbers whose logs we added; that is, 2 is the log. of 4, and 5 of 32, and $4\times32=128$, and 7 is the log. of 128.

Division.—If we subtract one log. from another, as 5, the log. of 32, from 9, the log. of 512, the difference (4) is seen to be the log. of 16, which is the quotient obtained by dividing 512 by 32.

Finding Powers.—If we multiply the log. of a number by 2 we obtain the log. of the square or second power of the number, and if we multiply the log. of a number by 3 we get the log. of the cube or third power

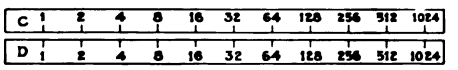

FIGURE NO.1.

of the number, and so on. For example, using the above brief table of logs., suppose we wish to determine the square of 32. We find its log. (5) and multiply it by 2, giving 10, which is the log. of 1024, which equals 32^2. Likewise, to find the 9th power of 2: Log. of 2 is 1; $1\times9=9$; 9 is the log. of 512, which equals 2^9.

Extracting Roots.—If we divide the log. of a number by 2 we obtain the log. of the square root of the number, and if we divide it by 3 we get the log. of the cube root of

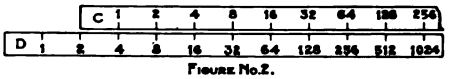

FIGURE NO.2.

the number, etc. For example, using the above table to find the cube root of 512, we divide its log. (9) by 3, giving 3; 3 is the log. of 8, which is the cube root of 512.

Table No. 1 gives, for simplicity, on a base of 2 only a few numbers whose logs contain no fractions. For practical purposes we would, of course, need a table by which we could find the log. of any number. The properties of logarithms brought out above hold good regardless of what base is used, as may be seen by inspecting the brief systems of logarithms given in Table No. 2.

Logarithm	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Nos. with base of 3	1	3	9	27	81	243	729	2187	...etc.
Nos. with base of 4	1	4	16	64	256	1024	4096	16384	...etc.
Nos. with base of 5	1	5	25	125	625	3125			...etc.
Nos. with base of 10	1	10	100	1000	10000				...etc.

TABLE NO. 2

The system of logarithms most generally used is called Briggs, or common logarithms, and the base used is 10. It is seen that with this system the logarithm of 10 is 1, since $10^1=10$ and that the logarithm of 100 is 2, since $10^2=100$; and that the logarithm of 1,000 is 3, since $10^3=1000$; and so on. It follows, then, that the common logarithms of the numbers from 2 to 9 inclusive must be less than 1, or a fraction; of the numbers from 11 to 99 inclusive, 1 plus a fraction; of the numbers from 101 to 999,

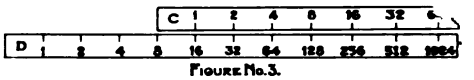

FIGURE NO.3.

2 plus a fraction; and so on. The logarithm of 1 is 0, since $10^0=1$. In Table No. 3 are given, for examples, the common logarithm of a few numbers to the third decimal place.

Log. of 1 is	.000	Log. of	11 is 1.041
Log. of 2 is	.301	Log. of	12 is 1.079
Log. of 3 is	.477	Log. of	13 is 1.114
Log. of 4 is	.602	Log. of	19 is 1.279
Log. of 5 is	.699	Log. of	20 is 1.301
Log. of 6 is	.778	Log. of	30 is 1.477
Log. of 7 is	.845	Log. of	300 is 2.477
Log. of 8 is	.903	Log. of	2.5 is .398
Log. of 9 is	.954	Log. of	25 is 1.398
Log. of 10 is	1.000	Log. of	25000 is 4.398

TABLE NO. 3

The whole number of the log., called the characteristic, is determined by inspection as explained in the preceding paragraph, and the decimal part, called the mantissa, is taken from a table. Tables of common logarithms can be found in books on higher mathematics, hand books, etc. All numbers having the same figures in the same order have logarithms of the same mantissas, regardless of the position of the decimal point, as shown for the log. of 3, 30, 300, etc., and for 2.5, 25,000, etc., in Table No. 3.

How Logarithms Are Applied to the Slide Rule

When we use the slide rule, we do not have to refer to a table of logarithms, since the numbers on the slide rule are laid out so that the distances along the rule are not proportional to the numbers themselves but to the logarithms of those numbers. Neither do we need to add or subtract, multiply or divide the logs in the ordinary manner, as this is done mechanically.

To illustrate the principle of the slide rule in a simple manner, let us take two

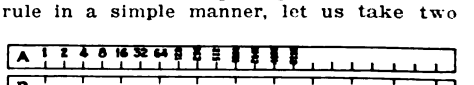

FIGURE NO.4.

strips of paper, say about 11 inches long, and on each lay off a number of equal spaces, say ten of them one inch each, and mark at the end of each space a number whose log. corresponds to the space number. Suppose we use the base 2 again in making this rule. Then at the end of the first space we should place the number 2, since 1 is the log. of 2; at the end of the second space the number 4; at the end of the next, 8; then

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16, etc. At the end of zero spaces or at the beginning of the first space we will place the number 1, since the log. of 1 is 0. Our strips will appear as shown in Figure No. 1. Let us designate the upper scale "C" and the lower one "D." For example, suppose we wish to multiply 8 by 4 with our slide rule. We project or "slide" scale C to the right until figure 1, called the index, on this scale coincides with 4 on the scale D (as shown in Figure No. 2), then opposite 8 on scale C, we find the product 32 on scale D. The distance from 1 to 4 on the scales is two spaces, and 2 is the log. of 4, and the distance from 1 to 8 on the scale is three spaces, and 3 is the log. of 8. By placing the index of scale C to the figure 4 on scale D, opposite figure 8 on scale C will be found on scale D a number which is two plus three or five spaces along this scale. At the end of the fifth space on the scales we have placed the number whose log. is 5; that is, number 32, which is, of course, the number sought. It is thus seen that the distance from the index to any number on one scale (which distance is proportional to the log. of that number) may be added to a distance on the other scale from its index to a certain number (which distance is also proportional to the log. of that number) in the manner just described, and the product of the two numbers is read at the end of the combined distances, since the number at this point is the one whose log. is equal to the number of spaces in these two distances.

Let us perform the division $128 \div 8$ with our slide rule. Opposite 128 on scale D we place 8 of scale C, as shown in Figure No. 3, and opposite the index on scale C we read 16 on scale D, or the quotient sought. Here we have subtracted from seven spaces (proportional to the log. 128) three spaces (proportional to the log. of 8) and get four spaces, at which point we find the number 16, as 16 has the log. 4.

Now let us lay out another logarithmic scale in the same manner as the two scales we have been working with, except we will allow only one-half of a space, or one-half inch, to each log. instead of one as before, and put this new scale, which we will call scale A, opposite our D scale. The arrangement will be as shown in Figure No. 4. It will be seen that the numbers on scale D are opposite those on scale A, whose log.s are twice those of the numbers on scale D, so therefore each number on scale D should coincide with a number on scale A which is its square. Likewise the square root of any number on scale A should be found opposite this number on scale D. This is seen to be the case.

Referring again to Figure No. 2 in which the index of scale C is set at 4 on Scale D, it is seen that all coinciding numbers on the two scales are in the ratio of 1 to 4. Owing to this property, proportions are very simply and rapidly solved on the slide rule, and this is one of its most important features. For example, suppose we wish to solve the proportion $2 : 32 :: 64 : x$. We place 2 of scale C at 32 of scale D as shown by Figure No. 3 (thus placing all coinciding numbers in the ratio 2 : 32) and opposite 64 on scale C is found 1024 on scale D, which is the term sought in our proportion.

.The Standard Slide Rule

The slide rule we have been using in our discussion so far has only certain figures on it whose log.s are whole numbers on the base 2. Let us now see how the standard slide rule on which we can read any number is laid out.

Suppose we take a length of 10 inches and divide it into 1000 equal parts. At the beginning of the first space, or at zero, we will place the figure 1, then at the end of 301 spaces or parts we will place the figure 2; at the end of 477 spaces, 3; at the end of 602 spaces, 4; 5 at the end of 699; 6 at the end of 778; 7 at the end of 845; 8 at the end of 903; 9 at 954, and 1 or 10 at the end of 1000 spaces, or at the other end of the scale. By referring to the left-hand column of Table No. 3, it will be seen that we have spaced our figures or numbers on the scale in proportion to their log.s. Our scale will now appear as does Scale No. 1 of Figure No. 5, and contains what are called the prime numbers. Here we have used common logarithms in laying out our scale, since a complete table of these logarithms is procurable. However, it is seen, by comparing Figures Nos. 1 and 5, that our ten numbers would have the same relative location if laid out on a base of 2, as in each case the distance from 1 to 2 equals the distance from 2 to 4, which equals the distance 4 to 8. The upper scale in Figure No. 5 is our scale of 1000 equal parts. There was, of course, not room to make a mark at each of the 1000 spaces.

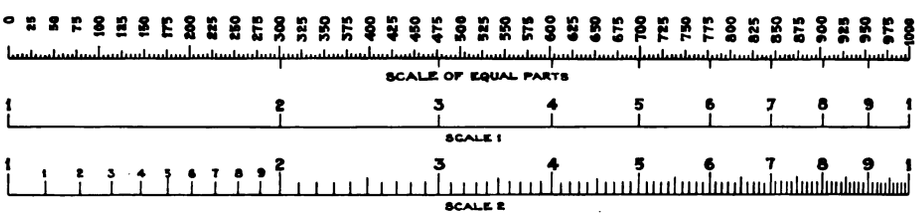

FIGURE No. 5.

So far, we can read numbers of only one digit, or the prime numbers, on our logarithmic scale. To get two digit numbers we must further divide the scale. On looking up the log. of 1.1 we find it to be .041, so at the end of 41 spaces on our scale we will mark a 1. At the end of 79 spaces we will place a 2, since log. of 1.2 is .079. In a like manner we will locate 1.3, 1.4, etc., up to 2. We will likewise find the log. of, and mark the location of, 2.1, 2.2, 2.3, etc.; 3.1, 3.2, etc., to 9.9, but will not mark the figures, for lack of room. Our scale will now appear as does Scale 2, Figure No. 5, and we can read two digit numbers on it. By further dividing the tenths spaces on our scale we can read or estimate the third figure of a three or more digit number. Where we have sufficient space as between the prime figures 1 and 2 we will divide each tenth space into ten spaces. These will be approximately equal. Between prime 2 and prime 4 on the scale, each tenth space can only be divided into five parts without making the divisions too small, so that each small space here equals 2 in the third digit of a number. From 4 to the right hand index, the tenths spaces of the ordinary ten inch slide rule scale are divided in half, each small division here representing 5 in the third figure of a number. Our completed scale will now appear as does the C and D scales of the slide rule shown in Figure No. 6.

If we laid out a logarithmic scale from 1 to 100, it is clear that the distance from 1 to 10 would be the same as from 10 to 100 (see Table No. 2) and that the distance from 1 to 2 would be the same as from 10 to 20, etc. In other words, the right hand half of this scale would be exactly the same as the left hand half, except that the prime numbers on the right hand half would have one cipher behind them, that is equal ten times those in the left hand half. It is thus seen that the figures we have marked on our scale need have only relative values, that is, the left hand index may be, 1, 10, 100, 1000, .1, .01, etc. Any number of ciphers may be affixed to the right of the number or the decimal point may be at any place and the number will be read at the same point on the scale, provided the whole line or scale is considered to be affected in the same manner. If prime 2 equals 2000, then prime 3 equals 3000, etc. The right index of a single scale is, of course, always 10 times as great as the left index.

Let us practice reading and locating numbers on our slide rule. We will use the D scale of Figure No. 6. Example 42. This number is two tenth spaces beyond prime 4, or at the point indicated by Arrow 1. At this same point is also read 4.2, 420, 4200, etc., or .42, .042, etc. For another example, let us read the number at the point indicated by Arrow 2. This point is between prime 1 and prime 2 so the first digit of the number is 1. The point is more than two and less than three of the next smaller (tenths) division beyond 1, so the second figure is 2. It is 3 of the smallest or hundreds divisions beyond the tenths divisions so that the third figure is 3. The number then is 123. Number 1235 would be one half of the smallest divisions beyond point 123.

Figure No. 6 shows a common type of ten inch slide rule. The lower scale, which is known as the D scale, is placed on the stock of the rule so as to be adjacent to an exact duplicate of this scale on the lower edge of the slide. This latter scale is known as the C scale. On the upper edge of the slide is a double scale, known as the B scale, adjacent to another such double scale on the stock of the rule, known as the A scale. The A and B scales have two logarithmic scales each in the same space as occupied by the C and D scales so that numbers on scales C and D coincide with their squares or second powers on scales B and A respectively. It is seen that the right index of the A and B scales is 100 times the left index and 10 times the middle index so that all points in the right

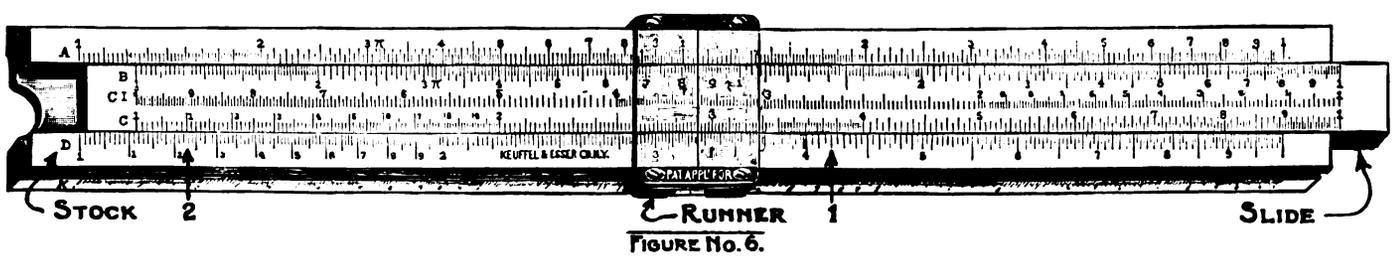

FIGURE No. 6.

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"Shall Be Unlawful to Hang on Our Poles"

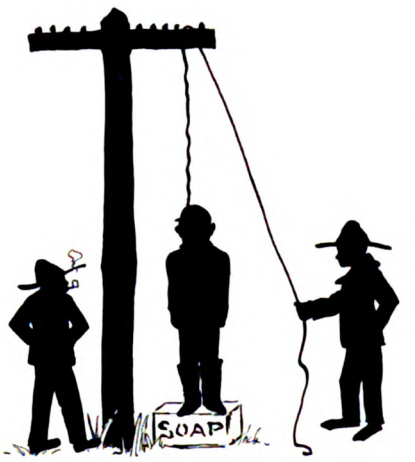
By Charles T. O'Brien, in Denver Express

"LISTENING to you fellows cuss the telephone company and the service it is giving sounds rather odd to me after comparing the service of today to that which we had in the early days of the telephone in Denver," said Sam Howe, the veteran detective, recently retired from active service, as he strolled into the press room at the city hall this morning to have his daily chat with the newspaper men.

"You fellows oughtn't to be beefing about the wire service you get today—you should have tried the phones we had back in '79.

"I recollect the first time I ever tried to use a telephone," continued the veteran thief-catcher, as he sat down at the Express desk and lighted a fresh cigar. "I was right here on this very corner where the hall is located. We had heard lots of marvels of the new invention, and one day a young hobo came along who told us that he knew something about the principles on which the invention worked.

"So he rigged up a couple of tin cans and a long piece of wire which reached from the hall to the intersection of Fifteenth and Larimer streets, a block away from the hall. I stood at the corner of Fourteenth and Larimer streets and the 'bo stood at the other corner and we carried on a highly successful conversation. That was the first string-chat that was ever held in Denver, and it was



about a year later that the first commercial telephone company was organized here.

"A young fellow named F. O. Vaille—a name that was afterwards famous wherever telephones were known—came to Denver from the East in July, 1878. He was looking for some business in which to invest a small amount of capital which he brought here as his stake, and the possibilities in the telephone game interested him.

"He knew something about the mechanical end of the 'hello' business, and subsequently he formed a partnership with H. R. Wolcott and O. Wolcott and one or two other local business men, and the first telephone company was formed. They had a small exchange upon Lawrence street and they started out with 125 subscribers. The service in those days was sure punk. The service was discontinued at 6 o'clock every evening—nobody having ever thought of using the telephone at night. If we wanted to send a message at night we either hired an Indian boy to carry the message or else we hired a livery team and delivered the message in person.

"The new telephone poles which were put up on several of the downtown streets attracted a great amount of curiosity, and as Denver was one of the first towns in the frontier section to have such an innovation the poles were pointed out as great curiosities to all visitors who came here. About the first thing that the rough element thought of was the great desirability of the poles as places to hold lynchings.

"Trees were so scarce in those days that we had difficulty sometimes in finding a suitable place in which to lynch a horse thief or a crooked gambler, and so it wasn't long until several of the new poles had been festooned with the stretched corpse of some bad guy whom the community didn't want hanging around.

"We believed that if the bad man just insisted in hanging around, a pole was the best place from which he could hang. The phone company soon put through a city ordinance, however, prohibiting the use of its poles as scaffolds for hanging bees, and we had to hunt up a good bridge or a big tree for such festivities.

"We finally brought a large tree from out near Morrison and transplanted it in the vicinity of the West Colfax avenue bridge and we used that as a hanging tree and let the phone company's poles alone.

"After it was proved that Denver was going to be a profitable field for telephone exploitation the Bell people came in and took over the local phone plant and the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company is the result of this consolidation.

"But I still maintain that you young fellows haven't any right to cuss out the phone company for the service it is slipping you today. You ought to have tried to get a rush call through back in '79."

---

half of these scales has ten times the value of the corresponding point in the left hand half. At the front edge of this rule is a triple scale known as the K scale. The numbers on this scale are the cubes of the coinciding numbers on scale D. The CI scale is the C scale inverted; that is, it begins at the right and progresses toward the left. This scale is used for solving inverse proportions. On the under face of the slide are scales of sines, tangents, and equal parts. The equal parts scale is our original scale of 1000 equal parts and by means of it and the D scale the common logarithm of any number may be found. The glass part known as the runner carries a hair line at right angles to the scales and enables corresponding points on non-adjacent scales to be accurately located. It is also used to mark or hold a point located on a scale on the stock while a point on the slide is set to this number.

The slide rule shown in Figure No. 6 is known as a polyphase Mannheim rule. It differs from the regular Mannheim rule in that it has the CI and K scales which the Mannheim does not. The slide may be inverted so that with the regular Mannheim rule, an inverted scale may be obtained by inverting the C scale. The slide may also be reversed, placing the under side of the slide on top.

A duplex slide rule is double faced; that is, the under side of the slide is flush with the reverse side of the stock, allowing scales to be placed on both sides of the stock so more scales may be had on one rule. The stock of this type is in two separate parts, held together by metal cross pieces at the ends.

On the back side of the Mannheim rule is a printed table of ratios used frequently in solving proportions. One of these, for example is:—Diameter Circle : Circumference Circle :: 113 : 355. If we set 113 of scale C to 355 on D, all coinciding points will be at this ratio, and the circumference of any circle may be read on D opposite its diameter on C, or any diameter may be read on C opposite its circumference on D. The ratio 113 : 355, of course, practically equals the ratio 1 : 3.1415927+; that is, $1:\pi$, but the former is given as it is easier to set accurately. However, some rules have π marked on the scales in which case the latter ratio would be simpler.

Instructions for solving a great variety of formulas, proportions, etc., by the slide rule are given in a manual furnished by the manufacturers with their rules and sold separately for about 50 cents. This manual and the few other books the writer was able to obtain on the subject touch upon the principle very briefly, leaving much for the reader to interpret for himself. It is hoped that those wanting detailed and advanced instructions in the operation will consider the foregoing article a simple explanation to be used as an introduction to these other books.

For the benefit of those interested in buying a slide rule, the prices quoted by Denver stationery dealers for the ten inch size are given below:

Students Slide Rule, No. 4058 (Mannheim type not faced with celluloid, for practice use)	$1.65
Mannheim Slide Rule, No. 4041	6.50*
Polyphase Slide Rule, No. 4053-3	7.00*
Duplex Slide Rule, No. 4083-3	9.40*

*—Leather case, $2.50 extra.
*—Card board case, .60 extra.

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Mother

No name so sweet, no friend so dear.

Once I heard a street waif say: "I will defend my mother to the grave." Nobler words were never spoken. They have nestled sweetly in my memory ever since, and have proven an incentive to awaken to activity the too often sluggish faculties of duty and devotion.

As I sit tonight, in my loneliness and look back through the mist of years, I can see by the fireside, in that dear old home, the smiling face of Mother. I loved her then—aye, I love her now. Then, in childish faith; now, in the full devotion of manhood.

The other day I listened to the sermon of a great preacher, and this is what he said: *"I have heard the silvery tinklings of playing hosts far up the mountains, sweet as bells the fairies ring, but the croon of my dear old mother's lullaby was infinitely sweeter. I have heard the low singing of the pines, quieting my tired nerves like a soft hand-touch. But the touch of my mother's cheek and the mellow voiced prayer breathed upon my face so long ago are still more soothing than any earthly spell."*

"God bless you, my boy," are the words that still come to me when trials are hardest and clouds are the darkest, and that's why, on this Mother's Day, I send to my sweetheart Mother a bouquet of flowers and a letter filled with love and appreciation.

—A. U. M.

B. BLACK.

WELCH HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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Going-to-the-Sun Mountain
Glacier National Park, Montana

The classic outlines of this mountain are revealed from every side. The summit is nearly one mile above the water

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The Monitor

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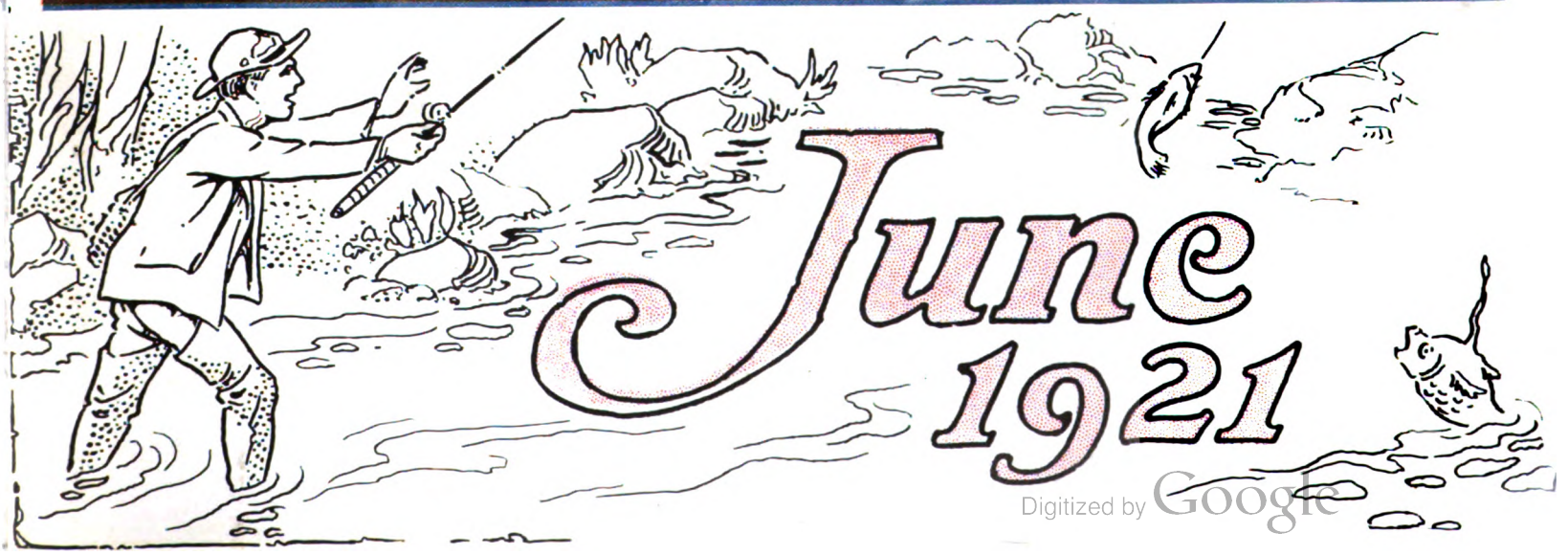

June 1921

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Fraser River
Colorado

HARK! the swish of the dark green waters, flecked and foamed as they tumble over rocks and fallen logs, eddying and swirling in endless rhythm, are ever calling, calling in alluring enchantment to the pulsating heart of the man who loves to feel the line tighten and the pole bend. Fraser River is a mighty stream, given birth amidst the naked rocks and the virgin snows far up the Vasquez range, on the Western slope of the Rockies, its goal the restless tides of the Gulf of California. And, here—here where the headwaters bound and leap—here where the call of the wild is most distinct—we find the rest-seeking man loitering beneath the summer skies—casting, betimes, the delusive fly, where swim and strike the rainbow beauties of the Fraser.

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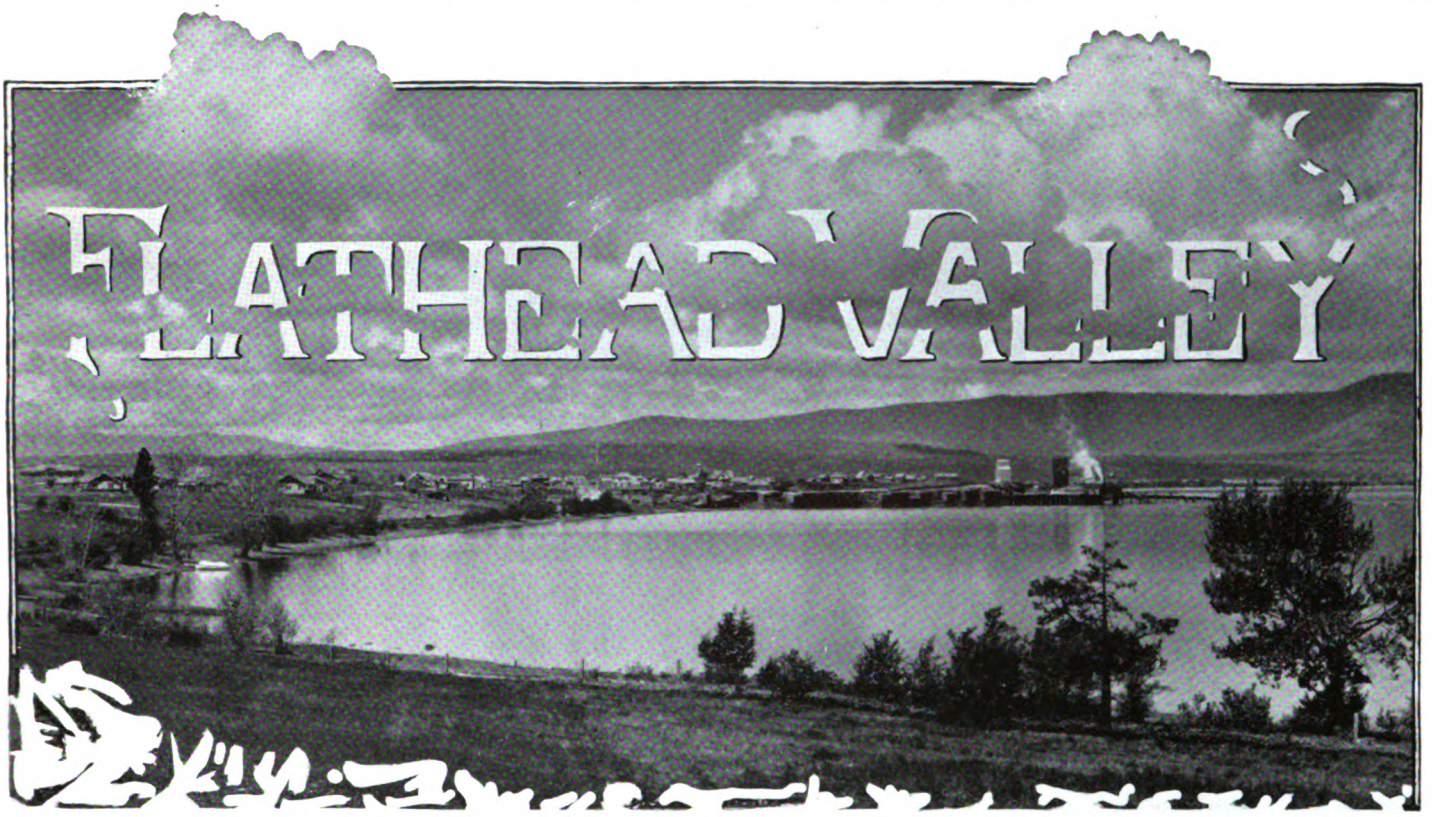

By E. A. Murphy, Helena, Montana

Only a few years ago it was that the name Montana was synonymous with mines and hidden wealth. Without losing any of its prestige as the greatest mineral state in the country, it added to this distinction an even greater attribute, that of "The Granary of the World," this because of the enormous yield of its soil.

First came the work of putting to use the wonderful advantages so bountifully placed by a kind Providence, and after years of hard and tedious work, the tired laborer looked about for a spot to relax during the warm summer months; a place where business and labor could be forgotten in the quiet and charm of nature, for they reasoned that as God had ordained one day of rest for each six days of work, then he must of justice provide a place of rest somewhere near to spend it.

In this particular, they found that they had been very well taken care of when the mountains and plains were fashioned. In the northwestern part of the state was found a beauty spot of wondrous charm.. This particular section has since been christened "The Flathead Valley," and is named for the Indian tribe that once occupied this country.

Here is found the Flathead Lake, the largest body of fresh water in the United States with the exception of the Great Lakes. The shores of this lake have become the summer abode of hundreds of wealthy people throughout the country. Beautiful log huts and rustic homes have begun to encircle its crystal waters, and pleasure crafts are plying their way gracefully over its smooth surface. This body of water has an area of 360 square miles and is practically surrounded by trees and shrubs. Orchards of apples, cherries,

1—The Narrows—Flathead Lake

2—McDonald's Lake— Mission Range Mountains
3—Another View of Flathead Lake

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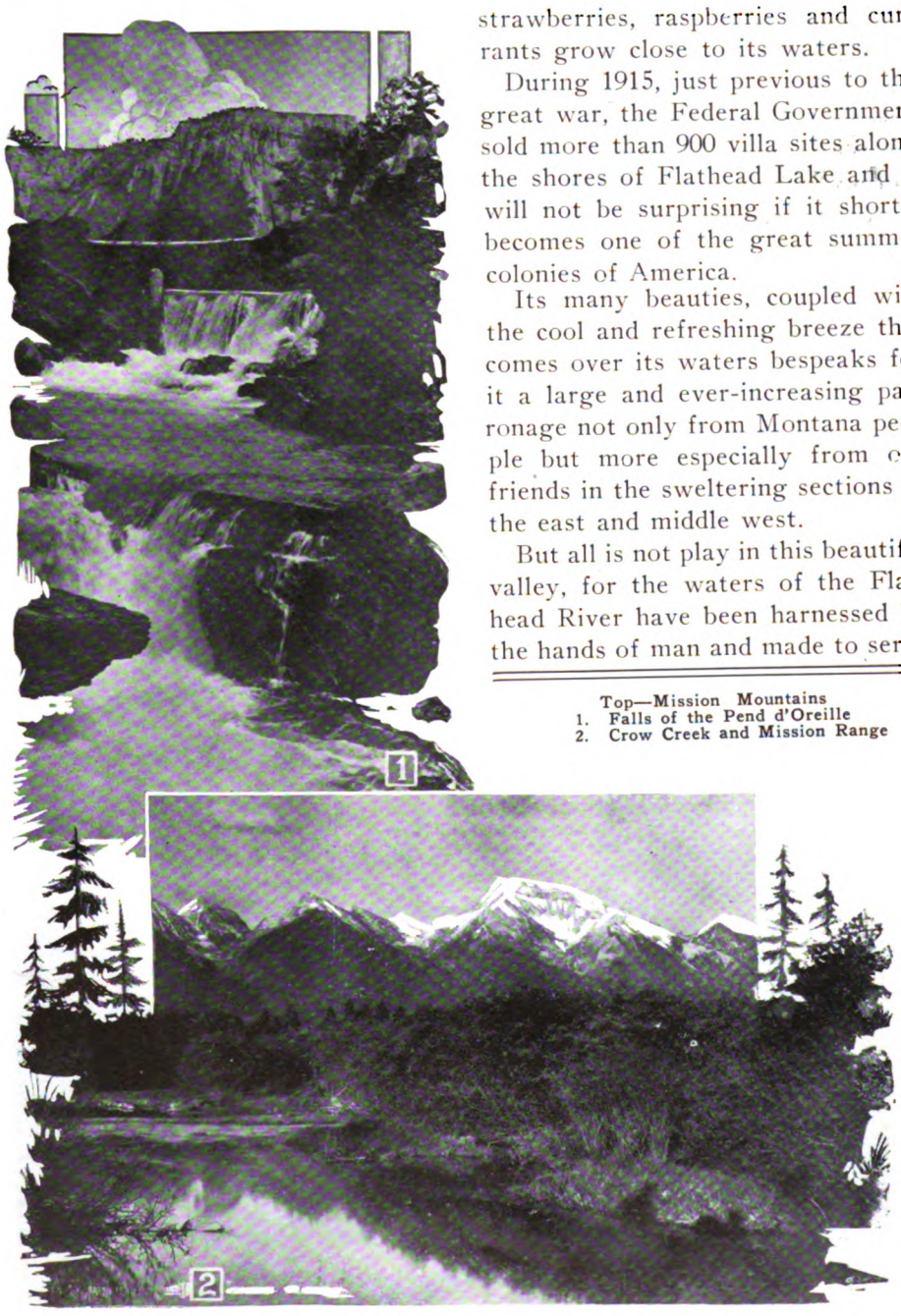

Top—Mission Mountains
1. Falls of the Pend d'Oreille
2. Crow Creek and Mission Range

strawberries, raspberries and currants grow close to its waters.

During 1915, just previous to the great war, the Federal Government sold more than 900 villa sites along the shores of Flathead Lake and it will not be surprising if it shortly becomes one of the great summer colonies of America.

Its many beauties, coupled with the cool and refreshing breeze that comes over its waters bespeaks for it a large and ever-increasing patronage not only from Montana people but more especially from our friends in the sweltering sections of the east and middle west.

But all is not play in this beautiful valley, for the waters of the Flathead River have been harnessed by the hands of man and made to serve their part in the development of its nearby industries. Lumbering is one of the main industries, the standing timber in this section estimated to be approximately forty billion feet. Wheat yields from 35 to 50 bushels per acre, oats from 40 to 75 bushels, and barley, rye, hay, potatoes and other vegetables net large yields.

The fruits from this valley are noted throughout the country and particularly in the East where they command a premium over similar products from other sections of the United States.

Polson, the principal port on the south shore of the Flathead Lake, is the shipping point for the greater part of this valley. It is a prosperous and thriving town, having grown from nothing to an incorporated town of several thousand in a few years, and its people are typical of all Montana, hospitable and friendly, not conveying the idea that the tourist is infringing on their ground when he comes to look at the wonderful scenery of which they appear to have "more than their share."

Just as Easy!

J. E. Hunt, manager of the local phone company, was doing some repair work on his auto Saturday when he got the first finger on his left hand in the moving cog wheels and tore the end of it nearly off. It took several stitches to mend the finger and for the present Jim is not trying to do any two-handed stunts.—Telluride, Colo., Examiner.

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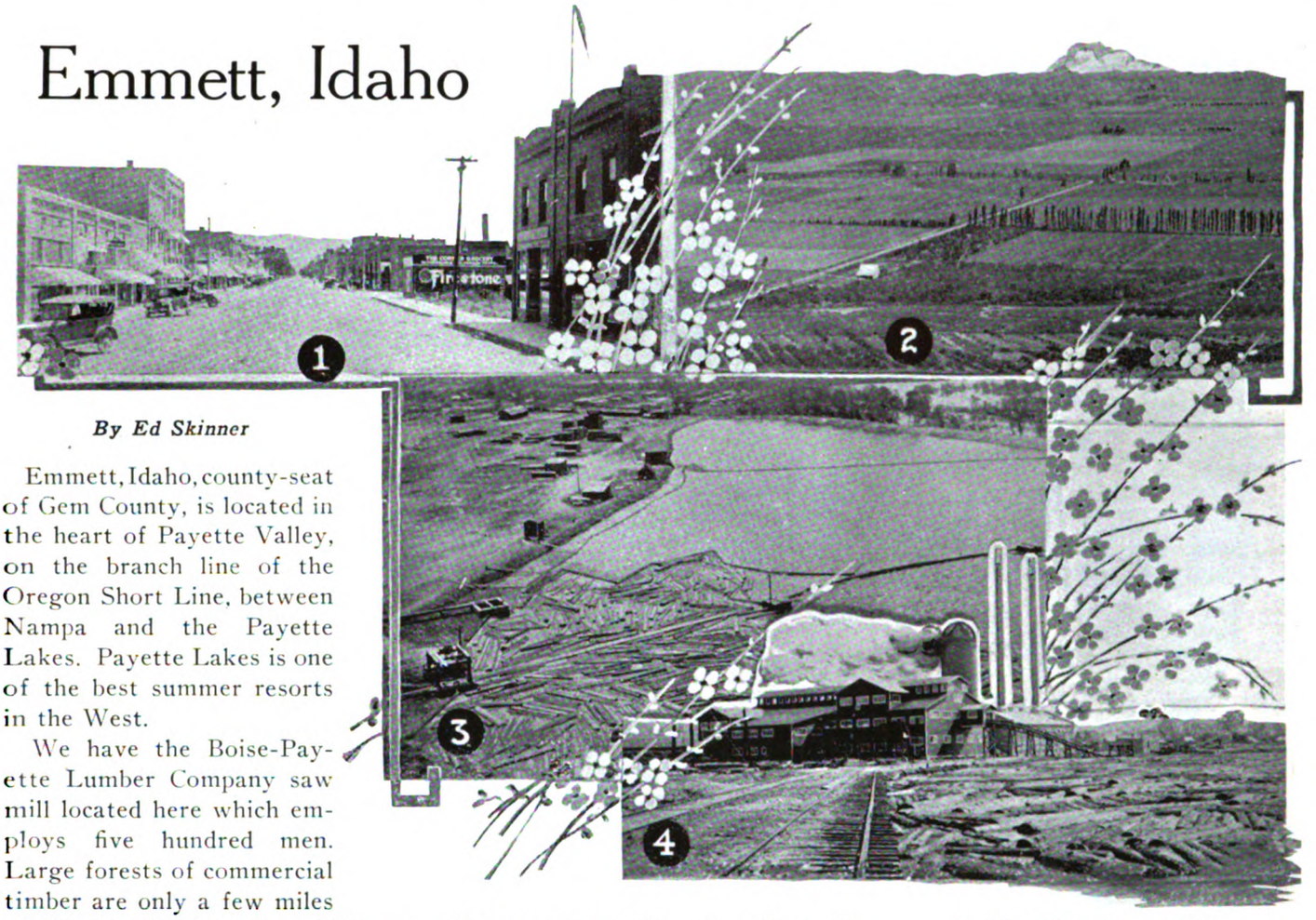
Emmett, Idaho



1. Main Street, Emmett, Idaho
2. View from Freeze-Out Mountain
3. Logs Ready for Mill
4. Boise-Payette Lumber Mills

By Ed Skinner

Emmett, Idaho, county-seat of Gem County, is located in the heart of Payette Valley, on the branch line of the Oregon Short Line, between Nampa and the Payette Lakes. Payette Lakes is one of the best summer resorts in the West.

We have the Boise-Payette Lumber Company saw mill located here which employs five hundred men. Large forests of commercial timber are only a few miles northeast of Emmett, which are brought to the mill by rail. One trainload of logs arrives each day and they are dumped from cars into a pond, then taken out and cut into lumber.

This pond will hold 6,000,000 feet of logs. With one train each day it takes about twenty-two days to fill the pond. A log train of twenty-five cars will haul 200,000 feet of logs. The mill and its yards cover about forty acres of land. We have both wholesale and retail yards here. Several hundred carloads of finished lumber go out of Emmett each year.

Our city has a population of 2,204. Three good schools. Our high school has just been completed.

We are surrounded by several thousand acres of orchards growing all kinds of fruit, also melons, canteloupes, berries, etc.; and all kinds of grain.

Five miles up the Payette river from Emmett, where the broad valley pinches down to a canyon less than a quarter of a mile wide is the site chosen by the United States Reclamation service for the dam that will provide power for pumping water for irrigating 25,000 acres of land lying at the very door of Emmett, and for the diversion of water for approximately 55,000 acres in what is known as the Black Canyon Irrigation District. The contract between the government and the Emmett Irrigation District has been signed and construction work will begin in July. The dam and the power equipment will cost approximately $1,000,000. Thus are the hopes and ambitions of 20 years about to be realized.

Fifteen years ago the Canyon Canal Company, which later was succeeded by the Emmett Irrigation District, built a diversion dam sixteen miles above the Black Canyon dam site, and through deep cuts, tunnels, long flumes and side-hill canals the water was brought the entire distance before it reached the table land it was to transform from a sagebrush desert into luxuriant grain fields and meadows and fruitful orchards. The expense of maintaining those sixteen miles of canal has been a heavy financial burden to which was added uncertainty and worry because of sliding hillsides and breaking flumes. Then, too, there has been the enormous waste of precious water through seepage and evaporation.

During all these years, the Black Canyon site was looked upon with longing eyes, for it offered a solution of the settlers' water troubles and relief from grievous maintenance expense; but the cost of construction seemed prohibitive. Then the desire of the Reclamation Service to irrigate lands in the Black Canyon District offered to the Emmett District an opportunity to form

(Continued on page 40)

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How The Plant Boys Work

By Bettie Devine

PLANTS—well, my word. What will the company do next? Thus I mused while passing along Osage street a few days ago. Everyone in our neighbor-

A. W. Young

hood has been "planting" for weeks, so perhaps that is how the thought got into my mind; at any rate, I hate stupidity, so flatly refuse to plead guilty—they'll have to convict me. But just amongst ourselves it looks as if this time they have it ON me.

Certain it is that I was thinking about plants, and being sort of "single track", seemed to have only one slant on the word, so attracted by the sign I resolved to take time right there and then to go in and look them over.

Stepping up to what appeared to be a side entrance to the big building I asked a rather good-natured-looking chap standing just inside if I might please step in and look at the flowers. "Flowers," he gasped, "say, what place do you think this is, lady?"

I replied peartly, "Just what it says it is—the Mountain States Telephone Company PLANT department—and if I may make so bold as to ask it, I wish to come in and see the plants—the flowers."

Well, do you know, that fellow's face got so red I thought he was going to have apoplexy, though later I learned that he was merely stifling a big laugh. Looking at me rather piteously he explained: "Well, lady, you're sure welcome to come in and look us over, but take it from me, you'll find no house plants in here."

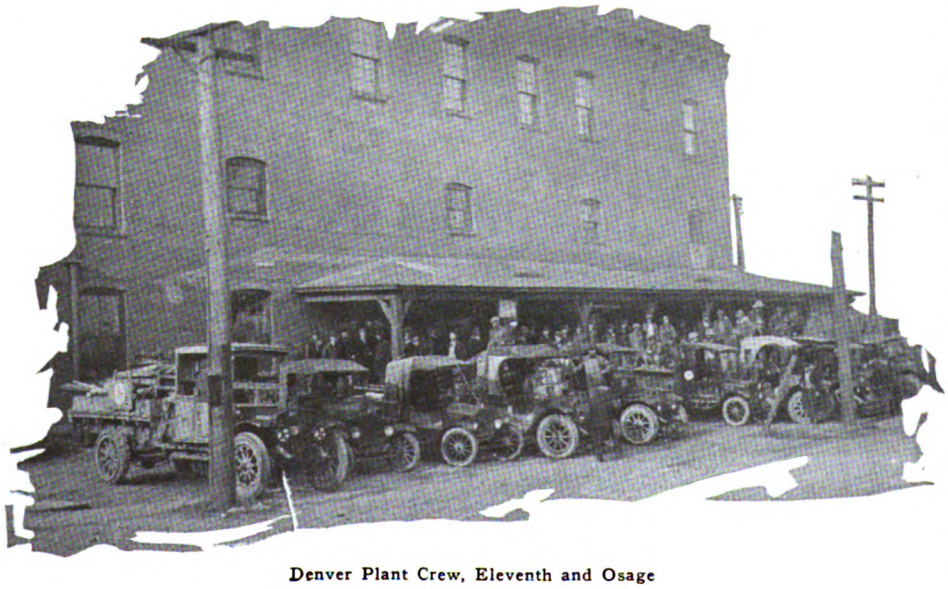
I lived to see the wisdom of those words, though for the moment I failed to get their full import.

The situation was certainly a bit embarrassing, but by this time I was far too interested in finding out just what the company had tucked away off over there in a building all alone,—if it wasn't a conservatory—to decline the gentleman's invitation, so I stepped in, only to get a still dizzier feeling as I saw what might easily have been suspected of being an automobile show, except for the fact that several of the machines could hardly be considered on dress parade, for they showed unmistakable signs of recent hard use.

And now that I have "bared my soul" to you by frankly admitting my ignorance of this species of plant life, let me assure you that with the aid of my new-found friend I was not long in learning that the plant is the backbone of the Company.

I hate to brag, but I learned a whole lot more, too. Among other things, that practically the full weight of the burden of the recent "Big Snow," as the blizzard of April 15 is commonly referred to, fell upon the broad shoulders of the plant department and that most of those trucks and machines over there saw good hard service during the first few days of the storm and its aftermath

Later I had an opportunity to talk with various persons well informed on the situation, including A. W. Young,



Denver Plant Crew, Eleventh and Osage

The Crew of "Thirty-Three"—On the Truck, left to right:—William Hamlin, J. Cleghorn, N. O. Grimm, Everitt Terrill, H. Richter, William Wolf, Walter Bourne. Standing:—Driver Neal Winscom and Foreman W. L. ("Ed") Jones

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District Plant Chief; C. E. Long, Division Toll Wire Chief, and J. F. Elliott, Division Construction Superintendent, and it strikes me that if the company has any Distinguished Service Crosses or medals lying around idle they should promptly be pinned onto some of those fine chaps over there in the conservatory—pardon the error, I should say Plant Department—for the heroic work they did in restoring service during and following that storm.

Newspapers at the time printed in large type, "Telephone Lines Practically Demolished by Storm—All Toll Lines Down," or some such interesting headlines, while a day or so later they announced that telephone service had resumed practically normal conditions.

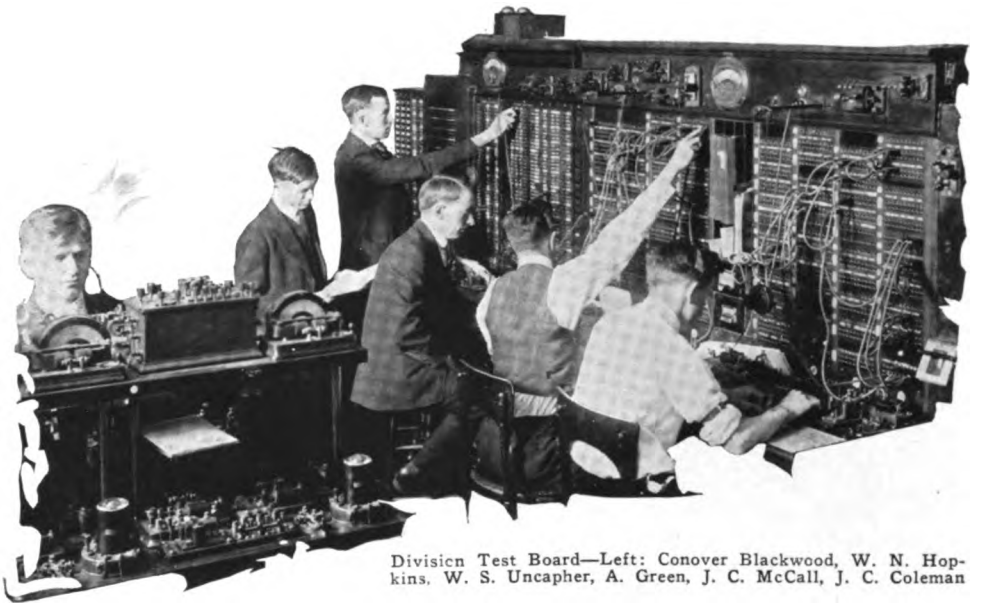
But, friends, there is a big story between the lines—the story of what it took to bring conditions back to near normal.

Some of us might appreciate our telephone and the service it renders us a bit more if we knew at what price it is bought for us in such cases as this.

The Headquarters Army—Office and Warehouse Men—Standing, left to right:—C. J. Ross, Albert Herman, George Hodges, C. A. Sellman, William Jones, J. R. Hiester, George Orrison, George Moran, Fred Rominger, Anna Peterson, John Kearn, C. F. Blatter, J. W. Stone, Thomas Carey, C. S. Newell, F. C. Barnhart, George E. Sharp. Kneeling:—Vern Cook, Walter Hallack, J. A. Miller, Charles W. Nitschke

The storm comes and possibly our service suddenly goes out—then as suddenly comes back. Few of us think beyond these actualities, so how should we know or even suspect that men have battled and fought through the storm for hours, stumbling—perhaps falling, and getting up and going on again, carrying great, heavy coils of emergency wire on their backs; that they may possilby have become marooned in some lonely spot in the mountains and gone without food for many hours, or suffered snow-blindness or other hardships that telephone service may be restored us as soon as possible.

True, we pay for service, and the men are paid for their work; but believe me, it isn't possible to pay for such service as these men rendered during the first few days of this storm trouble.



Division Test Board—Left: Conover Blackwood, W. N. Hopkins, W. S. Uncapher, A. Green, J. C. McCall, J. C. Coleman

Preceded by a heavy rain Thursday evening and "aided and abetted" as it were by a high wind all day Friday, the snow worked greater havoc with the telephone system than it has experienced for more than ten years.

Within the short space of four hours practically all toll circuits, including the trans-continental line, went out, and while temporary service was restored on most routes in an amazingly short time considering the perilous task of even getting out TO the breaks, it probably will be many weeks yet before permanent restoration is made—and already four weeks have elapsed since the storm. Could the average person have glimpsed just one of the many breaks in this storm, for instance ,on the Denver-Salt Lake line, where through the force of the storm telephone poles gave way and top-

Noon Hour Assembly at York Office. Standing (left to right):—W. E. Stephens, J. W. McDermott, P. H. Bridger, C. F. MacCallister, George Story, E. P. Nelson, Von Gaw, E. G. Brown, J. F. Reid, C. A. Cole, George Hubbell, H. A. Gutheil, Hammond Matthews. Kneeling (left to right):—D. W. Shreve, Jimmey Dunleavy, Frank Beasley, C. H. Edwards, E. A. Lynch

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pled over, laying flat across the road or main highway for a stretch of three and one-half miles through the town of Broomfield, the wires falling across the interurban trolley wires carrying 11,000 volts. Could he have seen huge drifts of snow hemming in this situation on all sides as far as eye could see, and then stop and realize that temporary service was restored on this line within 28 hours after the break, mightn't he at least have a more comprehensive view of telephone troubles—and service?

If we stop to consider that to restore permanent service on toll circuits alone, this one storm is costing the company $105,000, does our telephone rate seem high?

The telephone, like so many public utilities today, has become such a part of our lives that we look upon it as merely incidental until something comes along to temporarily rob us of its comfort and convenience and impresses us with its real value. So, perhaps, despite the hardships it worked, the storm may have served a purpose worth while.

It established one fact indisputably—that the Plant Department from those at its head to the men all through its ranks worked valiantly from the moment the storm took on signs of causing trouble until temporary service was restored on all lines.

It also demonstrated clearly the wonderful spirit of the men who faced all sorts of hardships with a courage born only of a desire to serve well.

"Working hours" was an expression unheard, the men, one and all, working as long as there was light to see; starting in and sticking to the job until long after old Sol had slipped down behind the mountains.

And the finest part of it was that there wasn't a word of complaint—no whining

C. E. Long

—no giving up and saying, "It can't be done"—just a dog-like "stick-to-itiveness," an evident determination to prove the power of CONstruction over DEstruction—and the "CONS" won.

An interesting feature of the storm and the work of clearing the lines is, that though seven cases of snow-blindness resulted directly from it and practically all the men suffered from exposure, no serious accidents were reported; in fact, no accidents except to motor trucks and cars, in the way of broken axles and other mechanical troubles occasioned by bucking the snow.

Since few of us even with the company (except those in the Plant department), have the faintest comprehension of the magnitude of the work involved in restoring the lines, a few reminiscences gleaned from the records of the Plant department concerning men who rendered heroic service, and some of the handicaps under which they struggled, may prove interesting.

Of course the division test room was, as it always is, the center of the storm, for it is here that line failures are first discovered, and with practically all toll circuits going out or failing within four hours, and the attendant efforts of the test board men to discover, with the use of various equipment for measuring it, the exact location of the different breaks, etc., to the usual accompaniment of telegraphic signals, one can easily imagine this room becoming a perfect Bedlam—and it certainly did.

It requires considerable skill along diversified lines to be a successful test room man. He must not only be capable of getting and giving, by use of the different instruments and electrical apparatus, accurate measurements of the trouble, but also of dispatching men to the scene of the break, or nearest point to it as promptly as possible and with the least possible expense.

He must therefore be thoroughly familiar with all trains, time of departure, routes, etc., and it is up to him to determine whether the quickest and cheapest means of transportation will be by train or automobile.

In addition to these duties, the division test room men must protect all special contract service, so their first responsibility in case of trouble or line failure is to arrange to reroute this special contract service over some other line until its regularly assigned wire is working.

Naturally, with practically all lines gone, or out, and a number of leased wire special contracts to look after, the task of rerouting was a bit difficult.

Added to all these requisites, the successful test board man must be a diplomat, for with men from all over the division calling in, sometimes at practically the same moment to report conditions, some of these men perched on the top of a telephone pole while a blizzard rages about them, the test board man must use unlimited tact and judgment in handling these calls.

J. F. Elliott

Naturally the man in midair on the top of a pole gets a bit peevish if he is made to wait, exposed to the elements, while some chap enjoying swivel chair comfort in a warm office gets a long report "off his chest."

If the foregoing necessary qualifications have registered with you, you may appreciate what it means to say, that W. N. Hopkins, Chief Test Board man, and a corps of capable assistants including Arthur Green, Conover Blackwood, Wayne S. Uncapher, Eddie Payne, John C. McCall, James H. Coleman, William T. Hagar and John C. Major handled the recent storm break with great credit to themselves.

Early Friday morning the Denver-Salt Lake line, which forms a portion of the transcontinental route from New York to San Francisco, failed.

This is the break before referred to where for three and a half miles poles were down laying straight across the main highway to Broomfield.

With these wires laying across the interurban trolley wire of 11,000 volts, naturally the hazard was very great and three crews were at once dispatched to the scene, foremen Von Gaw and D. A. Sutton with five men each, and L. A. Kellogg with three men and a truckload of 70,000 feet of emergency wire.

These men struggled valiantly, but owing to the severity of the storm were forced to turn back, unable to make any headway the first day. But five oclock

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next morning found several of them at the warehouse ready and eager to make a fresh start. By 6: 30 that morning (Saturday) all the men and trucks had left the warehouse and they made their objectives that day, walking and shoveling their way through.

Upon their arrival at the break, and to their surprise, they found R. C. Mitchell and a crew of eight men working like beavers—the first crew on the job.

It seems that immediately following the total failure of the line Friday morning at 9: 15, Mitchell started in his car from Lafayette for Broomfield about five miles south, but his car got stuck in the snow before he had gone half way and he was forced to proceed afoot, fighting his way through the blinding blizzard for more than three miles, arriving at Broomfield about ten oclock that night and reporting into Denver the extent of the break. He then succeeded in getting on a C. & S. snowplow for Boulder and upon arriving there hastened to organize a crew of eight men with tools and emergency wire, and 4: 30 next morning saw them on their way back to the break, through the courtesy of the C. & S. people who loaned them the snowplow.

In addition to Mitchell and his men and the three crews from Denver, foreman James J. Shuth with eight men and foreman E. B. Barnes with six men, foreman Frank Bean and seven men, foreman A. F. Flannery and five men and foreman Jones and six men who were called in from Loveland to assist, were all distributed along this break, the first work being to clear the crossing of the interurban trolley line so that cars could run, and the next the clearing of the highway.

It required 275,000 feet of emergency wire to restore temporary service in this break, and remember, every bit of this wire had to be carried in on the backs of the men, the average man carrying one coil on each shoulder, a weight of about seventy pounds, while he waded in snow to his waistline, walking on the level, with every now and then the pleasant (?) little surprise of slipping into a hole neck deep, probably dropping his wire and having to fish around to rescue it as he dragged himself out and on.

A Few of the Main and Champa Men. Standing (left to right):—T. A. Collins, Tommy Gleason, Frank Philo, Clarence Silva, Louis Cornelius, Fred Parkhill, W. H. Hale, Owen Hyde, Chas. Franklyn Kneeling—W. W. Schmaling, A. F. Muller, Charles Sartori, Andrew Frisch

As this transcontinental line carried a number of leased wires including Associated Press service, it was imperative that the lines be restored as quickly as possible, and surely considering the difficulties involved, 28 hours was some record for the restoration of temporary service.

As the storm progressed Friday, the first day, with other circuits failing on all sides, it was found necessary to bring crews in from territory unaffected by the storm until practically every crew available for such work was busy. Men were then recruited from the installation department and for about a week the regular work of this department was held up while the men gave splendid service caring for local troubles, much credit being due L. M. Flint, wire chief at Main and Gallup, B. F. Churchill, wire chief York and South, J. W. Stone, Denver plant foreman, C. S. Newell, Denver plant chief, and Charles Johnson, for the prompt restoration of local service and assistance in clearing toll trouble.

The first failure Friday morning was on the Denver-El Paso line between 36 and 43 miles from Denver, and the men who handled this break experienced almost unsurmountable difficulties.

Foreman Fred Sutton and five men, also section patrolman Ulshaffer and one man left Denver at 8: 50 that morning with a car, two trucks and 70,000 feet of emergency wire and were not even heard from until the following day; and as other crews sent out had been forced back by the fierceness of the storm the department heads were much concerned as to the safety of these men until word finally came that they had reached Sedalia (a distance of 26 miles) and were going on.

D. A. Gillette leaving Castle Rock with a team, joined the Denver crews at Sedalia.

Harry Elliott and a helper who started out from Palmer Lake in a high-powered touring car just 35 minutes after the line had failed, made three unsuccessful attempts to get out of town, first with the big car which became stuck in the drifts, then with the use of saddle horses which were unable to navigate because of the raging blizzard, and then fighting an entire day on skis and snow shoes, finally got away on skis Sunday, and met the crew from Larkspur which had been dispatched from Colorado Springs on the same break.

These Colorado Springs men, including Wire Chief Garrett with foreman Boschulte and a crew of 13 men had first tried to reach the break with three high-powered touring cars, but encountering

(Continued on page 41)

Left to Right:—Edward Chadwick, E. E. Barnhart, J. L. Aldred, Andrew Horan, Jr., Arthur Newstrand, R. L. Hurst, J. J. Freuden, W. T. McFerran

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LEADVILLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS

LEADVILLE, COLORADO, 10,050 feet above the sea—'way up here where the fleecy clouds topple and loiter on the crest of the Continental Divide—is one of the picturesque mining towns of the West, and will ever be referred to as "The City Above the Clouds." It was here that early-day mining found its greatest impetus and it is here that the eternal mountains of the great Rocky range have given up more than $490,000,000 in precious metals. Men have been made millionaires in Leadville. Men have lost millions in Leadville, and men are today seeking and finding the glittering metal that chases away poverty and makes the mare go.

It is said that more than half a million people have visited the cloud city during its lifetime—have climbed the steeps and pierced the very dome of heaven, in search for gold and silver. Some of the most fabulous finds in all the mining world have been made at Leadville—and there are those who still maintain that "the ground has been but fairly scratched."

Many interesting things center around Leadville in the making of the State of Colorado. Denver, with its 270,000 people, owes much to Leadville. In the earlier days of the state's capital it was the gold and silver which rolled down the canyons toward the foothills that helped make the metropolis—many of its massive and important buildings were constructed because of the wealth that found its way into the banks and vaults of Denver.

It was at, or near Leadville that the first telephone cable to pass over the great Rocky Mountain divide, found its way. Crude though it might have been, yet it enabled business men of the eastern slope to send their messages into the great valley of the West—enabled them to bring into closer touch the business interests of the state. Today, of course, the finest toll lines in the entire system lead to the cloud city, and the entire mountain section is surcharged with the electrified voice.

And now, among its diversified and wonderful resources, Leadville is really coming into its own from a widely different angle than what had heretofore been manifested—it is being noticed for its wonderful scenic attractions. And why shouldn't it call aloud to the pleasure-seeking people of our country? Up here amidst the soft clouds of heaven's dome—up here where the air is pure, the sky is blue and the sunlight is glorious—why not a place in which to find surcease from the stern turmoils of the busy world!

Leadville invites you to come and see. The energetic Chamber of Commerce is sending out thousands of attractive pamphlets calling attention to the scenic wonders of the

Typical Prospector and Outfit in Early Days

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School Boy Tells Us How to Play The Game

Are you playing the game of Life to the finish? Or, are you "dying on the third base?" These questions are of vast—yes, vital importance to every man and woman, and a little earnest thought along these lines will help many a struggling person over the bumps when defeat seems almost certain.

The other day we picked up a little pamphlet printed and distributed by some of the students of Grant Junioir High School, Denver. It is called the "Live Wire." We noticed that the leading editorial was written by Frederick Reid, 13 years old, son of Roderick Reid, general auditor of the Mountain States Telephone Company. The article is so good, and so full of deep and helpful thought that it is given a place in The Monitor. Read it and see what you get out of it. The boy says:

"Life is a game which may well be compared to baseball. Each of the nine players of the team fills an entirely different position; so each of us should prepare himself for the one position which meets our ideals and our abilities.

"In baseball, team work is what counts; so in the game of life, team work brings results. A man must be able to co-operate with his fellow man. We must not imitate some one else. A baseball team composed of nine pitchers would probably lose nine out of every ten games played. The world needs every one; there are many positions waiting ing to be filled. What we need is efficiency, and still more efficiency, until, when our opportunity comes, we can step up to the bat with the ease and confidence of an old player.

"Many times the man at bat, knowing the umpire has called two outs against him, will knock the ball clear over the heads of the outfielders; we must never anticipate defeat. A victory gained on the last chance is appreciated more than an earlier triumph.

"Many players get to third by hard work and then calmly die there. We need the perseverance which will carry us through. 'Don't die on third,' is a good slogan for us all."

Vice President Wilson a Welcome Visitor

A notable visitor to Denver the middle of May was Mr. E. S. Wilson, Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In addition to conferences with our executives Mr. Wilson found time to enjoy the pleasures of mile-high golf, an automobile trip over our Mountain Parks highway, and several social events given in his honor. He also visited the offices of the various departments where many members of the staff enjoyed the privilege of meeting him.

It is a genuine pleasure to receive a visit from a man of Mr. Wilson's attainments and to find him to be so thoroughly cordial and "home folksey"—if you know what we mean. We mean, too, that everybody who met Mr. Wilson on that occasion will be mighty glad to see him again whenever circumstances impel him to another journey westward.

Early Day Street Scene in Leadville

surrounding country. "See Colorado, but don't pass up Leadville—it's the frosting on the cake!" is the way the folder reads. Up there they have the highest mountain in Colorado—the second highest in the United States—Mount Massive. Go and look it over. And lakes! Well, they have lakes that lie like vast mirrors reflecting the gorgeous handiwork of Nature. These lakes are well filled with native trout and it is here that the angler finds joy unbounded. Sites for roadside campers abound. All in all Leadville is one of the delightful spots where the vacationist can find peace of mind and rest to his tired nerves.

"Come up into the clouds," says the Chamber of Commerce, "and drink in the exhiliarating beauties of Nature."

Needlework Explanation

Marie Lederman, instructress in fancy needlework, whose patterns have appeared in The Monitor, is taking her vacation this month, hence no pattern in the June issue. She will be back with us again in the July number.

Scat!

Opr.—"Number, please."
Sub.—"Information, please."
Opr.—"Information."
Sub.—"Information, can you please tell me of some one that can come and catch all the stray cats around my house?"—Prescott.

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THE DESERT TOLL LINES

Top to Bottom—Pole Inspection; Long Span Over Agua Frio River, North of Glendale; A Plunge After Many Days and Nights on the Desert; Construction Camp, Stein's Pass, N. M.; Construction Camp on an Oasis; Water Tank on Railroad; Toll Line Crossing a Wilderness of Vicious Vegetation; Toll Line Passing Through a Patch of Cholla. (Of all the thorns and spurs the cholla is the most belligerent and vicious); Sand Dunes Overwhelming the Toll Lines

By E. A. J. Seddon, El Paso

About the most travel-stained object is a transcontinental train after a long, hot summer's day run across the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. The long line of Pullmans as they roll wearily into the Union Station look almost exhausted. Every window and door is closed and the highly polished outside of the coaches is streaked and powdered with a fine white dust which clings tenaciously and sifts through every crevice. But before the train stops, station attendants with ladder, mop and rag are ready to refresh and clean. The mechanic is also ready with his hammer and grease pot to inspect and test the running gear. The ice man with his truck and buckets of cracked ice and the water man with his hose are also busy and ready to add comfort for the night run. Inside the coaches the cleaners are deftly busy and in less than half an hour the entire train is ready with a fresh, eager, mammoth locomotive to resume the journey. The stops are few and short and the distances great.

It takes about 36 hours constant travel to cross the arid and desert portion of the country on the quickest trains and considerably longer on the slower ones. Towns of any importance are from 12 to 24 hours' run apart. It must be admitted that traveling across southern Arizona and New Mexico in midsummer has its discomforts even with all the luxurious conveniences of modern travel available. However, compared with travel of 50 or 60 years ago the present discomforts are the merest trivialities. In those days it took fortitude and courage, and the travelers were fortunate if tragedy did not accompany them.

Back east a trip, say, from Atlanta to New York, is quite an event; but out in this great open country a man may grab his hat, be gone a few days, and return, leaving a thousand or so miles behind him and say nothing about it, and yet there are those who do not care to travel or who have not the time for it or who find it too expensive. To such, distance need be no drawback for there is the telephone at his elbow and he can make the trip over the wires in less time than it takes to pack his grip, and at only a nominal cost.

The Southern Division modestly lays claim to being the largest division (in area) in the United States, and also to contain the two largest districts in the country—the two districts being the States of Arizona and New Mexico. The Southern Division covers more than one-third the area of the Mountain States territory and the Mountain States occupy more than one-fifth of the entire United States—you can figure the rest out for yourself. Therefore, it might be said we hold the long distance championship. There are other things we might claim but we don't propose to do so at this time.

The principle toll lines enter our

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division near Raton, in the northeastern corner of New Mexico at an elevation of about 8,000 feet above sea level, and passing through Las Vegas, N. M., Albuquerque, N. M., El Paso, Tex., Tucson, Ariz., Phoenix, Ariz., they emerge at Yuma in the southwestern corner of Arizona at an elevation of 137 feet above sea level, into the territory of the Pacific states, a total distance of 1,100 miles! And when you consider that the towns just mentioned are the largest in the division and that there are not very many others of much importance and that most of the population in the division is in these towns you may be able to imagine how lonesome it can get between stops.

In the winter time it is cold as the dickens in the northern high altitudes of our division, and in summer the southern low altitudes are hot as blazes. Now you can't please all the people all the time, and there are some people you can't please at any time. If the Raton man hates the heat of the southern Arizona desert and the Yuma man dislikes the chilly blasts of the Raton mountains, there is a very easy way to settle the difficulty and neither of them will have to spend the best part of two days traveling—they can telephone. Easy, isn't it? But wait. Let's stop a minute and figure this thing out. When Yuma talks to Raton he talks over 479 tons of expensive copper wire or enough wire to fill up 24 freight cars; and when Raton replies to Yuma his voice passes something like 40,000 poles which would load 300 flat cars. Did you ever buy a load of kindling wood? Didn't the price you paid make you cuss? Now, try to figure what 300 carloads of poles would cost. Wouldn't it put a crimp in your pay check? But that isn't all. We haven't said anything about cross-arms, and pins, and braces, and bolts, and washers, and guy stand, and anchors and other things. Altogether it would take something like 350 carloads of material to talk from one corner of the Southern Division to the other. I'll leave it to a railroad man to say how many double header freight trains that would make. The freight charges would make a nice little present. But that is neither the beginning nor the end of it. Somebody had to plan this thing; somebody had to finance it, and somebody had to build it.

Did you ever hear of resistance, inductance, capacity, static, transpositions and the like? Well, that's all highbrow stuff and somebody had to figure it out before Yuma could talk to Raton. That's where the wonderful Bell System gets in its work. Every part of the country has contributed something either directly or indirectly in the building of the telephone line across that portion of the great Southwest which lies in the Southern Division; however, it is not the purpose of this short article to dwell on the complexities of this marvelous organization but to tell something of the construction and maintenance of the lines of the desert.

The Southern Division has within its bounds 16,407 miles of toll lines and these lines are for the most part strung out in length and not bunched up in heavy leads, neither are they very evident to the casual traveler, as they are to a very considerable extent swallowed up in the vast spaces of the desert region. They do not always follow the main traveled roads but frequently pass over country where roads are impossible. Our highest toll station is at an elevation of 9,100 feet at the summer resort of Cloudcroft, N. M., while the lowest is 137 feet above sea level at Yuma, Arizona, which makes a vertical distance of about one and two-thirds miles. However, they are 683 miles apart in a horizontal direction. In August just before sunrise you stand a chance of freezing to death at Cloudcroft, while at Yuma it is as hot as—it can safely get.

In building a telephone line you don't start setting poles in the general direction to which you wish to go but the line is properly surveyed and staked and rights of way secured. Much of our right of way has been secured from the Federal Government, as there are still great tracts of land not yet taken up by private individuals. After the line has been surveyed, material is delivered to the most convenient points along the railroad and then by team or truck along the route. In the mountainous sections burros are used for transportation. The Southwest owes a great debt to that uncomplaining, faithful and sturdy pioneer—the humble burro. The art of loading a burro with two 25-foot

These beauties were taken from the Encampment River, near Encampment, Wyoming

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poles and directing him over rough trails or over mountain sides unbroken by trails is not to be scoffed at; but in things of this kind the Mexican and the burro accomplish wonders.

The construction work has, of course, been done by camp crews as nobody but a Mexican or a burro can live off the country; and in some cases they are fifty miles from the nearest water, therefore, the commissary end of a camp outfit had their work cut out for them. But construction men like Joy, Oakes and Dance are equal to any situation.

There is nothing unusual in the construction of desert toll lines—it is all standard work; but in the process of construction many unusual situations are encountered and have to be taken into consideration. But wherever these lines are there are miles and miles and miles, and seldom any sign of human habitation; silent, solitary and constant, but pulsating feverishly, conveying man's voice over great silent reaches. From Tucson to Yuma it is 252 miles, and the yearly average rainfall varies from 11 to 3 inches; but these inches are very unanimous in their precipitation and when the rain falls it does so most emphatically, converting the dryest arroyos into mad, rushing torrents sweeping everything before them. This makes long spans over natural drainways to avoid possible washouts. There is not sufficient rain in this section to provide grazing for cattle and about the only living things seen are jackrabbits and coyotes, the number of the latter depending upon the number of the former, as the coyote makes his living off rabbit meat. When this fails they turn cannibals. Here you can also make the acquaintance of the rattlesnake, prairie dog and Gila monster.

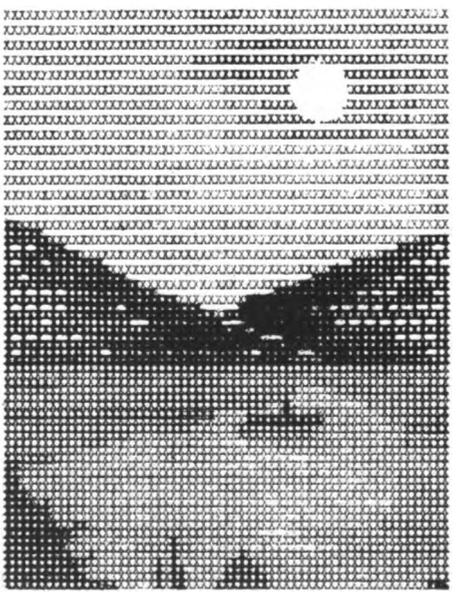
From Phoenix to Yuma it is 200 miles and on this line there are two toll stations, one at Phoenix, and the other at Yuma. This is probably the greatest distance between toll stations in the entire country. Two hundred miles of desert—not even a hamlet nor a wayside inn the entire distance. No human activity anywhere from which to obtain revenue for the maintenance of those long, lonesome miles of poles and wire—nothing but the immensity of the great open desert and the great reaches of silence and mystery.

The toll lines frequently parallel the railroad closely and also frequently follow the county roads, for even on the desert, roads are built and maintained along the principal lines of travel. But also quite as frequently the toll lines cut across country miles away from any road and across country so rough that even the ubiquitous flivver has to give up. In these sections signs are placed at various places along the road or trail indicating in what direction and the distance the line is located. The repairman then has to walk in to the line and after reaching it walk along it to get his trouble and then walk back to his conveyance. It is not unusual for a repairman to be out 24, 36 and sometimes 48 hours on an ordinary case of trouble.

The lightning season is most dreaded by the maintenance men as the lightning seems to select the most inaccessible places. It is practically impossible to locate some of the lightning troubles from the testboard and in such cases repairmen are started from both ends of the line. They follow the line as best they can in any kind of conveyance available as far as possible and then follow it afoot, taking with them their tools and canteen and then follow the line until one of them gets the trouble.

Every so often the desert is treated to a cloudburst and the dry rivers become raging torrents. In a particular case we have in mind, the railroad was washed out in five places and bridges washed out at two rivers. Our lines were burned down by lightning. The repairman was successful in crossing both rivers in his flivver and reached the line by seven in the evening. He then walked the line, got his trouble and returned to his car by seven in the morning. His only companions were a few rattlesnakes. He reached Phoenix at five oclock in the evening being on the job 33 hours without rest or food. All in a day's work—Bell Service. And these maintenance men modestly tell you they do nothing particularly interesting to write about. However, it more often happens that when one of these dry rivers gets on the rampage the toll line is washed out and it is impossible to cross the turbulent stream. But the maintenance man is resourceful and has devised the hydroplane to get a wire across. It is a simple affair made up of planks so arranged that when it is placed in the torrent the force of the current and the tension of the wire at-

Fancy Work of a Typist



Remarkable Typograph Made on a Typewriter, Using Only the Letter X, By Miss Florence Lieser of the General Manager's Office

The One on the Right is R. B. Graeme, Manager at Coalville, Utah, Feeding His Next Winter's Pork Chops

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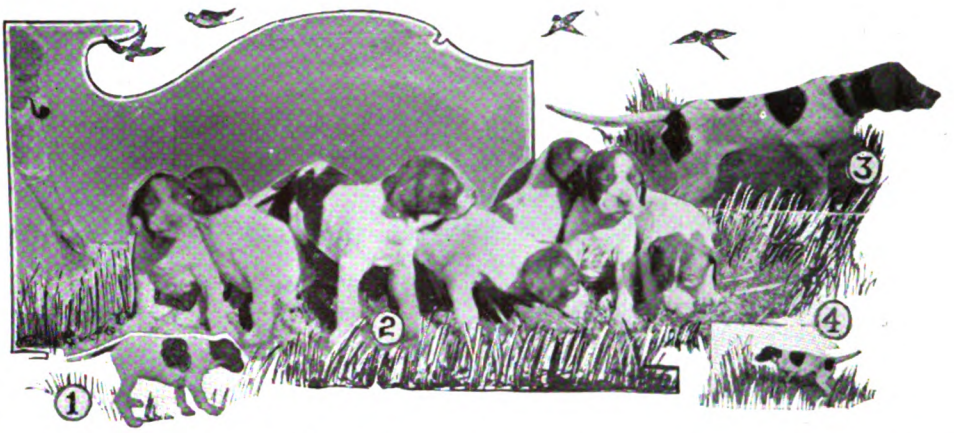
tached to it forces it across, applying the principle of a sailing vessel tacking against the wind.

The matter of toll line maintenance is an important one as the value of the line, either to the public or the company, depends upon its continuous service. In this land of great distances a failure may occur 100 miles from the nearest repairman, therefore, it is essential that the lines be constructed well and maintained in first-class condition. There are two general classes of trouble, those avoidable and those unavoidable. The unavoidable ones are principally caused by lightning and storms, and these are considerably minimized by good construction and competent engineering. The avoidable ones are the maintenance man's problems and the alert maintenance man anticipates his troubles and strengthens the weak spots as soon as they are apparent. The most effective way of accomplishing this is to continually patrol the lines. The desert patrolman's job is no sinecure—it is a he-man's job and he must be to the manner born. He must be a man who finds companionship in the great out of doors and who recognizes his friends in the mountain peaks and plains.

Jack Puleston, who patrols the New Mexico lines, has a route 2,000 miles long, not considering the mileage he makes, when of necessity he has to double back! He covers his route in three or four months. He sleeps wherever night overtakes him whether it be ten or fifty miles to the nearest habitation. He carries everything he ordinarily needs, including the "dorg" on his Dodge truck—tools, material, bedding and provisions, and when the occasion demands he puts on a pole or two. Even when trimmed down to essentials it makes a tidy load. He usually carries a helper with him as there are a number of places the truck has to detour while the patrolman goes afoot. In the area of the sand dunes the pedestrian effort is not one to be envied, but it is impossible for any kind of a vehicle.

It is impossible within the limitations of a short article to tell the whole story of our desert toll lines, but an effort has been made to convey an idea of the magnitude of the connecting link stretching across the mystic arid region of the Southern Rocky Mountain States.

Every Sport Loves a Good Dog



1—Starting Young—a Pointer at 7 Weeks. 2—Puppies One Month Old. 3—On a Point. 4—Got 'Em.

There are trouble shooters and other shooters, but every good sport will agree that there is no trouble shooting behind good English pointers, or any other well trained dogs. Clyde A. Williams, of the general plant, is the proud possessor of a pack of fine English pointers, and he says that hunting enthusiasts who have never had dogs to hunt with do not know half the pleasure of the sport.

"Can you imagine the keen feeling of pleasurable anticipation when your dog gets on a point as shown in the picture No. 3?" asks Mr. Williams. "You walk up behind him, flush a covey of birds, and after the shooting is over, your dog stands waiting your next command, and when it is given how proudly he goes out and 'fetches' them in. It is then you feel—to paraphrase Omar—

"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a rod, a gun—and thou—
O dog! beside me in the wilderness—
And wilderness is Paradise enow."

Impeccable Woodpecker Peck

The red-headed woodpecker follows a plan that's not bad for a bird and it's fine for a man. From the days of his youth till the day he is dead he just DIGS and he does it by using his head. Consider the woodpecker, like him be wise. He never seems daunted no matter the size of the tree he alights on; no matter how big seems the task, he just starts in to climb and to dig.

This woodpecker isn't so much of a bird; his song's 'bout the worst that a man ever heard. He doesn't depend on his talk for a job, nor yet on the bright-colored top of his nob. But he sure is a howling success just the same. Every boy in the country remembers his name. Some holes he digs shallow and some he digs deep, but he DIGS, you can follow his trail in your sleep.

You, too, can succeed if you follow your leads and depend not on talk or on looks but on deeds.

Talk's cheap, but with money the mare must be fed. So climb, man, and dig, and keep using your head.

Get your fireworks ready for the big day next month.

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Thank You

We wish to observe that The Monitor, the monthly magazine published by the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph people at Denver, is one of the best publications that circulate in these parts. It is artistically gotten out and is interesting from cover to cover.—Cheraw, Colo., Herald.

Whada Mean, Saloon?

Clarence Atkinson, town treasurer, town clerk, mayor, justice of the peace, supreme court and city council of Jimtown, came down today. He said they didn't have mail in Jimtown for ten days after the snowstorm and that the town has no telephone connection yet. The road is strewn with wires and is already dusty again. Mayor Atkinson's throat was full of dust but he cleared it out at the saloon opposite the Camera office.—Boulder, Colo., Camera.

Fall From Telephone Pole

Con Chappell, while engaged in stringing wires for the telephone company with whom he is employed, fell from the pole to the ground last Monday, being severely shaken and rendered unconscious. The pole he was on had become decayed and gave way, with the result as stated above. Mr. Chappell has been confined to his room this week but is now getting over the shock.—Nephi.

Girls Give Splendid Service

Many people in this community do not realize the real worth of the telephone operators of Idaho Springs, because they are used to the very courteous manner, and the many accommodations rendered by the girls. But if you lived in some places—most places—where the telephone girls have no accommodation whatever, and where they do not know what it means to give one a civil answer, you would appreciate the fact that the service is very unusual.

Their patience and kindness should in turn command the courtesy of the general public in using the phone service, and with mannerly actions at each end of the line, the best service will be the result.—Idaho Springs Siftings.

As the Camera Sees It

The Monitor is one of the best publications of its kind that reaches the Camera. It is a model of the printers' art and is always beautifully illustrated with cuts.—Boulder, Colo., Camera.

Hang Up

E. Saderman—"Miss Wade, I can't hear this gentleman."

Miss Wade—"Put him on the supervisor's jack." Then speaking in clear distinct tones, "Will you kindly get away from the telephone and hang up?"

Attempted Robbery?

Sunday night as one of the night operators for the telephone company was on her way to work about 9:30, as she passed an alley on the north side of town she was badly frightened by a bold man apparently trying to "hold her up."

Reaching the telephone office she phoned for an officer who appeared at

the point of the attempted holdup.

Prepared to fight to the finish the officer approached the alley. The bold holdup was an innocent burro quietly standing at the alley entrance awaiting developments apparently.—Las Vegas, N. M., Optic.

"What Ah Mean to Say Is—"

The Northern-born foreman of a construction crew down South posted a notice saying he wanted day laborers. The only response was in the person of a languid-looking colored man who appeared at the door of the work shanty, hat in hand, and intimated that he would not be altogether averse to accepting employment. First, though, he made so bold as to enquire concerning the nature of the work.

"Do you want a good, regular job, steady work day in and day out, with steady pay?" snapped the Northerner.

The visitor backed away. "No, suh; not if I kin git anything else to do," he stated.

Narrow Escape

Fred Odgers, trouble man for the local office of the Mountain States Telephone Co., had a narrow escape from death during the high wind of Saturday afternoon. An electric light pole fell on his car as he was passing the corner of Third and Washington streets. The windshield on his car was wrecked and with difficulty he kept out of the way of the high power wires on the pole by crouching on the floor of the car.—Monte Vista Tribune.

Only 68 Dialects

Honolulu, T. H.—Sixty-eight different languages and dialects are used over the telephone lines of the city and county of Honolulu, according to evidence at the public utilities commission hearing on the Mutual Telephone company's application to increase its rates recently.

The list of tongues representing the cosmopolitan conversations of this island includes eleven separate national languages, forty-nine Japanese dialects, seven Chinese dialects—and English.

Evidence of a Babel of tongues in Honolulu was forthcoming as an excuse on the part of the telephone officials for their inability to check the number of business calls separate from social calls in the county.

Talks to Wife in Long Beach

Satuday evening Chas. D. Cheney, local salesman for the Salt Lake Hardware company had the novel experience of conversing with Mrs. Cheney, who is spending the winter at Long Beach, Calif., over the long distance telephone. Mr. Cheney had learned of the illness of his little son, and became worried over the welfare of his family, so he called Mrs. Cheney on the telephone. The little boy, he learned, has been afflicted with a severe cold, which at one stage, resembled the flu, stated Mr. Cheney. He is now on the improve. In commenting on the telephone service, Mr. Cheney stated that the conversation was as distinct as though they were in the same city.—Montpelier, Mont., Examiner.

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"Dimpled, Darling Girls"

Mrs. Hattie Lyons was hostess on Sunday to as jolly a party of "Hello" girls from Burley as ever tantalized a man by saying, "Line's busy," when she was talking to her "fellow" or went to the movies with Jim Smyth when you wanted to take her. The party included Misses Ruth Snodgrass, Ruby Dorlan, Maud Yeaman, Thelma Yeaman, Venice Bell, Elvera Bell, May Edmandson and Margaret Rydlach. They are a jolly bunch and among the best and most efficient operators in the telephone service in Idaho.

A bevy of jolly hello girls
At play instead of work;
Handsome, laughing hello girls
Who their duties never shirk;
Faithful, loyal hello girls
Who make this life worth while
Sweet and real nice hello girls
Who greet you with a smile.

Daily at the board they sit—
These patient hello girls;
And never gossip—not a bit—
These model hello girls;
They work all week, nor kick on that,
And come a Sunday to see Aunt Hat
These darling hello girls.
And thus between their work and play
They wait for "John" at close of day,
These dimpled, darling girls.

Mrs. Lyons was delighted with their visit—treated them royally (as she always does), and invited them to come again, which we hope they will.—Eden, Idaho, Eagle.

Proud of the Service

Craig is proud of the service that it is receiving from the Mountain States Telephone company. While other towns and cities are making a big howl about poor service and discourteous operators, Craig sits back and enjoys the voice of a "central with a smile," and equipment and employees that enable us to "get a number when we want it."

Since the new cable system was established at the local telephone office last summer, thus relieving congestion, Craig's telephone system has been above the average. The operators are well trained and anxious to be of service to subscribers.

While we still do a little "beefing" about the delay in getting long distance calls, the local service is good indeed. And telephone officials say that the new construction which is contemplated will give equally high class long distance service.

The people who are responsible for Craig's good service—Manager Harry Sittser, Chief Operator Irene Person and Operators Carolyn Hamilton, Jessie West, Anna Foley and Ida Pope Easum. —Craig, Colo., Empire.

Telephone Sinners

Have you ever, in the course of a conversation on a rural telephone line, heard a funny little click now and then as though a receiver were being surreptitiously raised or lowered? So has Miss Marjorie Sims of the University of Illinois.

"The average woman wastes a large part of her life visiting on the telephone," says Miss Sims. "Women should observe business hours as men do," she adds. And there are at least a few thousand overworked telephone operators in the country who will rise up and call her blessed for the remark.

In some communities the party line telephone serves as an illicit sort of newspaper. When the three rings that are supposed to summon only someone in the Jones household are sounded, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith and all the other neighbors, from the school house to the crossroads' grocery, fly in immodest and unseemly haste to listen in.

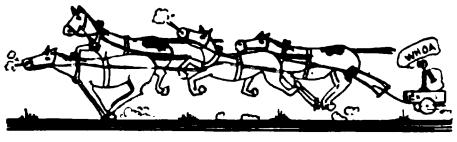
There is no such community, we are proud to state, nearer than seven or eight counties away from here. It is a nice thing to realize that we are a little more careful about this form of eavesdropping than the folk upstate and the folk downstate. It gives us a superior feeling, enables us to face the minister without blushing and gives us the assurance that our children are being brought up in the sort of homes of which they may well be proud.—Twin Falls, Idaho, News.

"Getting More Than He Paid For"

A fellow went into the Pueblo public office the other day and said that the Company owed him fifty cents.

The cashier asked him "How come?"

He then informed the cashier that he had ordered a "two horse-power" telephone and that the company had installed a "four horsepower" telephone; there-



fore he wanted to settle the difference of fifty cents less.

Ever Happen to You?

John Blank, the busy business executive, picks up his phone and says to the switchboard operator: "Get me Smith of the firm of Punk, Bunk & Monk."

Mr. Smith is gotten on the line and is told to "wait a minute, please." It develops that Mr. Blank has ambled across the hall to a neighbor's office or is down at the far end of the factory. He has a mania for getting as far away from the phone as possible, after putting in a call.

Smith, at the other end of the line, rests wearily on his elbow and goes into a comatose state watching the window cleaner across the street. After about five minutes, Blank has been successfully paged and rushes in to the phone. "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

If Smith gets a dozen such calls in a day, he loses an hour.

This is a pest, and a growing one, that has risen in business within the past few years. It has been made possible by the era of private switchboard operators. In the days when a business man had to make his own telephone calls direct, he had to stay on the job until he got his party. Nobody's time was wasted.

Thoughtlessness? Yes. But it can easily be remedied. Have a little consideration for the other fellow's time. Don't put in a phone call for him unless you are ready to stay nearby for the 30 seconds or so required to get your connection. It'll save a lot of time and make business run more smoothly.—Colorado Springs Telegraph.

Better Telephone Service

Better equipment.
Better service.
Results—

That's the slogan of the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company, as demonstrated by the improvements now going on at the Fruita station. Perhaps no national organization in the country suffered as much from lack of equipment during the past four years as the telephone company. Supplies ordered many months ago are now beginning to reach them.

H. P. Stommel, manager of the Grand Junction District, comprising all of the Grand valley as far north as Glenwood Springs, and C. S. Ray, the plant chief, were in Fruita Tuesday and inspected new equipment now being installed here. A new section is being added to the switch-board, increasing it one-third in size and placing 60 additional lines in immediate service. The board has a reserve space of 120 lines for future growth.

This will materially improve the local service between here and Grand Junction by making it possible to use a third operator during the rush hours. The new section, made by the Western Electric Company and ordered nearly a year ago, arrived in Fruita recently, and is being installed by W. E. Verdieck, of Denver. One of the best possible indications of permanent growth of the town is shown by increased telephone service. It is one of the big public service corporations always in advance of conditions.—Fruita, Colo., Mail.

You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.

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Accomodation

Subscriber—"Information, could you tell me the number of the Broadway Calf (Cafe)?"

Miss Henderlider—"We don't have any thing listed but we have the New Jersey restaurant."—Boise.

—

"High Cost of Living"

Miss Mayer—"My, but your salad is up high."

Matron—"Yes, dear, I didn't have room so I put it on the refrigerator, but I'll get it down if you want some."—Boise.

—

Song at Boise

The new Cafeteria we're glad to see,
We now eat six meals instead of three,
We get the food, we eat at cost,
Even then consider our fortunes l-o-s-t.

—

"Ambition"

Mrs. Rahrer—"What do you do when a light appears on your position?"

Miss Labrum (toll student)—"Let the girl next to you take it."

—

Naturally So

A bill was rendered for $2.75 rental, and 20 cents tolls. Through an error it was added up $3.45. Subsriber returned bill with the information that when he went to school $2.75 and $.20 was $2.95, but since the war everything else went up, so addition had to go up also.—Salt Lake.

—

Calamity!

FOUND—In the Mt. St. Tel. & Tel. Co's. garbage receiver, Billings, Montana, one thirteen-hair mustache (correct, as Mr. Lewis added on the adding machine). Owner please call for same at Mr. Lewis' office in Helena, where the article is being cared for with greatest respect until called for.

—

Brain Food

A girl, reading in a paper that fish was excellent brain-food, wrote to the editor:

"Dear Sir—Seeing as how you say how fish is good for the brains, what kind of fish shall I eat?"

To which the editor replied:

"Dear Miss—Judging from the composition of your letter, I should advise you to eat a whale."

Pick 'Em Yourself

A subscriber had signed for service and had not received his number. He called the Contract Department and asked what number he could have. He was informed that we could not give him the number as yet. He said, "Well, then, send me a list of the numbers you have and let me take my choice."—Salt Lake.

ARTISTIC TOUCHES

The Monitor Artist Is Spending Her Vacation in Kentucky, and Just Before She Left She Did a Little Painting That Wasn't Intended for Publication

Yours Fraternally

An editor in Kankakee
Once falling in a burning passion
With a vexatious rival, he
Wrote him a letter in this fashion:

"You are an ass uncouth and rude,
And will be one eternally."
Then, in an absent-minded mood,
He signed it "Yours fraternally."

—Eugene Field.

A Dead Certainty

If you see an editor who pleases everybody, there will be a glass plate over his face, and he will not be standing up. —Thomasville Times.

—

Favorite Lunchroom Expressions

This is the way they talk in Denver:

W. C. Taylor—"Who's gotta cigarette?"

Bob Thorne—"J'ever hear the one about—?"

"Walt" Baerresen—"Who do I owe for the doughnuts?"

Maurice Griffin—"G'wan, you trafficteers."

Dave Livingston—"What cross-eyed guy cut this pie?"

W. D. Wynkoop—"—— —— —— !"

Johnny Ewen—"Gang way here!"

C. V. Cheesewright—"Hello, everybody."

What They Eat:

Ed Fuller—Hard boiled eggs.
Harry Nowick—Eight bananas.
Art Green—Bull Durham.
Lynn Chandler—Chicken.
All Traffic Men—Cream puffs.
Fred Andre—Nuts.
Carl Kinney—Duck soup.
Andy Frisch—Bawsten pies.
Charlie Newell—Cinnamon rolls (with flies).
Perry Allen—Home grown rabbit.
Clarence Silva—Cheese.
Harry McKean—Eight cups of coffee.
Frank Beatty—Jiggs' Favorite (C. B. & C.).
Clyde Williams—1-3 orange.

—

Dream of the Lovelorn

Yesterday's yesterday, while today is here,
Today's today till tomorrow appear.
Tomorrow's tomorrow until today's past;
But kisses are kisses as long as they last.

—

Opportunity at the Door

The office boy walked into the sanctum of the editor of the Peapod Breeze and announced: "There's a tramp at the door and he says he hasn't had anything to eat for a week."

"Fetch him right in," said the editor briskly; "if we can discover how he does it, we can run this paper another week." —Red Saunders.

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Minnie

By Ella Jesperson, Accounting Department, Salt Lake City

Gee! I'm tired of 2290's and 3160's, too.
And the sight of an "outside move" order
About cuts my poor heart in two.
Of bills I've had more than sufficient.
Beneath contracts I'm fighting for air,
Could I be called sacreligious
For voicing this working girl's prayer?

Oh Lord! won't you sent me a man?
Any kind—only send him soon, if you can.
Long, weary years keeping "Company" books
Has, as you see, sadly altered my looks.
For the sake of lost youth and hope burned to ashes
Won't you send me a man with a few ready cashes!

Hattie Tells 'Em

Dear Hattie—Some time ago I spilled ink on my skirt. I've tried everything, from gasoline to Blue Bell Renewer to remove it, without success. What would you suggest?

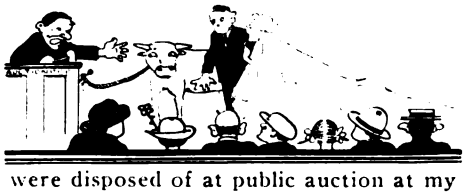
"BLUE" BELLE.

Answer—I would suggest that you get in touch with Zybosco, the wrestler. He has cleaned up everything to date.

Effects of Home Brew

Somebody sent the editor of the Poketown Gazette a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. Here are the results:

'Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson



were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention, in the presence of about 70 guests, including two milch cows, six mules and one bob sled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal couple left on one good John Deering plow for an extensive trip with terms to suit purchaser. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby buggy and a few kitchen utensils, after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties, and some 50 chickens."

Story Without Words

Trying On a Suit

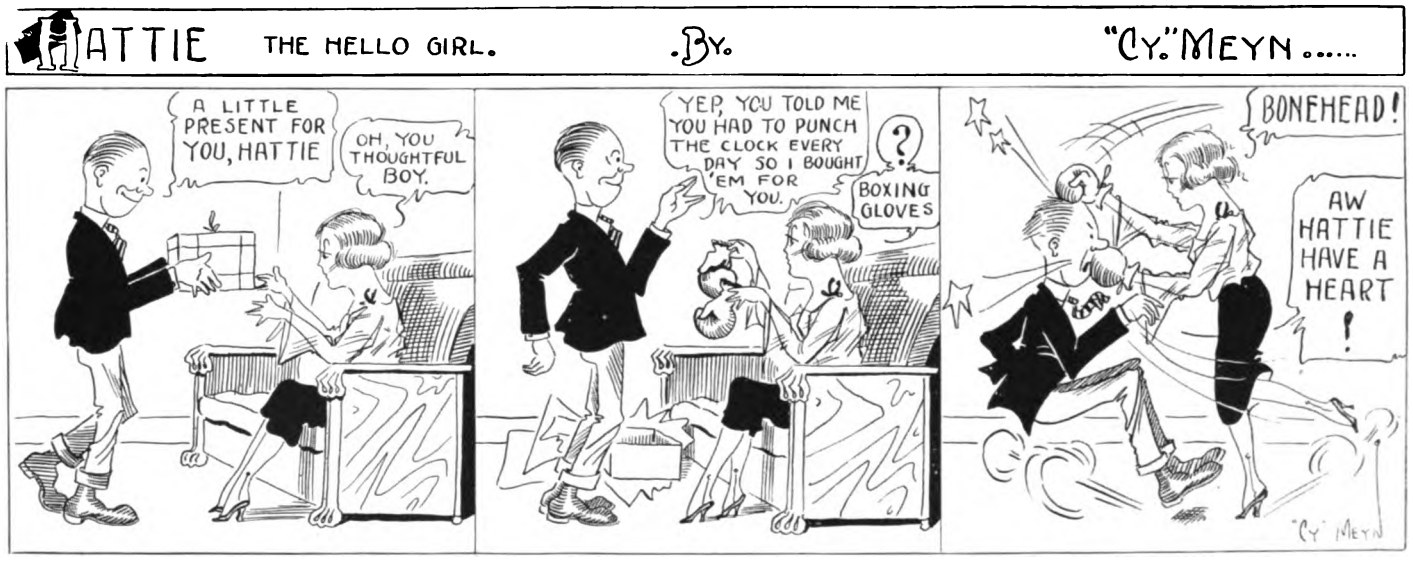
Eacn year there are different pitfalls for the unwary in the buying of ready-made clothes. Here are some of the things to remember when you go this year to buy a ready-made suit.

Be sure it is big enough around the armholes. Most of the suits are made with sleeves that are fitted into the armholes rather snugly. Just notice the feeling and be sure that it is comfortable.

Look to the sleeves around the hands and wrists. One of the attractive things about many of the suits is that they are made with tight sleeves. These look well. Especially does the trim sleeve at the hand look well. But be sure it is not so tight that at the first really warm day you will have to tug and tug to get the coat over the hands.

Don't, because the jacket fits, think the suit will do and order it. Try the skirt on carefully. Whatever may be said about the probable return to favor of the full skirt, the suit skirt is still made scant. Sometimes a jacket will prove quite large enough and the skirt will stick over the hips and refuse to be pulled into place.

Never be contented in trying on a suit to look at it only without your hat on. Remember that you wear a hat usually with a suit, and pose your hat carefully on your head before a mirror while you have the suit on. The effect is usually much better with the hat than without it, for suits are made to be topped off by a hat. And if it isn't better, then the suit isn't the right one for you to choose—unless your hat is wrong. Anyway, be sure the two go together and complement each other.—Leader.



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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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JUNE, 1921

Be Careful and Considerate

The annual report of the Employes' Benefit Fund Committee which was published in the May number of The Monitor contains some very interesting data which should receive serious consideration.

The most striking statement is contained in the accident report which shows a total of 343 accidents for the year, entailing 4,229 days of total disability. That is equal to the working time of a single individual for a period of over thirteen years. Extending the example further, it means the loss of the time of thirteen employes for one year, or 156 for one month, or 4,229 people for one day.

Ignoring entirely the loss of life and limb, the suffering, discomfort and inconvenience involved, these figures represent a tremendous economic loss to society in general and to the industry in particular, and a burden upon our service.

If a considerable number of accidents are caused by somebody's carelessness, then there is much food for thought in the committee's statement. It is perhaps true that many accidents result from carelessness, not of the victim himself but from the thoughtlessness of someone else. For example, the pencil on the stairs, the board with a protruding nail, or a broken wire left dangling from a cross-arm.

Caution with respect to one's own procedure and thoughtfulness for others, if adopted as a general rule, will undoubtedly reduce the number of accidents to a minimum, and make the slogan "Safety First," a lively factor in accident prevention.

□

Loyalty

It is an old saying that an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of brains. Whether or not this is true, I do not know; but I do know that most successful employers feel that way. Hence, be loyal. Cultivate loyalty. Stick by the ladder by which you climb up. Never kick it down.

Don't gossip about your employer or any of his associates. Say nothing that you would be unwilling to have him hear. He will forgive you for making mistakes, but he will not forgive disloyalty. Loyalty bears the same relation to a successful organization that mortar bears to a brick building.

Most men have secured their present positions of trust and power by being loyal to their employers. Most employers select men for promotion, not according to their education, alertness or so-called ability, but according to whether or not they like these men. Now the basis of friendship is loyalty.

Loyalty can be developed or lost like any other trait. You can train yourself to say and do only loyal things, or you can become careless and indifferent about what you say. By all means, don't try to ride two horses at the same time. Cut out all office politics. Trust your employer absolutely or else resign and go elsewhere.—United States Bulletin.

□

It is not the things we **know** that we disagree upon, but the things we do not know.—Rabbi Friedman.

Shady Nooks and Babbling Brooks

VACATION days are here again, by all the tokens of soft air and sunshine, the calendar, and our own longing for the woods and hills. We have ceased feeding coal into the rapacious maw of the old inferno in the basement, and instead sit on our porches and gaze in the direction of the mountains and dream of purling streams and pine-scented breezes.

We of the Rocky Mountain region have almost an embarrassment of riches in places to choose from in spending a vacation. If we wish to save on railroad fares, we have no trouble in finding some friend who will be only too glad to give us a "lift" to some cool nook in the nearby mountains where we can have a vacation that a millionaire might envy. If we have the price and the inclination, there are national parks which are by no means greatly distant from our homes, and the wonderful cliff-dwellings country of southern Colorado, where lived those happy, primitive peoples who never had a raise in rent, though their houses were "high." And everywhere, in all our mountain region, there are trout streams to which the disciples of old Izaak come from all over our vast country, and which we can reach by a few miles ride in the family flivver or that of some obliging neighbor.

One and all, we should get away from the usual scenes and pursuits for a short time, at least. It is all right to rest at home for a few days, but the chances are the rest will not be so entirely restful as would be the case if we escaped entirely from the usual routine for awhile. For health and contentment and a refreshed outlook on things in general, we need this change, at least once a year, if only for a few days. We who give our close attention to our work deserve it and should take advantage of it when vacation days arrive.

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Uncle Dudley Says—

The fellow who spends his time in telling how much he knows generally has to do a good deal of repeating.

They're cutting the cloth to fit only about two-thirds of the pattern these days.—(Fashion note.)

What Carnegie Told Schwab

When Carnegie made Schwab general manager of his principal steel plant he gave him this little piece of advice: "In going through the works Charlie, you will see many things that you mustn't see." Every employer and every executive sees far more than some employes imagine. If you are an employe, don't fool yourselves that you fool the boss one little bit. While he may keep his mouth closed when he walks through the place, he doesn't keep his eyes closed. He takes in everything. He makes lots of mental notes. It doesn't take him long to size up the people working with him.

He knows very well the employes who stick industriously to their tasks, and those who find all sorts of pretexts for getting away from the spot where they belong. He knows the employe who has a habit of sneaking out to wash up before lunch-time or closing time, and he knows the ones who do not. He knows the employe who is eager for an excuse to talk instead of working, and the ones who would rather work than talk. In time, too, he discovers who turns out the best work, who do only fairly good work, and who are slipshod.

And when the time comes to make changes, his mind immediately flashes to the employe or employes who are most worthy of promotion, just as his mind turns to the least meritorious employes when working forces have to be reduced. In a great many places the workers complain that the boss or bosses have favorites. Of course they have. Every intelligent boss looks with favor upon those who are serving the organization best. The employes who have become "favorites" usually deserve to have favors shown them.

The best way to become a favorite with the boss is not to go out of your way to attract his attention or to fawn upon him, but to keep your eyes, your hands and your mind on your job, and to keep on keeping them on the job. He is looking for results, not for obsequiousness, not for flattery.—From Forbes Magazine.

□

Are You Doing Your Daily Dozen?

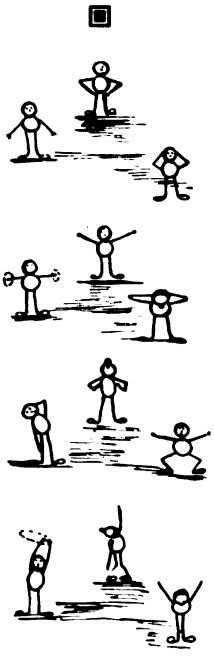
Although the following prelude was not intended for publication, it is so full of meat, and muscle, and good sense that we give it here for the consideration of all the telephone employes:

Editor Monitor:—Somewhere I've heard it said that one of the cardinal principles of advertising is "to repeat and repeat your message until everyone is repeating it with you." "Uneeda Biscuit," "Camels," "Colgates," "Wrigleys," are shouted at everyone hundreds of times a day from newspapers, car cards, bill boards, walls and everywhere.

All of which is leading up to my point—does The Monitor do enough hammering away on the things it wants to sell?

Take for instance "The Daily Dozen" insert which went with the April Monitor. One hundred per cent stuff for the inside man or woman; it's a safe bet that the cost of this insert will be repaid the Telephone Company many times over if only 60 out of each 100 inside people will take it up earnestly. But will they take it up earnestly? Experience and observation say No! The insert read, shortly after its receipt, thought of for a moment, perhaps with the remark—"Good stuff—I'll take it up" —and then the pamphlet is laid aside and forgotten. Men would have done the same sort of thing with "Camels" if they were heralded but once.

Shouldn't The Monitor back up its good start on this one thing by continual reference in every issue for quite a while to come?



First your HANDS
then your HIPS
then your HEAD
Now GRIND and GRATE and GRASP
Then CRAWL and CURL and CROUCH
Next WAVE and WEAVE and WING

Then go to work feeling like a million dollars!

Ten minutes with the DAILY DOZEN is a little harder to take than ten minutes with a TWIN SIX —but it does you a thousand times as much good.

START IT NOW AND DO IT DAILY.

□

Get Busy

O do not be a foolish gink and sit and fret and worry; don't fuss and fume till you can't think, because your biz is on the blink. Arise! Get busy! Hurry!

For there is just one thing to do, when you see trouble brewing—forget all thoughts of bluish hue and work like heck the whole day through — don't waste a minute stewing.

The cure is sure. If you are wise you'll keep forever jumping. The fighter always cops the prize! The fellow gains who does or dies! You'll win if you keep humping.—Arizona Mining Journal.

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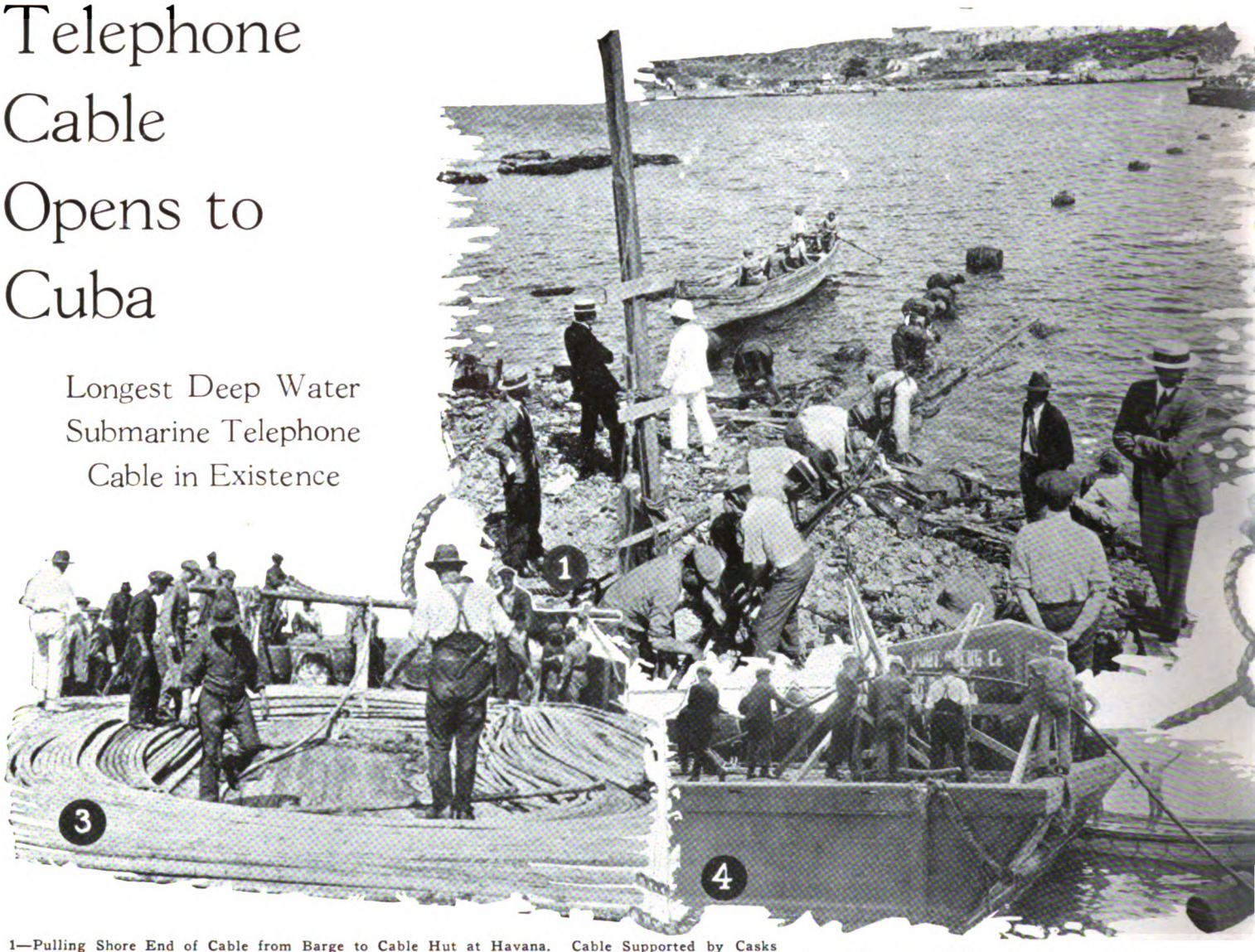
Telephone Cable Opens to Cuba

Longest Deep Water Submarine Telephone Cable in Existence



1—Pulling Shore End of Cable from Barge to Cable Hut at Havana. Cable Supported by Casks in Order to Drag It Ashore by Man Power.
2—Partially Completed Cable Hut at Havana, Showing Temporary Shack Built Inside of Permanent Hut to Receive End of Cable. The Cable Has Been Brought Through the Hut and Out on the Street. After the Removal of Armor Wires the Extra Lengths of Cable Were Coiled Under Water in the Excavation Beneath the Hut.
3—Shore End Cable Being Laid from Lighter Off Key West.
4—Paying Out Shore End Cable from Barge at Havana. Note Cask Tied to Cable and Brake Used to Control Speed at Which It Is Paid Out.
5—Cable Ships at Anchor in Havana Harbor.
6—Paying Out Cable Over the Bow Sheaves of Cable Ship. The Cable Was Laid from the Cable Ship Except in Shore Sections too Shallow for It to Work In.

"Greetings to you, President Menocal."

With a smile of genuine interest President Harding spoke these words in Washington, Monday, April 11th, and formally opened the new telephone cable lines connecting the United States with the island of Cuba. His act demonstrated that it is now possible for subscribers in the large cities of this country to talk direct with Havana, and marked an important advance in submarine communication carried out by the experts of the Bell System.

The ceremony, staged under the auspices of the National Press Club, took place in the stately Hall of the Americas in the Pan American Union Building. In addition to the President, the Cabinet, the diplomatic corps and as distinguished an audience as Washington has seen in many a day were in attendance.

Receivers were provided for all of the guests and a thousand or more heard with perfect ease the greetings spoken by the two Presidents. In Havana a similar party was held and President Menocal headed a brilliant gathering of Cuban and telephone officials and their friends.

Continuing his greetings to the chief executive of Cuba, President Harding said:

"I want you, President Monocal, and the government and people of Cuba to know how gratifying it is to participate with you in this ceremony which signifies so much in the establishment of more intimate and understanding relations between Cuba and the United States."

Probably the most dramatic incident of the occasion was the demonstration staged in honor of President Harding by Colonel J. J. Carty, Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, when he called the roll of telephone men stationed at intervals of 250 miles along the line from Havana northward and across the continent to San Francisco, thence down the coast and to the wireless station at Santa Catalina Island.

After receiving a response from the island in the Pacific, Colonel Carty invited the operator in charge at Catalina to talk—by wireless, land lines and the new submarine cable—to the telephone representative in Havana. With the audiences listening intently in the capitals of both republics, Havana's voice

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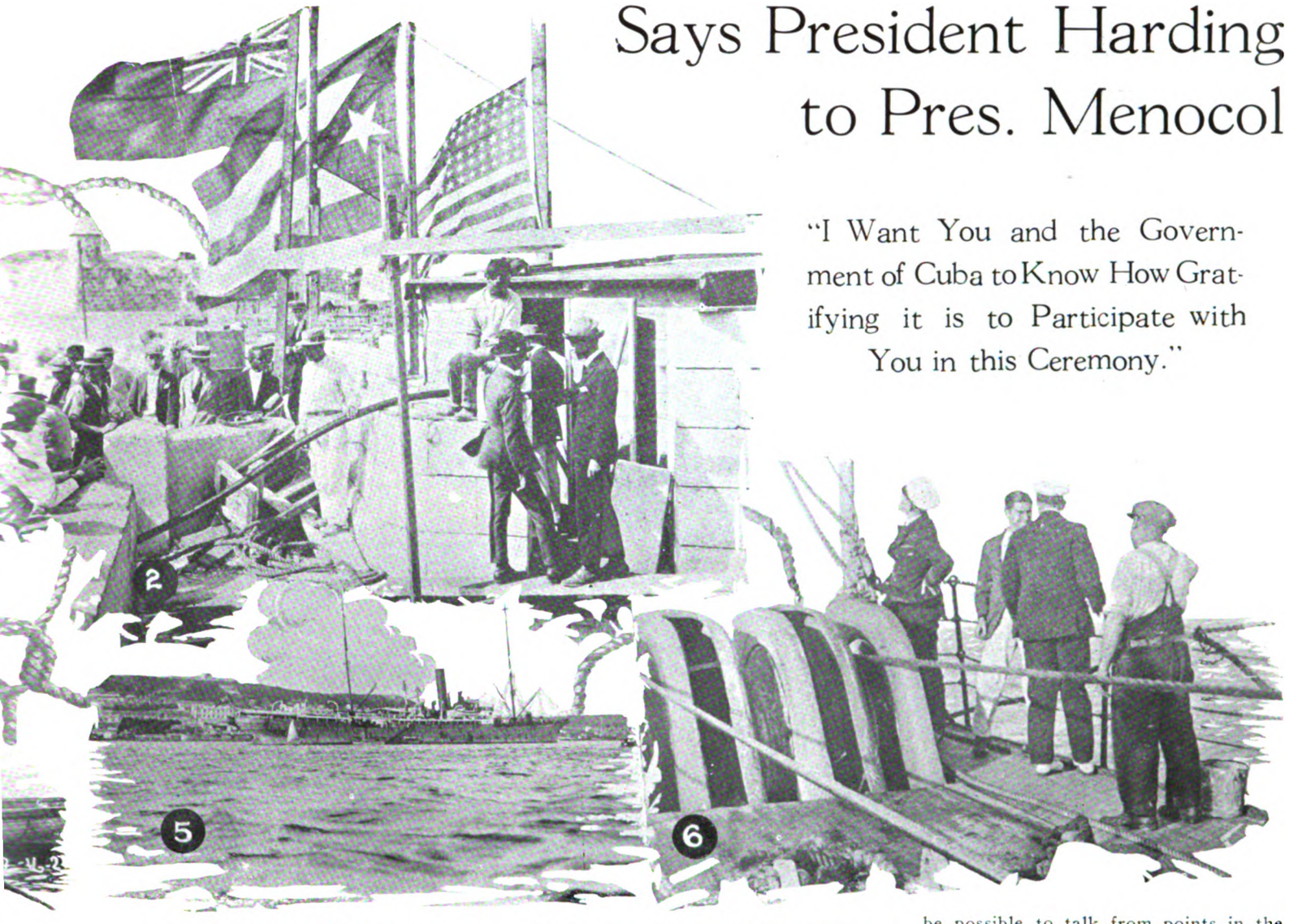
Says President Harding to Pres. Menocol

"I Want You and the Government of Cuba to Know How Gratifying it is to Participate with You in this Ceremony."



came clearly over the line saying:

"Hello, Catalina! Say, just where is Catalina?"

The telephone man off the coast of southern California proceeded to describe his location with considerable accuracy, and much to the amusement of the auditors he wound up with, "And where is Cuba, anyway?"

In making his roll call, Colonel Carty spoke to and received an answer from telephone officials stationed at 26 cities. Starting with the point situated farthest to the south he quietly said, "Hello, Havana," and with promptness suggesting magic, back came the response: "This is Havana, Cuba; Satterthwaite speaking."

Then, like the responses a top sergeant gets from the men in his ranks, came in turn: "Key West, Florida; Thibaut speaking." "Palm Beach, Florida; Ayo speaking." "Jacksonville, Florida; Brice speaking." And so on along the route.

Nothing in the entire program seemed to grip the attention of those listening, from President Harding down, like this almost supernatural skipping across hundreds of miles of space. Continuing, Colonel Carty called Denmark, S. C., Selma, N. C., Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Beaver Dam, Chicago, Davenport, Omaha, North Platte, Denver, Rawlins, Salt Lake, Winnemucca, Sacramento, San Francisco, Fresno, Los Angeles and Catalina.

"The total distance between the extreme points of this line," announcd Colonel Carty, "is 5,600 miles. This is by far the longest distance over which practical conversation has ever been held."

The conversation between these points was the equivalent of a talk from London to Pekin and many miles further. Or it meant that a line of equal length would reach all the way from London to Calcutta and thus unite England with one of the most distant of her colonial possessions. Using a line of about the same electrical length, it would readily be possible to talk from points in the United States to any of the South American countries.

The engineering features of the underseas cable to Cuba were discussed briefly by Colonel Carty, who stated that the conditions confronting the scientific men of the industry made this an exceedingly intricate problem. The work presented difficulties of great magnitude but they were all overcome, and the solving of

Mrs. Harding "Listening In"

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the various problems constituted a noteworthy achievement.

The nature of the work involved and the outstanding characteristics of the cable are as follows:

Following the extension of the Bell System's telephone circuits to Key West over the long viaduct of the Florida East Coast Railroad, the officials of the Bell System and of the Cuban Telephone Company determined that in the interest of public service telephone connection should be established between the United States and Cuba.

This meant the laying of a cable under about 115 miles of sea. The water averages about 3,000 feet in depth and in some stretches is over a mile deep. Across this gap sweeps that famous ocean current, the Gulf Stream. Telephone cables had never been laid over such a distance in water of such a depth.

The problems involved were turned over to the experts of the Bell System and after extensive development, research and hard work three separate cables have been laid and are now working between Key West and Havana.

Each cable is approximately 115 miles long and consists of a single copper conductor insulated with gutta percha. The cables are laid several miles apart, except at the extreme ends, so that if one should be broken the others may continue in service. As an additional precaution against serious interruption a total of about 40 miles of spare cable has been stored under water in a large concrete tank, so as to prevent deterioration, at the Key West end. The total weight of the three cables is approximately 3,500,000 pounds.

Each of the cables carried not only a telephone conversation but, at the same time, two telegraph circuits in each direction. In order to help the transmission of the telephone currents, each conductor is wrapped with a spiral of fine iron wire. Outside the gutta percha the cable is wrapped with copper tape, which serves as a return conductor and also to protect the cable from the teredo or any other destructive form of sea life. Surrounding this are jute wrappings and steel armor wires providing the required protection from mechanical injuries.

To obtain the necessary electrical efficiency, it has been necessary in the design of the cables to use greater weights of copper than is necessary in land telephone cables. Over one-tenth of the total weight of the cables, or approximately 400 000 pounds, is made up of copper. Even with this highly developed type of cable, the telephone energy received at the terminating end is less than one per cent of the energy delivered to the cable at the sending end. By means of special apparatus installed at the terminals, however, the energies of the telephone waves are amplified about seventy-five times and satisfactory commercial service can thus be given.

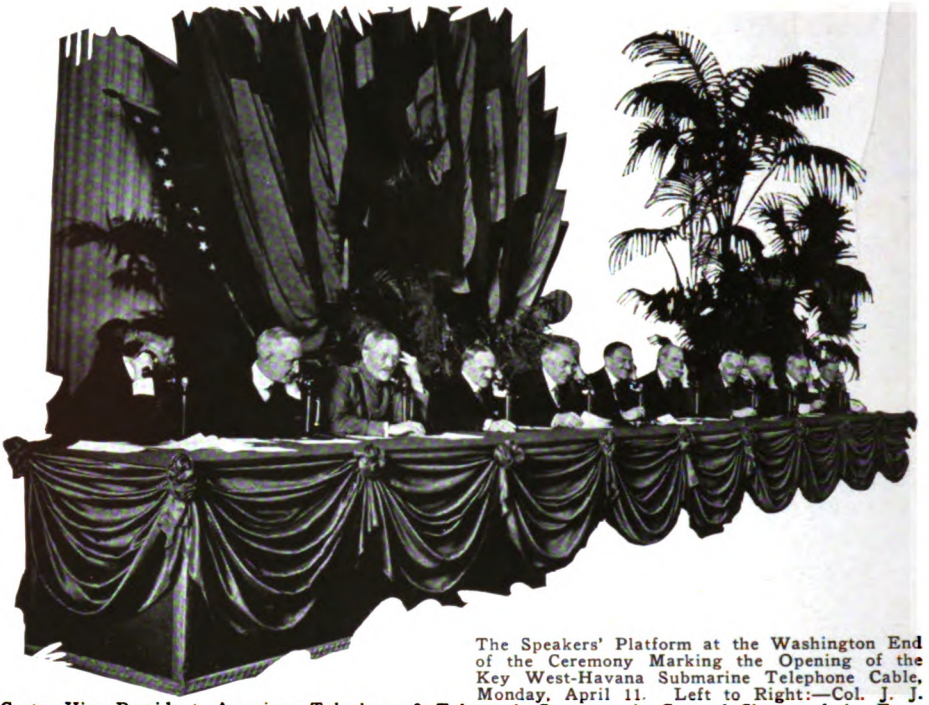
These telephone amplifiers, with the terminal telegraph apparatus giving the high and low frequency telegraph circuits, and the devices for permitting the telephone and telegraph to operate simultaneously, all differ radically from past practice and have required exhaustive development work.

When the conversations were held in Washington between the wireless station at Catalina and the Cuban Telephone Company's headquarters in Havana, it was pointed out that at a certain place in the far West the line was a mile above sea level, while at certain points between Key West and Havana it was a mile under water. The pressure on the submarine cable where it lies at the maximum depth is approximately a ton to the square inch.

The laying of the cables, the installation of associated equipment and the necessary tests required several months. The great weight of the cables and the depth of the water in which they were laid made it necessary to employ a large ship for the major part of the operations. At times while doing the work the ship carried suspended in the water more than a mile of cable. So that the cables might be laid over previously chosen routes, it was also necessary that the steamer have sufficient power to hold a true course even with this amount of cable hanging suspended in the water and subject to the pressure of ocean currents.

After Coloney Carty's introductory remarks and the Havana-Catalina roll call, followed by President Harding's opening talk with President Menocal, Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union, proceeded with the program of brief addresses between government officials in Washington and officials of the Cuban Government in Havana.

Secretary of State Hughes talked with Secretary of State Desvernines of Cuba; Secretary of the Treasury Mellon



The Speakers' Platform at the Washington End of the Ceremony Marking the Opening of the Key West-Havana Submarine Telephone Cable, Monday, April 11. Left to Right:—Col. J. J. Carty, Vice President, American Telephone & Telegraph Company, in General Charge of the Exercises; Asst. Secretary of War Wainwright; General Pershing; Cuban Minister de Cespedes President Harding; Dr. Rowe, Director General, Pan-American Union; Secretary of State Hughes; Secretary of the Treasury Mellon; Under-Secretary of State Fletcher; Commissioner Rudolph of the District of Columbia; Avery C. Marks, President National Press Club.

Barge Loaded With Shore-end of Cable Towed into Position Near Havana Cable Hut. Morro Castle in Background

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Capable Woman on Benefit Fund Committee

An interesting feature of the recent reorganization of the Employes' Benefit Fund Committee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was the selection of a woman as a member of the committee

The first woman to be appointed to a place upon this important committee is Miss Mary T. Reuse, who comes to the parent company from the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. By experience and training, Miss Reuse is admirably fitted for the work she will be called upon to do in her position of Assistant to Vice President E. K. Hall.

Miss Reuse began her telephone career in 1896, entering the employ of the Chicago Telephone Company as an operator. She advanced to Supervisor, Assistant Chief Operator, and then to Chief Operator. In 1913, she left the operating organization to take charge of the Welfare Department of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company at Chicago. Soon after, she was placed in charge of the administration of the Medical Department.

So successful was her administration, that when Margaret Mackin Hall, the Illinois Bell Telephone Company's home for convalescent women employes, was opened, Miss Reuse was the logical selection for the head of the institution. She directed its operation for more than four years. Her work at Margaret Mackin Hall made her the friend for life of more than 1,400 girls. Just before coming to New York, she had also been placed in charge of Fairfax Hall, the new dormitory for operators at Chicago.

Throughout her long and close association with the women employes of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, she had been the intimate counselor and friend to thousands of girl employes.

In her new position with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Miss Reuse will advise Mr. E. K. Hall with regard to personnel work among women employes of the Bell System.

The Benefit Fund Committee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as now organized, consists of: Mr. E. K. Hall, Vice President in charge of Personnel and Public Relations, Chairman; Mr. W. S. Gifford, Vice President in charge of Accounts and Finance; Mr. E. S. Wilson, Vice President in charge of Revenues; Mr. C. M. Bracelen, General Solicitor, and Miss Mary T. Reuse, Assistant to Vice President in charge of Personnel and Public Relations.

The principal function of the committee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the development of practices and policies in connection with the administration of the Benefit Fund and related matters, in co-operation with the Associated Companies. The application of these principles to actual cases is vested in a local committee in each associated company. The recent reorganization of the committee was for the purpose of beginning a more intensive study of policies and future plans than was practicable during the war and immediately thereafter.

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talked with Secretary of the Treasury Hernandez of Cuba; the Cuban Minister at Washington, Senor de Cespedes, talked with Boaz Long, the American Minister at Havana; General Pershing talked with General Crowder, now on a special mission in Cuba; Under-Secretary of State Fletcher talked with Mr. Montoro, Secretary to President Menocal; Assistant Secretary of War Wainwright, talked with General Marti, Cuban Secretary of War; and Commissioner Rudolph of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, talked with General Agramonte of the Cuban Cabinet.

At the conclusion of the scheduled conversations, a party of prominent guests, including many ladies, talked informally with friends gathered in the telephone offices in Havana. At this point it was especially interesting to hear the bombardment of rapid fire Spanish sent over the line by the feminine guests.

The entire program, beginning promptly on the stroke of 5:30 when President Harding arrived, went through with complete success. Each conversation was scheduled down to the fraction of a minute; and the entire ceremony was marked by a military snap and precision which those who have frequently witnessed demonstrations of the same general kind said they had never seen equalled.

After the last of the informal conversations had been concluded, F. A. Stevenson, Director of the Long Lines Department, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, instructed the men in the control room to call Havana and announce that the opening exercises were over and that the latest achievement of the Bell System was at the service of the public. A telegram of congratulations signed by Colonel Carty, Mr. Stevenson and J. G. Truedell, the engineer in active charge of the installation and demonstration at Washington, was forwarded to the forces of the A. T. and T. Company, the Associated companies—particularly those of the Chesapeake and Potomac Company—and to every one who helped to make the ceremony so notable a success.

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The Making of the Theodore N. Vail Medal

This Is the Sculptor's Original Model of the Theodore N. Vail Medal. When This Model, in Soft Plastina, Is Perfected, the Process of Reducing It to a Small Bronze Medal Will Begin. In the Upper Corner Is the Small Preliminary Model.

A flat, circular slab of soft, green, putty-like substance feels the touch of the sculptor's fingers and slowly changes in appearance until the outlines of a man's head become visible in its surface. Further touches from the artist's hand and a face emerges with strong, rugged features; it is the face of Theodore N. Vail. This rough shaping of that face in the soft, green slab is the first step toward the permanent recording, in bronze, of the personality of Mr. Vail in the Theodore N. Vail Medal.

Another rough slab, of the same size and substance, responds to the artist's touch and becomes a picturization of three striking figures. A woman, representing Service, holds in her hands the wires over which speeds a winged message. A youth upholds her arm, symbolizing Loyalty to Service. Another youth stands in an attitude of Devotion. Around the rim are the words, "The Vail Medal for Noteworthy Public Service."

The first slab of "plastina," as it is called, is the sculptor's model for the obverse side of the Theodore N. Vail Medal—the side on which Mr. Vail's likeness will appear. The other side is the model for the allegorical design which will form the reverse side.

Let us repeat here what the Vail Medal is. It has been established to commemorate Mr. Vail's ideals of Public Service. It will be awarded each year to Bell System employes whose performances during that year conspicuously illustrate those ideals. While the design of the medal pictures Service, Loyalty and Devotion, the medals are not to be awarded for the demonstration of these qualities to the Companies. The awards are to be made rather for noteworthy service, loyalty and devotion to the public service. Many of the cases which have been submitted include exhibitions of courage or endurance or quick thinking or all of these fine human qualities. Committees of award throughout the country are considering cases to be recognized by a Vail Medal award.

Now, to resume the making of the medal itself. The sculptor finishes his work on the soft "plastina," and the design is completed to his satisfaction. He makes a hard plaster mold from it, in negative, and turns this over to the medal maker, who is confronted with the task of reducing this large plaster mold, of a diameter of about two feet, to a small bronze medal somewhat larger than a half dollar.

To accomplish this the medal manufacturer calls in his reducing machine—the heart of present-day medallic manufacture. The reducing machine is capable of transferring a design from a large plaster slab to a smaller surface. It is a mechanism so delicate that it must be hung from the wall; if it were placed on the floor the vibrations would interfere with the accuracy of its operation.

The chief feature of the reducing machine is a large bar with steel needles at either end. One needle is set to trace the design on the original mold, and the other needle faithfully reproduces the design, in a smaller size, on a piece of soft steel at the other end of the bar. When the design has been transferred to the soft steel, the steel is hardened and is then ready to serve as the die

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In Appreciation of Good Telephone Service

Denver, Colo., April 22, 1921.

B. S. Reed, President Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company, Telephone Building,

Dear Sir: I read your ad, "The Telephone is Back to Normal." I want to congratulate you, your company and the public that this is so. I want to say that the service during the past six months is a very great deal better than it has been for many years. I am sure we are all delighted, as you are, that you have a more co-operative spirit now among your employees and a desire on their part to give better service.

Again congratulating you, and with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
RALPH SMITH,
Vice President National Surety Co.

April 20, 1921.

Mr. E. M. Burgess, Vice President, The Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.,

Dear Mr. Burgess: On behalf of the Board of Managers of St. Luke's Hospital, I desire to express our appreciation of the bit of work that was rendered by one of your staff during the snowstorm of April 15. Our switchboard went bad and we were without a trunk or service of any kind, even within the house, for some little time. We undertook to report the trouble through a neighboring phone, but before we succeeded one of your linemen, whose name we do not know, appeared like a veritable Santa Claus, from your York street station, having come that distance on foot and for the purpose of righting our difficulties. He succeeded and our service was restored to us.

That he performed no small task and under most trying circumstances, requiring a tremendous physical effort on his part, was obvious. We are grateful and want to thank you for it and in this connection we desire to also express further appreciation of the services of your company through Mr. Clark, in the extension of our telephone system made necessary by the erection of our new wing, hot water plant and laundry, which has aided us in hastening its completion.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Yours very truly,
THOMAS S. RATTLE,
Secretary and Executive Manager, St. Luke's Hospital, Denver.

Denver, Colo., April 18, 1921.

Mr. Dean D. Clark, Commercial Manager, The Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co., Denver, Colo.

My Dear Mr. Clark: I want to compliment Miss Hulse and Mrs. Petherbridge upon the efficient service they rendered us the afternoon and evening of the storm, Friday, April 15th.

The work was extremely heavy at that time and it was indeed a relief to me to know that messages were being handled in the way I would have them, and you are certainly to be congratulated upon being able to procure the services of these young ladies.

Very truly yours,
J. KEATING,
General Manager, Denver Union Terminal Railway Company.

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for striking the medal in bronze. This operation must, of course, be repeated for the reverse side of the medal.

When both steel dies are ready, a soft piece of bronze is placed between the dies and compressed under a pressure of forty thousand tons—and the bronze emerges as a Theodore N. Vail Medal.

The consideration of cases in which employees are eligible for a medal award has been progressing for several weeks, and the announcements of awards will be made shortly.

Reverse Side of the Vail Medal, a Design Picturing Devotion, Service and Loyalty, and Bearing the Words, "The Vail Medal, for Noteworthy Public Service."

Events in June

June 3—Jeff Davis born, 1808.

June 14—Flag Day.

June 17—Battle Bunker Hill.

June 21—First day of summer and longest day of the year.

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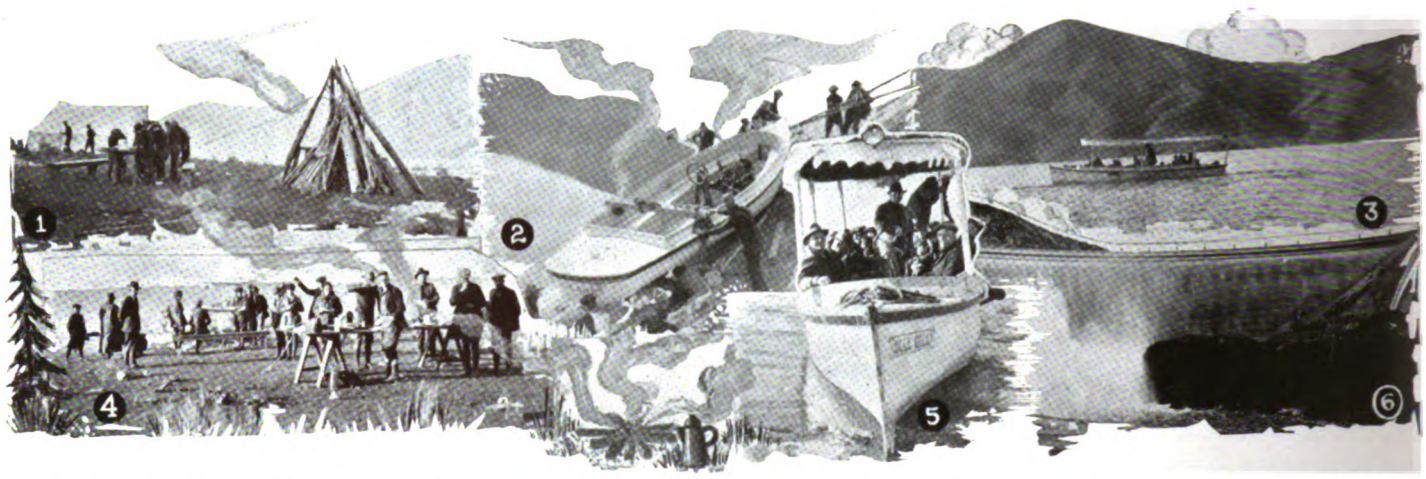
Something Doing in Idaho Every Minute



1. The Campfire 2. Launching the Blue Bell 3. Joyriding in the Blue Bell 4. Early Morn in Camp 5. Ready to Start 6. Arrow Rock Dam

Boise, Idaho

When the Telephone Society passed out of existence, its spirit continued to live, ready to burst forth into some new activity.

With the coming of spring, the call of the great out-of-doors, such as only Idaho can give, sounded for us all, and for the purpose of amusement and recreation, the Blue Bell Outing Club was formed.

At an enthusiastic meeting called for the purpose of organizing the Club, fifty persons were present and the following officers were elected:

President, C. A. Snyder; vice president, G. H. Baker; secretary, W. A. Shields; treasuer, W. H. Geopfarth.

To these men is due much credit for their untiring efforts for the club's organization and for the spirit of making it a club of the members and for the members, where all may have an equal say, and whose only rule is the voice of the majority. The by-laws can be changed by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the club.

The standing committees are as follows:

Amusement—Messrs. Sport and Geopfarth and Misses Robinson and Westfall.

Refreshment—Messrs. Bigger and Clyne and Misses Freauf and Persinger.

Building and Grounds—Messrs. Williams, Lowery, Moan and Cornell.

Lawn Tennis—Messrs. Trehearne, Spore, Geopfarth and Rowland.

By-Laws—Messrs. Risley, O'Neal, Clark and Kelly and Miss Campion.

A tennis court has been completed on our warehouse lot. It is close in and only a few minutes walk from the office. Eighty loads of clay dirt and sand were hauled from the State Capitol grounds, and members of all three departments raked, levelled and rolled it into one of the best courts in the city. Shower baths and lockers will also be provided. As yet no champion has been developed but interest is keen.

A power boat, the Blue Bell, was launched April 10th on Arrow Rock Lake. It is 30 feet long and will carry thirty persons. It has a canopy to keep off sun and rain and a 30 horsepower engine with a self-starter and trimming.

It is possible to make a forty-six mile trip on Arrow Rock lake and as it nestles in among the hills, the scenery is difficult to surpass. Here is located Arrow Rock dam which is the highest in the world, 375 feet from bottom to top with 405 steps leading from its crest to its base, and all the features of modern engineering embodied in its building.

On Saturday, May 7, the majority of the members of the club motored to Arrow Rock lake for the purpose of selecting a suitable place to build a lodge. Tents were provided and thirty-six very enthusiastic persons spent the evening around a huge campfire which could be seen for miles around.

While a part of the party made a trip on the lake in the launch, which was brilliantly lighted, the balance indulged in various games, such as rope jumping, tug'o-war, war dances, jumping, rolling contests, pinochle, and many others. Messrs. Higby and Nelson furnished music for old-fashioned square dances, which concluded the evening amusements. The party was increased to forty-two on Sunday.

Two trips around the lake were made in the Blue Bell, and an ideal location selected for a lodge, on a knoll overlooking the lake for many miles in both directions. Near this is a sandy beach suitable for bathing, and a spring of cold water is located so it can be piped to the lodge, the plans for which are completed. The work of building will begin the latter part of May.

Everyone present claimed to have had a better time than his neighbor on this trip, and are looking forward with pleasure to the week-end trips planned for the summer months.

Plant Remarks at Boise

Miss Westfall—"Ain't that the cutest thing?"

Miss Campion—"Oh, do you think that's funny?"

Mr. Critchell—"Who's going to get some candy?"

Miss Robinson—"Let's play tennis."

Mr. Underhill—"Judas Priest, I kain't see you."

Mr. Rowland—"I'm going to move tomorrow."

Mr. Snyder—"How! How! How!"

Mr. Baker—"That's my story and I'll stick to it."

Mr. Shields—"Don't cry, little girl, I'll buy your violets."

Miss Shurtz—"Oh, that's good."

Mr. Moan—"Well, it's time to eat."

Mr. Lowrey—"When I was in Omaha, why——"

Dwaine—"What do you want now?"

Idaho Falls

Every one is planning a vacation and wondering how they can spend it and where. Misses A. Burtenshaw, B. Davis and G. Norton have returned from their vacations very much rested and ready to work again.

Miss Rosalie Elliott, our cashier, has returned after several days' absence on

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account of a sprained knee. She didn't mind the sprained knee so much but to miss all the good swimming at the plunge breaks her heart.

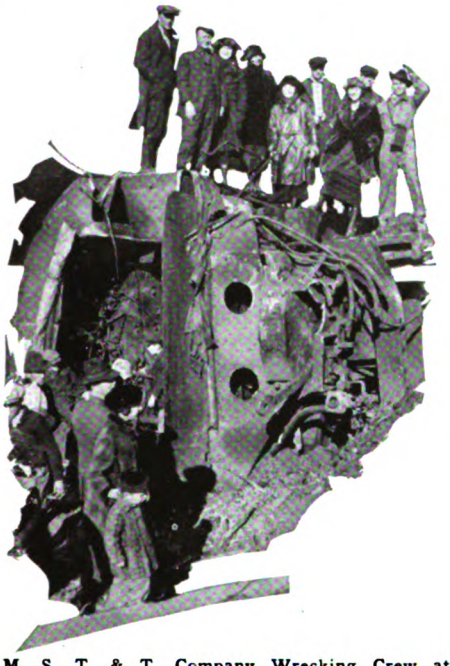
Miss Ethel Armstrong, clerk, left May 8, for Colorado and Nebraska to spend six weeks' vacation.

Miss Ruth Tubbs, chief operator, made a trip to Pocatello, May 1 to spend the day there with Miss Dorothy Vernon of Twin Falls, who was on her way to El Paso, Texas, to visit with her sister during her vacation. Miss Vernon was formerly chief operator at Idaho Falls.

Misses Lillian and Jessie Gray are back with the telephone family. They resigned last fall to go to school.

The construction work has been completed, all the cuts and changes were finished April 23. We also had sixty numbers of the nine hundred multiple installed. Now our favorite "indoor sport" is to convince people that they need a telephone. We have equipped all of our plant men with a list of rates, several contracts, and a handful of receipts, and they are sure helping us to regain our loss in stations. We began losing stations in January, and it seemed impossible for us to stop the loss; but evidently we have hit the bottom and are coming back in good shape, and if we can only keep our pace we will give our district manager a most agreeable surprise in making our station gain estimate for the year 1921.

Curtis Neyman has ended our long-drawn-out cable estimate and moved to Blackfoot to scramble a few numbers for them. It was necessary to change 300 numbers in cutting into our new plant.



M. S. T. & T. Company Wrecking Crew at Idaho Falls

Manager Morgan has joined the Elks' Club of Idaho Falls, and is a very proud possessor of an emblem of the order. The order has 450 members, composed principally of business men of the city.

Cass Treseder has just completed a cable record at Idaho Falls of which he is justly proud.

Mr. Nuttall and his "gang," Roy Gibson, are very busy of late installing and keeping up with outside moves. They claim that everybody in Idaho Falls has moved this spring.

More About the Little Red Hen

Editor Monitor:—I note the second yarn on page 16 of the April number of your most excellent periodical. As Abraham Lincoln often remarked "That reminds me."

Once upon a time an eastern gentleman was traveling through Oklahoma via the Santa Fe and in conversation with a pioneer Oklahoma lady he remarked thusly:

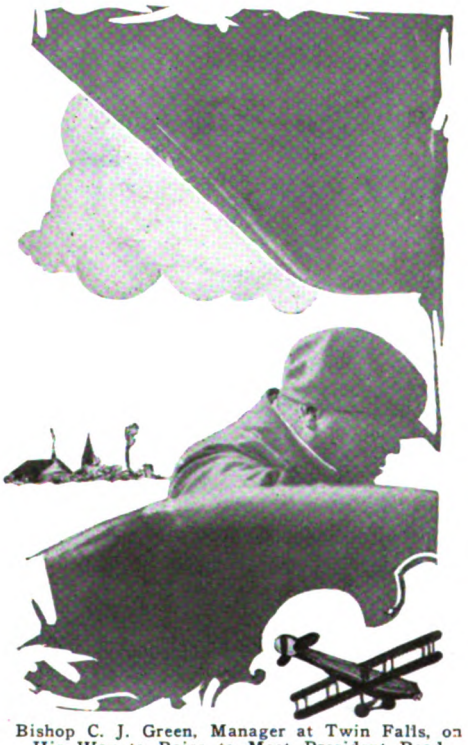
"I suppose you Oklahoma folks consider yourselves quite smart."

The lady replied: "Well, I suppose we are on a fair average with other folks."

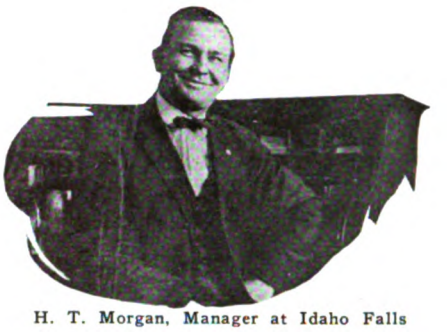
"Well," said he, "would you mind to tell me which is correct, a setting hen or a sitting hen?"

To which she replied, "My friend, it does not concern us as to whether a setting hen or a sitting hen is correct. Down here in Oklahoma what we want to know is, when the hen cackles has she laid or has she lied."

M. 4283, Colorado Springs.



Bishop C. J. Green, Manager at Twin Falls, on His Way to Boise to Meet President Read



H. T. Morgan, Manager at Idaho Falls

W. H. Shields and His Misplaced Tie—Boise, Idaho

The sweetest flowers that grow in the garden of friendship are the buds we pick for those in whose lives the roses never bloom.

Hire Out to Yourself

Some day,
When you feel gay,
And think you deserve a raise
For your valuable services,
I tell you what to do.
You put the shoe on the other foot,
And hire out to yourself
Just for a day or two.
Put yourself in your employer's place
And keep tab on the work you do.
Let's see.
You were late this morning.
Only ten minutes?
That's true, but whose time was it?
You took pay for it,
Therefore you sold it.
You can't sell eight hours of time
And keep part of it—
Not unless you give short measure!
Then, again, how about that customer
You rubbed the wrong way?
Not your funeral, you say?
Maybe, but you're paid
For building trade,
Not driving it away.
How about that work you had to do over?
You're not paid to be careless,
You're paid to do work well,
Not twice over,
But once, that's enough!
Then do it right
The first time you do it.
That's what you would do
If you worked for yourself.
Hire out, then, to a man named "You."
Imagine it's up to you to meet the payroll.
Then see what a difference it makes
In the point of view.
Say, try it once
For a day or two!

—The New Success.

Clipped by Miss La Nez Pitkin, Salt Lake.

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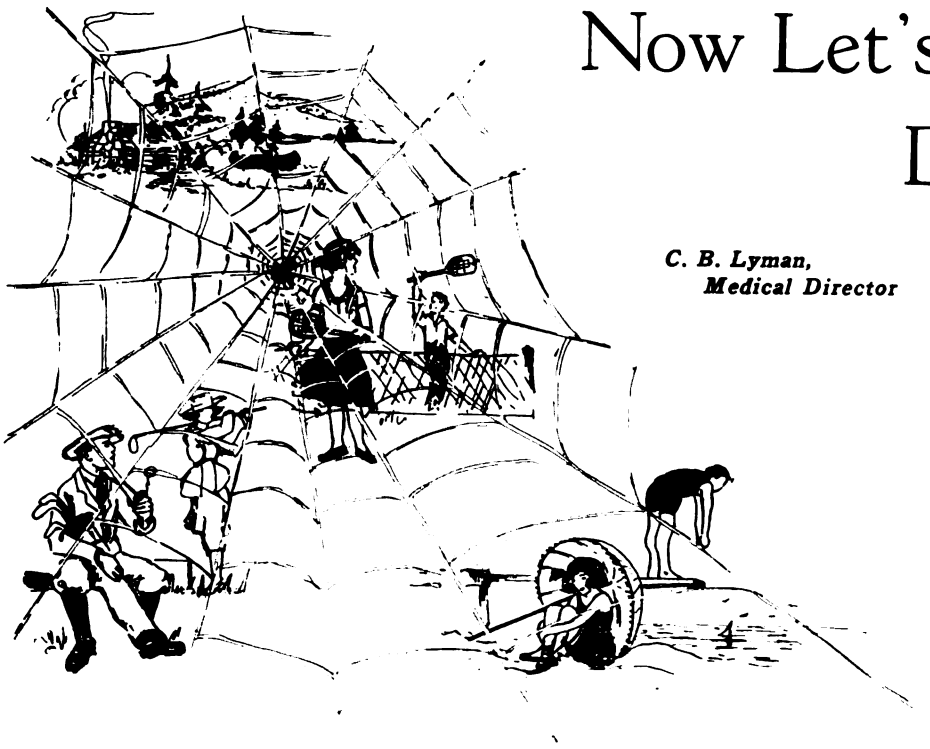
Now Let's do What the Doctor Orders



C. B. Lyman,
Medical Director

"Nothing more preserves men in their wits
Than giving of them leave to play by fits."

—

This being the time of year when nature is bursting forth with all the beauties of springtime it is natural that one should be thinking of his vacation and the fact that one **does** at this time of year begin to think of it is evidence sufficient that the human soul craves the out-doors.

Vacation means a cessation from the daily grind. It makes no difference what one's occupation may be, whether it be working at the switchboard, attending to household duties, or preaching the gospel, a change is needed.

How many there are who do not know how to take a vacation!

A vacation to be a success should take the individual absolutely away from everything which has daily occupied his thoughts and at the same time should be of such a character that the system may be benefited as well as the mind by bringing into play those organs which have been dormant.

The office man or woman should so arrange his or her vacation that they may get the most good out of the open air, sunshine, and muscular exercise.

Many girls think the proper way to spend a vacation is to take all their good dresses, go to some hotel, and spend the hours on the porch or maybe in a hammock gossiping with the other poor benighted vacationists like themselves, eat three square meals a day, and spend the evening dancing in a crowded, poorly ventilated dance hall, and perchance during the odd hours of the day load the system with candy, sundaes, etc. Such a girl comes home after her two or three weeks vacation tired in body and mind and unfit for work.

The one who is employed indoors should arrange her vacation so that she will be out of doors as many hours in the twenty-four as possible, and if she can live, eat, and sleep with nothing but the blue sky for a roof she would come back with the cobwebs all brushed away, refreshed bodily, mentally, and morally.

The man who does the best work in his profession, whatever it may be, is the man who knows how to take a vacation. When he comes back he will know how to work and his efficiency will be much nearer one hundred per cent. So important is this matter that I know of institutions that not only give the employees a yearly vacation but go further and **compel** them to take one whether they wish to or not.

The ideal vacation is the one which will keep the individual in the open air, eating good hearty food, and taking plenty of exercise.

We have already dwelt upon the subject of fresh air and its benefits in a previous squib in the Monitor, the good to be derived from open windows and sleeping porches. Knock the walls out, blow off the roof, throw away the soft hair mattress, live out in the open where you can be supplied with millions of cubic feet of air instead of a score.

Use every muscle in the body. Do something, saw wood if you can't find anything more pleasant to do (it fixed the Kaiser). Walking, horseback riding, golf, and tennis are all forms of exercise which combine pleasure with work for they are all work if one does enough of

it. A ten or fifteen mile walk every day will put new life into anyone, man, woman, or child.

Let your food be plain and wholesome, and drink the well dry.

Camping furnishes the ideal vacation and this kind of a vacation can be had with very little expense if one will be satisfied with simple things.

If one is obliged to live at a hotel consider the hotel only an incident in the vacation and stay as far away

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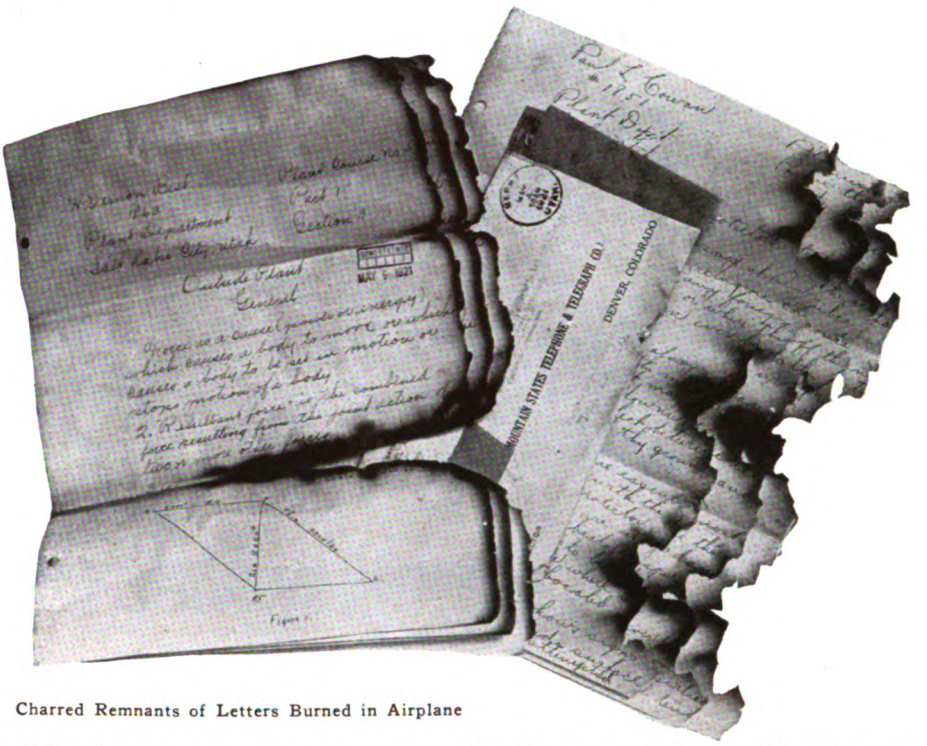
Mail Pilot Fell From the Sky to Death

When Walter M. Bunting, air mail pilot sailing the clouds from Salt Lake to Cheyenne and Denver, fell to his death near Rock Springs, Wyoming, on May 6, he carried with him thousands of letters addressed to people in Denver and farther east. Most of these letters were burned in the wreckage, but some of them, scorched and badly disfigured, still retained enough of the address to enable the carriers to deliver them. The photograph herewith shows the condition of some of the mail addressed to the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company when it was delivered. These particular scraps were received by the Educational department.

Bits of scorched envelopes, postmarked at Salt Lake, and addressed to The Monitor have been received, and it is more than likely that some articles intended for this magazine were burned.



Charred Remnants of Letters Burned in Airplane

The charred remains of Pilot Bunting were taken to his old home in Carney's Point, New Jersey, for burial.

from it as possible except when it is necessary to eat and sleep. Bridge and dancing usually mean breathing foul air, and that is what dulls the mind, weakens the muscles, and puts on fat.

Leave candy, tidbits, and novels alone. Read the stories you can find written in everything you see about you, the flowers, the birds, the rocks and brooks, they all have stories to tell you.

If it is not possible for one to get away from the city, one can, however, live out of doors and do something in the way of exercise which will put new life into the body and new pep into the brain and when the vacation is over you will be as anxious to go to work as you were anxious to quit.

All work and no play makes a dull boy out of anyone. When you work, work hard, and when you play, play hard, and forget that there is a Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Departed---But Not Forgotten

Sunday, May 8th, little Swanhilde Wikane passed on to peaceful rest. Miss Wikane was a local operator at Wasatch Exchange, Salt Lake City. She came to the exchange as a toll messenger in March, 1920. After six months she was transferred to the local school room and took the operator's training course. Since that time she has been on the local schedule.

Everyone who came in contact with her felt her sweet spirit and all loved her dearly. She was the most ardent little worker. Every task assigned to her was done with a willingness and cheerfulness which was an inspiration to others. She would not give up her position until compelled to on account of heart trouble. Though she suffered dreadfully, yet she was brave and serene. So it is indeed with regret that we part with her.

The love with which her fellow employees regarded her was manifest in the gorgeous floral offerings.

When a representative of the company went to see the family, she was met by one of the bravest, truest little mothers in the world. The little mother grasped the young lady's hand and said, "Oh, the company has been so good to us in our sorrow. Thank them all for me. I cannot express my gratitude in words but my heart is just overflowing. Thank them for me and for the family, please. I am not going to grieve any more because I know she would not want me to. Again, please thank the employees of your company."

So just another of our best and dearest co-workers has passed on.

The man who lives a noble life leaves a lasting impression.

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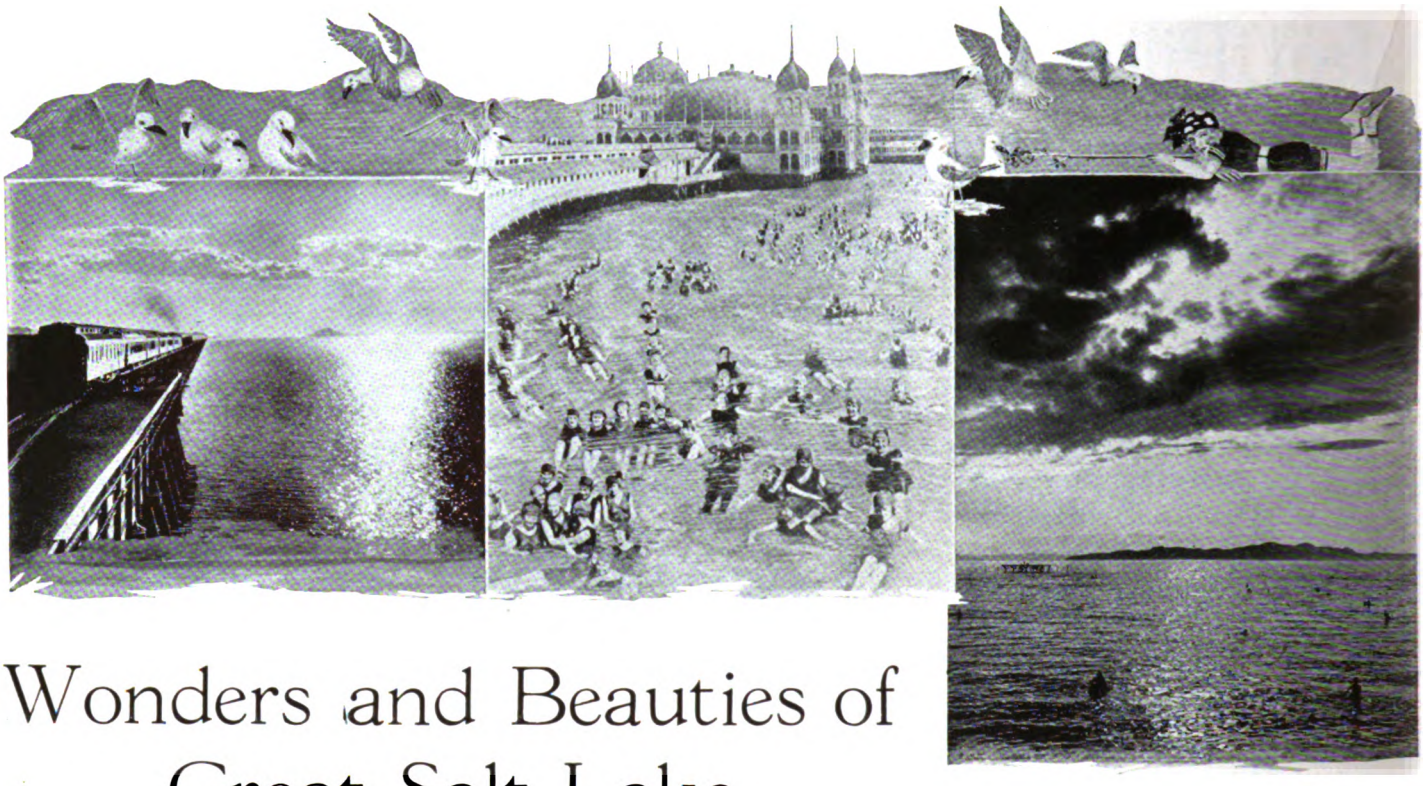

Wonders and Beauties of Great Salt Lake

Much has been written about the Great Salt Lake, but history dates back but little more than two centuries. Yet it is counted the most interesting inland sea of briny water in the world, its nearest rival being the Dead Sea of the Holy Land.

Salt Lake is but a remnant of a once mighty body of water left by the drying up of what was once, in the prehistoric glacial period, an immense inland sea, and even within the history of man, some two hundred years ago, marked changes have taken place in its shore lines. High up on the mountain walls are "high water marks," where the tides once swished in fitful action, the range at one time, no doubt, being islands in the sea. There is no doubt that this great lake is gradually drying up, but as it will take several million years for this to come about so that only a bed of salt will remain, the present citizens of Salt Lake City and Utah are not worrying over the day when "there shall be no more sea."

It is said that when Brigham Young and his prophetic followers had climbed to the summit of the Wasatch range and looked down upon the Salt Lake Valley with the placid sea in its center, they at once likened it to the Holy Land of old, and believed that God had directed them to it, even as the children of Israel had been led into the Promised Land. The shape of the lake is similar to that of the Dead Sea and the fertile valley is remarkably like that of the ancient basin that "flowed with milk and honey."

Salt Lake is more remarkable because it has no outlet to the sea, and but few streams empty into it; the principal one is symbolically called the River Jordan.

The lake is about 76 miles long, the greatest width being 51 miles, covering an area of 2,170 square miles. It is 4,300 feet above sea level. There are eight small islands in the lake, the largest being Antelope Island. One small island known as Egg Island is the brooding home of the pelican and sea gull. Here thousands of these salt water birds are hatched every year. Vegetation being scarce on this island, the mother birds gather food from the mouth of the fresh water streams miles away and carry it to their young. Because there are no fish and no living things in the Great Salt Lake, it is considered rather remarkable that these birds, in such great numbers, make it their home.

One of the great achievements of railroad building was accomplished some years ago when the Southern Pacific company built a trestle and "fill" track across the north end of the lake, a distance of about twenty-five miles. This piece of engineering, known as the "Lucin cut-off," is one of the wonders of railroad construction in the United States.

In the scenic sense, the Great Salt Lake and its surroundings rank with the wonders of the world. One who has seen the western sky ablaze with the inimitable red and orange of Nature, as the sun dropped in splendor behind the islands of the lake, the whole gorgeous picture reflected in its smooth waters, and then lingered until the afterglow faded into the soft lavenders and grays of twilight, has gazed upon a rare picture—one that could not fail to thrill and inspire.

You can be a live-wire without burning out your fuse.

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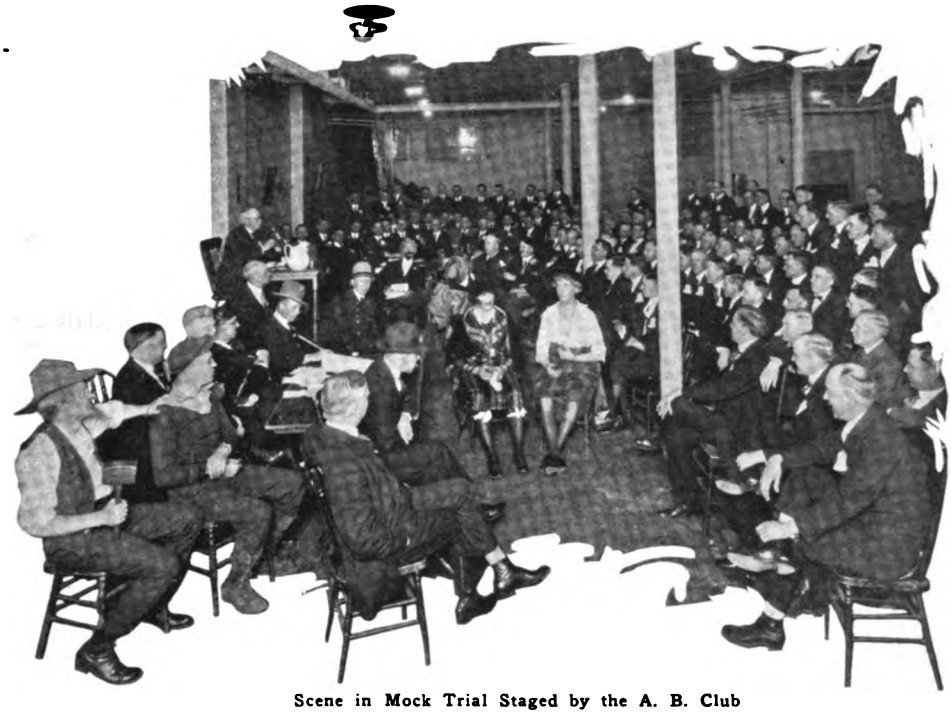
When The A. B. Club Meets Fun's Havin'



Scene in Mock Trial Staged by the A. B. Club

"The Trials of a Prorate Manager," staged, rendered, executed and perpetrated on an unsuspecting audience of some two hundred members of the American Bell Club, Denver, on the night of May 24, in the year of Endurance, nineteen-hundred-and-froze-to-death, was a scream from Alpha to Omega Oil, and those who survived are champing their bit, or two-bits, for a return engagement. The mellow-drama graphically depicted the lights and shadows of the average prorate telephone manager who sleeps in a cactus bed at night and enjoys his vacation days dangling from the crossarms of a greasewood telephone pole splicing wires. The plot of the drama was laid by a Polin China hen. At the close of the engagement the author was loudly called for, but he sensed the omelets and escaped through a loophole in the program.

The barrage rose on a country exchange office. The languid manager was vigorously sweeping the floor with a sheepskin nailed to a bedslat. A telephone bell was ringing lustily. He begged the damned thing to please be still until he could open the office with the usual morning prayer—but it rang on. That is, off and on.

Enter, Ima Nutt. She was. Ima was the chief operator and official gumchewer. Ima had taking ways about her. She even took her own time about mounting the tripod. After the manager had built the fire, carried out the ashes, slopped the hogs, made his bed, washed his dishes, moved the office railing a few inches south and borrowed a quart of coal oil for the night operator, in walked one of those pests from Denver, known and abhorred as a superior. This one was a traffic supervisor, forms, books, papers, semi-intelligence an' everything—very real, indeed. His first official question was:

"When does the first train leave this damned town?"

Then came the plant supervisor, the commercial supervisor, the traveling auditor and the iceman—all of about the same temperature. An irate subscriber and an expressman brightened things up a bit for the manager. When the curtain brought relief to the weary manager it was found that the various supervisors had lined up enough work to keep him busy the next ninety-nine years—and they all wanted it done "right away."

The comedy was a well written, well played, well appreciated piece of burlesque, realistic in many ways, showing the great and important part played by the prorate manager in a small town—that without him the body-head of the telephone system would not amount to so much. Following is the cast of characters:

Will E. Last, Manager.....C. C. Croke
Ima Nutt, Operator.....B. T. Miller
Noah Lott, Traffic Supervisor.....F. H. Yelton
Dr. Ike Hillem, Subscriber.....C. H. Trask
John E. Wise, Plant Supervisor.....F. A. Teschner
I. Raventare, Subscriber.....H. T. Vaille
I. M. Neverong, Com'l Supervisor.....D. D. Clarke
A. Skinner, Subscriber.....A. E. Taylor
Ches. T. Checker, Traveling Auditor..G. E. Berggren
Oscar Speed, Expressman.....B. L. Chandler
Way M. Short, Iceman.....W. E. Hess

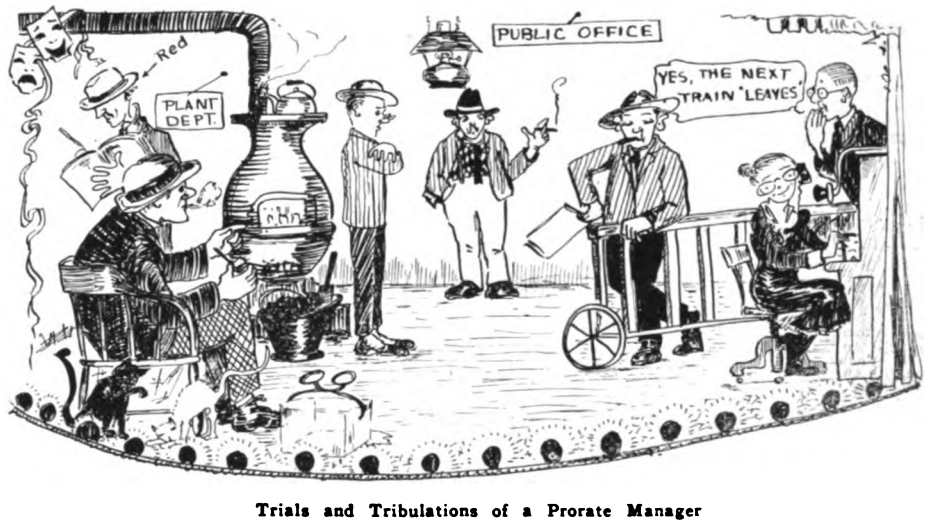
EDUCATIONAL

Butters, Golden W. (P.) Pocatello, Ida.
Case, Scott W. (P.) Salt Lake City, Utah
Hutchins, Samuel W. (I.) Buffalo, Wyo.
Peterson, Clarence (A.) ..Denver, Colo.
Zanoni, Ferrell A. (I.) ..Denver, Colo.
Stockwell, E. D. (P.)....Denver, Colo.

A. .....Accounting Department.
I. .....Installation Department
P. .....Plant Department

N. Y. to N. M.

Manager F. H. Clark informs us that the long distance traffic is improving. He just had a conversation direct from Buffalo, N. Y., to Clayton, without the message being repeated. Mr. Clark says this is the longest call ever made out of the Clayton exchange.—Clayton, N. M., Citizen.



Trials and Tribulations of a Prorate Manager

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Victory Medal--What It Means

W. Clarence Smith, plant department at Salt Lake City, is one of the proud possessors of a victory medal. His carries five bars. Mr. Smith was a member of Battery "B," 148th Field Artillery, and saw a great deal of active service during the late war, and was also one of the unit which made up the army of occupation.

It is indeed a commendable recognition by the Government and the "boys" of today who receive these medals will greatly appreciate them in the days to come when future generations sit around the firesides and the children say, "Tell us a story about the world war."

Saving The Company $100,000

THIS is not a fairy tale nor a masterpiece of fiction, but a few hard facts told in as plain a manner as possible. Neither is it written by the head of a department, but by one in the field who knows by experience whereof he speaks.

As probably nearly every employe of the company knows, every dollar expended on behalf of the company is receipted for on one of our various voucher forms—SN-36, SN-37 and SN-39. Having checked these vouchers for practically nine years I know whereof I speak, and what is here written no doubt holds true of every exchange in the Mountain States territory to a considerable extent.

During the present time, when the finances of our company demand a vigilance of forty-eight hours a day, it appears to me that each and every individual should make a special effort to help meet the condition which is confronting us.

The division and general officials can call the attention of those under them to the high expenditures, but the money has already been spent, and money once spent for operating expenses can never be regained. What every big company, as well as individuals, have got to do is to curtail expenses in the future. The employe who must be impressed with the importance of this matter is the man who actually spends the money. It is the clerk, the lineman, the foreman, the storekeeper, the janitor, the manager and the cashier.

I have checked vouchers covering light consumed at exchange, district and division offices, and have attempted to arrive at a valid reason for the almost appalling totals thereon, and I must confess that I was surprised at my findings. I do not think it is the janitor who is always to blame for the high light bill. I made it a point to personally go about a certain office and turn out all the lights which I thought were being needlessly burned, with the result that a saving of practically 40 per cent was effected on one month's bill. I found that many of the clerks in the office turned the light on when it was a little dark, but when it became light enough to work without a light they failed to turn it off, giving as their excuse the worn-out phrase, "I didn't know." I also found employes with titles leaving their lights burning while they were out of the building for several hours at a time. Some ventured the excuse that their's was a dark office, but still they insisted on pulling the awnings down and even the window shades. If an employe has work to do in the evening, all well and good, but to sit at a desk and have your friends come in and talk about events of yesterday, with the telephone company paying the light bill—that, I say, is not the square thing. And a lot of this goes on. So much for lights.

Considerable of our money is spent on the maintenance and care of our automobile vehicles. There is an apparent attempt on the part of some of our exchanges to see how much money they can spend on a car in a given time. I will pass over the repairs necessitated by long and useful usage, the extraordinary repairs which occur periodically due to careless and haphazard driving and which cost the company many hundreds of dollars a year, and touch lightly on the small items of expense which run into big money and which can be greatly reduced by a little closer supervision. A tube repair kit, containing rubber patches, cement, etc., can be purchased for about thirty or forty cents, and no official or supervisor can prove to me that there is not sufficient unoccupied time in his exchange in which an inner tube can be repaired at any time it becomes necessary. But what happens? An employe is sent to the repair shop to have the tube fixed at an expense of from sev-

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enty-five cents to one dollar and a half, depending on the size of the puncture. And all this in addition to the expense of the employe's time. These are facts, because I have seen dozens of vouchers go through for just these sort of items. A considerable saving, I believe, could be effected by the standardization of the use of one particular make of tire throughout a division. This would allow of a cheaper price, due to the quantity of goods ordered at one time. I understand this practice is being followed in one of our divisions already. Not only are tubes and tires handled on this basis, but all rubber accessories, such as tube repair kits, radiator hose connections, blow-out patches, tire gauges, etc. I have noticed that some of our cars are only capable of running on high-test gasoline, costing approximately five cents per gallon higher than the ordinary gasoline, and, I am reliably informed, producing no greater mileage. If we permit this class of expenditure to go on, then we must soon look for the climax.

There was a time when it seemed policy to spread our business around, and although John Jones sold tires which were two or three dollars higher than his competitor, still we gave John Jones about half of our business. But I tell you if we are to effect an economy then we must buy where we can get the greatest value for our money, regardless of whether or not one firm gets all our patronage.

Our transportation expenditure is another item which will bear careful watching. I have seen material sent by express to a certain exchange or construction job which should have been sent by freight. How do I know it should have been sent by freight? I have taken the trouble to inquire when the material so shipped was placed in plant and have found that it was sufficiently long after its receipt that it could have been sent by freight and still have laid in the exchange several days before its actual requirement. On this one item alone a considerable economy can be effected.

Our expenditures for special purchases is a huge amount in a year. Under this heading I place such items as desk-glass, leather covers for note-books, special note-book fillers and many other similar items purchased and paid for on voucher form. Desk glasses, although nice to look at, are not a necessity to the conduct of our business and somthing which I believe we can all do without. And as for leather-covered note-books, it seems to be a hobby with many of our employes that they must have at least one of these to make an impression with their superiors.

One of our exchanges recently purchased ten tons of coal, costing $11.00 per ton, while another brand of coal at $9.00 per ton could have been obtained from the same dealer. I inquired of the dealer the values of the two kinds of coal and he informed me that the cheaper one had a greater heating value than the more expensive one. I then inquired of the manager why he purchased the kind of coal he did when the cheaper kind would have been just as efficient, and he replied by stating that the janitor objected to having to handle so much ashes occasioned by burning the cheaper coal. Therefore, to please the janitor, who is being paid for the work he performs, the manager bought coal costing $20.00 more at the expense of the company. And this is only about a two months' supply of coal. If he did this on every lot of coal he purchased the company would lose considerable. But I don't believe he will.

Certainly the company is responsible for the debts of one of its agents and these useless expenditures must be paid once they are made, but the company has one recourse, and that is to replace the agent with one who will handle the company's funds the same as he would his own. This may seem a cold-blooded statement, but it will come if conditions do not remedy themselves, and the sooner we all put our shoulder to the wheel the sooner will times for our company become normal and we will all see the return for our endeavors.

I could mention many other instances of useless expenditures, but the individuals who are making them know well and good what they are, and it is hoped these remarks will serve their purpose.

There is not an exchange in the company's territory which could not reduce its average light bill three dollars per month. Coal bills can easily be reduced at least two dollars a month, a very conservative estimate. Automobile expense can be cut, I will venture to say—and I speak from a careful study of the subject—ten dollars per month per company exchange. A careful and discretionary use of the method of transportation used for shipping our material will result in a saving, in my estimation, of fifteen thousand dollars a year, and this figure represents only three dollars per month per exchange. This is not a wild guess, but a figure based on charges paid for transportation in the past. Our miscellaneous purchases for special supplies, janitor supplies and the like, I believe, can be cut to half its present amount, but for the purpose of showing the total amount that can be saved to the company in a single year I will place the saving at two dollars per month on these items.

The company embraces 423 exchanges within its confines. A saving of three dollars on lights, two dollars on coal, ten dollars on automobile expense, three dollars on transportation and two dollars on miscellaneous items would mean a saving of twenty dollars per month per exchange, or $101.520 per year.

Certainly a Philadelphia lawyer could not put these facts in a plainer manner, and it does not take an expert to tell us that this saving must be effected if we are to survive the tide which is continually swelling about us. While we have got a chance for our lives let's swim to the shore, and when the storm abates we will have built a bulwark about us so that future depressions will not affect us and we will maintain our prestige as the best company in the world to work for.

What is true as affects our company is probably not only true of every other big corporation, but apportionately it is also true of nearly every family home. It is high time that we check up on unnecessary expenses.

"Oh Daddy, Hold My Hand"

By a Denver "Anony"

A young man working in the General Plant Department, Denver, was accompanying a young lady the other evening down one of the less busy streets of North Denver. It was about eight o'clock and rather dark as there was no moon. Ahead of them was a man and his wife with a little child. The child, I should judge, was about two and one-half years old and was running ahead of his parents, being about ten feet ahead of them.

Now, remember, as I told you before, it was rather dark. This young man and his girl (or somebody else's girl) passed the parents of the child and was about to pass the child, when suddenly the child turned around and holding out his hand to the young man said, "O daddy! hold my hand." The young child repeated this about a half dozen times before the parents, who were some distance behind, called to him.

The atmosphere in and around the young man was quite heated for some time afterward. The young lady who was with the young man of course couldn't keep such a good joke to herself and told some of her girl friends. Now whenever this young man meets one of these girl friends they always meet him with the expression, "O daddy! hold my hand."

Tomato Salad with French Dressing

Mix black pepper and a small quantity of hot red pepper and salt, add vinegar or lemon juice and olive oil. Beat well Take a clove of garlic and rub well around salad dish, but do not cut garlic. Slice or quarter firm, ripe tomatoes into your dish and pour dressing over them.

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Attractive Stock Offer to Employes by A. T. & T. Co.

For a long time many of us have been hoping for and talking about some plan under which the employes could invest a portion of their respective incomes, preferably through payroll deductions, in regular, periodical installments, in a safe and profitable enterprise. Various plans have been discussed, but none has so far approached the plan just announced by President Ben S. Read.

By an agreement entered into between the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Mountain States Company, any employe of the latter who has been in the employ of the company for a period of six months has the right to purchase A. T. & T. stock at par in installments at the rate of $3.00 per share per month. The total subscription upon which any employe is paying at any one time may not exceed a number of shares equal to one share of stock for each $300, or fraction thereof, of his then annual rate of pay. Of course, an employe may subscribe for less than the maximum number of shares to which he is entitled.

Doesn't the plan sound good? But that's just the beginning. From the date of the first deduction from the employe's wages, interest at the rate of 8 per cent, compounded quarterly, will be credited to his account until final payment is made and the stock issued, when dividends will begin to accrue at the rate of 9 per cent annually. And that compound interest helps. An expert has figured it up and finds that the actual cost of a share of stock under this plan will be $90.79, par value $100, and the market at this writing is $105.25.

Should it become necessary for the employe to withdraw from any or all of his subscriptions, at any time, the full amount withheld from his pay will be returned to him with interest at 6 per cent, compounded quarterly. Pretty fair, isn't it?

To the Employees:

Under the First Stock Purchase Plan and its Extension, 22,155 employees have become stockholders owning 104,781 shares and under the Second Stock Purchase Plan 41,325 employees are now paying the installments which will entitle them to ownership in 174,500 shares.

As stockholders, you become financially interested in the nation-wide system which is giving telephone service from Maine to California and from Canada to Mexico, to which service you and your fellow employees are giving your life work. You become partners as well as employees.

Under the former plans, in becoming partners you bought out other partners. By the new plan, authorized by recent legislation, it is now possible for the capital which you furnish to be added to the capital of the company instead of merely replacing the capital of another investor withdrawing from the enterprise. To my mind that adds a new interest. Besides the satisfaction of working to some extent for yourself, with the new plan there is the added satisfaction of helping to provide for the extension of our service. To be a part of the Bell System and to be a part owner, are both things to be proud of.

H. B. THAYER.

While the present offer of stock is at par, the A. T. & T. Company reserves the right to increase the price if and when it may desire, but any change in price or terms will not affect the price and terms of subscriptions made previous to such change. In other words, the present seems to be a very auspicious time to get in on an investment which is eminently safe and which yields an unusually satisfactory return on such sums as can be spared from the pay envelope.

Before this number of The Monitor reaches its readers each employe will have received a copy of the "Plan" and a letter from President Ben S. Read commenting upon its provisions. It is to be hoped that copies of the "Plan" will be retained for study and consideration.

Present employe stockholders should not confuse this Plan with the offer made by the A. T. & T. Company in its circular letter to stockholders under date of May 10. The rights to subscribe to that particular issue are placed on a basis of one share of new stock for each five shares held on May 20, 1921. Any stockholder not wishing to exercise his rights may transfer his rights by assignment upon the warrants which will be forwarded to him by the A. T. & T. Company as outlined in the letter referred to.

Briefly, the new "Plan" has nothing to do with any other plan and is not contingent upon the number of shares already owned or being purchased at this time under any other plan. It is simply a question of how much the individual can lay aside from his present weekly, semi-monthly or monthly pay, for the proverbial rainy day, and having the amounts so laid aside draw interest at the rate of 8 per cent compounded quarterly until it amounts to the full purchase price of $100 per share.

It is a rare opportunity.

Telephone Growth Amazing

The growth of the telephone since its invention only forty years ago has been amazing. Today there are approximately 12,500,000 telephones in use in the United States and the messages carried total over 22,000,000,000 per year, or approximately 211 for each man, woman and child in the nation. There are nearly 30,000,000 miles of wire and this equipment cost the staggering total of $2,000,000,000, about 7,000,000 individuals being owners of the securities.—Scientific American.

Doin's at Boise

They all play tennis every night,
At least they try, but what a fright;
There's Eddie and Georgie and Snyder and Bake
Who always try each game to take;
But sometimes they fail as accidents hap,
And sometimes they move clear off the map.

For instance, one night it was pretty rough,
When Georgie and Ed kept the court long enough
To play for a dinner of onions and steak,
And finally finished; but it was a fake,
For the dinner as scheduled was never paid,
And now no bets are ever made.

The balls go far and they may go wide,
But when they behind the warehouse hide,
It costs a quarter to bring them back,
For the Kids won't work till they see the "Jack."
Only sometimes the traffic don't pay,
And unto them woe is the day,
For the Plant girls won't play with a fellow so funny
That he can't get good value for his money.

There are certain fans who think it best
To play like Morpheus holds the rest;
So ere the sun is an hour high
You'll see these girls go running by,
And maybe before these lines are read
They will win a dinner from Eddie and Ed
Who think that they might well be dubbed
Champion players of the Blue Bell Club.

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Epitome of Progress in Electrical Science in Europe

From Data Collected By Basil F. Howard, Electrical Engineer, Denver

IN THE year 1873 Maxwell's treatise on electricity was given to the public. In this, electrical phenomena as ascertained experimentally by Faraday and others who had worked on the subject were put before the readers in the form of mechanical and dynamical science, depending for the effects on strain on dielectric material and inertia in the ether. Previously the effects had been looked upon as instantaneous, but now they were shown to be progressive with time—that is, as wave motion.

This laid the foundation for modern electrical theory. At that time there was no knowledge as to what actually constituted an electric current, but the work of investigating electrical discharges in extremely rarified gases by Spottiswoode, De la Rue, Gordon and Crookes, followed by the work of Leonard in 1893 and Rontgen in 1895, brought the discovery in 1896 of the electron and the part it plays in connection with electric currents.

Experimentally, following up the work which Maxwell had commenced, the results predicted by many workers received full proofs and the work of Hertz between 1885 and 1887 opened up the possibility of wireless communication, and now our present knowledge with regard to the electron is highly complete, and, while the structure of the atom is at least partly understood it remains yet to ascertain what the structure of the electron itself is.

When radium and its properties were given to the world in 1898 and it was shown that the atoms of chemistry were by no means eternal but subject to change, a revolution in knowledge was created.

In 1867 Werner Siemens and Charles Wheatstone simultaneously gave to the world the discoveries of the shunt and series self-exciting direct-current dynamos. Precursors of these were the generators, first with permanent magnets and afterwards with electro-magnets, either excited by a machine generating by means of permanent magnets or by electromagnets.

In 1870 Gramme's closed coil armature, or better known as "the Gramme ring," was given to the scientific world, and this gave a fresh impetus to the production of electric currents by mechanical means.

In 1873 the Drum armature was introduced, which gave a more efficient result, and in 1885, when Hopkinson gave a solution of the determination of the magnetic flux in a dynamo circuit, the dynamo became developed into a highly efficient machine, returning in the form of electrical energy about 98 per cent of that mechanically supplied to the dynamo (in laboratory tests). Up to this time the armature windings of dynamos were laid over iron cores which were made usually of soft iron wire wound into a smooth ring or drum and copper brushes were universally used for collecting from the commutators. Largely for mechanical reasons, these gave way to a tooth form or slotted armature, between the teeth of which the windings were laid. These were the forerunners of the present-day direct current generators which have been evolved, namely, the multipolar type with commutating poles and fitted with carbon brushes.

The transformer was an epoch-making invention, by Gaulard and Gibbs, and was first shown in London, England, in 1883, and the possibility was at once recognized of the distribution of electrical energy at high pressure but to be used at a low pressure. This gave a great impetus in the direction of alternating-current generators, and led to the adoption of the alternating-current system of transmission and distribution of electrical energy.

It is true that prior to this the Jablochkoff (Yablakoff) candle, a Russian invention, had been in use with which an alternating current was necessary, but this was because it was obligatory for the carbon pencils of the candle to burn evenly on the two sides, which would not have been the case had a direct current been utilized for lighting this arc candle.

It was in 1883 that Dr. J. Hopkinson showed mathematically that it was possible for alternating generators to run in parallel, and this was experimentally proved by Prof. G. Adams in 1884 with the generators at the South Foreland lighthouse.

The year 1886 marks the introduction by Tesla of the two-phase alternating-current motor system, followed in 1890 by that of three-phase. 1891 saw the transmission of power over 100 kilometers from the Lauffen Falls on the Rhine to Frankfort. This was carried out by three-phase alternating generators.

Doubtless the exhibition in Paris of 1881, followed the next year by that held at the Crystal Palace near London, did much to popularize and advertise electrical phenomena and to augment the rapid growth of development.

One of the earliest transmission lines which was operated by really high tension, as considered by today's standards, was that of Ferranti in 1890. This operated at 10,000 volts and transmission was accomplished through a paper-insulated concentric tubular conductor. This transmission line was about twenty-five miles long. Those of us who remember the introduction of this system will recall the trouble experienced in connection with the capacity of the conductor.

The progress since made regarding electric light and transmission of power is so well known that it need not be further dealt with.

With regard to telegraphy: Up to 1853 land telegraphy operated largely by single-needle instruments and in cases of more exacting service by Morse ink writing machines and sometimes Wheatstone automatic machines manipulated by means of perforated ribbons were in daily use. In 1853 the principle of duplex operation, or that of sending two messages in opposite directions at the same time on one wire, came to the

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front, and 1877 saw the sending of two messages in the same direction at the same time and two in the opposite direction at the same time, thus forming a quadruplex system. Since that time developments have been rapid in connection with the mechanical means of writing and sending messages and for providing a circuit efficiency of almost 100 per cent with all the circuits employed, thus obviating time circuit loss or idle plant.

With regard to submarine telegraphy: The Atlantic cable had been successfully laid in 1865. In 1871 the siphon recorder and mirror galvanometer were in use as reading instruments and provided a speed of about fifteen words per minute. Improvements in methods by means of inductive shunts and sensitive apparatus brought the speed up to about sixty words per minute, and the Thermionic amplifying valve is enabling a further increase to be secured, together with a printing process at the receiving end.

With regard to electric telephony: This had not been successful until Dr. Bell invented his telephone and the year 1876 brought it before the attention of the public. The development of this is so well known that to enter into details is not necessary. The first practical "loading" of the line took place about 1902 and was accomplished by placing inductances at regular intervals on a line. This was preceded in the year 1891 by the introduction of underground cables for telephonic purposes which had paper insulation and so reduced the capacity considerably below those insulated with materials such as guttapercha and rubber compositions which had previously been employed.

With regard to "loading" telephone transmission lines it may be here mentioned that experiments were carried out in 1906 at Lake Constance in Switzerland by surrounding the wire of the conductor with an iron covering, and thus continuous loading without lumped inductance was provided. Also in 1911 a similar principle was applied to the channel cable connecting France with England, and in 1913 that which connected Vancouver and Victoria.

With regard to signalling through space without wires: In 1871 the idea had been in many inventors' minds that this was possible, and experiments were tried by transmitting currents through the earth or water between ground plates separated by a considerable distance. The receiving instruments were to pick up the signals by ground plates superimposed in the path of these currents. Little success, however, was secured until after 1876, when the telephone was used as a receiving instrument for such purposes. It was not until 1887 to 1889, when Hertz published his investigations with regard to Maxwell's electromagnet theory of light and radiation, that a clear path was shown to exist for a practical means of wireless communication.

In 1896 Marconi introduced the vertical grounded antenna and produced a workable system. It was Dr. Oliver Lodge who had also been working along the lines of wireless communication who pointed out the advisability of tuning the sending and receiving apparatus. 1913 saw the discovery of Dr. J. A. Fleming that the current would pass in one direction only between an incandescent filament and an independent electrode present in a lamp bulb, showing that the apparatus was a rectifier besides being a very sensitive detector of small electric disturbance. The addition of a grid, which was placed between the hot cathode and cold anode and which could be connected to a separate circuit, the potential of which could be influenced by small external means, made it possible to produce large variations in the stream of electrons, and this led to the rapid advance in wireless telegraphy and later wireless telephony.

Looking back to the developments which have taken place in various branches of electrical science during approximately one-half of a century, and the enormous part which they have played in the advancement of civilization, it is strange to find that thankless mankind not only looks upon these wonderful privileges which have been provided as a matter of course, but DEMANDS them as his right and is unwilling to pay even a fair price for their use in service.

He Was The Noisy Roomer

Salt Lake Telegram

THE landlady couldn't stand it any longer, and the roomers threatened to leave unless the racket stopped. Alexander Graham Bell was the cause of the trouble. He had rigged up a contraption in his bedroom and a duplicate in the room of his accomplice, Thomas A. Watson. A wire went out the window and connected the two machines.

"I don't care what it is," said the landlady, "but if you boys don't stop yelling your heads off, into those boxes, you'll have to pack your trunks and get out."

"We have to yell to make ourselves heard over the wire," Bell protested. "That's one of the problems I haven't worked out yet."

Resourceful young Watson hit upon a scheme to curb the cause of the landlady's wrath. He took the blankets off his bed and made a small tent. The telephone was inside and there was an opening for admitting the head. This muffled the sound and the two inventors could yell to their hearts' content.

The Western Union Telegraph Company offered Bell $100,000 for all his patents. Bell, with vision, realized that he had a fortune within grasp and rejected the offer. He and Watson went around the country, delivering lectures, and with the proceeds financed themselves.

Today there is a telephone to every nine Americans and more than 24,000,000 miles of wire in the Bell telephone lines. Strange things come out of rooming houses, as will be testified by tens of millions who have lodged in them. And stranger things will come. Possibly that fellow who is making such a racket in "the hall bedroom back" on the third floor is a future Alexander Graham Bell.

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MONTANA

Lewistown

Hazel M. Gee, Helen A. Moline, Christine Iszley and Ellen M. Johnson have recently joined our traffic forces at Lewistown.

Gertrude Jordan reports that traffic during the last flood on May 8th and 9th was much heavier than on July 4th, 1920, when a like disaster overtook the town. Mrs. Jordan, C. O., called to her aid taxi service to help in taking those of her forces to and from work who lived in the flooded district, and traffic was handled in A-1 shape. Our good humored wire chief, Hal, was also confronted with a question of faith as he entered his office and found the test board coquettishly winking at him from the several corners of the map. However, by the night of the 11th, all repairs necessary on account of the flood were made and the plant again prepared to assume their regular duties. It is such tests as these that bring home to all of us the value of the spirit of co-operation.

To be refused a part in the reconstruction period during the flood did not appeal to Otis, our cashier, and about 5: 00 p. m. he conceived the idea that Commercial Engineering would be in demand, became actively engaged at once looking over the situation, lost his bearings and "fell in."

Subscriber must be right:—One of our local managers receiving a number of miscellaneous toll items with her bills marked each slip "Miss Toll No.———," and attached the slip to the proper rental bill. One subscriber, upon receipt of the bill, called the manager at once and said, "My bill aint right, I won't pay it, no woman ever called up from my telephone."

Last, but not least, Mr. Thielke, manager, Lewistown, figures that Judith Basin scenery and fishing is worth making an effort to reach. He cashed in a few of his securities and purchased a Reo.

Courteous Treatment Wins Praise

Morgan, Utah, April 25.

Division General Manager,
Salt Lake City, Utah,

Dear Sir: In the regular course of business affairs it is customary and very often necessary to report inefficiency, lack of courtesy and poor service rendered by anyone who is paid to serve the public. And we think it equally important and necessary that recognition should be given when satisfactory and efficient service is rendered by a public servant. And we therefore take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation for the splendid service rendered the public in our community by Miss Edna Rawle, chief operator at your Morgan exchange.

As our company perhaps pays out more money for telephone service than any individual, company or corporation in this community, we feel that it is due Miss Rawle to say that we appreciate her courteous treatment, her ability and efficiency in rendering proper service to our company and to the public in general.

Yours very truly,

Morgan Canning Company.

Stevensville, Montana

Clarence Doak who is now manager at Twin Bridges paid the Victor, Hamilton and Stevensville offices a visit while over on business. Mr. Doak was formerly a lineman for these exchanges.

The Stevensville office was paid an unexpected visit April 21, by Mr. Dressler, Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Whittinghall from Helena, and Mr. Rice of Missoula, enroute to Hamilton on business.

Miss Rose Curran from Evaro is practicing to be our new relief girl.

We have received our vacation schedule and we expect to visit other neighboring offices in the near future. We cordially invite any and all of you to visit us.

Silva Briner, Clara Cherry, Mrs. Cloyd, Agnes Barrott, Hazel Keirns—Stevensville

Lena Hansen, Cecil Jones, Mary Warner. Insert—Rosa Ripple

Below—Baby Marguerite Evelyn Otten, Helena

Betty Lee De Long, Billings

Spanish Fork Notes

You haven't heard from us for a long time because we have been waiting to tell you something good. We have a brand new office. It sure is a dandy. We even have a rest room. We have two more rooms, an operating room and terminal room.

We moved Saturday at midnight, March 26th. We sure had some exciting time Easter Sunday, getting our lines in order.

R. A. Rogers, Mr. Pratt and S. J. Jones and Jack Teasdale were here for the occasion. Everything is going fine now. The construction gang of which J. A. Green was foreman, left Wednesday. Oh, yes, we miss them. They are some jolly bunch.

F. I. Hansen, foreman of equipment, and his helper, Arnold Mulvay, are leaving tonight for Eureka. We think we are going to give real good service now.

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Kitchenette Cookery

Nut bread is very healthful and can easily be prepared and cooked of an evening when one plans to stay home and read or sew—or for that matter, have callers; for after it is prepared all that is necessary is to look in at it once or twice in the hour it takes for baking.

The following simple recipe makes a good-sized loaf:

1 cup sugar added to 2 eggs beaten together;

Then add:

1 teaspoonful of salt,
1 cup of milk (sweet),
3 cups of flour,
2 to 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, (some cooks like less baking powder than others),
1 cup walnuts broken up—not too fine. (A good idea is to sift just a tiny bit of flour over the nuts before stirring them into the dough.)

Some prefer to let the bread set for half an hour to raise before baking, but this is not necessary. Just put in a baking pan suitable for one ordinary loaf of bread—first greasing—preferably with butter—the pan and bake for an hour in moderate oven.

—

Creamed Cabbage

Lettuce and cabbage also are considered very healthful. Creamed cabbage or creamed cold slaw is easily prepared and takes the place of a salad.

Chop cabbage up fairly fine—it can be put through a meat grinder, but it loses much of its flavor that way. To about half a half-pint bottle of cream (a gill of cream) which has been beaten with an egg beater until it is frothy or has thickened just the least bit, add a very scant half cup of sugar. Stir well and then add three tablespoonfuls of white vinegar, stirring in a spoonful at a time very slowly. If not tart enough to suit taste more vinegar may be added. When this cream sauce is ready stir chopped cabbage slowly into it instead of pouring it over the cabbage. This amount of cream should make enough for three or four persons.

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In preparing strawberries for serving it is better to wash them before removing the stems as removing stems first lets the water into them and lessens their flavor.

Old-fashioned shortcake may be made just as baking powder biscuit are prepared, rolled out about as thin as for biscuit and baked in a pie tin or other baking pan. When baked split through he center with a sharp knife, butter both sides of this and put berries between the two layers and on top.

—

Our Salad Days

Salads are an appetizing part of the bill of fare the year round but the season is approaching when the "makin's" will be more plentiful. Here is a simple and easily made recipe for dressing, obtained from a native of sunny Italy, which sounds good:

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Roquefort Cheese Dressing

Take a small quantity of Roquefort cheese, mash it well add a tablespoonful of olive oil and beat until it becomes the consisency of thick cream. Gradually add more oil, some paprika and black pepper, until you have the consistency and amount of dressing you require. A pinch of salt may be used, also a few drops of lemon juice, if desired, but no vinegar. Roquefort is expensive, but tweny-five cents worth will make dressing two or three times for small family.

Emmett, Idaho

(Continued from page 5)

a partnership with Uncle Sam for the building of the dam at Black Canyon. A satisfactory agreement was reached, and Congress has appropriated the funds.

The dam will be approximately 90 feet high. The site is ideal. On each side of the canyon at this point are solid walls of granite. The bed of the river is also solid rock. The Idaho Northern branch of the Oregon Short Line railroad runs right by the spot. There are no difficult engineering problems to be solved in the construction, and all materials necessary, except cement, are right on the ground. The contract calls for the completion of the project within two years.

All the water for the Emmett Irrigation District will be lifted by power generated at the dam. From the dam site to the furthermost end of the district, the canals run through practically level country, and the maintenance cost will be reduced from as high as $7.00 per acre per year under the former system to $1.00 or less under the new system.

Lands in the Black Canyon District, lying from fifteen to thirty miles northwest of Emmett, will be watered by a gravity system. For these lands storage reservoirs must be built in the mountains sixty or seventy miles away and the water released during the two stages of the river in July, August and September. This is all virgin soil, taken up as homesteads from fifteen to twenty years ago on the promise of the government that water would soon be available, and is wonderfully rich. To those long-suffering settlers, the early building of the Black Canyon dam is a rift in the clouds that have obscured their sky for years, and brings home the old adage that "all things come to him who waits."

The center is a picture of Miss Vivian Livingston, Burley, Idaho, toll operator, who died following an operation for appendicitis at Salt Lake, April 15. Employed here for two years, a grand, faithful employee, and mourned by us all.

L. R. Meyer has gone to Cheyenne, as Wyoming Traffic Superintendent.

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How the Denver Plant Boys Work

(Continued from page 9)

four-foot drifts were forced back to town, and Foreman Boschulte and three men had then taken a train to Larkspur and on snow shoes had fought their way from the railroad to the telephone lines, a distance of about six miles, through drifts or snow from three to seven feet deep.

With the arrival Sunday of the Denver crew bringing truckloads of emergency wire, tools, etc., which got through only by the men shovelling the road the greater part of the way, and after breaking an axle on one truck and waiting for relief sent from Denver, work on this break began in earnest; for two miles of line was down in three different places throughout an area covering a distance of seven miles. Temporary service was restored that same evening.

Failure of the Denver-Grand Junction line (also the first morning) afforded the various crews assigned to this break some rather novel experiences.

The first failure developed near Golden, six poles falling, and a few hours later nine more over on West Colfax, across the streets interfering with traffic. Three men and a truck were sent over at once to clear hazards.

Considerable further damage was avoided by three crews under foremen Kellogg, Von Gaw and Rutherford watching heavy routes and placing temporary guys to ward off further breaks.

When we learn that it took foreman Von Gaw and eight men, foreman Ralph Burrell and six men, foreman Joseph Powers and fourteen men, all under the direct supervision of foreman Kellogg to clear up this wreckage, open up sidewalks, etc., in this district alone, we may realize the shortage of men to handle trouble on all sides.

Later dispatched further west, foreman Burrell and his men though struggling nobly, were unable to get farther than Wideacre (eight miles) that after noon.

Next morning (Sunday) two other crews under foremen David Lyons and Dale Griffin started out to open up the Golden road, and they displayed some ingenuity in pushing through drifts of snow from two to three feet deep by shoveling a strip straight across the road about the width of the motor truck, then skipping or leaving a strip or blockade about the same width, then alternating with another shoveled space, using the trucks as snowplows starting them off on the clear space with enough power to push the blockade on through to the next blocked space. Then the shoveling procedure was gone through again, and so on until at two oclock that day the road was open.

Speaking of ingenuity, we cannot afford to overlook David M. Livingston and Edward Bridge who took a trolley car to Golden Sunday noon and started from there on foot to report on the situation, and finding it impossible to proceed without skis—the which were not included in their equipment,—they promptly got an old barrel from a ranchman and improvised skis out of its staves, tying them to their feet and going on their way, no word being heard from them until they returned to Golden, faces badly burned, Tuesday, having covered a distance of from 22 to 26 miles in this manner. They had stopped over night at ranch houses. Their report showed a total of 90 poles down in four different breaks between Denver and three miles north of Golden.

In addition to this and on the same line over near Montezuma, seven poles were taken out by a snowslide and carried down the mountainside where they were completely buried beneath huge drifts of snow and to date of writing had never been located.

Getting emergency wire to this break was some task as even teams with sleds were unable to buck the huge drifts, and Daniel Mogee with three men leaving Breckenridge, and E. R. Gill and Robert Hale going from Leadville to Dillon by train with 6,000 feet of emergency wire, all were finally forced to resort to snowshoes and carry the wire on their backs many miles, stopping at ranch houses at night and starting on at daybreak, slipping and falling along the mountainsides, but still sticking to the trail until their work was finally accomplished.

Charles Tuttle, a Denver repair man, d'd splendid work throughout various points of affected area on the Denver-Leadville break which involved approximately 78 poles between Denver and 21 miles out.

C. F. Long, stationed at Clifton House, also gave valuable assistance working toward Denver clearing up scattered trouble while foreman Rutherford and four men aided materially in restoring this line.

J R. Ross and James McIntyre starting Friday morning in an automobile from Boulder covering toward Denver on the Boulder branch of the Denver-Salt Lake line, where 156 poles were involved, had to turn back after a mile and a half on account of deep drifts. But not content to give up, made another start at one oclock that day on saddle horses, arriving at Superior (six miles), at 11: 30 that night. Next morning at five oclock they were again on their way and after fighting through two to three and a half feet of snow on the level and drifts in places ten feet they met the Denver crews at Broomfield at 11: 15 that day. As a result of their trip both men suffered from snowblindness a day or so later, but recovered nicely.

Numerous other breaks developed out of Boulder the first morning of the storm, and R. E. Gow, district plant chief, Vernon Kellogg and Charles Wilson after getting stuck in the snow seven miles out and breaking a rear axle to their car, had to walk back to town, getting in about 9: 30 at night.

Next day special crews were organized and with emergency wire restored service.

Thomas E. Batt, wire chief at Longmont with a crew of ten men restored many breaks on various toll routes in the vicinity of Longmont, 150 poles being involved.

Probably one of the most thrilling experiences of the storm work was that of Earl Bolender, Walter Bourne and J. C. Cleghorn who were marooned in a deserted mountain cabin without food from Saturday noon until Sunday night. The men started at eight oclock Friday morning from Loveland in a machine, got as far as Montrose Inn (ten miles out), and had to go on by foot on account of the drifts, making only three and a half miles and finding no place to spend the night were obliged to walk back to Montrose Inn. Next morning they again started on foot and after covering eleven miles to a point west of the inn were forced to seek shelter in a deserted cabin, breaking in about 10: 30 at night. Here they were marooned without food until C. A. Pierce and C. E. Clinger coming up from Loveland, reached them Sunday night about the same time that H. W. Berkley and A. J. Hill, who had come from Estes Park on skis after making a couple of unsuccessful starts, and finally braving snow to their waists, also landed there.

Most of the trouble on this line was caused by trees blowing down and falling through the lines; but service was

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And After All, Isn't It The Truth?

Pupils in the little red school houses that dot our American landscape, those famous institutions of learning of which we are so proud, have labored faithfully for many painstaking hours to improve their caligraphy, incidentally their veracity, by copying such maxims as "Truth is mighty and will prevail," "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," "Truth Conquers," and so on, until one would think that every young hopeful would emulate the Father of his Country and never tell one of that kind. But what would happen if we all stuck to the truth, the whole truth, and absolutely nothing but the truth for just once around the clock?

Now, we telephone people are just as truthful as anybody, and so are our patrons, but let us imagine a case—in fact, we don't have to imagine it; they have happened something like this: Mrs. Board is holding the receiver at one end of a tired line, engaged in a one-sided confab, and saying "Yes," and "No," and "Really?" until she is weary. A bright thought strikes her, and she murmurs into the transmitter, "Oh, I smell the beans burning. Excuse me, dear. So sorry. Goodbye." Now, if the good lady had told the truth she would have spilled the beans instead of burning them.

We have all heard two girlies gush over each other's clothes: "That hat is a dream," says one, and she may be entirely sincere or only partly so, in that she really means a "nightmare." And she of the dream hat, not to be outdone in the amenities, gurgles back: "Your suit is awfully good-looking. Where did you find anything so chic as that in this town?" While an X-ray of her thoughts (let us pray that no wizard ever gets that far with the rays) might reveal something like this: "That frock is surely a fright. She ought to take somebody along to buy her clothes. She might not be such a sight if she did."

Again, let us imagine a cosy, peaceful family breakfast table. The head of the family looks across at his other half and thinks: "The old lady is sure looking her years this morning, cosmetics to the contrary notwithstanding." And his good friend wife notes the scrutiny and queries: "What is the matter? Why are you looking at me so sharply?" Now, isn't husband wise and tactful and doesn't he lie like a gentleman (in fact, what else could the poor man do?) when he replies: "Just wondering, dear, how you manage, with the high cost of living and all the trying times we've been through to keep looking sweet sixteen. You're a wonder, my girl." The truth at such a time? Never! Husband would have started something that might have ended in a bill for new crockery, for wouldn't the aggrieved lady naturally have sputtered back after this wise: "Well, how could any woman keep looking young living with such an old grouch as you are?"

So we tell our innocuous little fibs, which help to smooth the rough ways and serve their good purpose of oiling the wheels of business, domestic and social life, and making them rotate without creaks or friction. If we tried to dispense with these pleasant little prevarications there would be an explosion every ten minutes. There are times, of course, when we should speak plainly on some vital matter, even at the risk of unpopularity, and in that we are guided by our own good judgment. Also, we should remember the maxims written in the copy books for the pupils of the little red school houses, for in the great things of life "Truth is mighty and will prevail." If you are handing it out straight, without kinks of any kind, you can look anybody in the eye and tell him just which is what, and a Philadelphia district attorney couldn't trip you up on re-cross examination.

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The Real Who's Who

Miss Mary Garden struck the key note of grand opera when she said that the hour is at hand when the roster of opera backers should be changed from the social register to the telephone book. And if Miss Mary means by that also that the prices of grand opera tickets shall be made to conform to telephone directory prices instead of "Who's Who" prices, then it is possible that more of us will be able to enjoy grand opera, even though no one cares to describe our costumes.

The telephone book is the real "Who's Who" of America, anyway, and Mary is business woman enough to see that grand opera must be democratized, in line with the trend of the times, if it is to be a success in our country.

To paraphrase Julia Hansen, "The telephone book is read more in a single year than 'Who's Who' is in a—hundred."

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Explanation:—Owing to the printers' strike, The Monitor is delayed a few days—but here we are!!

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finally restored on one phantom group with the use of emergency wire.

Speaking of emergency wire, supplies and machines reminds me that by no means the least active of the plant men during this storm were John W. Kern, storekeeper, and C. R. Niswender garage foreman, to whose lot it fell to see to it that all necessary supplies were on hand when needed and all machines ready for immediate service.

And so you see it was one continuous round of pleasure (?) for the Plant department and the construction men were not the only ones who braved the storm If anyone has an idea that A. W. Young, and J. F. Elliott directed the work of clearing the lines from a place of ease and comfort in their own offices he should have had a close-up on their burned faces, and lips a solid mass of fever blisters as a result of exposure.

No, siree, the spirit that prevailed among the men in the ranks is not peculiar to them, for it radiates straight through from the heads of the department, who donned high boots and old clothes and got right out into the thick of the fray and stayed for the finish.

So I think those of you who have struggled through this account of the Big Storm with me will agree that there are no "house plants" in the Plant department, and also that a vote of appreciation if not a few stray medals, are coming to the heroes of the 1921 Big Snow.

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Air Castles

Dream on, O fair and beauteous one,
  In visions wide and far—
Mayhap the castle you construct
  Will prove a gleaming star.

Today in horoscopic mood
  You sit and dream alone—
You build and magnify your hopes—
  The crescent moon your throne.

Fair castles loom before your eyes,
  Built high on vision's crest,
And there you live and dream and love
  Upon a manly breast.

Fame, fortune, joy—all are yours
  Within these castle walls—
No clouds today your vision dims,
  No fear your heart enthralls.

And, yet, across your face I see
  A flash of doubting fear—
Deep down, somewhere within your soul
  The warning lights appear.

Unconsciously you pause upon
  The very brink—and then
You raise your eyes to castles high,
  Built not by hands of men.

Dream on, O fair and beauteous one;
  Who knows but after all
Your fondest hopes may all come true—
  Your star may never fall.

The path of love leads ever on
  To brighter things each day
For those who keep the fires aglow,
  And scatter flowers along the way.

—RIPS

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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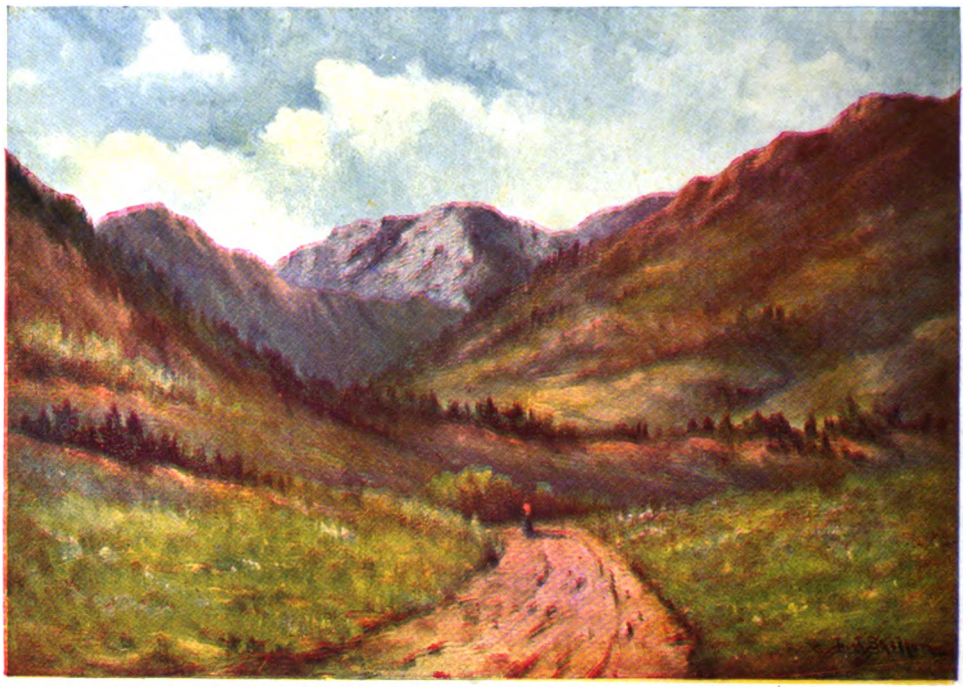

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The Monitor

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July 1921

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A Woman of Primitive Nature

USKY maidens, the natural brown intensified by the scorching suns of the Southwest, are ever of interest to the student of biology, for there he sees the remnant of a once powerful race. The Navajo woman, steadfast in her loyalty and love for her kind, powerful in physique and marvelous in endurance, is a saving factor in a branch of the aboriginal Athapascan tribe of Indians that for centuries inhabited the sun-kissed lands of New Mexico and Arizona. Clumsy and uncouth as may seem her ways, yet her deft fingers ply the reed and the thong with skill and dexterity as she weaves into fantastical designs the beautiful robes which find a market throughout the world. Behold, on the front cover of this magazine, a portrait of Starlight, once modest queen of the Navajo tribe of the Southwest, whose father was Chief of the noble Nation.

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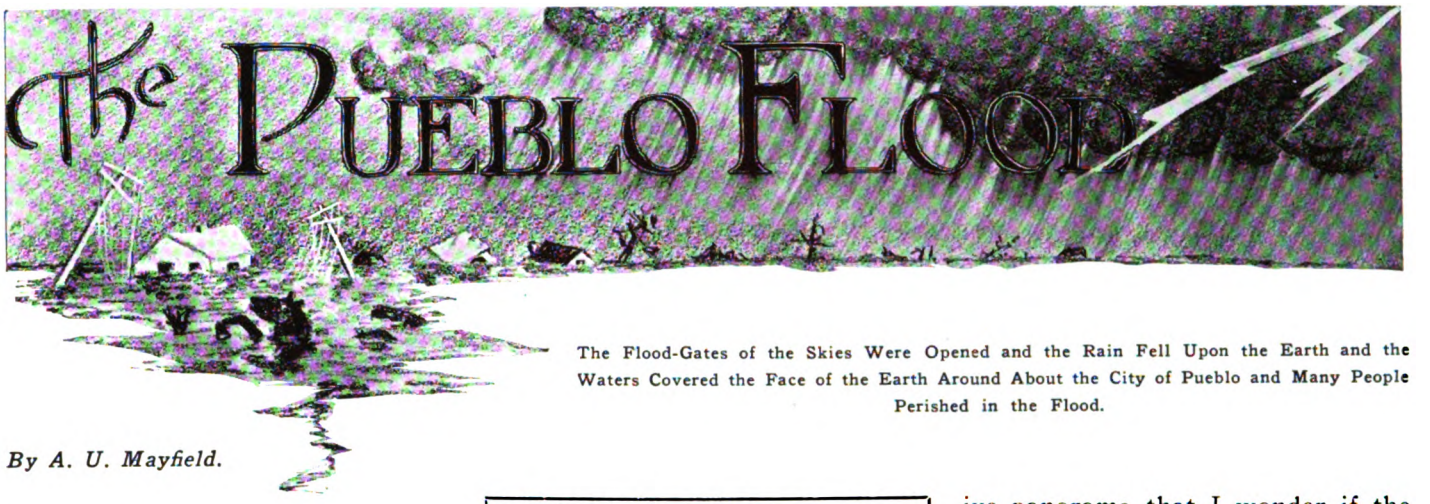
The Pueblo Flood



The Flood-Gates of the Skies Were Opened and the Rain Fell Upon the Earth and the Waters Covered the Face of the Earth Around About the City of Pueblo and Many People Perished in the Flood.

By A. U. Mayfield.

PUEBLO is fast rising from the flood-torn ruins wrought by the mighty storm of June 3, but I cannot clear from my vision some of the things I saw and heard during the four days I spent amidst the offensive debris and harrowing scenes that stood out like hideous spectres in the aftermath of one of the most devasting disasters that has ever visited the state of Colorado since the history of modern man.

Newspapers told of the wreckage of property, of the loss of human life, of the weird, though but half-told horrors that played in demoniacal mockery upon the murky and terrible waters of the Arkansas and the Fountain rivers as they clasped hands in one ponderous swirl in the very heart of the peaceful city of Pueblo. Pictures have been drawn in the mind's eye of the awfulness of the scene, but I am doubtful if the human imagination can quite encompass the real situation—no, not even visualize the silent, mucky, death-like wreckage left in the wake of the seething storm. The debris, piled in grotesque shapes, mixed with the slimy mud and welding silt—here and there a human face, as if peering through the dark mists of eternal hell, protruded from the caldron—here an arm of a once strong man, there the naked foot of a babe—all ghastly and terrible. Bloated bodies of dead horses, of cattle, of hogs, were not infrequent among the conglomerate gathering of things that fell into the swirling, rushing waters of the flood.

All of these things I saw—yes, a hundred-fold more than I can possibly describe. True, I did not look upon the churning, grinding, irresistible force that wrought this great devastation, but the mangled corpse of the composite animate and inanimate victims was spread before my eyes in such a position and impressive panorama that I wonder if the silent wrath, when there is no excitement nor fear to lift one above the mood of meditation, is not more appalling, depressing and real to the mind than is the picture imprinted upon the brain amidst the glare of lightning, the roar of thunder and the crashing of debris!

The trying ordeals through which our own people—our telephone brothers and sisters—passed in the long hours of uncertainty, cannot be fully appreciated.

Courtesy demands that I tell of the dauntless courage of the telephone girls who so nobly distinguished themselves during the siege, yet another act of heroism and service by one of our men would almost impel me to give it priority in this meager report. However, courtesy will rule my actions at this time for neither the girls nor the hero know they have done anything out of the ordinary line of service.

Boiled Down Information

June 3, 1921, 7:30 cloudburst over Arkansas river ten miles west of Pueblo.

About same time cloudburst over the Fountain river 30 miles north of Pueblo—two rivers meet in heart of city.

Waters rise 14 to 18 feet over streets in low part of the city.

Lives lost—probably 1,500. Property loss—$20,000,000

Damage to Mountain States Telephone lines and plant, approximately $200,000.00

Hero—Byron Thady, telephone night wire chief, age 20.

Heroines—39 telephone girls.

Outstanding service—Leon Ayresman, the "Paul Revere of the Arkansas."

Scope of the flood—300 square miles.

Fifty per cent of telephone service restored in two weeks.

Telephones put out of commission—7,000 in city. All of toll service rendered useless.

Basement of telephone building filled with mud, and 9 feet and 6 inches of water in terminal room on first floor.

Our Girls in the Flood

Mrs. Joseph E. Prior, day chief operator, who was still on duty on the fateful day, June 3, 1921, when the flood broke at 7:30 o'clock p. m., and Miss Margaret Williams, night chief operator, who had just come on duty, are both loud in their praises for the 39 telephone girls who first served the public and then, when all possible service had been cut off, calmly waited through the long, wakeful hours of the terrible night, not knowing what moment their

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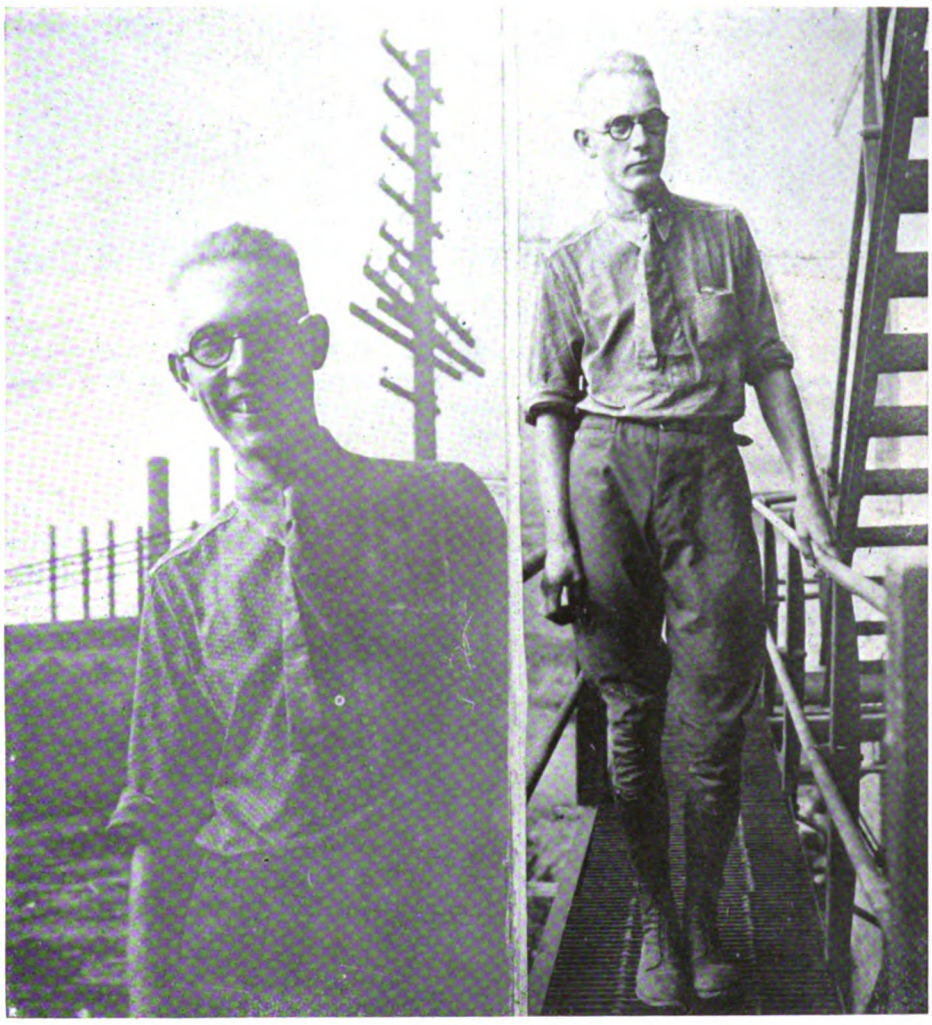

This Is Byron Thady, Hero of the Flood.

lives would be laid down on the altar of service.

"When the flood broke," said Mrs. Prior, "our girls on duty began warning everyone they could reach, and when the shrill whistles of the iron works and the church bells rang out the warning to those who might be in danger, every telephone operator in Pueblo in our service, who could get there, waited not for a call but they said in their heart of hearts, 'That is my job—the company needs me,' and like brave soldiers who went over the top on the battle fields of France, EVERY GIRL on duty or off duty, rushed to the station amidst the downpour of rain and the thundering crash of lightning, many wading in water far unsafe. This was a wonderful proof of loyalty that I watched, silently, and, so far as they knew, unnoticed; but in my heart I knew they were performing a wonderful service, and even amidst the moments of disaster I couldn't crowd out the thought that the public we serve can never know what it means to be a telephone girl.

"So it was that we had 39 out of the possible 50 girls in the whole city, on the job. Most of the absent 11 were off on their vacations or ill at home. No one shirked nor stayed away from choice. Byron Thady, night wire chief, was the only man in the building, and like a great, big-hearted brother, he watched over us with gentle and reassuring care.

"By 8 o'clock the flood waters began to rise around the building. Every switchboard was occupied and every signal seemed to be alive on the boards. One operator was detailed to warn the rural subscribers farther down the river, while other boards were worked to their capacity by the girls warning people in the lowlands of the city to flee for their lives. It wasn't long until calls for help were shrieked into the ears of the operators—homes were being surrounded by restless and threatening waters. Mr. Thady, who was on the testboards on the first floor, came to the top of the stairs time and again to speak a word of encouragement. Once when he came up I noticed his trousers were wet to his knees, but he made no reference to the waters that had broken through the windows and were filling the test room.

"The night grew darker and the roaring thunder seemed to shake the very earth—the gates of the storm clouds had been lifted and the torrents poured from the skies. Our supervisors walked calmly up and down their positions behind the operators, thus lending a feeling of security and tranquility to the overstrained nerves of the God-inspired angels at the boards.

"Then, like a mighty hand of resistance, darkness swept across the boards and simultaneously every signal died away and all was in darkness. The waters had cut off the connections. Mr. Thady came staggering up the steps—his clothes were soaked and his hair was disheveled—a sort of calm fear was upon his face.

" 'Mrs. Prior, you might as well take the girls up on the third floor, I guess,' he whispered to me, 'it will be more comfortable for them up there, I think.' There was no more for them to do—the flood had filled the basement and was rapidly filling the first floor, and the work of warning was ended—they had done their duty, and no one will ever know how many lives they saved.

"So we took the tired girls upstairs. They looked out the windows and all about was a sea of turbulent waters. They could see the dark waves rise higher and higher, with floating objects tumbling and plunging. Houses, barns and sheds came along and, worst of all, struggling forms of men, women and children—cattle and horses, all added

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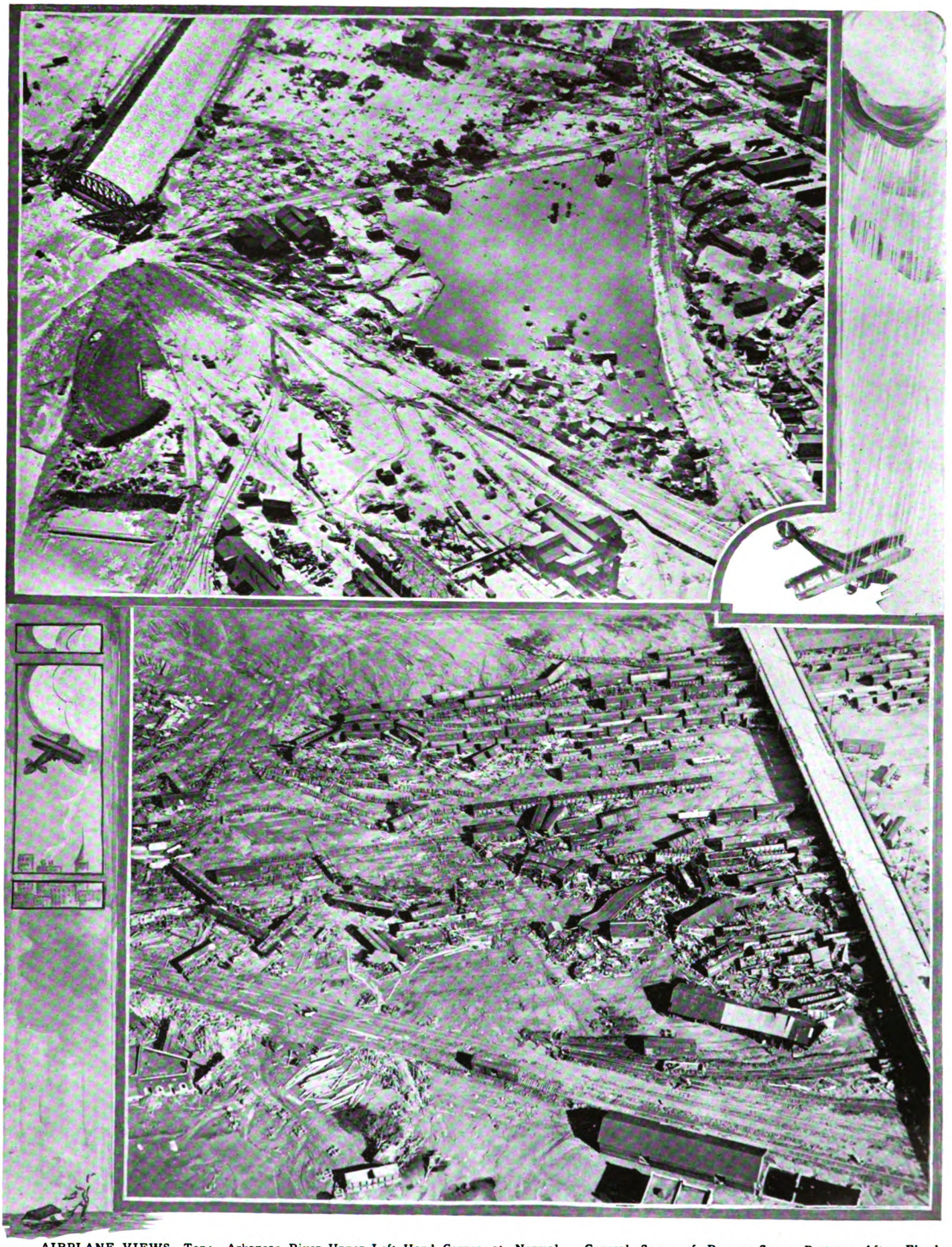

AIRPLANE VIEWS—Top: Arkansas River Upper Left Hand Corner, at Normal. General Scene of Pepper Sause Bottoms After Flood. Bottom: Scene in Railroad Yards. Heavy Cars Were Tossed About Like Paper Boxes. Many Lives Lost Here.

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to the terrible scene that was ever sweeping before their eyes.

"For awhile we had forgotten Mr. Thady—he was on the first floor struggling with the inrushing waters that rose fast and threatning. Finally, he came to where we were; he carried a card case—it was the subscribers' cards and the trouble records. Before I could say a word to persuade him to give up his task of service he plunged back down the dark stairway—for all lights were now out—and he was gone. It was only a minute or two, although it seemed like hours, until he came back up the steps carrying the cable records—the most important documents in all the Company's records. The expression on his face told me he had had a terrible struggle.

" 'Well, I got the records, anyway,' was all he said; and then, wiping the dripping, muddy water from his face, he added, 'how are the girls?'

"I afterwards learned that he had gone into the room where the records were and that the on-rushing waters that came through the broken windows had closed the door behind him, cutting off his only possible way of escape. The water rose higher and higher about him until it came to his waist, then it crept up and up like a slimy, damp chill of death until his head was

Underground Cables Exposed and Wrecked By Flood.

barely above the water. He tugged at the door, but the weight and force of the torrent was against it; then, like the hand of Providence reaching out into the night, he felt something scraping on his hand. It was a strong piece of board. He pushed upon the door and forced the board into the opening; slowly he squeezed through the crevice and plowed his way against the flood until he reached the stairway leading to the second floor. And during all this struggle he held firmly to the cable records, bringing them safely out of the destroying flood.

"By this time the water had reached a depth of about twelve or fourteen feet in the streets, and was still rising rapidly. We observed that it raised five steps on our stairway in fifteen minutes. The whole city seemed to be in the midst of a terrible sea. The entire block of buildings across the street in front of our building washed away, and the houses and store buildings were mostly brick. One frame house came tearing along, headed directly toward our building.

"Some of the girls knelt in silent prayer, and with their sweet, peaceful faces upturned to the God above they gave themselves into His keeping—they were ready to go if it were the will of God. And, O what a heavenly harbor opened before them—what a gleam of light shone about their faces. Others covered their eyes with their hands as if to shut out the terrible scenes about them, but none shrieked or cried aloud. Memories rushed in upon my soul, and above all the roar of the storm—above the crashing and rumbling of the torrents—there came to me the sweet story of Jesus whose hand was reaching down through the dark clouds to wipe away the tears and fears of these confiding girls—and again I heard the vesper choir singing soft and low:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee—
* * * *
"Nothing in my hands I bring—
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

"Every girl was calm, orderly and ready—yes, ready for the end—ready to lay down their lives, if need be, on the altar of service. It was a terrible moment of anxiety. Then something happened—the prayers that had reached the very throne of God had been heard—it came in the twinkling of an eye! The black monster that would have torn a hole

Mud Piled in Front of Telephone Office Three Weeks After Flood. Water Came Up to the Bell Sign on Building.

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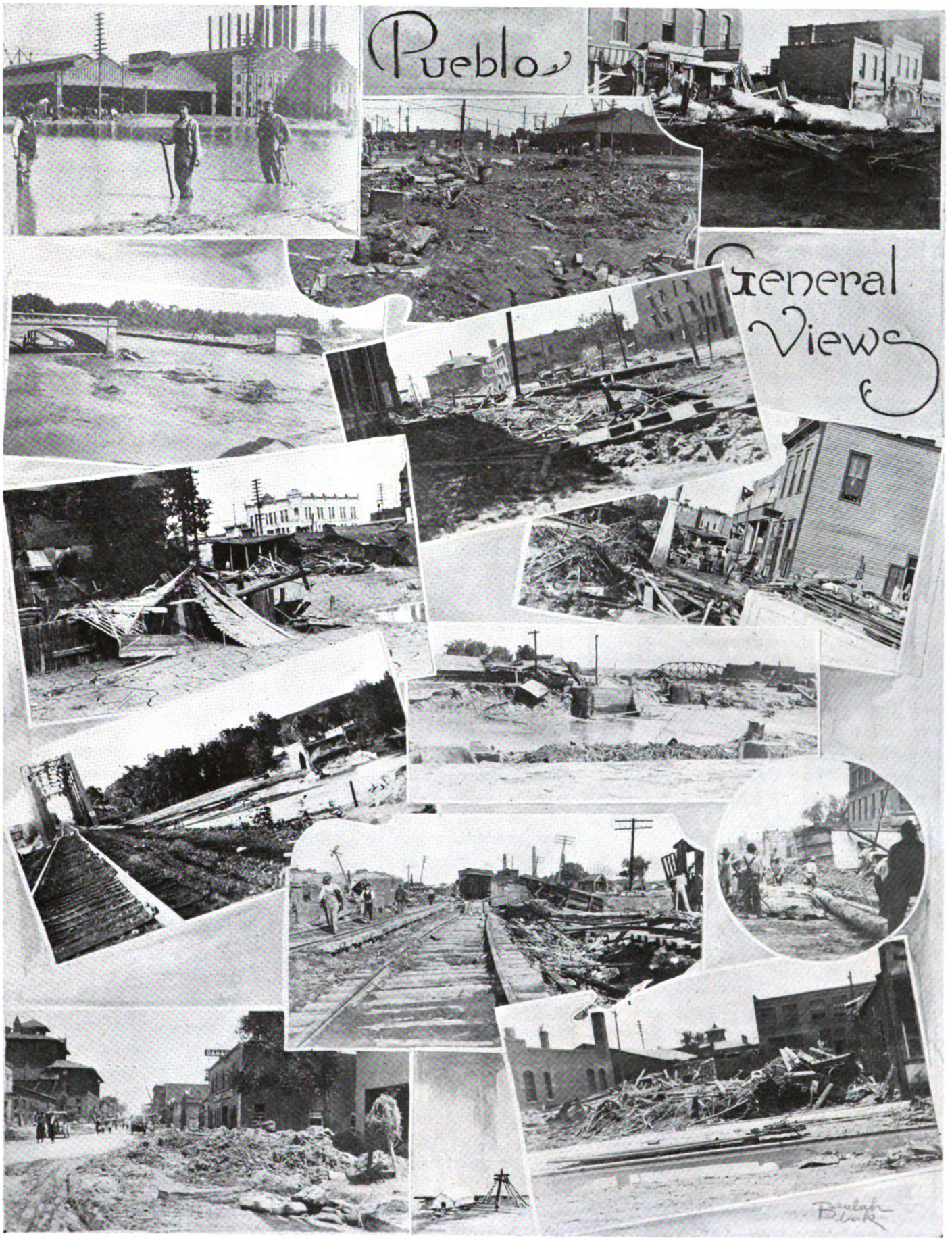

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in our building swerved and toppled to the north as if shoved aside by an unseen hand. It rolled past our building, and we were saved! This all happened in much less time than it has taken me to tell the story—but it seemed ages!

"Then came the fire! A lumber-yard above us had caught on fire from the contact of lime and water. And, O what a blessing that fire was. To me it seemed nothing short of a direct act of God—a flaming torch, or, as the bible says, 'a pillar of fire by night' to guide His people out of the hands of the demons of darkness and destruction. These floating torches illuminated the entire flood section and we could see the rescuers at work in boats taking people from housetops and floating debris. Had it not been for the light many more would have perished.

"We heard a man nearby crying for help. He was near our east windows. Mr. Thady opened the door to the fire escape. Across the alley, on top of a one-story garage, we saw him. He had in some way cut a hole through the roof and crawled up out of the water. We saw the face of another man peer through the hole in the flat roof, but only for a moment. Then it dropped back into the splashing waters and was seen no more.

"I can't tell you of all the incidents of the awful night we spent in the very midst of the death-dealing flood—they were too many and too terrible. We did everything we could to keep the girls in calm spirits. We played the Victrola almost constantly—it had a quieting effect on the girls. When morning came the waters had receded and here and there we could see a few higher spots of ground above the flood. About three blocks away was a place near the railroad tracks that was now above water. Rescue boats came to our building at 6 o'clock in the morning and we were all taken out and landed on the isle of mud, hoping to be able to get off and to our homes, but the water was too high and many of the girls were several days getting home.

"Through all this siege never a word of complaint was uttered by a single telephone girl—they only regretted that they had not been able to warn more of the people in the path of the flood. We simply did our duty as we saw it. We thank God we are alive—we thank Him that He put the means in our hands whereby we were enabled to save some of those in distress—ours was to serve and to die serving if necessary."

Volumns could be written—volumns have been written—on the incidents of the Pueblo flood, but I have only tried in this meagre report to tell something of the part played by the telephone girls of our company. They are all back, ready for their job of reconstruction—ready to labor day and night that telephone service may be restored to normalcy; but, oh there are many who will never again hear the ring of the bell nor the sound of the voice with its ready response of "number, please!"

The First To Get Into Pueblo

In the light of careful reflection, after the waters have receded and the telephone service has been restored in Pueblo, it is gratifying to note that the very first men from the outside to push their way into the devastated district were telephone men. When the call went out that the city was in distress not a minute of time was lost by the Mountain States Telephone Company in placing as many of its men as possible at the service of those in distress.

The very first telephone men to reach Pueblo were A. W. Young, Jack Elliott and C. E. Long. A few hours later eight other determined men were on their way to Pueblo with trucks loaded with telephone equipment, and beyond all expectation against the terrible odds this corps of dauntless men pulled into the outskirts of the flooded city late Sunday night with switchboards, magneto equipment and everything needed to set up communication with the outside world.

In making their way from Colorado Springs to Pueblo the men encountered road difficulties that to all other travelers had proven insurmountable. Bridges were washed out, culverts gone, gullies and arroyos bank full, mud holes, etc. On and on plowed these determined men, unloading and reloading many times, slushing past dozens of heavy trucks and automobiles stuck in the roads. Everywhere they met the warning, "YOU CAN'T MAKE IT!" but they were telephone men and knew no such word as failure.

For success in getting through, special praise is due the four truck drivers—E. N. Winscom, Arlie A. Beardeu, Frank Landor and Lester W. Fetters. The greatest commendation we can make is that "THEY GOT THROUGH."

Following are the men who went with the trucks and were on the job installing telephone equipment in the little church long before the lapping waters had again found their natural channel: H. F. Hanse, general foreman; O. F. Gibbons, assistant equipment engineer; H. L. Freehafer, assistant equipment engineer; J. E. Brookins, foreman; J. P. Grant, installer; C. H. Blanchard, installer; H. P. Deering, installer; and O. L. Ross, assistant equipment engineer.

These were the forerunners. Others who came later are also worthy of great praise, but to mention each by name would fill a page.

A city boy who had never seen a windmill before exclaimed: "Gee, Mister, that's some electric fan you've got out there cooling the hogs."

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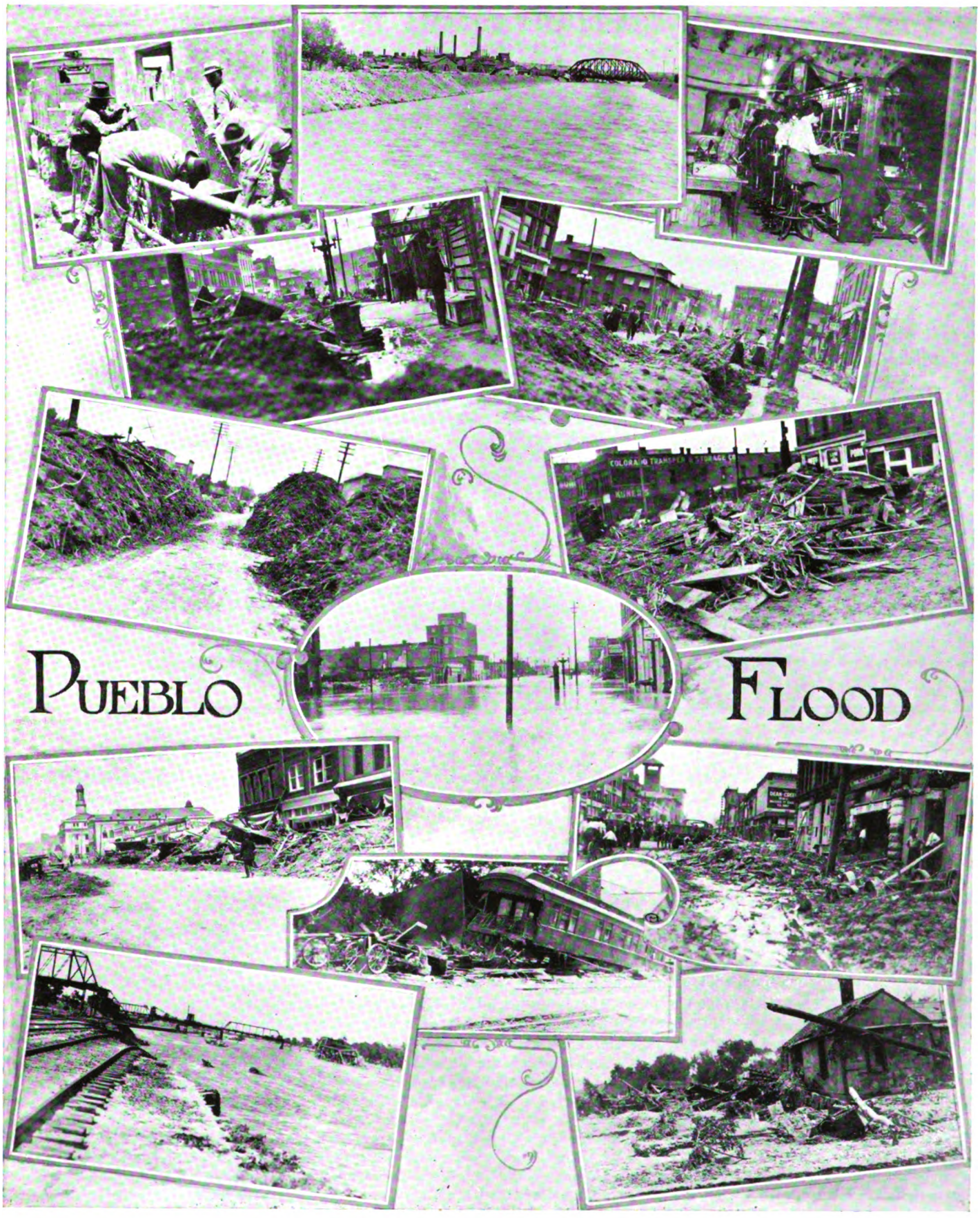

Upper Left, Telephone Men Dipping Mud from Basement; Center, Arkansas River at Normal; Right, Girls Operating at Switchboard in Church. Other Scenes Are Typical of the Terrible Wreckage Caused By the Flood

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How Leon Ayresman Brought Out the News

Leon Ayresman, plant chief of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company at Pueblo, was the first to bring out the news of the flood, and through him the telephone was the first utility to carry the news to Denver. Others had made efforts to get out of Pueblo in automobiles, but the roads were washed so badly that they had to turn back. All telephone and telegraph communication had been cut off.

Ayresman, supplied with a cut-in telephone set, started out in the raging storm—all behind him was in the midst of a sea of darkness and revolt. Men and women were crying for help and bodies were floating through the streets. He thought the entire city was being washed away, and to summon aid was his first thought.

"I traveled along the telephone line as best I could, hoping to cut in and notify the office at Denver," said Mr. Ayresman, "but the Fountain river had also raised and our lines were down somewhere, I knew not where. On and on I went, frequently testing in, but no response—the lines were dead.

"The roads were almost impassable. I had to make wide detours. Mile after mile I crept along in the pouring rain—pole after pole I climbed and tried to

Leon Ayresman

get connection, but the wires were dead—all dead. It seemed that ages had slowly passed before I finally got an answer, and, O what a thrill of joy coursed through my being when I heard that far-off sweet word, 'test board.' I knew I had Denver. I am not ashamed to say that I cried, silently but heart-deep, and the driving rain beating against my face as I clung to the cross-arms of the pole, was commingled with the hot tears that came from the very well-springs of my soul—I had found help for the hundreds of people who were being milled around in the swirling waters of the Arkansas and Fountain rivers, that seemed to have joined hands in one mad, wild delirium of rage.

"The live wire I found was twenty-five miles north of Pueblo, after I had crept across the railroad bridge. The auto bridge was gone.

"The Fountain river was out of its banks and a sea of water was all about me. And then, to make the situation worse, if that were possible, the Colorado Springs operator cut in and told me the Stratton dam had gone out and that the flood was on its way down the Fountain toward Pueblo. I had delivered my message and I knew the telephone folks at Denver would spread the news. I turned around and hurried back toward Pueblo to warn the people of the new danger and to give what aid I could."

People have said, possibly in more of a sarcastic vein than in seriousness, "Where was the Paul Revere of the Arkansas?"

After reading this little story can anyone doubt the eagerness, the soul-touched seriousness, the loyal courage of Leon Ayresman who rode with death to give out the cry for aid to drowning human beings? And, he is a TELEPHONE man.

All praise to Leon Ayresman.

Pueblo Unfolds Petal by Petal

Every Department of the Telephone Company was on the Job Day and Night Until Service was Restored

As I looked upon the awful havoc wrought by the flood at Pueblo I wondered if it were posible ever again to restore telephone service. To me it seemed it would be as impossible to clear away the wreckage, the water and the mud from the inundated section of the city as it would be to attempt to dip all the water from the ocean with a tin bucket—so great and so overpowering did it seem.

But out of all this chaotic state—out of the debris and the ruined structures I saw within fifteen days the reestablishment of no less than 50 per cent of the local telephone service, with almost normal toll service.

At first it looked as though the men were merely wading around in a circle—slushing and splashing mud and water with no possible hope of results, but finally the rose that had been crushed and held within the grip and weight of the onslaught began to unfold, petal after petal, until it again bloomed and sent the fragrance of its service broadcast about the city, and far into the open world.

It was a wonderful piece of work. I shall not attempt to single out any one man or group of men responsible for the remarkable restoration of service—that would be partial and unfair—but let it be known that every telephone man and woman on the job earned a citation for distinguished and loyal service.

Today the service is practically normal and the waters of the Arkansas purl and murmur in the sunlight as though nothing unusual had happened.

In the Basements

Twenty-three basements under business buildings in the flooded district where telephone terminals were installed were filled with mud and water. All of these terminals were put out of business and new material was necessary. The big terminal, carrying over 7,000 pairs, in the basement of the telephone building, went out of commission and the wrapped wires from the basement to the manhole in the street were soaked. The manhole was filled to the brim with mud. Mud in front and all around the building was from two feet to six feet deep.

Floating Torches

"The floating pine torches that rushed along with the flood were, in my judgment, pillars of living fire sent by the hand of God to light the dark way to those who were in danger," declared Mrs. Prior, chief operator. "The flames leaped a hundred feet into the glistening torrents that were being poured out upon the city from the black clouds above."

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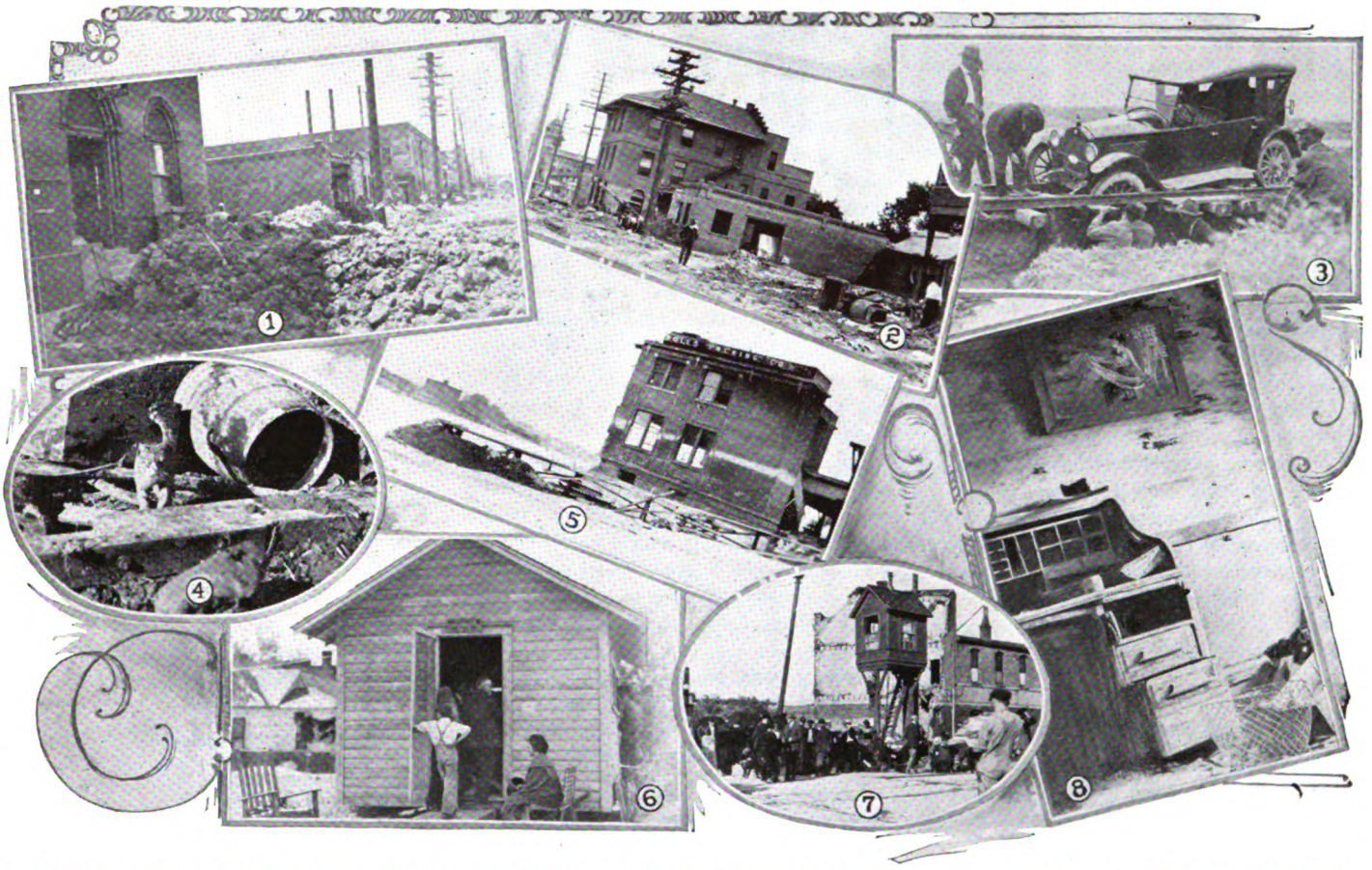
Personal Sidelights on the Pueblo Flood



1—Debris in Front of Telephone Building. 2—Telephone Building. 3—On t he Way to Pueblo Next Day After Flood. 4—See the Story, "Left Alone," on Page 12. 5—One-half of Knuckolls Packing Company Building Left Standing. 6—Improvised Telephone Exchange on South Side. 7—See the Story, "In the Conning Tower," on Page 12. 8—Scene in Manager Holland's Office, see the Story, "Peering Through the Mud." on Page 18.

Nine truck loads of supplies were sent out of Denver by the telephone company early Tuesday morning following the flood.

—

I tried to get a photograph of Al Young, Jack Elliott, C. E. Garrett and W. P. Gammons as they slushed around in the mud knee deep, clearing the basement of the telephone company's building, but they were too busy to pose. Those boys worked day and night.

—

I saw a Mexican, middle-aged, drag from the mud where once his happy home stood, a small baby-bed quilt. He waived it frantically for a moment and then, pressing it to his heart, he started off on a run crying: "Where my babbe? Where my leedle Don Pedro? Oh-o-o, my poor leedle babbe; he gone —gone—!"

I met an old lady on the train coming out of Pueblo after the flood.

"I am past 70," she told me, "and I haven't a relative on earth, that I know of. When the flood reached the second story where I was, some one came along with a boat and took me out. I clung to my handbag, which contained all the money I had. The boat rocked as if it would upset, and in grabbing for the side of the boat I dropped my money in the water." And then, with a child-like expression upon her face, she added, "do you think I will ever find it again?"

—

A. C. Cornell, sales manager for the Western Electric at Denver, was early on the scene, doing what he could to aid the telephone people in their dire distress. At best, it was a task to wade through the slush, but Cornell did not anticipate plunging into four feet of muddy water, white collar and all. He was viewing the wreck in the telephone building. He went down the steps to the basement. The floor looked smooth and cement-like. Cornell stepped off into it—yes, into it. He came up looking like a sheep that had been dipped for cooties.

—

An old colored man sat in front of his once prosperous shining parlor, mud and debris piled all about him.

"Uncle, how's business today?" I asked.

"Mah Lawd, mah Lawd, white man, mah business am done floated away—Ah am shore bankrupted fo' life, an' I never done nothin' to nobody."

—

I met a man coming out of the flooded district. He was waving his hands and cursing all the fates of heaven and hell.

"I will never turn my face toward that cursed city again—I will follow Lot into the mountains—follow Lot, Oh cursed city! My wife, my babies, my home—all perished—away to the mountains and turn not your face upon the city."

—

When the call for help reached Colorado Springs, Ora Stubbs and A. C. Gillespie were off duty. They were called from their beds near midnight and asked if they would go 20 miles south of the Springs and set up a telephone pole connection near the Fountain river bridge.

"Sure, we'll go!" came back the ready reply. And they stuck to the job until it was finished, too.

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Human Touches Picked Out of the Wreckage

"Advance, Telephone Men!"

Pueblo was placed under martial regulations, and the Colorado National Guards were on duty—eleven hundred of them, aided by the Colorado Rangers. There were no lights in the city—even the moon was dark and the clouds hung low.

On the second night of the flood half a dozen mud-besmeared repair telephone men who had worked for twenty hours without rest, were groping their way toward the Congress hotel, at 2 o'clock in the morning. They were suddenly stopped by the command:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Telephone men!" came the ready response.

"Advance, telephone men—one at a time—and come slowly!"

The telephone men obeyed like dutiful soldiers of the flood, presented their military passes and filed slowly by. In Pueblo today it is a common byword, when a telephone man approaches—"Advance, telephone men!"

Love Found the Way

Many peculiar things happened during the flood. Here is one: Next day after the flood a young married man found himself on the north side of the river, and his young bride was on the south side, less than a mile away. He feared for her safety. The first thing he thought of to help him out was the telephone. One circuit of toll lines had been connected up in the First Baptist church building. He hurried to the station and explained the situation.

"But we are only sending important messages," said the telephone man.

"Well, this is important—she's my wife and she may be dead," urged the excited young man, "and I love her better than I do my own life, too."

That settled it. The telephone man got busy. He connected up the wires thus: Pueblo to Colorado Springs, 44 miles; Springs to Denver, 70 miles; Denver back to Springs on another line, 70 miles; Springs to Alamosa, 253 miles; Alamosa to Walsenburg, 68 miles; Walsenburg to South side of the river at Pueblo, 52 miles, one mile from place of beginning—a total distance of 487 miles.

"Hello, dearie—are you safe?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes, dearie—I'll be home when the river goes down."

Thank Gods—kisses—goodbyes—and—"Time's up."

In the Conning Tower

Near the railroad tracks, close by the Santa Fe depot, two blocks from the telephone building, stands a conning tower where a watchman was stationed to direct trains and traffic through the city in that section. When the flood came, the watchman was in the tower. Altho he was fifteen feet above the ground the water raised until it came within a foot of the floor. Hundreds of floating buildings, trees, box-cars and everything that was being carried by the flood rolled past him, any of which, had they struck the frail pins upon which the tower stood, would have torn the tower into splinters.

Time and again some great black thing adrift would scrape the sides of the tower, but the undercurrent would swirl it aside and it would pass by. The watchman said he spent most of his time on his knees in prayer, not knowing what moment he would be swept into eternity.

"The tower of prayer" is what they now call the little coop set up on wooded pins where the watchman spent his long hours on the fateful night.

Left All Alone

Tragedy in all its forms seems to have rode on the terrible waves of the cloudbursts that swooped down upon Pueblo June 3. As I waded in the muck and mud after the waters had subsided I saw many things that touched my keener emotions other than those wherein human beings were involved. One in particular caught and held my attention—that of a fine big cat. She climbed around over the debris of what once had evidently been her home—the home of her little mistress—but the little mistress was gone, never, never to return—the home was washed away—nothing left but a pile of mud and broken rubbish.

Poor old Tabby, she mewed and cried more like a human being than an animal—it was pitiful—and when I turned to take her picture she seemed to say to me, "Where, oh, where is my little mistress? Where are the folks—my once warm, cozy home?"

Someone afterwards told me that this same Tabby had climbed a telephone pole as the waters raised, and that she did not come down until after the water had receded. But now she was sad, hungry and lonely—only a cat, to be sure, but she cried aloud for her little mistress who could never come to her again.

Toll of Human Lives

Varied estimates of the number of lives lost in the Pueblo flood range from 35 to 2000. Fact is, no one will ever know the exact number. Many families were washed away and hundreds of children were drowned. Six hundred and sixty-five homes were completely washed away. These homes represented no less than 3,000 people. Hundreds of other homes were wrecked and made uninhabitable, and 3,500 people were rendered homeless.

A careful estimate by the City Commissioners places the loss of life at 1,500, after two weeks checking up. Great eddies formed in the low places and bodies were no doubt washed into them and then covered with five, ten or fifteen feet of sand and dirt. One immense pool near the smelters, lower end of the city, in which the mad waters whirled like a grasping octopus, dragged hundreds of human bodies into it, never again to be seen. As the waters receded the pit filled with mud and debris to a depth of twenty feet.

A very few days after the flood when some of the newspapers were placing the number of lives lost at not more than 35, there were then piled up 238 bodies in the morgues and other places. They were most all adults. But few bodies of children were found, but it is believed that no less than 800 children were drowned—possibly more. After the 238 bodies had been identified I saw 18 more bodies taken from the wreckage.

The Volume of Water

C. C. Bagby, traffic engineer, of Denver, who was on the ground shortly after the flood, estimated that the volume of flood-water was thirty times greater than the normal flow of the Arkansas river, with a velocity of more than twice the normal flow. Bagby, who was in New Orleans during the big flood of 1901 says the damage to the telephone plant in Pueblo was far greater than it was to the plant in New Orleans. "The ocean water was at least clean and free from the mud which did so much damage in Pueblo," said Mr. Bagby.

A man who had been up in the top of a cottonwood tree for two nights and a day could not be persuaded to come down. The tree leaned over the river. Men cut the tree down and the man plunged into the river and was rescued. He was a raving maniac.

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Cloudburst on the Desert is Irresistable

Years ago when the white man invaded the valley of the Arkansas and began to build his village along the banks of the peaceful-appearing river, there came to him a chief of the Arapahoe tribe warning him not to build in the valleys:

"River little now. Grow heap big some day. White man fool to build in valley. Big waters come, wash all away," was the warning message the chief gave to the early settlers more than fifty years ago, but the white man is a sort of daredevil anyway and is always willing to take a chance. Against the advice of the Arapahoe Indian chief the village of Pueblo clung to the alluring banks of the Arkansas river, and it grew and grew until it reached a population of 45,000 people.

Cloudbursts are usually the cause of the floods in these rivers. Eastern people know but little of the magnitude of a cloudburst, but in the West they are not infrequent. To describe the cloudburst that brought about the recent Pueblo flood let us, in our mind's eye, observe a great black cloud not more than ten miles away, moving slowly upon the city from the west. Forked lightning cuts through the clouds, ripping and slitting them like a sharp knife might cut into a canvas balloon. The rumble of thunder is heard and down over the bleak sand-dunes and cactus-covered desert is seen the swaying outpouring of great sheets of water. We listen. A roaring sound is heard not unlike the rumbling of a heavy freight train crossing a dry-creek trestle. We know danger and destruction is moving upon us, yet we pause—we hesitate—we heed not the warning of the storm nor the admonition of the Indian chief. We take another chance—floods have come before and we escaped.

The dark clouds grow pale and here and there a gleam of sunlight peeps through a rift, and we return to our work or to our pleasures. But on come the waters that spilled from the heavens—they roll and leap and lash, lapping up all the dead grasses, the filth, the refuse of the desert, tearing out the decaying roots of the sagebrush, gathering carcasses and dried bones of the plains, loosening giant cottonwood trees that grow along the arroyos—all thrown into a seething, boiling caldron of rage and destruction.

Again, mayhap, the rumbling, roaring sound greets our ears—we listen—nearer and nearer it draws—ever closer and closer. Again we step to the door and look. All about us, up and down the streets, people are standing in awe. Farther up the street we see men and women running about as if wild. We hear a crash. We realize that the flood is upon us—we know the crash is that of one building being hurled against another—we see a great black wall of water bearing on its crest a conglomerate mass of debris and wreckage—the flood is upon us—the cloudburst of the desert has done its worst—the natural waterway of the Arkansas is redeemed to the elements—humanity flees to the higher grounds, but not all escape.

Then comes the story of the terrible flood—the picture of wrecked homes, and the ghastly faces of those we once knew, peering through the silt and mud—silent reminders of a warning we did not heed—of a tale told our forefathers years ago by the wise old chief of the Arapahoes.

Incidents Humorous and Pathetic in the Flood

Force of Habit

When the first trains began to get into Pueblo after the flood there was always great anxiety shown by telephone men who were waiting for supplies and equipment to be used in restoring the completely destroyed telephone service. One prominent telephone man watched the first train creep into the outskirts of the flooded city. He was expecting some equipment. It didn't come. He was very much troubled, and seeking out the station agent who was also wading around in hip boots, he appealed to him very earnestly:

"But, I tell you, it is no fault of mine, I am sure. You will just have to wait until we can get your material through," said the agent.

"Oh, of course, my good man—I understand that; but I wish you would please be so kind as to call me by telephone just the minute the next train arrives and tell me if the things come," said the telephone man in all earnestness, and as he walked away the agent who knew there wasn't a working telephone in the entire county, mused to himself:

"Well, I'll be damned."

The Editor Stranded

The managing editor of The Monitor was rummaging about the devastated city one dark night after the flood. He was challenged on every street-crossing as all other pedestrians were. The editor handed his military pass to the sentinel. Just then a flivver, in the usual wild speed known to the specie, buzzed by.

"Halt!" demanded the sentinel. The flivver skidded, but kept on. "Halt or I'll shoot!" rang out the command. The reckless driver stepped on the brake. The sentinel ran to the side of the bug, gun drawn and fire in his eyes. He jammed the muzzle of the gat into the side of the driver. "Another break like that and you'll go to the morgue," said the sentinel. "I've a notion to pull the trigger anyway!" Finally the flivver gave a snort and moved on. The sentinel returned to the middle of the street where the editor stood.

"Halt!" said the excited sentinel, "show your pass."

"I've halted once," replied the editor, "and I gave you my pass before you started to chase the wild-eyed driver of the flivver."

"Oh, hell—so you did, and I gave it to that yap in the doodle-bug. O, well, you're a newspaper man and you'll get by—pass on!"

The editor got back to the hotel after running the gauntlet no less than a dozen times, and taking a chance of being shot full of holes.

Memories of the Past

A man and woman came on the third day to look for their home—the lot where it once stood. There was nothing but mud and rubbish—the house was gone. The woman saw something glistening through the mud; she dug it out.

"Oh, look, dearie!" she said to her husband, "see, this was one of our wedding presents—yes, and do you know, dearie, today is our fourteenth wedding anniversary!"

It was a small, glass flower vase she had rescued—all that was left of her once happy little home—a wedding present.

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The Pueblo Flood Developes An Artist

Out of the chaotic and conglomerate mess at Pueblo has risen an artist, heretofore unknown, and on this page of The Monitor are some of the pen sketches that found their way out of the debris. Miss Wilma Cary, a pretty little telephone operator, too modest to even admit that she is the author of the work, made these sketches one day while the editor waited.

"Back to the switchboard" is very significant. For more than a week after the flood the exchange was established in a church building, and

not half the girls could be used. Then came the word that the old boards were being put back into working order, and this brought joy

to the hearts of the girls. "Gee, but we were glad to get back to the old switchboard," was the general exclamation.

"Joyriding to work" shows the cheerful side taken by the girls. Through all the dark and distressing scenes the telephone girls never lost their nerve.

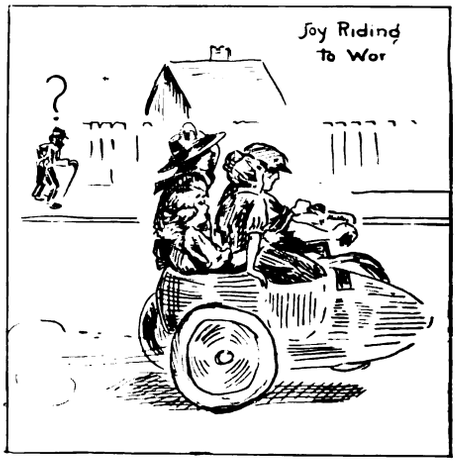
"The Olive Branch," a bunch of bananas, has its own little significance. On the early morning following the flood two young men rowed up to the telephone building and cried out:

"Girls, what can we do for you?"

"Bring us something to eat," came back the chorus.

The swift current running around the building at that time made it unsafe to try and get any of the girls out, so the two young men, who afterwards proved to be Elwin Davis and a chap named Williams, rowed two blocks away, steered their boat into a building where a fruit store had been in operation, and there they found two bunches of bananas hanging, dangling in the water. They loaded the fruit into the boat, backed out and pulled against the current until they reached the fire escape of the telephone building.

"O, lookey—lookey!" cried the girls, "here comes the dove with an olive branch." And that is how the 39 girls got their breakfast, and that



is what inspired Miss Carey to draw the picture.

"Those boys saved our lives," say the girls, "God bless them." And this is the expression heard everywhere.

They Are Some Girls

It is not an unusual thing for girls to wash dishes, and sweep floors and do a hundred and one things about the house—it is the natural thing for girls to do, in fact—but it IS an unusual thing for girls working for a big corporation, or a small one either, to roll up their sleeves, pin on an apron and "dig in" when it is not their job. This happened at Pueblo after the flood.

Every man on the job was loaded with work, and it was dirty, mucky work, too. The telephone girls whose business it is to sit at the switchboard, when off duty "pitched in" and cooked meals, washed dishes, served and did everything possible to feed the hungry boys who were working day and night to restore telephone service at Pueblo. No, it wasn't the arduous labor the girls performed that impels this article, but it was the spirit that impelled the every action of those fine young women, and the officials of our company are not unmindful of the loyalty displayed.

A company is known by its employes.

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"P-Y" Camp at Pueblo

How the Boys were Housed and Fed

Taking care of the large force of men required to reestablish telephone service in Pueblo was no small task. Major A. W. Young was in charge and to him great credit is due for the able manner in which the entire work was accomplished. He established a camp on the outskirts of town, "above high water mark," and put up tents. The boys have named it the "P-Y Camp." The first letter is in honor of N. O. Pierce, general plant manager, and the second is for Young. That "P-Y" sounds like a brand for a cattle ranch, doesn't it?—but the boys would say, "Believe me, it is some camp."

Upper, "P-Y" Camp Where Men Slept; Lower, Headquarters in Front of Camp.

Head Chef and Assistants

Miss Claire Lauderbach

Miss Claire Lauderbach, head supervisor at Pueblo, was on duty when the flood broke. Calm, gentle and self-possessed, she went about among the girls, diverting their minds as much as possible from the awful scenes outside.

"I never saw such resigned composure in all my life," said Miss Lauderbach, "and, do you know, I think the rigid training we give these girls in our schooling is responsible for the absence of a desperate panic. They were simply wonderful—those girls were."

Miss Julia Moynihan

"I guess we were all pretty well frightened," said Miss Julia Moynihan, an operator, "though every girl tried to conceal her fears, but I think the pent-up emotions were loosened when Mr. Thady who had been watching the rising waters on the stairways, came back to us about midnight, and said:

'Well, girls, the worst is over—the water has receded three steps.'

"Maybe you think we didn't take deep breaths and dance with joy! It was the best news I ever heard in my life."

Miss Mildred Swartz

Miss Mildred Swartz, evening chief operator, tells of the wonderful quieting effect the jazz music on a Victrola had on the girls:

"No, we didn't play any sacred or solemn records," said Miss Swartz, "but we did wear the jazz records threadbare, I guess. A few of the girls danced a little, and now and then one would break into a song, but only for a moment.

"When the waters were at their highest mark there was a space of about an hour that we who were watching it closest all but gave up hope of ever getting out alive, but the terrible hour passed and we felt a great load lift from our hearts."

Come and Get Your Home

Just back of the Pueblo telephone building, tipped up edgeways, is a good sized frame house, leaning against the wrecked garage. The house was someone's home before the flood. In the dining room are the dishes, the chairs, the table and many other household goods. Other rooms contain furniture, beds—all the things that go with a fairly well-furnished home. They are tumbled, water-soaked and muddy, to be sure, but it was one day the home of someone farther up the river. Although efforts have been made to locate someone who will claim the building and take it away, no one can be found who knows anything about it. The answer probably lies down in one of the dark pools below the city where hundreds of bodies are believed to be covered with sand and mud many feet deep.

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Eccentricities of the Arkansas River

On the slopes of Mount Massive, that giant sentinel of the continental divide, looking every inch its name, the Arkansas river, recently heavily featured in head lines, has its modest beginning. As it starts out of Twin Lakes and plunges down the Eastern slopes of the Rockies on its way to the Gulf of Mexico; so, on the other side of the divide the Eagle river dashes along past the Mount of the Holy Cross on its long journey west and south to mingle its once fresh, clear waters with the brine of the Gulf of California.

Twin Lakes, smiling and rippling in the sun and the breezes, lie up near Leadville where the air is always cool and there is an occasional snow flurry on the Fourth of July to put more pep into the celebration. From these blue, dimpling lakes comes the Arkansas, cool and clear, dashing down the steep slopes and churning and foaming through the canyons, the most celebrated of which is the Royal Gorge where tourists crowd onto the observation cars of the trains and ride those five or six miles in silent, awed wonderment.

Reaching the fertile valleys the Arkansas becomes a valued utility instead of a scenic attraction, doing its part in the irrigation of the orchards and fields of Colorado and Western Kansas. Here where its bed is of earth instead of rocks the river loses its clear quality but becomes all the more valuable for irrigation on account of the rich silt carried in the water.

At Pueblo the river divides the city in two parts, and much of the business section, the Union station and railroad yards, also the now well-known "Pepersauce Bottoms," lie not far from the river. To add to the terrors of that fateful night of June 3-4 the usually inoffensive little Fountain river, named by the old French explorers "Fountaine qui Bouille," (boiling Fountain), lived up to its name and discharged its roaring, tearing volumes of angry waters into the Arkansas at the confluence of the two rivers just below the Union station in Pueblo.

On down through the Arkansas valley, irrigating the "Rocky Fords," the orchards and alfalfa lands, it continues its course to Western Kansas where it still gives its waters to make the dry prairies blossom like the rose. Then, for a time, the river drops out of sight—sinks in its sandy bed—as if wishing to be seen no more, running "bottom side up," reappearing miles away. It was very much top side up, however, at Pueblo on that never-to-be-forgotten June night of 1921.

Fed by many tributaries, the Arkansas becomes a mighty stream before it loses its identity in the Mississippi, down in its namesake state. From source to mouth its total length is about 2199 miles and it is, with the exception of the Missouri, the longest tributary of the "Father of Waters."

The Church and the Telephone

It is very significant that a church building should be the only available refuge for the telephone when the floodwaters had driven it from its accustomed place. No sooner had the waters receded than the telephone men were on the ground with a view of reestablishing service to the people who had escaped the damp death. Effort after effort to get into some building where a switchboard might be set up failed. Then came the proffer of the church—the First Baptist Church of Pueblo. Rev. Frank E. Eden, pastor, came to our men and said:

"God has been good to us. He has spared us and while the waters reached to within a few feet of our edifice, it was not washed away. Come, take what of it you need and set up your telephone boards—the world outside is longing for news from our city—they want to hear from friends and relatives. May we help you?"

And here it was that the first toll line exchange was set up, and all of the communications that went out over the telephone had their origin within the sacred walls of the beautiful Baptist church. Then Sunday came—the first Sunday after the wires had been run into the switchboards—and the Rev.

Eden preached a powerful sermon, admonishing men and women to build their spiritual lives on higher grounds and firm foundations. The Associated Press sent out the following story under date of June 12, touching on the services:

"He is like a man which built a house and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood came, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could shake it; for it was founded upon a rock."

With telegraph instruments in almost every room in his church building; with five sections of switchboards being operated above him, and great quantities of telephone supplies lying in his basement, where dozens of "hello girls" were preparing and serving meals for the rest of the force, the Rev. Frank E. Eden, pastor of the First Baptist church, at present one of the unique buildings of America, sounded the spirit of new Pueblo with the above quotation from St. Luke 6:48.

Below, dishes clattered and the suppressed excitement of tired business women preparing their own meals in an improvised kitchen, could be heard. Occassionally some one stumbled over a roll of "twisted pair" wire with which the basement floor was covered.

Heavily booted feet ascended and descended the stairs. At the entrance, on the left side, was the "booth room" where calls were handled for the public.

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Casper Falls In Line With A Flood

There are those who believe that the "end of the world is drawing nigh," and point to the "signs of the times" as evidence. They point to the wars, the labor troubles, the revolutions, the general unrest, the fires, the floods and the great mad rush of all humanity toward the grave.

But this isn't particularly apropos to the story of the fire and flood we started to tell about. At any rate, while other parts of the country were reveling in floods and disasters, Casper, Wyoming, the center of oil activities of the West, came in for glaring headlines in the newspapers because of a fire that had broken out in the tank farm of the Midwest Oil Company. Lightning, at one fell swoop, set fire to half a dozen immense tanks that were full of crude oil. Six tanks that contained 55,000 barrels each, and one tank that contained 80,000 barrels of oil, were all ablaze at the same time. The loss to the Midwest company aggregated $385,000.

In this catastrophe the Telephone company rendered valuable service, but suffered no financial loss; but on the day following the storm and fire the young city of Casper woke up to find itself in the midst of a sea of water. There had been a cloudburst following the electrical storm that set fire to the oil tanks, and the rain came down in torrents. A part of the city was under water to the depths of three and four feet. In this the telephone company came in for a share of the damages wrought. Forty poles were washed away, but afterwards recovered. A number of cellars were filled with water where telephone terminals were badly damaged. All is back to normal again.

And When The Test Came They Failed Not

Heroism of Byron Thady.

The story of the heroism of Byron Thady—a mere boy of 20—by Mrs. Prior, chief operator at Pueblo, came from her lips while the scenes of the flood were fresh upon her mind—while the mud was still dripping from the smeared walls of the telephone building, and even now, after several weeks have passed, there is no waning of praise for this brave lad who today modestly disowns any claim to bravery or heroism.

"I simply did my duty. Why all this ado?" is all he will say.

Byron Thady, who not only saved valuable records at the risk of his life, but who went about in the dark hours of the flood speaking words of encouragment and cheer to the trapped telephone girls, and then again, on the very same night took desperate chances of being dragged into death grip of a drowning man—this Byron Thady who did not know he was doing anything out of the ordinary, may never be fittingly awarded for his acts of heroism and bravery, but his name will go down in the annals of history as one of the true, brave characters who was not afraid to risk his life in the line of service. He was the bravest, the most outstanding character in all the acts of heroism of which I heard in the city that lies torn and weeping on the banks of the terrible Arkansas river.

Mrs. Joseph E. Pryor.

No one can read the story as told by Mrs. Joseph E. Prior, chief operator at Pueblo, concerning the long dark night of June 3, without realizing that she purposely, and modestly kept herself and her own heroic efforts and deeds of service in the background, at all times giving credit to others who stood about her in the hours of peril.

Mrs. Prior is, above all, a womanly woman, strong in character, rich in commanding personality, vigorous in performance of duty, kind and gentle as a child to all, and rare in good judgment. I think it was President Read who said of her:

"Of all the telephone women I have known in my many years of service I would place Mrs. Prior as the peer of all. The indomitable courage and wonderful command of composure in time of dire distress shown by her is almost unbelievable."

And this is the woman who watched over the 39 telephone girls when the floods raged and the storm threatened complete destruction, and no one shirked her duty nor showed uncontrollable fear.

"Via Water Route"

The following telegrams passed thru the Denver office on Monday, June 6th, 1921:

"To Wire Chief, Pueblo:—Advise if ——— report last half May sent in."

ANSWER:—"Yes, left Pueblo, June 3rd, 10 p. m., via water route, New Orleans and Gulf of Mexico."

Dressed Accordingly

Husband—Why do you wear that dress? It looks like half mourning.

Wife—Well, you're always complaining that you're half dead.—Boston Transcript.

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Driftwood Caught in the Swirl of Service

Peering Through the Mud

Back in the little room where Paul A. Holland, manager at Pueblo, had his office, hangs a picture well known in telephone circles—"Weavers of Speech." When the floodwaters rushed into the telephone building and filled the first floor to the ceiling, this picture "stuck to its post" like a brave telephone girl. Higher and higher the waters came until they finally entirely engulfed the beautiful "Weaver." Then the floods receded and, like Old Glory which waved over Fort McHenry during the dark days of our young republic, "the picture was still there," the wonderful features peering through the mud and sediment that had clung to the glass and frame. How like the real people of the telephone company this picture of "Weaver" is.

The First Telephone Man In

C. E. Long, supervisor of toll lines, Denver, is said to have been the first outside telephone man to reach Pueblo after the flood. Mr. Long was on an inspection trip and was nearing Pueblo from the west and was within eighteen miles when he encountered the floodwaters. He met people coming out of Pueblo and through them learned of the terrible disaster. He hurried on to the city, reaching it about 5 o'clock Saturday evening. He at once took charge of the work of restoring toll line service, and it was through his efforts, in conjunction with the wonderful work of the plant, under N. O. Pierce, that the quick restoration was made.

Captain Carroll on the Job

Captain F. W. Carroll, manager at Colorado Springs, rendered invaluable service in many ways, far beyond what might be expected of human endurance. The gateway of service out of the flooded district hinged on the Springs exchange. "Cap" Carroll spoke in highest terms of the efficient service rendered by many of the men and girls who labored loyally during the long hours of need.

Morse Wives Lead

Many claims were made by various telegraph and telephone companies to having sent out the first news of the flood. Fact is that the outside world was first told of the disaster through the untiring efforts of Herman Mansholt, Morse operator in the basement of the telephone building at Colorado Springs. Through him and the A. T. & T. lines the newspapers received their first stories, and he worked all night after having been on duty all the day before.

Rastus Loses His All

Rufus Wall—everybody in Pueblo knows Rufus Wall, the old colored janitor in one of the big buildings—he, too, had a sad experience. The water was rising around his home—he carried an arm-load of things from it to dry land, leaving his wife and children in the house to help pack up more goods, not dreaming of danger to them. He started to return and the flood had risen so fast it loosened his house from its foundation and it was washed away. Rufus plunged into the surging waters to rescue his family but was unable to reach it. He was rescued, but Rufus is a sad-hearted old man, and many people speak of him and his misfortunes.

"Dutiful Paul" Commended

Paul A. Holland, manager at Pueblo, rightfully gained the title of "Dutiful Paul." They say he never slept, no, never left his post of duty for many days and nights—always there to guide and direct in the urgent work of giving telephone service. The Pueblo Chieftain says:

"The telephone company has put forth every effort in establishing these important lines. Supplies and men were rushed to the city on trucks, and their men have faced every danger in stringing wires and getting communication established, both in the city and to the outside."

Gillilan a Tireless Worker

L. W. Gillilan, Colorado traffic supervisor, Denver, was among the very first to offer his services. He went to Colorado Springs when the weight of long distance traffic was crowding the capacity beyond ability to serve. Night and day he worked and aided the operators, sitting at the switchboards hour after hour, relieving the tired girls wherever he could. Mr. Gillilan was an earnest and tireless worker.

Telephone Men Commended

The lessons learned in battling the onslought of wreckage and destruction on the battlefields of France, during the World War, came into ready and profitable play by the overseas ex-service men who rushed to Pueblo after the flood. They knew what to do, and they did it without hesitancy. A number of telephone men were among the troops sent to Pueblo by Governor Shoup, and it is pleasing to be reassured that the same patriotism displayed by the boys when they were called to the colors three years ago had in no way diminished when the emergency arose in our own state. Letters of similar wording and same meaning were received by Lieutenant Harold N. Ferris, and Lieutenant George H. Orahood, both employes of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company, attached to the general plant department in Denver. The letter follows:

"Dear Lieutenant:—Colonel Hamrock has told me of the splendid services which you have performed as an officer in the volunteer corps of engineers under the Adjutant General in the Pueblo flood.

"I want to assure you of my personal appreciation and my gratitude in behalf of the State for the splendid accomplishments of your organization and of your own large part in the achievement. Colonel Hamrock and all of the Pueblo people with whom I have talked have been enthusiastic in their praise of what you have done and we feel sure that no further organization will do the work more efficiently than when you had a part in it. Certainly no one could have met the emergency with greater courage, resourcefulness and energy.

"With my best personal wishes, I am

"Very truly yours,

"O. H. SHOUP,

"Governor."

In Time of Need

What is believed to be the record for number of telephone calls in the history of Provo occurred last Friday night, when it was reported that a dam had gone out in theProvo river near Kamas.

Between the hours of 10 p. m. and 1 a. m. of that night three extra operators were on duty and could scarcely keep up with the calls which were made.

When it developed that there would be a rush of calls Manager Jones of the local exchange asked three of the most expert operators in the office to report for duty at once. The result was the fine service which was given that night.—Provo, Utah Herald.

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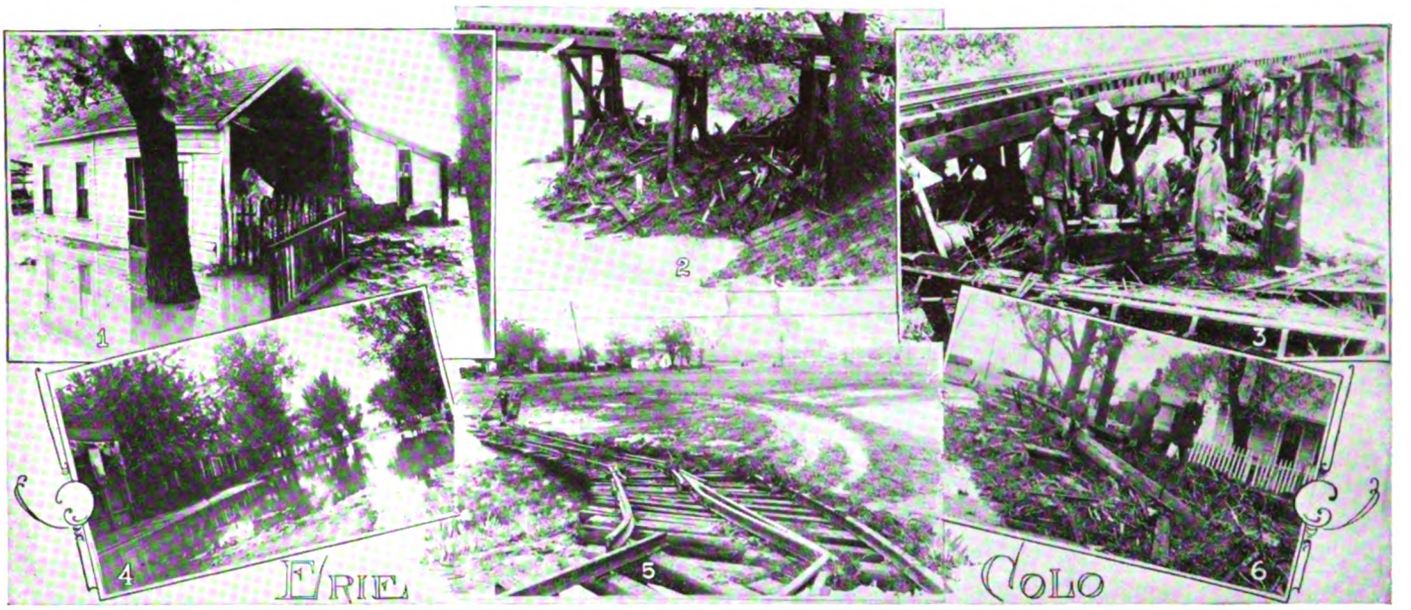
Floods in Northern Colorado Also Play Havoc



1—Home in Erie, Water Above Window Sills. 2—Remains of Three Houses. 3—Families Searching Among Ruins of Their Houses for Salvage. 4—Water on Main Street, Erie. 5—Union Pacific Rails Twisted and Broken By Flood. 6—Telephone Pole and Debris Caught in the Flood.

While the southern part of Colorado was undergoing the ravages of a cloudburst, other sections of the state were also having their troubles arising from flood waters. The downpour of rain seemed to be general along the entire Eastern slope, and the damage to telephone construction was very great.

In the vicinity of Erie, north of Denver twenty miles, the floodwaters did a great deal of damage, but no lives were lost. Damage to property is estimated at $150,000. The above photographs tell the story plainer than words. This condition prevailed in many sections of the country, and the floods were more general this spring than they have been for years.

The Mountain States Telephone company came in for its share of damages in many parts of the country, including Broomfield, Longmont, Erie, Loveland, Greeley , Boulder, Sterling, Brush, Morgan, Alamosa, Rocky Ford, Fowler, Manzanola, La Junta, Lamar, Holly and all of the towns and district down the Arkansas river below Pueblo. Casper, Wyoming, also came in for a share of damages by floodwaters at the same time.

Possibly this has been the worst season for floods in the history of the telephone company, and this, too, following on the heels of the most destructive winter storms for years. But the telephone company is expected to rise above it all, and go right along smiling and serving.

Praises From the Governor's Office

Frederick H. Reid, General Manager,
Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.,
Denver, Colorado.

My Dear Mr. Reid: I have just returned from a 20 day stay at Pueblo, where, since the flood, I served as an officer of the Colorado National Guard and also as the personal representative of the Governor. I want to take it upon myself now to express, in behalf of the State and its Military Department, an appreciation of the exceptional service rendered by The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company in that disaster.

Aside from the promptness with which your company met the emergency created by the disaster, a number of your officials particularly distinguished themselves in their efforts to render service to the military and to the stricken community. Among these I recall Messrs. Holland, Gammons, Fallon, Young and Long as having gone far out of their way to facilitate telephone service for military.

The Adjutant General also desires me to express his appreciation of the kindness of your company in permitting Capt. C. C. Bagby to serve with our headquarters for several days. He performed excellent service, and we hope, when a signal detachment is authorized for Colorado, it will be possible to have his help again.

With my best personal regards,
I am
Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. E. Moorehead,
Secretary to the Governor.

Do not be selfish. Let us forget ourselves in thinking of others and let "others" be those who need us and who need the Christ the more. Let us not allow ourselves to indulge in anything that would not be Christ-like.

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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Vol. XVI. **No. 6**

JULY-AUGUST, 1921

The Test

Every once in a while, somewhere, some unfortunate incident occurs which indicates indifference or thoughtlessness on the part of some telephone man or woman. At such times one is moved to inquire what has become of the old-time loyalty? Where is our boasted devotion to the public service?

Then comes a street car strike, a sleet storm, a tornado, or some terrible disaster like the Pueblo flood. Immediately the questions are answered in a way that dissolves all doubt as to the old time loyalty and devotion of present-day telephone men and women.

"They need me at the office!" exclaimed the operators who were off duty and at their homes when the siren's warning sounded the approach of the devastating deluge at Pueblo. Back to the office, through the torrential rain, amidst blinding lightning and the tumultuous cannonade of thunder breaking through the ominous roar of the maddened Arkansas!

What stirred the souls of those young women that they would brave unknown dangers, nor stop to count the cost? What message was heard that would impel them to leave home and safety and fare forth into the horrors of the night? Was it the commanding voice of Duty speaking? Certainly it was something even more intriguing, more compelling. Wasn't it the call of the Spirit of Service? "Your public needs you, your company needs you, your fellow workers need you," was the message, and it found ready response. And that is the message which the men heard; they who toiled through days and nights in water, mud and malodorous slime that their company might function and the public be served.

Old-time loyalty is not dead and devotion to duty and love of service are living things. The employee body of our company is made up of Thadys and Ayresmans and Priors and thousands of men and women of the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made. The chemist doesn't analyze in bulk; he takes a sample for his test and applies the result to the entire mass. So we are safe in applying the result of the Pueblo test to the entire Mountain States family and to the entire Bell System.

The Spirit of Service is a living, vital, throbbing force which animates, inspires and directs. The Pueblo test was sufficient and conclusive.

□

Hot? Whew!

Just to show us that he could make it hot for us in other parts of our territory than Yuma and Phoenix, Mr. Weatherman turned on the heat during the last days of June until even the radiator, old Sol himself, was running round in circles on the 29th. Starting with Helena at 90 in the sheltering shade, Denver went her two better and Salt Lake City raised that by two more. Of course, El Paso and Phoenix qualify as winter, not summer, resorts, so we'll say nothing about temperatures in Texas and Arizona. Coming back to Colorado, even Leadville, way up in the clouds and catching all the four winds of heaven, registered 76 on June 29 and that was an extremely hot day—for Leadville.

Fricaseed brains and fried sole may be all right either table d'hote or a la carte, but to carry them around at the extremities of one's anatomy does not make for comfort.

And yet, with the absence of humidity, neither humans or collars wilted. And at night, "when the sun had gone to rest" and the leaves were rustling in the fresh breezes straight from the snow-capped peaks one felt refreshed—rejuvenated. The heat of the day was forgotten and we could rest and sleep coolly and comfortably till morning, rising with renewed energy and ready for the day's work.

And then, on July 4th, the weatherman turned off the heat, and the intermountain region became "itself again."

□

Photographing Flooded Pueblo

Contrary to all precedent in catastrophes of a nature similar to the Pueblo flood, the lack of photographers was very noticeable. This is accounted for, probably, by the strict embargo placed on anyone getting into the town, and the hard task of fording rivers, wading mud, climbing ungraded hills and the many other obstacles that confronted the "pioneers" into the devastated area.

The Monitor is very proud, therefore, that it was able to secure the best photographs that were taken of the flooded district. Some of these were taken by the managing editor. E. C. Long took some of them, and we wish to acknowledge our appreciation of his efforts. In presenting the large number of photographs in this issue of the Monitor, we do so with the belief that our readers will want to see something more descriptive than is told in the written stories. So, this we will call "The Flood Issue of The Monitor."

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Character

A man is what he is, not what men say he is. His character is what he is before God. That, no man can touch; only he himself can damage it. His reputation is what men say he is. That may be damaged. Reputation is for time; character is for eternity.—J. D. Gough.

□

How to Be Helpful

"Be a real citizen of the town in which you live. Help build and direct the activities of the place you call home. Touch elbow to elbow with the genuine people of the town. Strive to make the town better by putting your own shoulder to the wheel. Churches need your aid; commercial clubs need you; improvement organizations afford an opportunity for you to do something really worth while. These are things that make for better government, better service, and better citizenship."—Ben S. Read.

□

What Do Y'Mean, Personnel?

Editor Monitor:—What do they mean, personnel work? I've been reading about it a great deal, but so far haven't been able to quite grasp the idea. EMPLOYE.

This might be answered by propounding another question—"What is Food?"

Food is the staff of physical life. We gather it up all about us, from the air, from the trees, from the ground, from the water—everywhere. And the amount of good it does us depends upon the nutriment it contains and the consistency with which we partake of it.

Personnel work means doing good, not only to ourselves but to others. It means to a big company what a family altar in the home means—a closer communion, a better understanding, a dissimination of ideas for bettering one's condition and the condition of the head that makes it possible for us to belong to a big company. It means the allayment of any misunderstanding that may be rife in the minds of people outside of the company. If people better understood what the telephone company is doing for the whole world they no doubt would look at some of the apparent inconsistencies as being blessings.

O, there are so many things that personnel work—the personal touch—means, or would mean, to every employe as well as to the company, if we but realized the importance of it at all times—saying the right thing at the right time. Mr. Read has aptly said; "Be somebody in your home town—take a part in activities, and at all times help build material things as well as strong, noble character."

The telephone company is no bigger than its employes. The individual employe is the standard by which the company is measured. If the yardstick is short, or the scales faulty, then the public to whom we are selling service, misjudges the entire company by the short yardstick of the individual employe.

□

The A. T. & T. Stock Offer

With prices of many stocks dropping as they have done during the past few weeks, the holders of American Telephone and Telegraph stock were more than gratified to see how that sturdy old security stood steadfast as a rock in a storm.

The substantial character and steady growth of the telephone business makes A. T. & T. one of the very best stock investments in our country, and those who are so fortunate as to own it can go about their affairs unperturbed by any anxiety concerning its present or future.

The new stock offer is one of the very best ever made to employees of the A. T. & T. and associated companies. In fact, we can go further and say the best, and it is an opportunity that may not come to us soon again. With industrial and commercial conditions gradually becoming more stabilized in our own country and abroad, naturally the opportunities for such favorable investments will become harder to find.

The wise ones take advantage of an opportunity like the present one to purchase stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, making some sacrifice, if necessary, in order to do it, knowing that repayment in full measure will come.

VICE PRESIDENT BURGESS COMMENDS EMPLOYEES

June 10, 1921.

P. A. Holland, Pueblo, Colorado:

Please convey to your entire force and to all Plant, Traffic and Commercial employes from Denver and elsewhere who have so loyally responded to the public service needs in the recent Pueblo disaster my personal congratulations. They have done a mighty good job on the restoration of toll service and have made considerable progress on local service. I want you and everyone on the job to understand that my verbal orders to our Plant Department to do their utmost regardless of expense must be followed until we are back to normal. I have told Mr. McCarn to draw from the Plant forces everywhere in our seven states and to bring men from Montana and Arizona or anywhere else they may be. The only measure to be considered is the ability to work them all to advantage. This Company never has faced so great an emergency, and I know I can count on every last employe for their very best work. I would appreciate it if you would have copies of this telegram given to the heads of all departments for their information and guidance.

E. M. BURGESS, Vice President.

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Helen Knox

One of the simplest and most enjoyable avenues through which to reach out for a closer touch with interesting things and people is to read some good magazine, why, even if we read only good fiction, we are one of thousands who have read the same story and there is a chance that we'll meet someone with whom we can enjoy discussing it and its author.

In this age when the greatest talent of the country contributes to the various magazines, everyone should read at least one good one each month, and a few more will do us no harm.

Of course we can always buy them at the news stands but there's an awfully "comfy—homey" feeling in having one's favorite magazine mailed directly to one's home.

It's like meeting an old friend, to find it waiting for you when you get home and there's a lot more satisfaction in reading it.

But this isn't the ONLY reason each and every one of us should subscribe for a magazine and read it.

One of our co-workers who for many months—yes, it's nearing a year, has been denied the privilege of earning her own way in the world—denied the greatest of all life's blessings — H E A L T H — is reaching out into our midst from a little white bed in a hospital to reclaim her place as a bread-winner.

Miss Helen Knox, who was suddenly stricken with infantile paralysis eight months ago,—long months too, fraught with great mental and physical suffering, refuses to be robbed of her independence and says despite all handicaps, she is going to make her own way in the world right from that little hospital room for she hasn't lost faith in the Great Master—and his people.

Miss Knox has gone into the magazine business—taking subscriptions for ANY of the popular magazines and she is ready and waiting for YOURS.

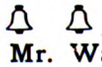
Every subscription means something for HER so as long as most of us buy magazines anyway, why not subscribe for them the "Helen Knox Way" and double our joy in them through the realization that we are helping her back into her own —back across the sometimes wobbly bridge into the happy land of independence.

Those of us who have not heretofore read any magazine should straightway decide upon one and send our subscription in to Miss Knox—we owe it NOT to HER but to ourselves.

Miss Knox has a telephone right by her bedside so should you chance to be in Denver you can telephone your subscription in, following it up with a check or money order for the necessary amount.

And remember there ARE no OUTSIDERS when it comes to Helen Knox magazine subscriptions. Subscriptions will be welcomed—and deeply appreciated—from any and every corner of the globe and from every house and hamlet—every walk of life, though The Monitor naturally feels that we of the Telephone Family will perhaps be more eager to lend a hand to a co-worker.

Send all subscriptions to Miss Helen Knox, Saint Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colorado.



Attention, Mr. Wallingford

" 'Tis verra r-reemairkable," remarked Scotty. "How it is ye Amer-ricans make money."

"No more than you Scotchmen", returned the Yank politely. "I once heard of a couple of Scotchmen who were cast away on a desert island. When they died, years later, they had both made millions trading their clothes back and forth to each other."—The American Legion Weekly.

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Step Lively

By H. B. Watkins, Secretary Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce

When a tourist leaves the dear east and embarks upon his journey to the west, he expects to see something. And before he arrives back home again, he does see lots of things, but as the average tourist admits and confesses, the things that he does see are greatly different than his imagination had counted upon and he is pleased—greatly pleased.

Here in the Chamber of Commerce at Albuquerque we meet many strange people and hear many strange tales. Our auto tourist department is perhaps the one in which the queerest things happen. In will come one car and ask information on the road going east. In return we will ask them for information as to the condition of the road they have just traversed. Their faces will light up and they will proceed to tell you that the last hundred miles into Albuquerque was the best on their entire trip and even sonny, the youngest in the party, will make some crack about pa hittin' 'er up to forty.

Two hours after we are confronted with some people who have just come over the same identical road and when the query is extended to them they open up their mouths, then notice there is a lady in close proximity, take a deep breath and then in calm voice explode their opinion that the particular piece of road, lauded a few minutes before, is the worst piece of road in the U. S. They tell you that mamma nearly was cuckooed several times by hitting the top and when you look at mamma, weighing close to two fifty, you think of the Ten Commandments and feel that this bunch might tour the west but their chances of rolling into heaven are indeed slight.

But you never can tell about the motor tourist. We have the fat ones, the skinny ones, the tall ones and the short ones, with good clothes and ones in union-alls, some with money, some without, and others who imagine you think they have till you hear little Johnny say something about the Lizzie, then pa steps on his toes and ma speaks right up to pa. But all in all they are a good natured bunch and out to have a good time, and are having it despite the efforts of the garage men to hold them up outside of Albuquerque. Our garage men are different and can be depended upon, but we do not guarantee a single one outside of this town except one in Aberdeen, South Dakota, to whom we are related.

Our healthseekers are a different crowd with different ideas and we can say right here that the little nervous woman who comes to the Chamber of Commerce after a long ride, who is here for tuberculosis, or came with her husband, really radiates more joy than any others considering the terrible load they have upon their minds. But they have faith, optimism, oodles of it,—Albuquerque spells health to them, they are here to spear it, and spear it they will, and generally do. And the reward comes to us when months afterwards they come up to the Chamber of Commerce and announce that they don't think we remember them, and proceed to tell us how they came with the bugs, sick and sentenced by some doctor back east who with a long face told them he was sorry and hoped they would find health in the west. THEY FOUND IT, and are bubbling over with joy on their first exercise trip, and had to come up to the point from where they started, to SHOW US. And let me say right here that we feel just as happy and foolish about their new lease of life as they do.

And afterward we ponder and wish that we had a fund large enough to enable us to advertise and tell the entire world about the wonderful curative values of our wonderful climate so that the thousands afflicted with tuberculosis would know that health and vigor await them if they would only come and play the game as thousands of others have played it and won. Tuberculosis in the east is a deadly thing, but here in our high, dry air, in our glorious sunshine, the sting is taken out and hope wins.

Many people are surprised to learn that the State of New Mexico has more coal than the states of West Virginia and Pennsylvania combined. They also wonder when we tell them that last year we raised twenty million bushels of grain and that one county harvested fifteen thousand acres of long staple cotton and that one mine developed in one month four and one-half million pounds of copper, or that in one month we shipped sixty thousand head of cattle.

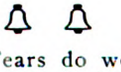
These people ride around in amazement looking at our beautiful artistic homes and view our business activities with surprise. They expected a "No man's land" and found ideas that their eastern cities could profit by adopting.

Mary Pickford and Secretary Watkins.

They are honest and tell us so.

Then when we point out minutely to them the value of our timber, our cattle and sheep industry, our agricultural possibilities, and actualities, the wonderful mineral deposits of our mountains, the value to humanity of our climate in restoring to health, the curative value of our hot springs, our fertile valleys with fruit and poultry ranches, and then admit that this great domain of New Mexico is sparsely peopled with only four hundred thousand people, the ultimate reply from our visitors is to the effect that the slogan, "Step Lively" is indeed most appropriate, and that the eyes of the world should be directed upon New Mexico as the land of Opportunity and the last of the Great West.

Albuquerque, a city of twenty-five thousand, peopled by the best people of the country, coming here from all walks of life, is telling the story of New Mexico to the world, assisted most ably by her sister cities of the state, and when Uncle Sam takes his next census in 1930, the determination is prevalent that it will read "New Mexico One Million Population."



Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. A good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochrondiac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

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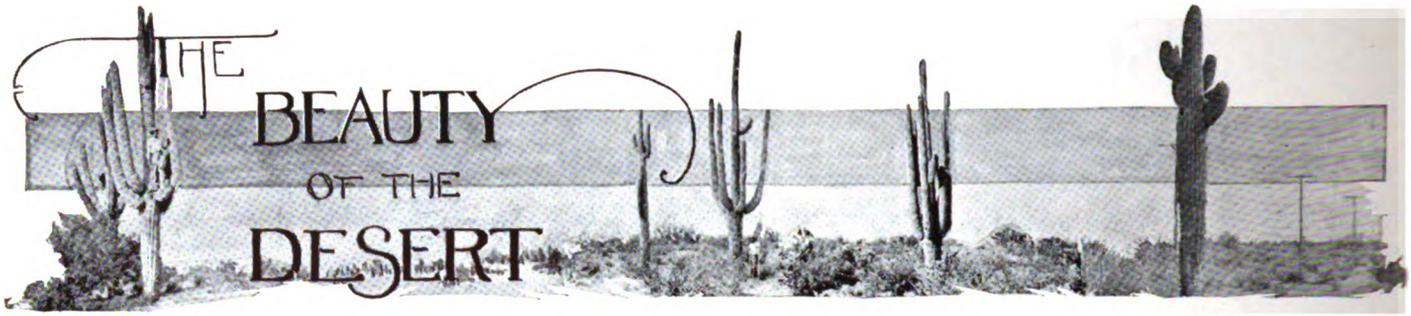


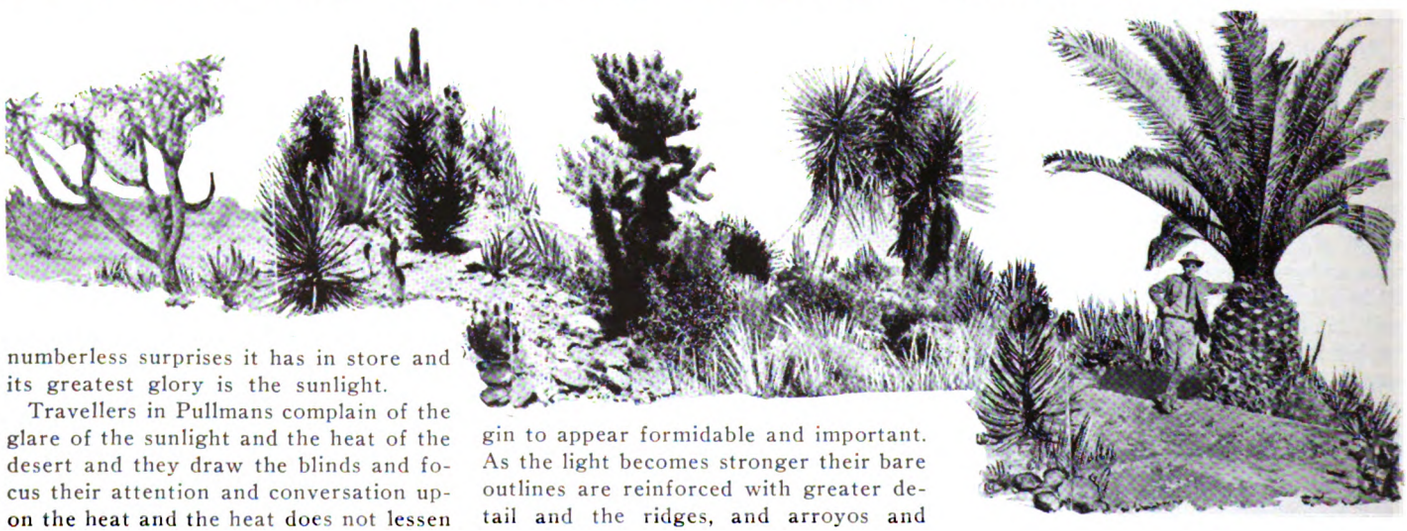
E. A. J. Seddon

A popular misconception of the Desert is that it is a dreary waste of sand —oceans of it stretching in all directions —monotony in the extreme. Perhaps our school geographies are responsible, partly; and perhaps the average blind metropolitan tourist is also responsible, largely. Whatever the reason may be, the fact persists in the minds of people in general that the desert is a forbidding inhospitable desolation. In a sense that may be true, for the soul which delights in the artificial thrills, the artificial lights, and the artificial urban life will fail to respond to the sublime silences, the mystic whisperings, the interminable vistas and the glories of the high spacious heavens. To such its glories and its beauties are as a sealed book.

What is beauty? Why does one thing appear more beautiful to us than another? Does it not depend upon our knowledge of the thing admired? How can we admire unless we know for what to look? The casual traveller unconsciously compares the desert view with those with which he is familiar—trees, flowers, grass, brooks, rivers, buildings, all beautiful in their own way. He is depressed rather than impressed by the vast expanses. He sees, but with unseeing eyes. An appreciation of the desert is acquired and once acquired, it is tenacious. The chief charm of the desert is its wonderful lack of monotony and the numberless surprises it has in store and its greatest glory is the sunlight.

Travellers in Pullmans complain of the glare of the sunlight and the heat of the desert and they draw the blinds and focus their attention and conversation upon the heat and the heat does not lessen for their telling. But was there ever such a bright clear sunlight? Where ever did one see sunlight tinted with color? Because of the dryness, the atmosphere, although wonderfully pure and clear, is nevertheless more or less dust laden and these minute particles floating in the light rays impart a soft, indefinable hue to the atmosphere itself and these hues change with the passing of the hours. The colors of the desert are soft—pink, yellow, lilac, rose hazes and sometimes at sunrise and at the setting of the sun when clouds are present the colors are amazingly beautiful, brilliant and gorgeous; yet withal soft and dreamy; covering the whole landscape with a mantle of enchantment. Nor is the night less beautiful with its high limitless dome of deep rich, clear and cool blue, dotted with countless stars. The mind leaps into space and fruitlessly endeavors to comprehend the universe. The September moon rises, red-copper yellow hued, startlingly immense, rapidly appearing, but soon gliding serenely and slowly to her high place in the heavens, with a subdued brilliance, blotting out the stars in her course. Was such peace as the desert in the moonlight? As the night wanes her deep blue mantle fades in the east, at first there ever such a calm, such a stillness, assuming a steely gray and the distant mountains which appeared so insignificant during Cynthia's midnight reign begin to appear formidable and important. As the light becomes stronger their bare outlines are reinforced with greater detail and the ridges, and arroyos and canyons become well defined with those wonderful colorful shadows. And the glory of the early morning air, how cool and light and dry and clear. How pure and ethereal. There is no dew. There are delightful whisperings in that early morning air, soft and musical but indefinable. With brilliant shafts of light the monarch of the day makes his appearance and the mountains, as if to do him honor, rise in their might and magnificence. As the horizontal beams of light play upon the mountains every detail is brought out with a startling clearness though they may be twenty, thirty or even fifty miles away; but as the sun rises in the heavens the mountains are dwarfed and the ridges and arroyos, and canyons are absorbed in the general outlines and the depth and perspective of the ranges are lost until the evening sun calls them forth again.

The heat, light, dryness and thinness of the desert air seem to have conspired to destroy perspective. One may ride hours at a time, even in an automobile, at a range of mountains, which at first seemed insignificant and near at hand and yet seem no nearer to them and then of a sudden you are upon them and are amazed at their depth and height. Distance means nothing on the desert. It is only the newcomer who ventures opinions regarding distances with any degree of assurance. Not only is perspective destroyed but these same con-



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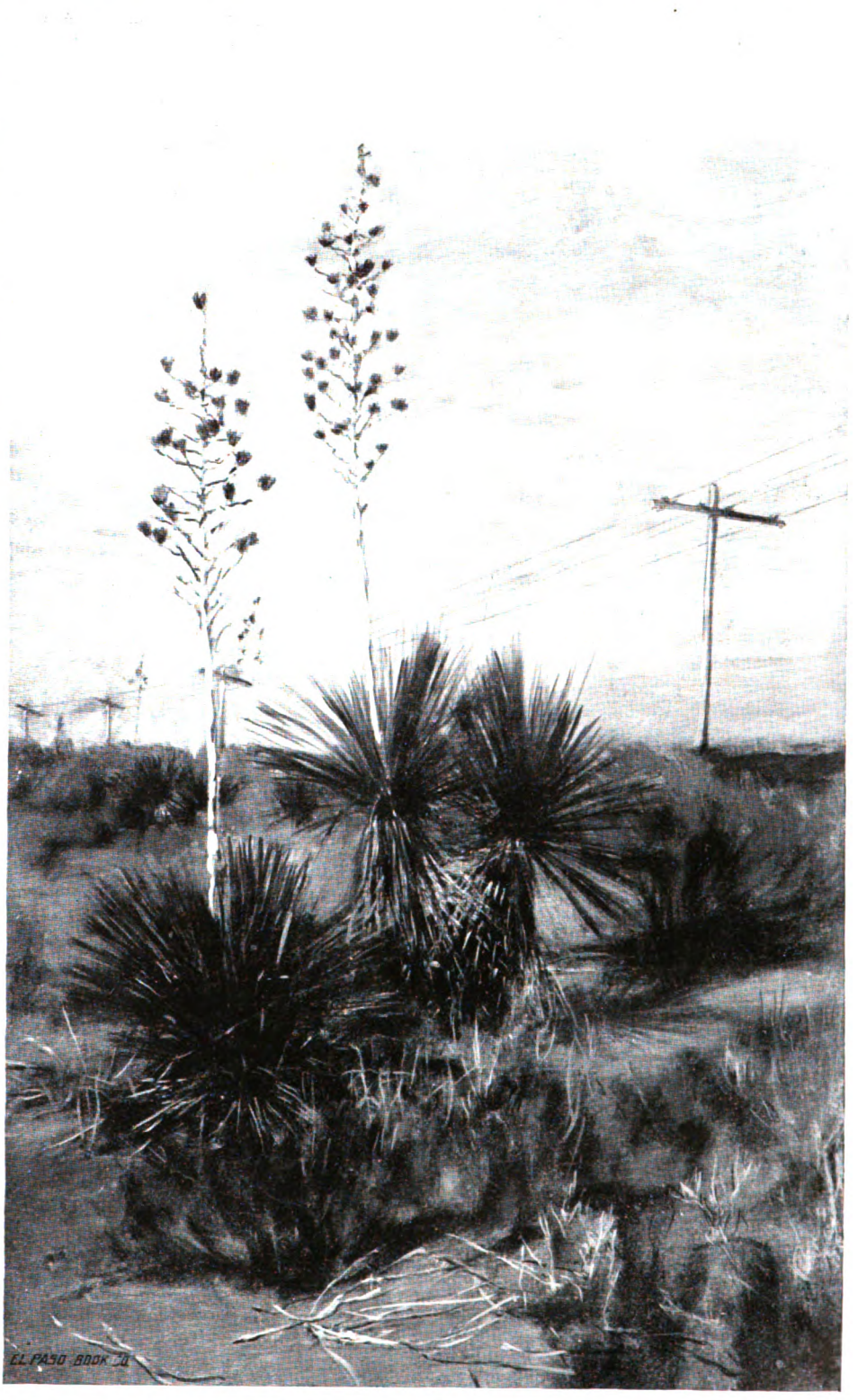
spirators will cause you to see that which does not exist and usually select for their demonstrations those areas which are devoid of vegetation, sunbaked and flat. In such places, under proper conditions, one gazes, not upon the sunbaked earth, but upon a beautiful expanse of water, an illusion—the mirage; but it is perfect in every detail. What more on a dry, hot day, could please the eye, than a placid lake of a beautiful blue! There are the inverted reflections of mountains on the distant shore, or perhaps a clump of palms or cactus; very often there is an island or the reflection of a fleecy flock of clouds, and it is not unusual to see ripples on the surface of this dream lake. Imagination can supply many other details. The water appears to almost reach you and the lower you get the closer it is but always beyond reach. It is startlingly realistic and yet withal indefinably unreal and ethereal—it is one or the enchantments of the desert. The mirage appears in many forms but the most common and charming is this dream lake in an utterly dry area. It frequently persists for many hours uninterruptedly.

To the northerner or the easterner of humid sections, a temperature of from 85 degrees to 90 degrees seems to be about the limit of endurance and a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade would seem a calamity. However, in southern Arizona and particularly in the Yuma desert region 120 degrees in the shade is not uncommon but even at this temperature the heat is not oppressive as the dryness of the atmosphere offers constant relief through the process of rapid evaporation. The Mountain States Company has taken advantage of the natural phenomenon and has equipped all the larger exchange buildings in the hot and dry sections with cooling systems which are extremely simple and effective. By means of a suitable fan a strong current of air is drawn through fine sprays of water. The rapid evaporation causes a very considerable drop in temperature and the air thus cooled is conducted to various parts of the building in suitable air-ducts. By this means the interior of the building, on a hot, dry day, may be cooled 30 degrees and sometimes even more if the atmosphere is extremely dry. Dwellings with double roofs so constructed as to allow the free circulation of air between the two roofs are not uncommon. Most of the lonely desert stations along the Southern Pacific Railway are so constructed. However, buildings constructed of sun dried adobe mud bricks with a roof of adobe mud about two feet thick is about the most effective barrier to the penetrating rays of the midsummer desert sun. The interiors of such buildings, properly constructed, are always delightfully cool and pleasant in the summer time and easily warmed in the winter.



From a Painting Furnished By Courtesy of the El Paso Book Company.

It is true that it gets hot all along the Mexican border—stinging hot; but exposure to the sun was never known to prostrate a healthy person. It is always pleasant enough in the shade and except in some of the low lying sections, the nights are always cool and in the mile high altitudes they are decidedly cool. The sun is monarch of the desert and his glory is intense. The earth quivers with heat waves, but it does not

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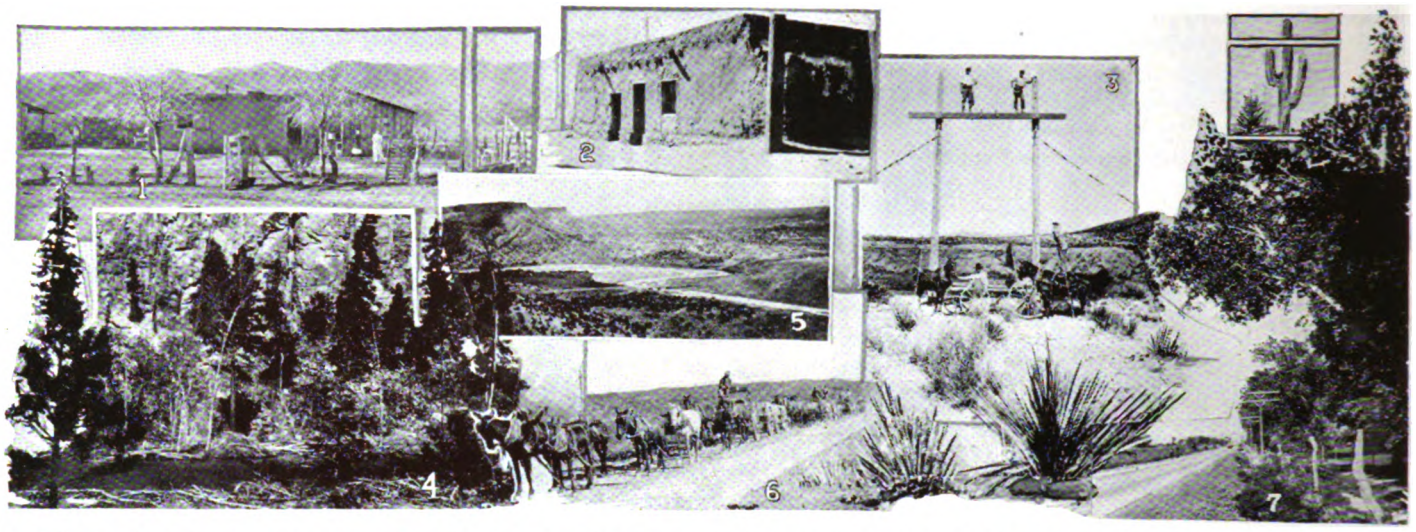


1—A Desert Ranch House. 2—Primitive 'Dobe Dwelling. 3—"H" Fixtures on Bank of Rio Grande. 4—Palisades of the Cimanon. 5—The Upper Rio Grande. 6—Hauling Ore fromDesert Mines. 7—Result of Irrigation on the Desert Near Phoenix.

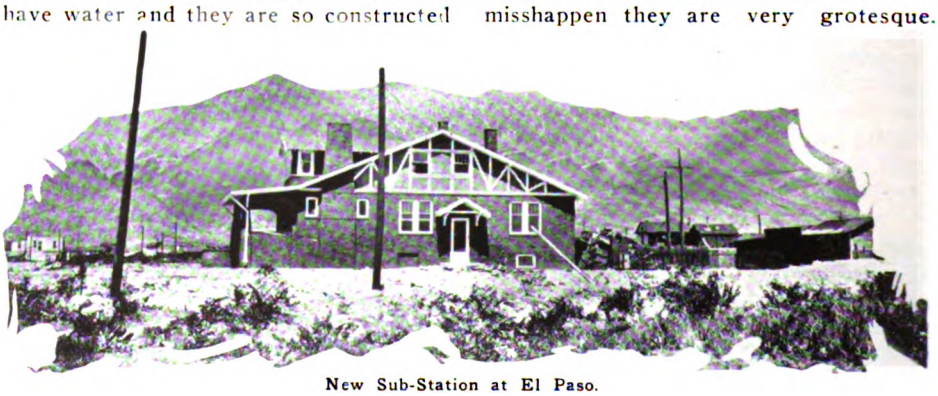
oppress for the country is a vast open expanse, the air is pure and has a freshness that is exhilarating. The heavens have a still greater expanse and seem limitless. Not the fleck of a cloud from horizon to horizon in that canopy of glorious azure. Directly overhead the color is deepest and richest and unfathomable but along the distant horizons it fades away into a softly tinted hue.

In southwestern Arizona the average yearly rainfall does not exceed three inches and not infrequently when the rain clouds do invade this arid section a heavy rain may be seen to fall and yet never reach the earth being very effectually absorbed by the heated dry air.

The topography of Arizona and New Mexico is both varied and interesting. In southwestern Arizona, which is but a few miles from the Gulf of California the elevation is less than 200 ft. above sea level. North and east is a great desert plain sloping upward and broken very considerably with low lying barren desert mountains. The Gila River is the center of the drainage system. To the north the rise of the land is more abrupt until it reaches the mountainous country around Prescott and thence on to Flagstaff and the Grand Canyon country. The general elevation of northern Arizona and New Mexico is somewhere around 5,500 feet. In southern Arizona the rise is more gradual but reaches an elevation of from 3,500 to 4,500 feet in eastern Arizona and southern New Mexico. The entire country is broken very considerably with mountain ranges frequently small and barren, frequently picturesque and grotesque. There are also more imposing and extensive ranges which are forest crowned and lying between are several extensive plains. This change in topography is naturally the cause of different climatic conditions, principally in the matter of temperature and precipitation—more rains in the summer and snow in the winter and lower temperature in the higher altitudes with the resultant change in vegetation.

Nature made the desert and Nature made things to live in the desert and she also equipped the living things with the ability to combat the heat and the drouth. Life on the desert is not easy. It demands endurance, and to survive, aggressiveness and defensiveness are developed to a high degree. This is true of both animal and plant life. In northern Arizona and New Mexico and in the larger mountain ranges, the flora does not differ greatly from other sections of the country, as climatic conditions are favorable to their growth. It is principally on the southern desert plains and mountains that one finds the strange and wonderful vegetation which is able to withstand the heat and drouth. When one considers a country which only has three inches of rain in twelve months and that in a very few heavy summer showers, and a heat so intense that it is impossible to pick up a metallic object lying in the sun without blistering at least a tender hand, he marvels that any vegetation could survive. But Nature has found a way. All plant life must have water and they are so constructed as to search out and conserve moisture and conserving moisture they must protect themselves against attack from animal life, hence their protective armament of thorns or their obnoxious varnish which serves the double purpose of proving uninviting to the marauder and a preventive against evaporation. Very few desert plants have leaves and those shrubs which have them have hard brittle leaves protected with this natural varnish or shellac and they also have the habit of setting their leaves obliquely to the rays of the sun. The common grease wood is a good example. It is a small scant shrub with an unimposing top, but a wonderful system of moisture seeking roots which extend underground many times the height of the bush above ground. It not only collects moisture underground but conserves the moisture within the roots and feeds it sparingly to the bush above exposed to the heat and dry air.

The most imposing of the desert plants is the sahauro, or giant cactus. In spite of its utter bareness its stern simplicity attracts and fascinates. The tall fluted column with its grouping of spires or minarets, frequently symmetrically arranged, is very graceful. Sometimes when misshappen they are very grotesque.



New Sub-Station at El Paso.

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Wray

Telephone Company

The Wray Telephone Company, having exchanges at Wray and Yuma, Colorado, is one of the largest connecting companies of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company, and ranks with the very best as to management and service.

Plans are already laid for increasing the equipment, and some of the material is now on the ground for a new telephone building at Wray. When completed the building will be equipped with new and necessary plant to take care of the increasing and satisfied business.

Left to Right—Opol Jordan, Frs. Myrtle Hogate, Chief Operator, and Vera Jordan, Operating Force at Yuma, Colorado.

A. H. Borland is general manager of the Wray Telephone company, with headquarters at Wray. The exchange at Yuma is no less efficient because it is smaller than the Wray exchange, as Mr. Borland has management of both exchanges and intermediate lines.

Recently a representative of The Monitor had the pleasure of visiting Wray and while there learned something of the local attitude toward the telephone company, and we don't mind saying that none but words of appreciation were expressed by citizens of both Wray and Yuma. Accompanying this little story are photographs of the operators at the two exchanges—the girls and women who make the service what it is today—successful and satisfactory.

Their design and structure is probably the most unique in the vegetable kingdom. They are Nature's adaption of reinforced concrete. Each rib of the sahauro contains a hard tough, pliable cane or rod and along each rib are rows of sharp thorns. The skin of the cactus is tough and glazed while the body of it is a fibrous meaty sponge which absorbs and conserves a considerable quantity of moisture against the time of a prolonged drouth. A man lost on the desert where these strange plants grow need never perish of thirst for by cutting into the trunk he can secure enough moisture to keep him going indefinitely. Because of the moisture they contain, rabbits and other small animals gnaw at the bottom of the trunk. Woodpeckers find the sahauro admirably adapted for their apartments, and bees utilize the vacated quarters of the woodpecker for the storing of their honey. This cactus attains a considerable size and sometimes reaches the height of 50 feet. In the moonlight they are weird and in those sections where they are comparatively thick, a silent spectral army of lost souls is suggested.

There is quite a large variety of cactus and some of them seem to devote all their energy in the production of spines and thorns. There is the yucca and its kind, with their saw edge and dagger pointed leaves and a variety of shrub bristling with thorns. All desert vegetation is, as it were, "armed to the teeth" aggressively protecting its hoard of moisture.

There are so many interesting things to be found in this great southwestern desert land, that it is difficult to briefly do the subject justice. Nothing has been said regarding the Grand Canyon or the lesser canyons of Northern Arizona and New Mexico, the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest; nor about the Mesas of Northern New Mexico and the Taos country north of Albuquerque; nor yet about the lava beds, white sands and sand dunes; nor the strange habits of the desert rivers; nor its mineral wealth and precious stones; nor yet about its animal and bird life. Then there is the human association. The mysterious, prehistoric cliff dwellers, the romance of the early Spanish adventurers, the Old Missions, the early pioneers and finally the modern settlers and the wonderful developments of the United States Reclamation Service. The desert is far from uninteresting and as one begins to understand, their appreciation increases as its hidden wonders are revealed.

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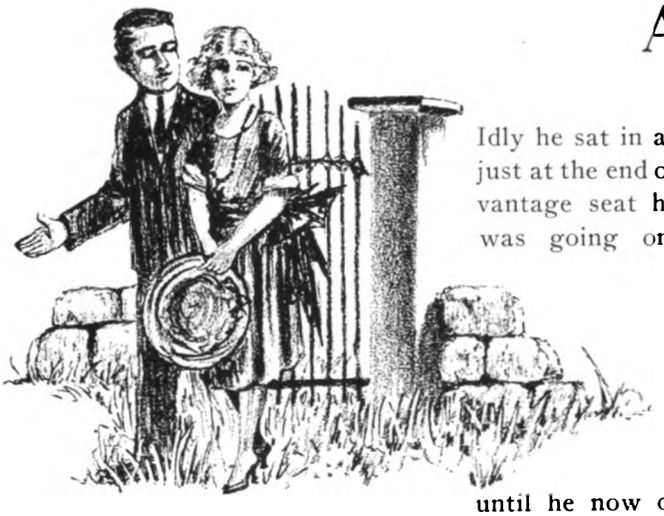

A Mountain of Lies

By George C. Quillian

"It's there, I tell you. The Mother Lode is there, Tex, I know. Stay with me just a little while longer and I'll prove it to you. I'll make you the richest man in all this state. Just one more year, Tex, that's all I ask."

It was Matthew Pace, better known as "Old Flat Top Matt", talking. But wait, let us set the stage.

A mining camp, now long passed into hazy history, set astride a noisy stream just where the mountains meet the plains. Back of the town a towering peak scarred all up and down its rugged sides with the fresh dumps of busy mines, rose abruptly, dark, cold and forbidding.

The other way you look out upon a plain stretching as far as the eye could reach, dry, windswept and lonely. The town dirty, ill kept, unlovely, as only a mining camp can be, was busy. From the stamp mills down by the river bank, to the last tent at the foot of Flat Top it was alive pulsating with that wild intoxication only a seeker for gold can know. Here we found the toiler, the trader, the gambler, the parasite. Gold was the God, chance the Goddess, and at their feet all men worshipped.

In the "Golden West", the largest, richest most gaudily furnished of the many temples of chance, which lined the one main street, sat Wilson, its proprietor. It was early evening and the crowd of miners, prospectors and townsmen had not collected.

Idly he sat in a high look-out chair, just at the end of the bar, from which vantage seat he could see all that was going on anywhere in the long room.

A big man, tall and broad of frame, years of soft living had cushioned his heavy bones with flabby flesh, until he now over-filled the heavy chair in which he sat. His face florid, clean shaven, double chinned, was expressionless except for a slight mocking smile which played around his tight lipped mouth. Well dressed, his clothes seemed a part of the man. The broad brimed, high crowned hat of finest beaver set well back on his brown thatched head was the only hint outside of his nick-name, "Tex", of the lean flanked Texas cow-puncher who had drifted into Flat Top with the first rush.

Soon tiring of heavy work, he "tended bar" in the original Golden West, then housed in a ragged tent.

One day the then proprietor disappeared, sold out and left. Tex explained to those who asked, and Tex reigned in his stead.

Ten swift years had brought many golden opportunities and Tex Wilson let not many pass without exacting his toll. Now he was the "big man" of Flat Top, banker, merchant, miner, politician, saloon-man and gambler, all Flat Top listened when he spoke and applauded when he acted.

Cold, hard of heart, he was not the born gambler he would have the world believe him to be, for in his system there was but little left to chance. Like a great fat complacent spider he sat in his look-out chair and watched his henchmen deal the marked cards of the Goddess of chance, knowing that each turn of card or wheel meant to him what more flies in the web means to the spider, and like the spider hiding within his lacy-doored den, so the true Tex hid behind his show of goodfellowship and jollity, making the world believe he spun only to add to their enjoyment.

His strong hand clasp and slow humorous drawl disarmed many an unsuspecting victim, but if they failed he could awake into a cyclone of deadly action which instantly overcame any opposition to his will.

But as I said before, he took but few chances, even the grub stakes he advanced to many a hard-up prospector were figured out on a percentage basis very satisfactory to Tex.

Each spring as the snow blanket was lifted a score or more of gold hungry men sought him out and in return for a stock of supplies, grub, tools and powder, they went out to try to find with experienced hands and keen wise eyes the door to Nature's treasure house, gladly agreeing to share and share alike with their backer, all that the hard years gleaned. So it was Tex Wilson's name was on almost every location stake, and his headed the list on every transfer deed throughout that mining country.

To him had come this night, Flat Top Matt; for five long years a Tex Wilson grub stake man, different from the general run of prospectors who wander far afield, Matt had but one love. Back high in the range Matt had one day found a bit of rich quartz shot full of gold, free and coarse. Year after year he had tried to find from whence it had come, searching from snow to snow. He had given himself wholly to this task.

Tex Wilson had seen the rich piece of float and had backed Matt on a fifty-fifty basis, so now at mid-winter, old Matt had come, on skiis, pulling his little hand sled from his camp, back in the snow drifts, for supplies to carry him on.

Small of stature, lean with a gaunt-

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ness which told of years of poor fare and bone grinding poverty. His unkept dark beard streaked with gray, but half covering the sunken cheeks and bloodless lips. As his trembling fingers rumaged in the pocket of the tattered canvas coat he wore, drawing out his precious piece of gold streaked rock, his eyes burning with an eager quenchless fire, he held it up to Wilson.

"Look, Tex, look at this. See its rough edges and it didn't come far. It's bigger than any I found before. The main vein has got to be near where I found this. I'll find it this year sure." His eager eyes tried to find some encouragement in the expression on the face of the other, but in vain.

"Only one more chance, Tex, just one more chance." His voice dropped to a half whisper.

With indolent eyes, the big man looked at the specimen so eagerly held up for his inspection, and as several idlers at the bar turned to watch, attracted by Matt's vehement plea, passed them a wink and with his slow mocking smile playing around his mouth, replied, "No, Flat Top, I won't, I've played that bet too long now, I am through."

The old prospector fell back amazed, staggered, shrank into his coat and half turned away, then sprang back with sudden gesture, "But Tex, the woman," he hoarsely cried.

Tex feigned surprise. "Is she still with you?" he asked. The other nodded. "Well! I don't think much of her judgment. Here, get yourself a feed and a flop, and Tex flipped a gold piece along the bar toward the dazed spirit-broken man. "Tell Jim to give you a drink, and get out and don't come back."

If you should follow back the little stream, which flowed through Flat Top, toward its source, you would find a few miles of canyon, narrow, steep and rugged, through which the water tumbled in endless cascades and falls. Then a wild timbered valley, marshy and wet in summer, filled with snow in the winter. Then narrow again to open into a little pocket valley. On one hand, a sheer bluff, hundreds of feet almost perpendicular, on the other, a wide steep mountain side miles high, barren of trees, a plain tipped on edge. At the foot of this plain shut in on all sides by the high hills, no way to see out but down the little valley or straight up, was a cabin built of unhewn logs, dirt roofed, and dirt floored. This was Flat Top Matt's home, for here he had found the rich fragment and here on the earth covered barren hillside he had burrowed with pick and shovel until it was covered with little mole hills of turned soil. He knew somewhere under those miles of soil lay the mother lode but where —the riddle was yet unanswered.

But tonight all this was hidden under the winter's snow, everything was white, muffled to its ears in snow, except the steep cliffs where it could not lie; they, darker by contrast, stood out colder than the ice around them.

It had been snowing again for three days. The January thaw had brought in the storm clouds and with the rising temperature, foot after foot of new snow had been added to that which had fallen earlier in the winter.

The little cabin, more than half buried in the fleecy flood, was dark, no smoke arose from its crude chimney, but at the only window which looked out down the canyon a woman knelt, with folded arms resting on the rough sill, her face pressed against the cold pane; wrapped in a ragged blanket her figure was indistinct but there was about it a look of relaxation or collapse perhaps is better. A huddled model of despair, only her eyes moved, faintly burning in sunken sockets, gazing intently down the canyon. A tremor ran through her body, it became taut with expectancy, as the weary eyes caught something they thought in motion, then despair claimed her again, a dry sob broke the stillness, her head fell forward on her arms. Thus she had been for hours, yes days, taking no heed of time she had kept her vigil.

Three days before, the last of the flour had been slowly eaten. A week had passed since the bit of bacon had gone. The cupboard was bare, swept clear of all except a few tin dishes. The little stock of fire-wood was almost gone. Wrapped in the meagre covering from the bed, she had stationed herself before the little window to await the end. Here as her

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eyes played her many a false trick and the hunger pangs came and went, her mind ceaselessly traveled back on her life's pathway.

Again she saw herself a girl, just out of school, pretty, spoiled, romantic, eager for the new and untried. Then Matthew Pace, but a few years older, returned to visit his home town after a year out in the West—"God's country", he called it.

Young, enthusiastic, full of wonderful tales of the new west, of mining camps, of gold, riches so easily and quickly won, about him was the glamour of adventure.

She willingly followed when it was time for him to go back to this land of sunshine, ease and wealth.

Twenty long years of wandering followed—from Alaska to Mexico—no camp they had not known, but the rainbow bubble for them was always out of reach just a step ahead.

Cooking in camp houses, washing for the miners, taking boarders, saving, stinting, doing any and all things to earn the precious dollars that he might go on with his search. "Next year we'll find it," and then the golden dream he would paint of what they would do next year when they struck it.

So side by side they panned the sands of California or followed their pack burros across the hot desert of Nevada. Never complaining, she watched herself change from a happy dream-girl to a sexless being, a drudge, a camp follower of the army of gold seekers. The desert wind faded her beauty, hard toil and sickening disappointment bent her figure, long days and nights of loneliness had warped her spirit and long since killed her dreams, but she had stayed on, followed where he led, shared his toil if not his enthusiasm. It was almost a happy day for her when he came in with the news that Tex Wilson would give them a grub stake. She felt here was at least security from starvation, and when the cabin was built hope she thought dead, stirred a little, for perhaps her wandering was over, so through the short summer months she had found a little happiness in her garden, in the wild flowers growing at her door and through the long winter days she fashioned little comforts for herself and this mean cabin, her only home. And now it was to end, Matt couldn't get back in time to save her, she supposed she ought to fight, to try to get out, to die fighting, but why? What was the use if she won? Just a few years more of living death. Better now she felt, alone she composed herself for the end.

The storm had passed. The clouds parted, a shaft of winter sun broke through which bathed the crest of old Flat Top, changing his hoary crest into a crown of crimson. The woman saw the beauty, the grandeur, the promise, but knew how false it was. She struggled to her feet, lifting her arms, she shook her fists at the ermine clad mountain. She cried, "I hate you! My God, how I hate you! You have taken my life, squeezed, frozen it from me inch by inch, and now you laugh. I tell you I hate you! You Mountain of Lies! You Mountain of Lies!"

A slow low indistinct rumble answered her wild cry. The gold crown on Flat Top began to move, gaining momentum, the mass of new fallen snow leaped as if hurrying to avenge her words with increasing crash and roar. The whole mountain side seemed to bear down upon the cabin. The woman heard, and fell back upon her knees at the window.

It was there Matt found her, burrowing down through the drift of soft snow, which covered the cabin. He found it still intact, for but the edge of the slide had passed that way. Slowly he nursed back to a flame the spark of life, until one morning, together they clambered to the top of the mass of slowly melting snow out into the clear sunshine. All was still white, except high on the mountain side, uncovered by nature's great tools, glistening new and raw, smiling in the sunshine was "The Mother Lode."

They Can't Get Away From It

The spirit of service as inculcated in the minds and hearts of the men and women who go to make up the Great Bell Family, never dies. Here is a living evidence: On the morning after the flood at Pueblo Major Young and others in the Plant department were trying to hire someone to take supplies from Colorado Springs to the flooded district. There wasn't an auto driver to be found who would take the chance. "What's the use of trying? We can't make it," they would say. Then came the undying Spirit of Service. Carl Osborne, a former telephone man, but now a dealer in Pierce Arrow autos at the Springs, appeared.

"Hello, Young! What's worrying you?" was his greeting.

"Can't get a man to pull us out of here," replied Young.

"The hell you can't! I'll do it," came the stimulating offer.

And he did. He got through, too. "What did it cost?" you ask. Not a red cent. That man Osborne saw the telephone men were in trouble and the old spirit of service came back to him so strongly that he couldn't resist the opportunity to do something for the men and for the dear old Company he loved so well.

Passes to Great Beyond

Miss Irene M. Geary, for two years an operator for our Company, recently of the York Exchange, died on Thursday afternoon, June 16, at her home in Denver. Miss Geary had undergone an operation for tonsilitis, and suffered a hemorrhage from which she was unable to rally.

Miss Geary was a popular and efficient member of the York force, and her untimely passing caused a feeling of deep sadness amonk her associates.

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Wanted---Female Help!

By Betty Devine

The words burned into my brain after weeks of scanning the columns of the daily papers in the hope of getting an inspiration, some sort of suggestion of what I might be able to do when school closed.

"I was graduating from high school and while she never complained I knew full well the struggle and sacrifices poor little Mother had made to keep me in school after Father's death, for there are three others in our family, two young brothers and the baby sister, so for some time I had realized that I was a candidate for the bread-winner's club as soon as I finished school, but HOW to find my niche in the big business world was the awful problem."

Jane Robinson was talking,—blue eyed, brown haired, slender Jane, with a face pretty enough to be looked upon as a handicap by girls who have bucked up against certain unpleasant experiences that not infrequently fall to the lot of the young girl stepping into the cold calculating, "eye for an eye" atmosphere of the busy work-a-day world.

I was curious to know how she had decided to cast her lot with us, when it came to a point of choosing a vocation and had deliberately put the question to her.

"Well,"—she continued, "the more I pored over the want ad columns, with their various demands, taking stock of my own qualifications the weaker my knees seemed to get—the more addled my brain and I just wished someone would come along and push me right into a job, no matter how difficult it might be for I intended to make good wherever I landed.

"That doesn't seem to be the way life works though—some way it makes us meet and solve our problems, so the last day of school and the first of the following week found me more hopeless than I had been before when I had first decided it was up to me to help shoulder the family burdens.

"I was dying to talk it all out with Mother, we had always been such pals, but I knew the very thought of my going out to shift for myself, to bump up against the rough edges of the world from which she had so valiantly protected me, would but add to her heartaches so I decided she should know nothing at all about it until I had landed a 'job' and was ready to begin contributing my bit to the family fund.

"With more than ordinary care I dressed myself Monday morning and under pretense of some important errands left home bright and early in search of a job.

"Having in mind no definite objective I sort of went with the tide, merging myself into that multi-colored ribbon of humanity that each morning winds its way into the business district and without knowing just why, brought up a while later in the main aisle of one of our largest dry goods stores.

"My, but I felt queer, goose flesh all over me and mush would have stiffened my spine as I asked the dapper floorwalker where the manager's office was.

"Co-incident with receiving the information a rush of 'what if's' flooded my brain—what if he should ask if I had had any experience? What if he should ask what particular department I felt I was best suited to? What if ———

Measuring Her for the Job.

what if—seized with stage fright I suddenly turned in the direction of the ladies' rest room hoping to sit down before my knees gave way completely and to muster my forces for a new offensive—a surprise attack as it were upon the manager.

"Just how long I sat there I don't know but the first sign of registering my brain showed was in ticking off the conversation of a couple of women seated nearby discussing a young girl who had recently gone to work for the Telephone Company.

"One of them proceeded to tell how the company had a regular school, with teachers, to instruct new girls in operating, of how the usual course is three weeks, after which the girls if they have shown proper aptitude go into the main exchange and do the actual work of catering to the public, laying stress on the fact of this particular girl's timidity—her reluctance to contact the public face to face and of how this work solved that problem successfully. Not the least interesting and impressive bit of their talk, was to me the fact that the company pays the girls $12 50 per week while they

Young Lady Making Application for Position as Telephone Operator.

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are learning, and one of my chief fears had been that I might have to go in some place as an apprentice and work weeks or months before being able to ease Mother's burden of finance.

"It was just as if the black clouds had been suddenly rolled away and following the light I arose with a feeling of reliable rigidity in the region of my spine, hope in my heart and the assurance that my visit to the rest room was no accident, that I had found my niche and would waste no time getting into it.

"A few moments later I was stepping off the elevator onto the eighth floor of the Telephone building and following instructions, proceeded straight ahead but just before I reached the open doorway to the employment application room the panicky sensation felt in the dry goods store swept over me and it was with fear and trembling after all that I pulled myself across the threshold.

"But do you know,—it was just like stepping right into the sunshine. A fine looking young woman with a smile that warmed me clear thru, arose from a desk in the corner and came toward me, seeming to sense my timidity and before I knew it I had told her everything she wished to know, including my age.

"Yes, I lived at home—it seems this is one of the requirements, that one lives at home or with relatives tho she told me that there are occasional exceptions made to this rule, for instance where a girl is left alone in the world and must of necessity live at the Y. W. C. A. or some other place of good environment.

"I had had eighth grade education—and more—tho the first would have made me eligible; I was eighteen years of age, another essential to getting under the telephone wire.

"Then she seated me at a little writing desk, such as one would expect to find in a home, handed me a pen and an application blank to fill out.

"As I sat there reading it and thinking out just how to answer certain questions, I marveled at the cozy atmosphere of the room, the net curtains at the large windows where draperies of a soft dark material lent a homelike touch—the large easy rocking chairs, and a library table centered with a plant.

"Certainly there was nothing formidable in this atmosphere, it was distinctly inviting and I felt that it reflected the atmosphere of the entire organization, so reassured myself that I had at last found my niche.

Left to Right—Laura Tyson, Agnes Egan, Norah Clarke, Helen Shine, Coral Emerson, Alice Anderson, Louise Krebs.

"The application seemed to impress the young woman at the desk, favorably. I later learned she was Miss Agnes Kurth, and a moment later, asking me to be seated, she disappeared into an adjoining room and emerged accompanied by another young woman whom she introduced as Miss McFann, explaining that Miss McFann was employment supervisor—in other words the last word when it came to deciding whether I was to be, or not to be (an operator).

"I suppose, running true to form I should have suffered another attack of stage fright but do you know—from the moment she smiled and held out her hand in greeting I felt that I had found a friend and when she asked me to step into her private office I just opened up my heart to her answering all her questions unhesitatingly even those concerning my health, assuring her that I was quite willing to work evenings and to stay with the company at least a year, for she had told me that there was a future for me if I were willing to make good and stay.

"Prior to that interview I would have thought that almost any girl of average intelligence could step right in and be a telephone operator but by the time Miss McFann had taken my measure, not merely metaphorically speaking but literally, I was deeply impressed with the fact that it takes 'some girl' to be a telephone operator.

"She asked if I had any tendency to throat trouble—or goiter, such conditions it seems being aggravated by constant use of the voice, and I afterward met a girl whose application had been turned down because of them, tho the girl told me she was rejected in so kindly a manner that she felt almost as happy as if she had been accepted and since that time she has taken several of her girl friends in to apply for positions with the company. Sort of self appointed recruiting officer for if she can't get in herself she wants her friends to work here.

"But to get back to Miss McFann. She asked me to lay off my hat and step over to a side wall where an apparatus was arranged for measuring one's height—the specification being that one must measure not less than 5 feet, two and a half inches, standing.

"Next I was seated and my arms extended to get my reach, reaching being one of the greatest essentials and in this I just got into the safety zone with a reach of 3 feet 6 inches,—an inch shorter would have disqualified me.

"Then she tested my hearing by special methods found to be reliable, asked if I ever had had mastoiditis or any trouble with my ears, the which, thank fortune, I hadn't.

"And imagine my surprise when she seated me some distance in front of cards arranged on the wall exactly like those used by oculists and opticians and proceeded to test my sight with the skill of a professional.

"Do you know—when I had passed muster on all the questions and tests she put me thru and had her assurance that I would probably hear from her within a week or ten days or whenever she organized a new class, I walked out of the office with a wholesome respect for telephone operators in general and proud that I was physically fit.

"I resolved not to break the news to Mother until I was called to service by Miss McFann, so imagine my surprise a

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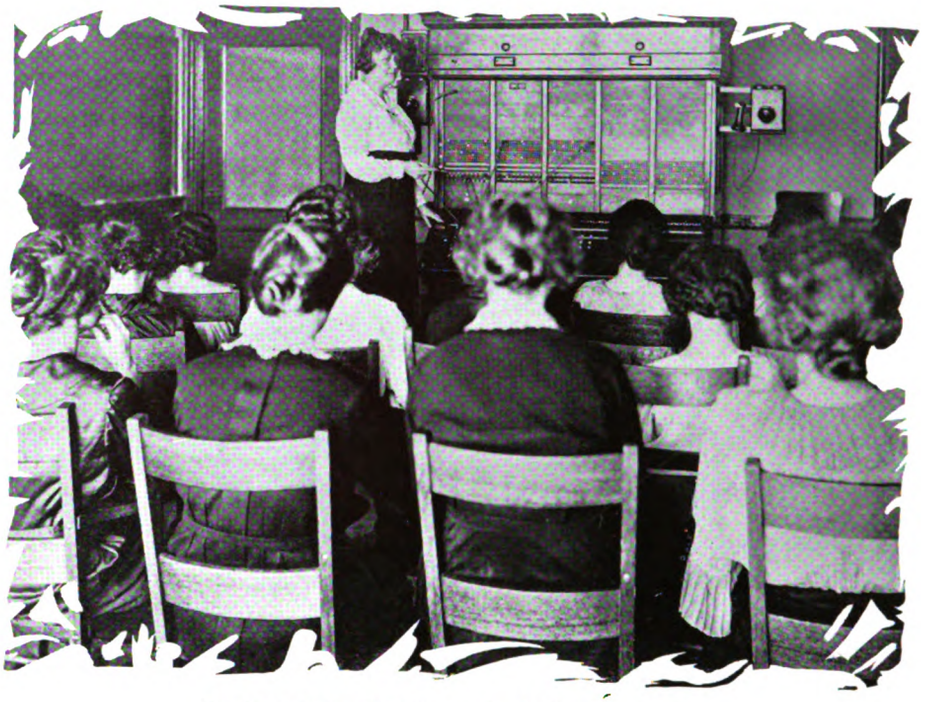
few days later upon entering the living room of our little home to find Mother chatting away with a most agreeable young woman whom she introduced to me as one of the welfare workers for the Telephone company who being out in our neighborhood had just dropped in to get acquainted, knowing that I was expecting soon to join the Telephone family.

"I swallowed my palate, sneezed and did everything else I could to spar for a little time before gurgling out a feeble 'y-e-s,' but that talk with Mrs. Williams, the welfare worker, just fixed things with Mother. Mrs. Williams explained what a splendid environment the girls work in, what care the company exercises in the selection of their employees, all about the large rest rooms with couches and big easy chairs where the girls can rest while off duty, bath rooms where one can indulge in a tubbing and cool off on a hot day; about the cafeteria where only the best and most wholesome food is set before us for a nominal sum. When Mrs. Williams left, there were tears in Mother's eyes, but she was reconciled to my going to work, which I did, in response to a telephone call from Miss McFann, the following Monday morning.

"Now that's the how of my casting my lot with the telephone company. Of course I believe Fate played a part in the game, but I'm certainly glad she did and if you have the time and I'm not boring you I should love to tell you just a bit about my experiences during the first couple of weeks as an embryo operator.

Assured that I was most interested in hearing her story Jane proceeded, starting in with her arrival in the reception room Monday morning, Miss Kurth presiding and eleven other aspirants waiting to be moulded into operators.



Receiving Their First Lesson in the Training School.

"After being cordially greeted by both Miss Kurth and Miss McFann, with a few preliminary remarks on the work from Miss McFann, we were taken down into the retiring rooms, introduced to the motherly looking matron, assigned our lockers, then taken up into the main operating room where two or three hundred skilled operators were at work with a jumble of mixed up cords in front of them, resembling the tangled threads of many lives.

"I'll admit I was discouraged after standing around watching those girls operate at a busy hour and under trying circumstances. But I was determined to make good, not only for myself and the help I could render Mother but to justify Miss McFann's judgment in selecting me for she had been so fine about everything and seemed to appreciate the necessity of my getting to work as soon as possible.

"Later we were taken into the school room where we met Miss Mary Lammers, the principal, and a corps of her assistants including Miss Coral Emerson who is in charge of the lecture room, Miss Alice Anderson, Multiple Practice Instructor; Miss Agnes Egan, Chief Operator; Miss Helen Shine, Supervisor; Miss Laura Tyson, Supervisor; and the Misses Mary Young Louise Krebs, Bertha Brandt, Nora Caston, Edna Becker, Ruth Jewett, Selma Johnson, Thirza Korfhage, and Frances Tenquist, Monitors, tho at the time I hadn't the remotest idea of what these terms meant.

"Just sort of getting our bearings, familiarizing ourselves with our surroundings took up the greater part of the first day and next morning we started in in earnest, for you see it wasn't just optional with us whether we learned or not, we were being paid to learn and were therefore the more responsible.

"We were seated at a switchboard which tho small is a replica of the ones

Students Receiving Training at Phantom Switchboard.

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used in the regular exchanges, including the multiple board with its many blocks of tiny holes and numbers with which we must become so familiar that we could find them instantly, before we could be graduated and go to an exchange for actual service. We had the day before been shown and instructed as to the use of the calling and connecting cords—you see there is a pair of cords for each conversation, the one over which one party calls and the one for the party called, the two being joined together down underneath the switchboard some place where weights also are attached causing the cords to fall back into place as soon as released from the hole or 'jack' as it is technically referred to.

"The first week we spent repeating numbers—every combination of numbers imaginable, learning to enunciate properly and also learning to find these different numbers amid the maze of tiny holes on the high board in front of us.

"Also twice a day we went into the lecture room to have certain rather complicated details of the work explained to us by Miss Emerson, who has a pleasant and forceful way of getting across things that at first seem impossible to fathom.

"I was certainly a hopeless proposition after the first few days,—talk about being groggy, I felt as if the whole top of my head were numb and I've an idea some of the teachers suspected the same thing for the whole proposition was such a muddle I had about decided that with all the tests they had put me thru they had gone wrong on me, that I simply would never be able to grasp it. But just when it all looked blackest, one morning I went down to school and—well, the only way I can express it is that the eclipse cleared and what had seemed so frightfully complicated and confusing only the day before was perfectly clear to me. I had got the vision as it were, and they tell me this is not at all unusual with beginners, that often they grope in the dark for several days or a week and all of a sudden the light of intelligence bursts thru on the whole proposition and from then on it's comparatively easy sailing.

"It's just a case of learning to creep before trying to walk—that's all and believe me those teachers have it down to a science. They build your ability slowly day by day, giving you something new each day and reviewing the things you already have learned.

"From the very first day we were taught to march into the room and take our places at the switchboard just as if we were actually relieving another shift of girls in one of the exchanges so you see when we were graduated and ready to get into the harness in earnest that came perfectly natural to us and the change of shifts was made with no confusion.

"Speaking of confusion, one gets the full meaning of the word about the second week in training when the class goes to the board in the miniature exchange and begins to take actual calls—every sort of call just as if one were really working on the regular exchange for naturally the company dare not put new girls in to handle regular subscribers and as they must first gain experience, six or eight young women, known as Monitors, sit at other boards all day and signal the embryo operators just as the signals come in when a subscriber calls on the regular boards, and the class takes these calls and answers them with as great care as if they were handling the public.

"These Monitors have been all thru the Telephone Mill and know the work from A to Z and that they know the public, its characteristics and demands is evidenced by the calls they put to the learning operators.

"I shall never forget the first time one of them called on my section and when I answered yelled excitedly into my ear 'FIRE! central, fire department! O, hurry, hurry.' Say, I thot I'd had a stroke, I was paralyzed with fright and the funny part of it is that you completely forget for the moment that it's only make-believe—only a practice call. Of course the whole town could have burned down while I was getting into action and calling the fire department, which call I afterward learned is intercepted by the same Monitor who asks for it and she does all the talking herself, for you see on all fire department calls we are obliged to listen in, get the number of the party calling, the report they make of where the fire is, and then call the supervisor and report to her that such and such a number called the fire department and reported a fire at a certain address. This is done by way of keeping check so in case the fire department doesn't get the right place they can call back and check up thru the telephone office.

"I was utterly terrified the first time one of these Monitors lisped faintly in my ear 'Police department Central, quick, there's a burglar in my house.'

"You know, the Monitors certainly work hard and it takes a pretty clever girl to put across their line day after day and carry on animated conversations with themselves as they are obliged to do on calls where we are supposed to listen in long enough to see if they get the party they're calling, but I'll bet they get a lot of laughs out of the poor green girls who are trying to learn the work.

"Believe me, tho, when they get thru with a class and Miss Lammers, (the principal) puts her stamp of approval on them there isn't much left in the way of surprises for the public to spring on them. They've been all thru this:

" 'Central, what's the matter? You cut me off and I was talking to my husband.' "

" 'For goodness sake, central—been taking a nap?—I've been ten minutes trying to get you.' "

" 'S - A - Y — sweetie — what's your name?' "

"They know just how to handle every kind of call, what phrases to use in dispatching the call having been taught these phrases which were carefully thot out by the heads of the traffic departments throughout the country, with a view to three things, courtesy, accuracy and speed. For instance just think how much time would be lost if every operator used her own terms of speech in answering the subscriber and half the time the subscriber a bit annoyed anyway would take the wrong meaning thereby necessitating added explanations while other subscribers were trying in vain to GET Central.

"But the various lights with their different markings are what bothered me most.

"In addition to the hundreds of tiny holes corresponding to numbers there are a lot of lights on each position, or in front of each girl, these corresponding to her particular lot of subscribers. The lights signify that that particular subscriber wants central.

"The difficult part of it is that there are a number of different colored lights each with a specific meaning, for you perhaps know that many residence telephones are on measured service and it is the operator's duty to keep track of how many calls these telephones have each month as they are entitled only to a certain number and must pay for all extras.

"Then too there is a charge made on all suburban calls—it being up to the operator to keep track of these also and this is where she must use her head.

"Take the white opal light, for instance which designates that there is only one party on that line and that the service is unlimited.

"The white opal with two black bars across it suggests at once to the skilled operation that there are two parties on that line each with unlimited service.

"The plain green opal shows one party ticket service, or where a ticket must be made out each time the party calls show-

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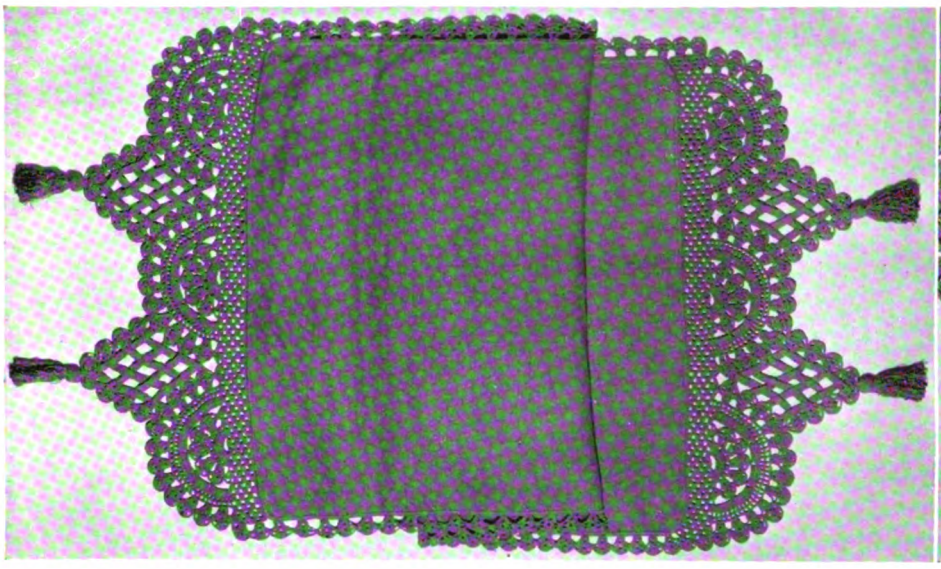
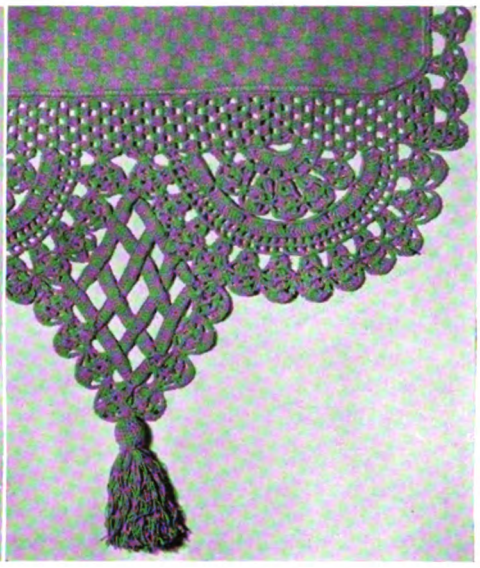
A Pretty Edge Puts on the Finishing Touch





This edge would be especially good done in ecru crochet cotton No. 15. Chain 15; one double crochet in 9th, 10th, and 11th stitch from hook. Chain 2, skip 2, 1 double crochet in next three stitches. Chain 2, skip 2, 1 double crochet in next 3 stitches. Chain 5, turn; 3 double crochet in next space. Chain 2, 3 double crochet in next space; chain 2, 3 double crochet in last space. Chain 5; turn, repeat this till you have 17 rows. Chain 10; fasten in 2nd space with single crochet. Chain 2, fasten in next space with single crochet; turn. 18 treble over chain of 10.

From now on even a beginner in crochet can easily follow the above illustration which is very clear.

For the tassel, wind the thread 80 times over a cardboard 2½ inches long, cut through on one side; tie tight. Tie tassel again ½ inch from top. The little cap which covers the top of the tassel is crochet also. Chain 3, join to a ring; fill ring with 6 single crochet. Then 2 single crochet in each of the 6 stitches, then 1 single crochet in each of these 12 stitches. Repeat single stitches all around for about 6 or 7 rows. Sew tightly over the top of the tassel.

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ing date and party—or number—called for.

"The green opal with one black bar or dot shows there are two parties on that line, each with ticket service, and as the light is all the operator has to go by, the same light serving for both subscribers it is necessary for her to always ask what your number is so so she can charge the call to the proper party.

"The cut green opal designates what is known as METERED service, this class of service being used mostly in the Main exchange and instead of the operators making out a ticket to keep track of these calls, she knows by the cut green opal that there is a meter on this telephone, the meters being attached to the line of this particular phone and all meters placed in a large room in the main exchange where they are read each month just as our gas and light meters are.

"Therefore the operator must remember in taking a cut green opal call, to listen in long enough to be sure the party gets his number and when the lights come on giving the disconnect signal she must press a red button on the board in front of her which corresponds to the pair of cords connecting this call and watch carefully for the light to come on in another larger cut green opal, indicating that the call has been registered by the meter.

"Now of course there are several free numbers, such as The Telephone Company and others, so should a metered service subscriber call for a free number, the operator accustomed to charging for all connections from this telephone might easily forget and register the call were it not that she is equipped with a thimble, which upon connecting a free number she immediately slips over the top of the red button so that in case she attempts to regiser the call the thimble will remind her not to press the button.

"Then there are the time limit calls, such as pay stations each of which must be timed. For this purpose each operator has on the board beside her position an electric clock constantly clicking off the hour and fractional minutes in order that she may time the calls correctly.

"In addition to these things to remember, there are a lot of lines up on the board, such as a red line running under three or four holes, or jacks, indicating that it is a branch exchange with the number of trunk lines underlined. If she tests one number and finds it busy she tries another and goes right on down the line to see if all trunk lines are busy.

"A green line under a number, or jack, tells the operator that this is a party line, more than one telephone on that line with W. and J. both working. A red line under this jack shows one to have been disconnected.

"So you see after all, there is a lot to learn before one can qualify as a telephone operator.

"Do you wonder it takes three weeks to learn just the necessary principles—technicalities of the work? It takes six months before the average operator can qualify as skilled.

"It costs the company $100 to teach each girl; can you blame them for specifying that she must agree to stay with them at least a year?

(Continued to page 46)

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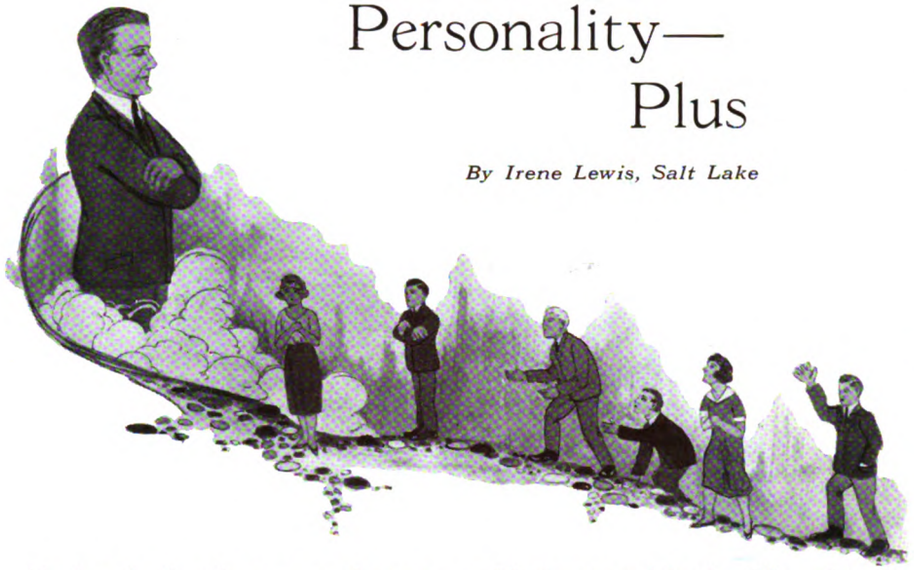
Personality—Plus

By Irene Lewis, Salt Lake



During the last few years, the people of our country have been traveling thru the clouds. According to the law of gravity, whatever ascends must descend. So it is the gravity of good sound business, which at present is tugging and pulling us down to a normal basis. We have been so used to having our own way about things, so used to luxury that we must exert all the integrity and strength of character that we possess to land safely in the hangar of normality.

We have been told many times that a strong corporation depends on the individual, how one co-operates, etc. This is all very true. We have also been told, the successful person in business is the one with a personality. If that quality was essential in the past, then it is personality plus that is needed now. You ask, "Personality plus what?" That is more easily answered by analysis than by just a mere statement.

First, what is personality? Personality is the individuality which one possesses and displays. We often hear people say. "What a wonderful personality he possesses." It simply means that a certain person has individuality and magnetism, or the power of drawing friends and binding them with bands as strong as steel. There can be no doubt the most successful person is the one us to make as many as possible. Our with the most friends. We only pass thru this world once so it behooves own careers depend on just how many friends we have.

In a certain exchange of our company there is a clerk who has been with that exchange from its infancy. The division traffic chief is credited with saying he would rather lose his right hand than to lose this clerk. Why? Not only because of her accurate work and keen mind but because of her personality. She is an inspiration to all coming in contact with her. Acquaintances immediately become friends.

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At the present time conditions are so unsettled that we must exert all the efforts possible to help our company. If we as individuals get slack, naturally the company will take a decided slump. What is it we can do now? Have we not done all we can in the past? You say we have all labored together and worked hard? True, but now with reduced forces we must work as never before. A good day's work never injured any of us.

Speaking of reduced forces is just where we can show the plus to personality, each individual doing his share of the work to the best of his or her ability. Be willing to give someone else a lift on the job. Let us be fair and just, giving others a chance. They are not trying to take our jobs. They only mean to help us. Share our work with others and they will share with us. There is really no need of being selfish, is there? Nor is there any danger of overstepping routine. True, routine must be followed in all cases, but we can follow it and yet help our co-workers and other departments without evading it.

Are we fair when we run to the "boss" and tell every little thing that happens and some that don't? There is no individuality about that. This only creates strife and takes the

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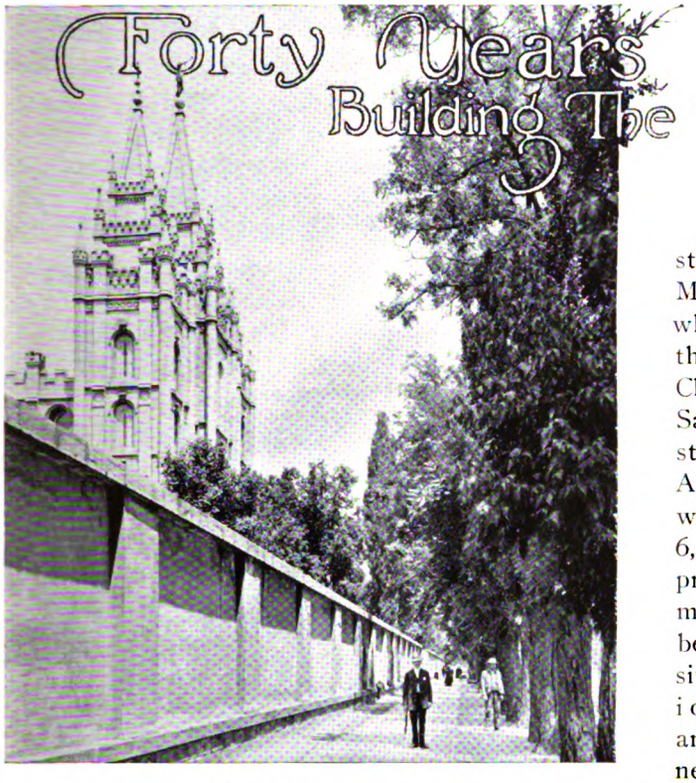

Forty Years Building The Temple

By Elizabeth W. Housen

No object in Salt Lake City excites greater interest in the minds of strangers than the Mormon, Temple which was erected by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Its construction was begun April 6, 1853 and it was completed April 6, 1893. It elicits expression of wonderment because of its beautiful, yet massive proportions, unique architecture and evident costliness.

Looking backward one can hardly imagine how this little handful of people, laboring under such adverse circumstances could have dreamed of such an undertaking. Because of their belief in the redemption of the dead, by baptism for the dead, and other doctrines pertaining to the resurrection and eternal life, the Mormon people built Temples in which to perform the necessary ceremonies and rites in which to conform with their beliefs. Prior to the Mormons coming to Utah, they had built Temples in Kirtland, Ohio, and Nauvoo, Illinois.

It was but natural then four days after the arrival of the Pioneers on the barren site of this now lovely city,—for Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, while walking over the ground with some of his associates, to suddenly stop and, striking the point of his cane into the parched soil, exclaim, "Here we will build the Temple of our God." His words were noted by one of his companions, Wilford Woodruff who drove a wooden stake into the small hole made by the point of Brigham Young's cane. On the evening of the same day, the ten acres for the Temple Block were marked out, and it was decided that the future city should surround that square.

In April 1851, the members of the Church assembled in a general conference voted unanimously to build the Temple. On February 14, 1853, after the site for the great structure was surveyed the block was solemnly dedicated, the ground broken for the foundation of the Temple, and on April 6, of the same year the Corner Stone of the Temple was laid.

Unknown to those who surveyed the site for the building, the wooden stake driven into the ground by Wilford Woodruff six years previous marked the center of the plot laid out by them.

The Temple is built of gray granite taken from a mountain of that enduring material at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, twenty miles southeast of the city. This was a stupendous task as many of the blocks of granite in the walls were

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other fellow's chance from him. Is it strictly honest? Very true, our superiors should know of the unusual happenings in the day's business, but let us show individuality first by thinking of the consequence. Is it fair to the person about whom it is directed? Is it going to push the company ahead, or is it just plain busybody tattling? If we put this to test how much would we have to report?

There is no place in the world for a coward. A person who is always afraid someone is after his job or who tattles trivials is not only a sneak but a coward. Cowardice is not individuality.

If you have a suggestion, take it to your superior all worked out if you can be original. There are a hundred ways in which the company can save time or money if we would just show our individuality in inventing a new scheme by which this could be done, or some improvement on the old way.

Are we mixers or are we snobs? Let's show a serene kindly attitude toward everyone. Do we know people from all departments? If not, it is time to get busy.

It is up to us to use all the pep that is in us and get behind the company and boost.

At some time or other we must all suffer discouragements and backsets. The way in which we meet these obstacles proves our metal. If we do the job up in a first class way, there will be no time for vain regrets and complaints.

A willing, cheerful person is a blessing sent from heaven. Let us all do the job given us willingly. If we are given a broom and asked to sweep the back stairway, let's take the broom and sweep those stairs. We can be thankful we are here, that the stairs are here, and that we have a broom. In other words, we all can be glad to have a job with the telephone company.

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so large that four yoke of oxen were required to haul each of them which required four days to make the trip.

Think of it, twenty miles with oxteams for transportation and the products of the soil with some little store pay for payments of wages. These people themselves must have been built of material similar to the granite they were hauling.

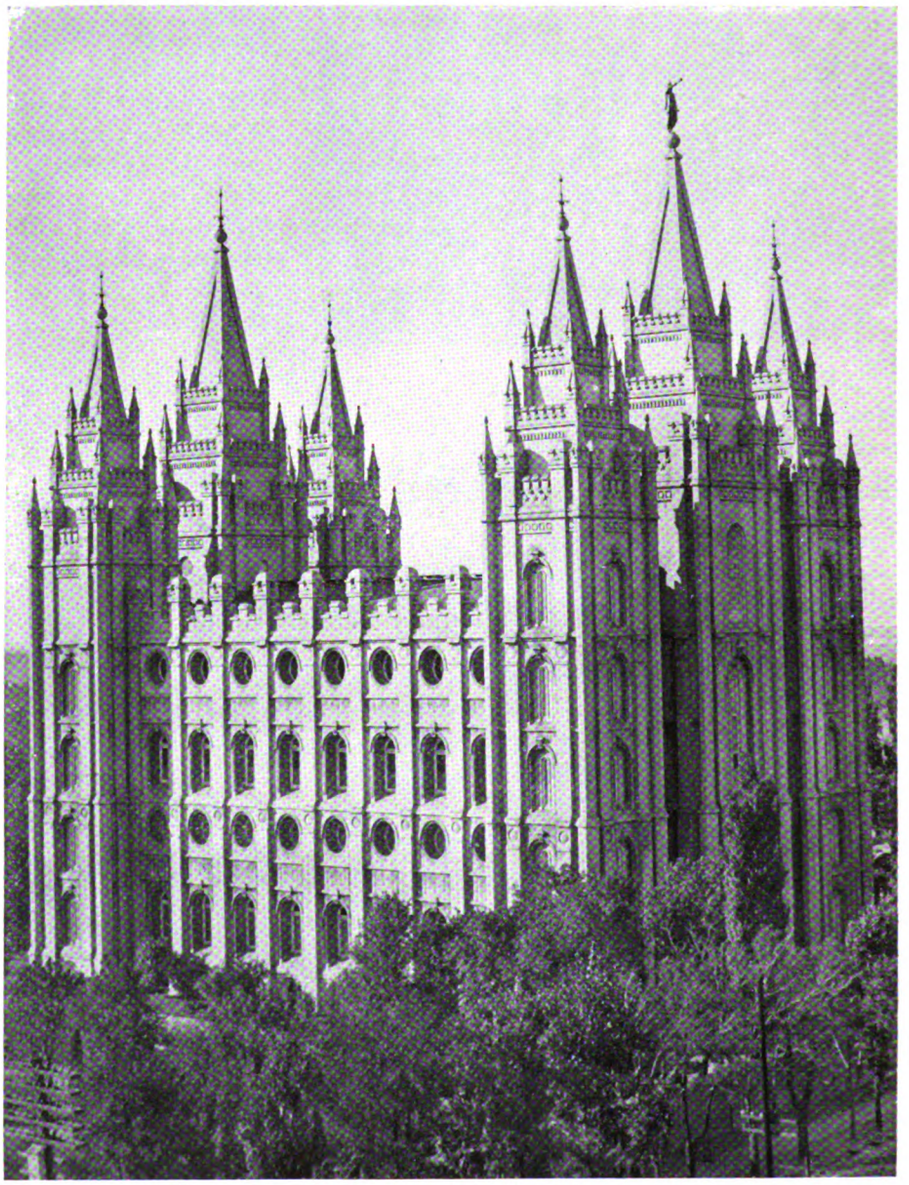
These miles of broken roads eventually became marked and well defined with rocks left by broken down wagons. The teamsters having no way of reloading them, must make repairs and go back to the quarry for another stone.

The oxcarts used in hauling the granite were one of the most interesting things used in the building of the Temple. Extremely large wheels were used in the construction of these carts, which made it possible, because of the great height of the axle from the ground, to carry these large blocks of granite hanging from the axles. This very much simplified the loading and unloading as it was only necessary to raise them sufficiently high from the ground to be able to clear it. This process of hauling rock by oxteams however from the quarry to the Temple site, was so slow and expensive, that Brigham Young and his associates, decided to have a canal constructed to carry the rocks by boats. Accordingly the canal was dug at great cost, from the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon across the bench land; to an outlet in City Creek, near the Temple block. But in 1873 before the canal was so sufficiently completed as to be made available for the main purpose in view, a line of railroad was laid which supplanted this contemplated use of the canal. The latter has since been used to great advantage in conveying a large supply of water from the Jordan River to the city.

Some idea of the massiveness of the building, and of the enormous amount of rock used in its construction, may be obtained from the following figures: The foundation is sixteen feet wide and eight feet deep; basement walls are eight feet thick; upper story walls are six feet thick. The extreme length of the building is 186½ feet; extreme width is 118½ feet; Height of side wall on main building is 107½ feet; the east center tower is 210 feet high; the west center tower is 204 feet high; the inverted arches are constructed in the foundation, to distribute evenly the enormous pressure of the massive walls. The entire floor area of this great temple is 21,850 feet.

The architecture of the Temple is composite and original, Brigham Young being the architect. The six towers, three on the east and three on the west, are built entirely of granite. Within each of the four corner towers there is a spiral staircase. There are 172 granite steps, and four landings in each of these stairways. Each step is six feet long, and weighs over 1,700 pounds.

On the capstone of the east center tower is a hammered copper statue 12 feet 5½ inches high, heavily gilded with pure gold leaf. It represents the angel Moroni blowing a trumpet, a character portrayed in the Book of Mormon. He is in the act of proclaiming to all people the restoration of the Everlasting Gospel.



The Beautiful Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City.

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Montana's First Oil Well

By E. A. Murphy

While all the country is in wonderment of Montana's marvelous oil discoveries and while millions of dollars are being invested in the development of its vast oil deposits, it may be of interest to know just when and where the first oil well in the State was drilled, by whom, and incidentally to learn of some of the hardships encountered in the quest for this "liquid gold."

From Original Photograph of the First Oil Derrick in Montana. Insert—Col. Thomas Cruse.

Having made millions from gold mines in the immediate vicinity of Helena, Col. Thomas Cruse became interested in a possible oil field on the head-waters of Butcher Creek, in Carbon County, Montana, and for ten years supplied money to oil prospectors to drill for the oil which eminent geologists reported existed.

The exact date of spudding in the first well was the evening of August 22nd, 1898. The equipment used by these pioneer oil prospectors was not the modern oil drills in use today, but a diamond drill designed for exploring hard rock formations in metal mining operations. The derrick was of wood.

The facts as given herewith were obtained from the field book of the

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The largest dressed rocks in the building are known as the "Earth Stones." They are at the base of the buttresses, near the level of the ground on each side of the basement windows, thirty four of them in all. Each of these blocks of granite is five and one half feet high; four and one half feet wide, and twenty inches thick, and weighs over three tons. They cost when finished about $300 each.

There are inserted in the buttresses in line with the top of the first row of oval windows fifty "Moon-Stones." These stones are carved to represent the different phases of the Moon. Also on the buttresses above the "Moon Stones," in line with the top of the upper row of oval windows there are fifty "Sun Stones."

Nearly all the keystones of the windows and doors in the building are ornamented with a beautifully cut five-pointed star. There are also stars carved on the face of a number of other granite stones prominent in various parts of the structure. On the facade of the middle tower at the west end of the building, in line with the battlement, is carved the seven stars forming the constellation of Ursa Major, the Great Bear, or Dipper, with the pointers directed as nearly as possible, toward the North Star. These various carvings always excite a great deal of curiosity among strangers. To the Mormons they represent the various glories of the resurrection of the dead. Referred to by Apostle Paul while preaching to the Corinthians at which time he said "There is one glory of the Sun, and another glory of the Moon, and another glory of the Stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead.

The keystones of the lower windows of the east and west center towers have inscribed on them the words of the Lord "I am Alpha and Omega." Below the keystone is carved the emblem of clasped hands representing Brotherly love, and on the stone at the top of the upper windows in the same tower is depicted the awe-inspiring symbol of the All-seeing eye.

At the bottom of the buttresses of the east center tower are carved representations of rays of light emanating from clouds.

The interior of the Temple is equally as beautiful in architecture and finish as the exterior, and is said by students of architecture to resemble Solomon's Temple in many ways.

The Mormon people are very proud of this Temple. Its cost was $4,000,000 and the more one hears about the real conditions under which it was built, the more one feels to admire those who undertook and completed the task. It is said that some men spent practically there entire life time building this Temple.

During the early days of the building of the Temple the workers were not only forced to endure the hardships of early western life but also the depredations of Indians very often annoyed them. In order to protect the workers against this, a wall was constructed around the Temple block, and although recently it has been suggested that it be removed, sentiment in favor of leaving it as it was originally constructed has prevailed and the wall still stands. This wall is about 12 feet high.

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Mail Girls Hike

Upper Left—Mary Nollenberger and Gertrude Fleischman. Left to Right—Ulanda Repp, Mary Vidmar, Mrs. Hale, Mabel Dobbs, Marjorie Hale, Gertrude Fleischman, Mary Hollenberger. Standing Alone—A Typical Hiker.

There isn't a finer bunch of girls in all the telephone company than the dozen or so young ladies who are growing up in the nurture and admonition of the mailing department in Denver, under the directorship of Miss Julia Quigley. These little busy bees are always at work, flitting here and there, carrying and delivering mail to the various offices in the main building. And it is interesting to watch these active spokes in the great wheel of telephony, always alert, pleasant, courteous and dutiful. It is not infrequent that one of these girls is selected for a higher position—and some of our best operators or clerks have come up from the mailing department.

And these girls are in for a good time when their day's work is over. A few Sundays ago six of them went to Golden on the interurban and from there hiked to the top of Lookout Mountain, chaperoned by Mrs. Edna Hale, mother of one of the girls. Mrs. Hale says it is a pleasure to be mother of such a fine lot of girls.

driller in charge of the operations. Five weeks from the date the well was spudded in Col. Cruse received the following brief message: "Struck oil yesterday. Could not drill any further. Drilled 211 feet. Paid men off. Could not go any further with diamond drill."

Encouraged by this discovery two other wells were drilled a short distance from the first and oil was found at 100 and 90 feet respectively. New drilling machinery was then ordered but it was not delivered on the ground until the following March. May 1st, 1899, drilling was started with the new equipment, and on September 2nd, the entire drilling outfit was burned down by a forest fire which destroyed everything within its reach. From this date until late in 1909 drilling was done intermittently with attendant hard-luck from time to time culminating in the second lot of equipment being destroyed by forest fire on November 19th, 1909.

To overcome the danger of again losing the derrick by forest fire a steel derrick was purchased at a cost of $50,000.00. On March 22, 1910, the steel rig was finished and ready for service. On May 7th drilling was again started. Indications of oil were found at 600 feet when the drill was lost in the hole. It was November before drilling could be resumed, but again hard-luck manifested itself and a crevice in hard rock formation caused a crooked hole and the derrick had to be moved again. About this time, due to declining years and failing health Col. Cruse loosed the reins of active management of his many and diversified enterprises with the result that the oil was never brought to the surface in paying quantities and he died before his ambition could be realized.

No doubt many of the accidents and failures to bring in a gusher were due to the inexperience of the men employed to drill the well, but the fact remains that this field is one of Montana's most promising properties. The field has lately been taken over by a syndicate of Helena business men of prominence, incorporated as the Helena Petroleum Company, and it is reasonable to expect that Montana's first oil well will shortly become one of the biggest producers in the entire state.

The persistence and faith of Col. Cruse it was that made known Montana's oil deposits and many have since reaped fortunes from the pioneer work done by him. Just as fortunes were made in mines in the early days, just as surely will they be made from the oil in its structure today. Montana has certainly supplied its share of the raw material for the world. Rich in precious metals, timber, water-power, coal and farm products, it now bids well to take its place high in the list of oil producing states in our great country, and it would not be surprising if it shortly became the greatest of them all.

If you stand by the guns the guns will stick by you.

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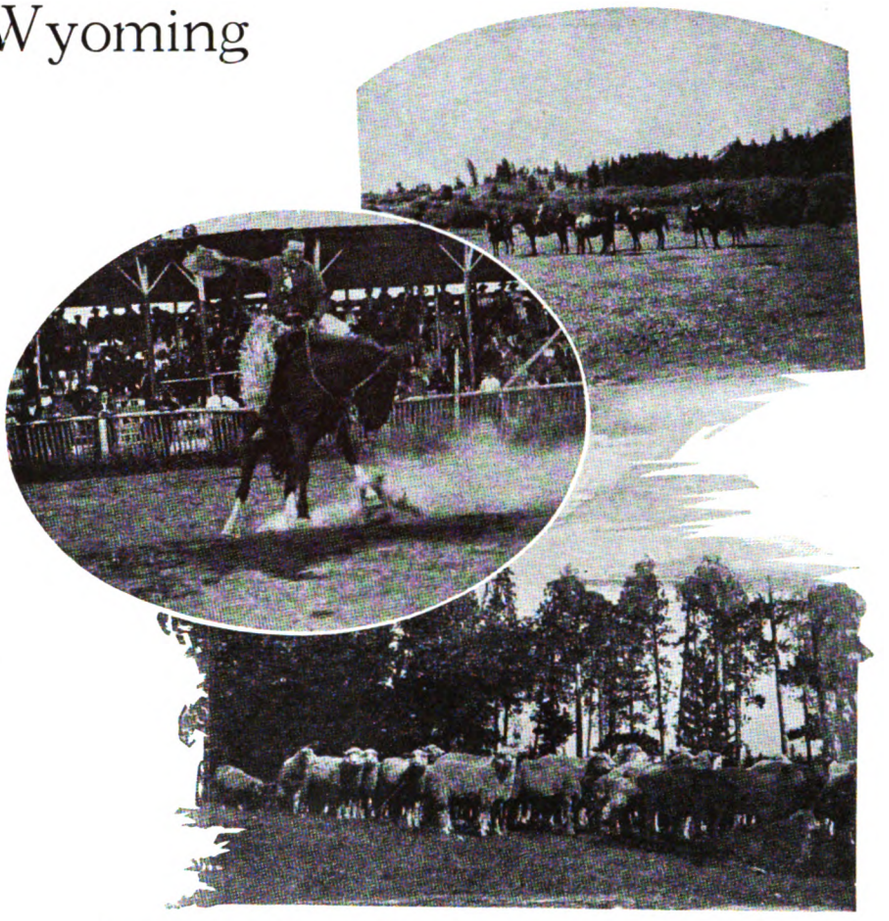
Come to Lander, Wyoming



Bronco Busting at Lander; The Pack Train; Sheep in the National Forest.

Are you a nature lover? Do you revel in grand and inspiring scenery? Are you interested in stories of the old days of the Indian and buffalo, and do you enjoy what is left of the picturesque in our country—the life and tribal customs of our Indians? Would you like to see Wyoming's liquid gold as it comes from the depths of the earth and pours into the tanks? Do you like trout-fishing, camping, gypsying along in carefree fashion in the shadow of the mountains and sleeping a la belle etoile, as they say it in French—under the beautiful stars? Would you like to take a short cut from Denver to the Yellowstone?

Certainly. What red-blooded American wouldn't like to do all these things? Then, that being the case, among the trips to be taken when opportunity offers, include Lander, en route to the Yellowstone.

It is not a "new" town. Old Fort Brown was established many years ago, about where Lander now stands,

Grave of Sacajawea and Indian Cemetery at Wind River, Wyo.

and the town was named for General Lander. A store was opened there on Independence Day,. 1876, while the centennial exposition was in progress in Philadelphia. E. Amoretti was the proprietor.

For years Lander, like too many western towns, waited for a railroad. In 1906 the iron horse snorted into the town, and the bustling little Wyoming city is now the western terminus of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. "Where Rails End and Trails Begin", the title of a little booklet issued by the Lander Chamber of Commerce, makes a pithy description of the transportation facilties of Lander, for the rails deposit the traveler in the vicinity of innumerable fine trails that lead him away into the cool, forested mountains or beside the dashing trout streams where the cares of life drop away in the soothing company of old Mother Nature.

Lander has a modern telephone exchange of 665 stations, and communication by means of the spoken word with any part of the United States may be had.

Once a great battle was fought near the present site of Lander, by the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians. After it was over and the warriors had departed the post physician at old Camp Brown went to the field to see if any wounded were left to whom he might render aid. He found a youngster of five or six years, a boy of the Arapahoe tribe, wandering about in distress. The doctor took the child to the army post and he attracted the attention of Mrs. Coolidge, wife of Captain Coolidge, who asked the doctor if she might take the boy as her own. The doctor assented and the little Arapahoe boy grew up as the son of Captain and Mrs. Coolidge. He was educated and became a minister of the Episcopal church. He has done great work among his people, and served a term as president of the Society of American Indians. Dr. Coolidge, whose home at present is in Denver, is a fine speaker and a man of polished manners.

Ten cents a day will buy a share of A. T and T. stock.

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Some More of Our "Dear Family"

1—Grace Anderson, operator at Prescott. 2—Regina Westfield, operator, Globe. 3—Left to right—Ada Satterwhite, Charles Hurt, Ruth Olmstead, at Phoenix. 4—Grace Stearns, Phoenix toll operator.

Some Promotions

Miss Pearl A. Wall became agent at Manzanola recently.

John J. Cash is the new manager at Leadville, and P. C. Garbonati has gone to Salida, as manager at that place.

Miss Hannah M. Davis is Agent at Byron, Wyoming.

Among recent changes are: Adolph Shubert, became manager at Ordway, R. Mitchell at Lafayette, Edward R. Mayer at Brighton, H. W. Bolton at Fort Lupton, Frank Barney at Fruita, Clyde Yates at Palisade, and James Scott at Windsor, Colorado.

Joseph W. Harvey, for many years an employee of the Company at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and Wheatland, Wyoming, has resigned to move to Washington.

Among the new agents we have: Ella M. Cowles, at Carbondale, Colorado. Mrs. Emma O'Toole, at Grand Valley, Colorado, Stella Eggleston at Broomfield, Colorado, and Eugene L. Pickett, at Shoshoni, Wyoming.

John T. Tierney, on June 1, 1921, succeeded Mr. P. N. Pattison, as manager at Trinidad, Mr. Pattison resigning to enter the insurance business.

Just To Make You "Sweat"

Snapshot Taken Along the Telluride, Colo., Toll Lines in April.

Girls of the Operating Force at Breckenridge, Colorado, in Masquerade. (No Names Were Furnished.)

Picnicing in the Pines

Starbuck-in-the-Pines has an attraction for telephone people. It is a favorite spot for beefsteak frys and terpsichorean exercises. The stars are there twinkling of nights in the narrow strip of sky that you can see above the walls of Bear Creek canyon, but the buck would have to be of the kind that is sometimes "passed," for deer do not abound—only dears.

The latest party of telephonites to unload themselves and their dinner baskets at Starbuck went up on Saturday evening, June 25, and was made up of the following:

Messrs and Mesdames Ben S. Read, Dean Dalton Clark, Thomas Bronson, W. D. Wynkoop, David Cameron; Misses Elizabeth Doran, Agatha Green, Althea Howell, Augusta Lewis, Mary Moylan, Frances O'Brien, Dorothy Miller, Ethel Vint, Esther Swanson, Frances Rayen, Ada Lindsey, Alice Rowbotham, Rosetta Achiek, Helen Sheehan, Elizabeth Sharp, Loran Rogers, C. Stone, Della Stone, Genevieve Stratton and Grace Wolff; Messrs. Marvin Smith, William Stewart, Frank Davis, Elmer Bean, William Bauer, Earley Thornton, Joseph Cornell, William Lamping, Abner Stryker, Curil Croke and Frank Chittenden.

So Informal

The Wife—I must dress at once, dear. The Browns are coming over. Shall I put on the percolator?

The Husband—Don't bother. You look all right the way you are.—Chicago Tribune.

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A Close-up of 195 Broadway, New York

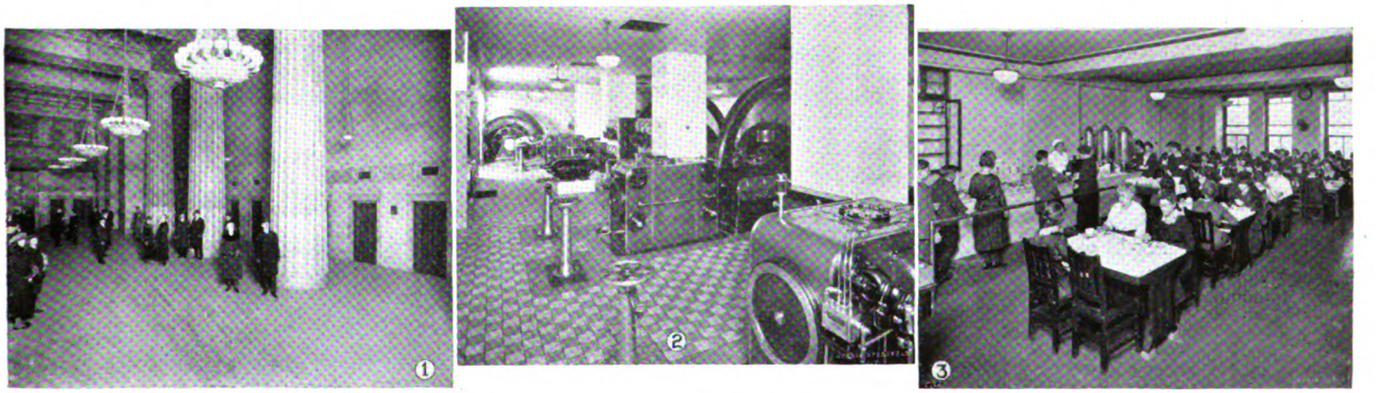
1—Directors' Room. 2—President H. B. Thayer at His Desk. 3—Library, Accounting Department.

Situated in the "down town" section of New York City, the Telephone and Telegraph Building at 195 Broadway, is conspicuous even in a locality where there are more sky-scrapers than anywhere else in the world. Besides the Broadway entrances, there are entrances on Dey and Fulton Streets and when the addition, now in the process of construction, is completed, the building will occupy the whole block on Broadway between Dey and Fulton Streets and cover an area of about 36,000 square feet.

In its design, the building is severely classic; its walls are devoid of ornament, rising in straight lines to the coping, 27 stories (363 feet) above the busy thoroughfares beneath. Just across Fulton Street is historic old St. Paul's, where President Washington used to worship, when the seat of the Federal government was in little old New York, surrounded by the graves of many illustrious dead of the colonial period. This practically open area makes the site of the Telephone and Telegraph Building one of the most conspicuous in the city, for from Broadway, Park Row, and City Hall Park, one gets an unobstructed view of the great building with its tower crowned by the golden figure of the "Spirit of Electricity", 449 feet above the street level.

On entering the great foyer, the visitor is impressed with the majestic proportions and the simplicity of its style. With its double row of feet from the tesselated floor and supporting the paneled ceiling, it would be austere and somewhat forbidding were it not for the indirect lighting system, which brings out the delicate gold tracery of the ceil- huge Doric columns, rising many ing and illuminates the whole interior with a warm glow. Its simple classic style and noble proportions are appropriate to an edifice which is the headquarters of a nationwide public utility serving intimately more than a hundred million people in all parts of the country and uniting the nation into closer unity through universal intercommunication. Every day it echoes with the hurrying footsteps of thousands of telephone folks, as they hurry to and fro from subways and elevated, which during the rush hours, pour into the building their streams of eager workers.

On the north side of the lobby are the elevators, without which the modern sky-scraper would be of little use. There are twenty-one of them and above each of their green bronze, grilled doors, flash the "up" and "down" signals, for not only are there 26 stories above, peopled daily by busy workers, but there are five basements and sub-basements below, where is located the "deus ex ma-



1—Main Lobby. 2—Engine Room. 3—One of the Lunch Rooms.

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china" which runs the housekeeping of this big establishment. Down there are the big plants that furnish power, light and heat for the building; store rooms for the different departments, and locker rooms and quarters for the big force of men and women who keep the offices and the building in "apple-pie" order. Altogether some one hundred and twenty four are thus employed, plus a hundred cleaning women.

To run the elevators a force of twenty-six operators is required. Most of them are women. The company began to employ women as elevator operators during the war, when it was impossible to get men. Incidentally, the system by which the elevators are run is marvelously efficient; they are directed by telephone from a central office, from which, even while in motion, each may be reached and its movements governed.

The visitor who takes one of these swift-moving elevators, and starts to explore the building, has a revelation in store for him, especially if he has no preconceived idea of the size of the telephone organization, for to use a somewhat trite expression, the building is literally a "hive of industry." Its corridors, tier on tier, are lined with offices filled with busy workers. As it stands today, the building contains 512 offices.

On the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, workmen are laying the foundations for the new section ever-growing headquarters force. Down one hundred and fifty feet below the street level, the concrete piers rest upon the solid ledge which forms the backbone of old Manhattan. Soon the steel superstructure will rise as if by magic and in due course of time, the new structure will be ready to house the increasing telephone family which has so overgrown its present quarters that some departments have been provided with temporary quarters in other buildings.

1—Student Class Room for Engineers.

2—Stenographic Bureau of Engineering Dept.

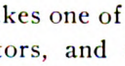
3—Transmission School Laboratory.

Looking Around From the Top

In the preceding story we have told about the wonderful interior of the Telephone and Telegraph Building, 195 Broadway, New York City, and now we are going to go up twenty-seven stories, to the roof of that structure, there to gaze upon a panorama unsurpassed even by the outlook from the tower of the famous Woolworth Building, which raises its majestic height only a few hundred feet away.

Looking north, to the limit of vision, on a clear day, the great cliffs known as the Palisades, dim in the distance stand out boldly as the western guardians where the silver thread of the Hudson loses itself behind them. Further east, the low-lying hills of Long Island are visible in the extreme distance. To the west, and closer, the Palisades resolve themselves into rugged cliffs topped by green foliage, through which, here and there, white buildings are seen and as the eye travels toward the south, a wonderful panorama unfolds—Hoboken, with its great piers where the big German liners used to dock before the war; Jersey City with its great railroad terminal, shrouded in the smoke of many great industries, through which at intervals, low, wooded hills may be seen in the distance.

The great river known at this point as the North River, broadens into an estuary, and is dotted with bustling tugs, canal boats, ferries and ocean liners, inward and outward bound. Further south, the great industrial section of New Jer-



R. E. Gow, formerly of the Boulder district plant has transferred to Denver as chief clerk to N. O. Pierce, Superintendent of Plant.

We Thank You

The June "Monitor" published in Denver by the employes of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, for June has reached our exchange table, and much could be said about this publication, but we are not going to comment to any extent, suffice it to say that this publication has become interesting. It is full of good, common business sense, lots of wit and humor, and is gotten out by a real "printer;" it is certainly a neat magazine, printed on the best book paper, profusely illustrated, with a colored cover showing mountain scenes that many of us are familiar with. If you want to have a splendid night's reading get hold of a copy of the "Monitor."—St. Anthony, Idaho, Chronicle.

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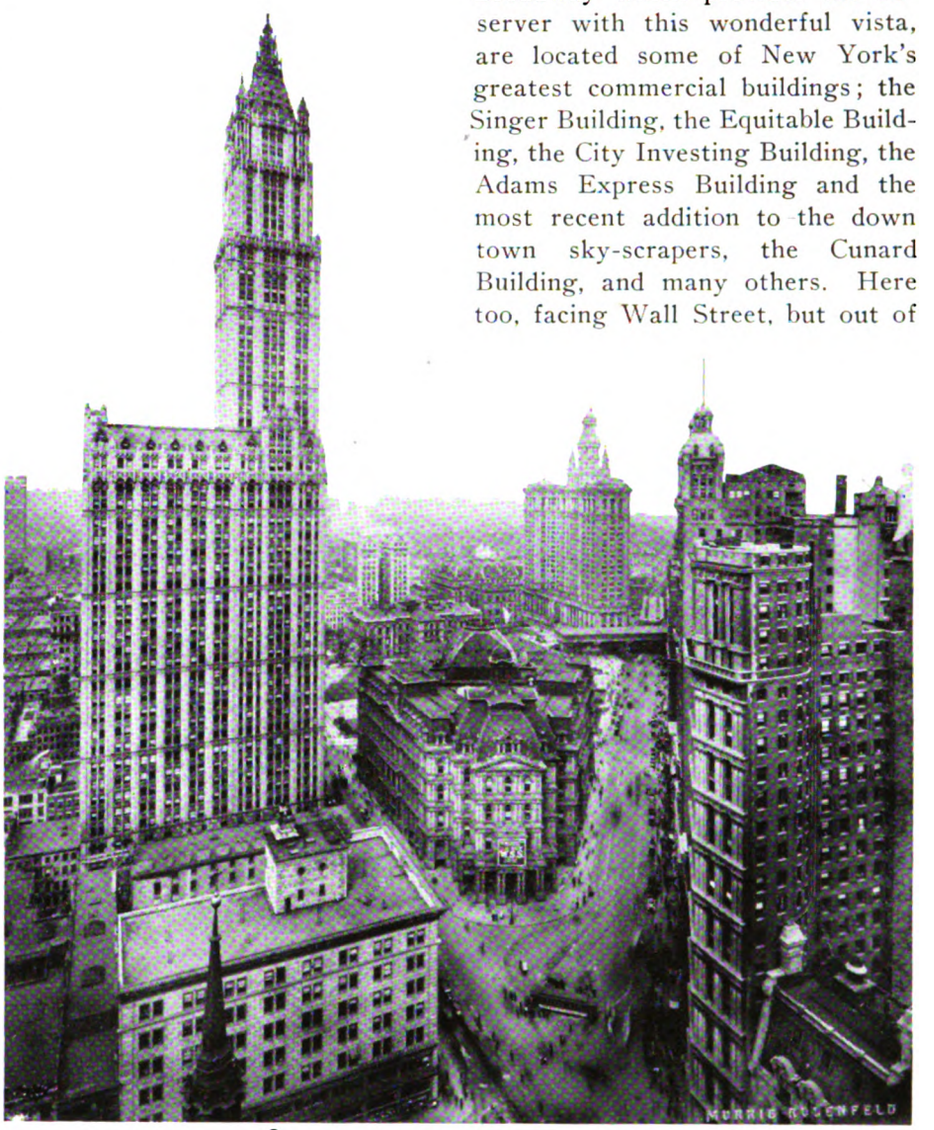
sey spreads out—Perth Amboy, with belching black smoke, and Black Tom, where the great explosion occurred in 1916.

Two objects of interest that attract the eye at this point are the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, and Ellis Island with its imposing group of Immigration Buildings.

Looking south from the easterly corner of the building, the observer has an unobstructed view down the narrow canyon of lower Broadway, to the historic Bowling Green, and sees the gray granite facade of the Custom House with its wonderfully sculptured, historic figures of heroic size, and gets a glimpse of Battery Park where, in Colonial days, the early American patriots set up the Liberty Pole, which was the object of many attacks by the British soldiers from the nearby fort. Beyond, one gets a glimpse of the ship channel, dotted with many tramp steamers lying at anchor. Further away, the picturesque, wooded hills of Staten Island rise toward the Narrows, where hidden from sight is New York's most powerful inner line of defense, Fort Wadsworth. On a specially clear day, hazy and blue in the distance, may be seen the heights on Sandy Hook, where are located the city's outer defenses. On the stretch of Broadway which provides the observer with this wonderful vista, are located some of New York's greatest commercial buildings; the Singer Building, the Equitable Building, the City Investing Building, the Adams Express Building and the most recent addition to the down town sky-scrapers, the Cunard Building, and many others. Here too, facing Wall Street, but out of sight from the Telephone and Telegraph Building, is historic Trinity and its graveyard with its illustrious dead.



View from Top of A. T. & T. Co. Building, Looking North.

Overlooking Hudson River Waterfront.

The northern prospect is dominated by two remarkable buildings, on the west the lofty Woolworth Building, and across City Hall Park with its bright greenery, is the Municipal Building, another model of symmetry of the so-called sky-scraper order. In, and adjacent to the park, a group of public buildings form Manhattan's only civic center—the old City Hall, built in 1803; the County Court House, monument to the malodorous regime of "Boss" Tweed, the Probate Court Building, the Hall of Records, and the old

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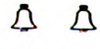
A. T. & T. Building at 195 Broadway As It Will Appear Upon Completion.

Post Office. Looking down Park Row one sees the Brooklyn Bridge Terminal of the Brooklyn Transit Company and the Terminal of the Second and Third Avenue elevated, and may watch the elevated trains glide to and fro, looking like children's toys. Looking east, we see three great majestic arches spanning the East River and dwarfing everything in their vicinity by their immense proportions. They are the old Brooklyn Bridge, the Manhattan Bridge and the Williamsburg Bridge, each a triumph of engineering, linking the Island of Manhattan to the great City of Brooklyn just across the river.

Looking north again, to the left of the Woolworth Building, and in the middle distance, stands a building, perhaps the most conspicuous of all, because it towers far above all other buildings in its vicinity; it is the telephone building known as the Walker-Lispenard Building, where is located the largest long distance central office in the Bell System. Further north, is seen the graceful tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Building, modeled after the famous Campanile, and still further north, the Times Building at Broadway and 42nd Street is easily recognized, beyond and to the west, where groups of massive buildings crown the rising heights and blend in the distance, are River Side Drive, Columbia University, and the historic Washington Heights.

On a clear day, an unobstructed view may be obtained for twenty miles around, over the great city, its myriad buildings blended into a wonderful mosaic of pastel shades, over which the cloud-shadows play, across silver shimmering streams which bear the commerce of the world, to the green hills beyond—a sight too impressive to be forgotten and which can be duplicated nowhere on earth.



"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the 'phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady. "Whaddy ya want—pink, yellow or black?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

(Continued from page 35)

"At any rate it's the most fascinating work and I love it. Besides there's always a chance to climb—why, I'm in line now for supervisor and maybe some day I'll get over in the school and teach; it must be interesting for the teachers are the happiest lot and as a rule they keep three different classes going all the while.

"Hope I haven't bored you to death but I just can't help talking it especially when I find an appreciative audience. It's time for me to go on duty now, hope I'll see you again, Betty.

Good-bye."

Editor's Note: Of course Jane Robinson isn't her real name—but this is her real story.

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Men Who Have the Real Bell Spirit

Now and then a man works so long and so faithfully for a company that he and his work are looked upon as sort of matter-of-fact, and beyond that and the

Charles A. Crapo.

absolute confidence imposed in him and his ability, little further thought is given him by the men who work with and around him. His work is appreciated, to be sure, by those who know his worth, but the general run of employes know but little of him.

This, it seems to The Monitor, is just what is happening to Charles A. Crapo, engineer of equipment and buildings for the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company. Mr. Crapo is too modest to "blow his own horn," so we are going to do a little tooting for him because he deserves it.

First of all, let us see what the engineer of equipment does. Every building constructed by the telephone company, from the smallest sub-station to the most imposing central building in our territory, is designed by Mr. Crapo and his corps of able engineers and architects. Then, this done, he must say what kind and how large or how small the equipment must be to go into this building. He is the decision judge and there rests upon his shoulders great responsibilities. He also has in charge the re-establishing of wrecked exchanges. An evidence of this was demonstrated in the recent Pueblo flood where the entire exchange was put out of commission.

Mr. Crapo was on the ground himself, assisted by A. W. Miligan, installation superintendent. It was up to him to decide what to do in restoring switchboard service. Immediately following the disaster he telephoned the ejuipment department in Hawthorn, Ill., for necessary equipment, with orders to "rush." So it was, that by the time the plant deparment had the lines connected up he was ready with switchboard facilities. And thus his work goes on and on.

Mr. Crapo has a service record of 31 years to his credit. As a mere lad he started with the Chicago Telephone company in 1890, in the switchboard installation department. From there he gradually climbed up until, in 1902, he came to Denver and took a position in the equipment division of the engineering department of our company, and in 1905 was made equipment engineer. In 1915 was promoted to the position he now holds—engineer of equipment and buildings for the Mountain States company.

N. O. Pierce.

N. O. Pierce is now general plant manager, having under his direction the entire plant department of the Mountain States group. This announcement was made in an official bulletin dated June 1. The bulletin says:

"The plant organization now shown on the Chart reporting to him as Plant Superintendent, will continue to report to him. H. W. Kline, Supervisor of Methods and Results, and his staff will report to the General Plant Manager. T. E. Mathews is appointed Plant Accounting Supervisor, and with the force now reporting to him, will report to the General Plant Manager."

In the April number of The Monitor we told of the advancement, step by step, of Mr. Pierce, from inspector in 1896, on to his present position. Those who are closest to Mr. Pierce, and know of his personal interest in his work, will join in the assertion that this latest promotion is "justly deserved." He is a hard worker, and sets a high example by always being on the job himself, and especially so when urgent cases arise. Congratulations, Mr. Pierce.

Overlooking East River Spanned By the Old Brooklyn Bridge.

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Realtors Visit Telephone Exchange

Through invitation of Walter F. Brown, general traffic manager, members of The Denver Rotary Club were recently invited to visit the operating departments of Main and Champa exchanges, and "see for themselves" how a telephone connection is made. More than 200 representative citizens availed themselves of the opportunity. After an appetizing luncheon had been served the guests in the Company's cafeteria, they were divided into small groups and a competent guide placed in command of each party. In this way an hour was profitably spent in looking over the plant. The men expressed themselves as being highly entertained and all went away feeling a great revelation had been unfolded before them. A little pamphlet prepared for the occasion contained the following information:

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company operates in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah and El Paso, Texas.

Eighteen-hundred-and-fifty men and women are employed in Denver, being thirty per cent of the total employees in the entire Mountain States system.

The average payroll in Denver, each month, is $170,000.00.

There are 55,000 telephones in Denver, originating 258,000 calls per day, or 85,000,000 calls per year; 166,000 per day pass from one exchange to another, each call requiring services of two girls to make the connection.

One additional call per telephone per day in Denver would require 145 additional operators and an additional expenditure of $300,000 in switchboard facilities.

One-hundred-and-forty Long Distance lines terminate on the Long Distance switchboard, giving connection with 12,600,000 telephones at every point in the U. S. and Canada.

There are 134,293 miles of telephone wires used in Denver, and 94,093 miles of these wires are UNDERGROUND. Give this a second thought.

The Way to Save is to Begin Now

Do you ever get tired of saving—that is, if you **are** saving? Of course. We get tired of being good, if we **are** good, tired of obeying the law—tired of many things. There are times, when the madness is in our blood, that we would like to speed beyond the limit allowed; when we might even like to make some moonshine or knock some fellow down who has offended us. But our common sense whispers that we must not do these things, just as our common sense tells us that we **ought,** in the fullness of our earning power, to save every dollar we can.

The extravagance of the American people is proverbial, though it is undoubtedly true that thrift stamps and liberty bonds gave some of us a new light on saving. The foreigners who come to our shores to enjoy the advantage of better pay for their labor bring the thrift idea with them; they know the value of a dollar and how difficult it was to accumulate anything in the hardscrabble lands from which they came. They at once set about to save and feel the thrill of possession of money and a little property; and they make good in this—while the Americans spend, some of them with an almost cowardly fear of being called "tightwads."

Statistics, with all their dryness, have their purpose. They show that out of every 100 men about 63 live to the age of 75 years, and that 34, more than half of them, have no means of self-support; they are dependent either upon relatives or charity—which sometimes amounts to the same thing. Not all, of course, are to blame for this condition, but many are. Systematic saving, a yearly "budget," curtailment of things that one can do very well without—some of which are actually injurious—would have prevented dependence. And old age dependence is a bitter thing.

"But I don't want to live to be 75," some one thinks. Perhaps not, but that is a matter over which we haven't much control. If you will think it over you will possibly remember that Grandmother Jones lived to be 77, and that Grandfather Brown beat that by a few years. Longevity may "run in the family." So whether we want to or not, some of us **will** live to be old—and we shall need something to live on.

Just a small amount each day, and we are making headway. Money accumulates money. Dividends help to buy more stock. And then "money talks," and if you have been careful, it doesn't always say, "Goodby." It will whisper sweetly, "I am your friend—a protection in time of need."

It is a rare thing that we have any regret for what we have saved. Our regrets are for what we have carelessly handed out, thrown away, or actually wasted.

Railroad 'Em

Wise: "Are you the young lady who took my order?"

Waitress: "Yes, sir."

Wise: "You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?"—Burr.

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Telephone Employes Tell Their Own Stories of the Pueblo Flood

"Recorded Her Last Call"

By Julia Swanson, Long Distance Operator.

I live about a mile and a half from the office. We came back to the office because we thought we could help out. Previously we have had flood scares; one the first year I was here and I did not come down that time and have always regretted it, so Miss Armstrong and I came down. When we went home off our regular shift, the water was rising rapidly and I said I would not be surprised but what the whistles would blow. We started to eat up town at Ellington's when the whistles blew and Miss Armstrong and I decided to come back. It was about 6:30 when we got here. I work on long distance. There were many calls from the depot; people wanted to get out; all the trains were delayed.

One girl, Miss Kiskadden, started to call Canon City about 6:30 and called about every five minutes until 8:30. We got her through Florence twice, but the lines went out as fast as we could get the connection. She was later listed as among the missing.

The first fire we noticed was about 10:30 but the clock was stopped and it was hard to keep track of the time. The night seemed very long. We did not feel afraid of the building washing away, but was afraid something would strike the building and wreck it. We knew the water would not reach our floor. A building hit the garage outside and made a terrible crash. We watched the water from the light of the fires. It rained hard all night. The water was at its highest about midnight. None of the girls fainted or seemed badly scared.

We thought we saw bodies but could not tell because of the swift water and darkness.

We heard shooting all night from the two-story frame on Victoria and also from towards town, but the frame stood up through the night.

The Fountain was worse the following day. If it had all come at once conditions would have been worse.

We were all glad to get back to the old place here, which seemed more like home than the church.

It was said that 1,500 people were unaccounted for, but they have never found but a few bodies.

My brother-in-law, a policeman, spent the night on top of Floorman's Paint Company building and stated that he saw numerous bodies in the water.

Praises the Company

By Mrs. Margaret Williams, Assistant Night Supervisor.

It is my opinion that Mrs. Prior was the means of imparting, through her own personality, coolness and bravery in the girls that night. One girl became hysterical from the strain at the board shortly after 8 o'clock and we took her to the retiring room where she quickly recovered and insisted on returning to the board and proved to be all right upon returning to the operating room. I offered to relieve all of the girls at different times, but most of them refused saying they would rather help out themselves. I did relieve Miss Moynihan, the A. C. O., who had been on the board for hours. The subscribers were impatient, but under the circumstances had cause to be so.

The girls were worried about their families. One of the girls called and warned her uncle who replied that he could not get out—it was too late, but it proved later that he did get out by crawling over wreckage, etc., and was saved.

I do not believe anyone under those circumstances could have done better work that night than did Mr. Thady. He even refused to accept coffee and bread because he said the girls would need it and he did not know how long they would be here. He was wet up to the shoulders and would not stop working for the comfort of the girls. Mr. Thady fixed up switchboard lamps and gave us light. He called me on the toll board and said, "will you catch this wire?" I did and he fastened the lights to this wire. Even the next day when we were leaving he was still here sweeping the mud and slush out of the main floor.

After getting out I found I was unable to get to the North Side, so went to a family's house on the South Side. Mr. Prior said he would get us passes. We found that the East Side was cut off with nothing but a swinging bridge of ties and rails, so that Mr. Prior was able to get us passes and across this bridge. I felt sure that I could get across the East Side bridge alone and I met a man at the Chieftain Office whom I knew and he instructed me to tell them that he said "let me across" and a street car man was there and he held a pole on one end and I

ROLL OF HONOR—PUEBLO GIRLS

The operators who came back when they heard the sirens blowing the flood warning and who were not on a regular shift that night were as follows:

Name.	Title.	Length of Service With This Company Years	Months
Matilda Anderson	Loc. Sr.	4	9
Georgia Armstrong	Inf. Orp.	6	1
Julia Moynihan	A. C. O.	18	6
Josephine Prior	C. O.	30	3
Ethel Richards	Local Opr.	6	5
Julia Swanson	L. D. Opr.	8	9
Margaret Williams	A. N. Sup.	14	..

The girls who were regularly on duty and those who remained to assist in the emergency were:

Name.	Title.	Length of Service With This Company Years	Months
Rachel L. Boyd	L. D. Opr.	6	4
Blanche Davis	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	9
Ruby Petrow	L. D. Opr.	3	9
Margaret Fleming	L. D. Supr.	11	3
Marie Fleming	Loc. Supr.	9	5
Gladys Groves	L. D. Opr.	2	6
Vera Gustin	L. D. Opr.	3	1
Mary Imblum	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	10
Mary Johnson	Loc. Supr.	10	8
Lorane Kiracht	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	11
Clare Louderback	L. D. Supr.	15	6
Edna McCumber	Loc. Opr.	1	6
Lillian McCumber	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	1
Letha Morrow	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	11
Zelma Mudd	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	11
Mary Owen	L. D. Opr.	1	1
Lyla Peters	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	11
Beulah Rutliff	Loc. Opr.	0	8
Goldie Scott	Jr. Loc. Opr.	4	7
Adah M. Swartz	Loc. Opr.	1	0
Clarice E. Thompson (Re-igned)	Loc. Opr.	0	8
Daisy Trout	Jr. Loc. Opr.	1	1
Wave Rubey	Loc. Opr.	2	9
Mae H. Waye	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	4
Margaret Worlein	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	9
Gladys Yakel	L. D. Opr.	1	7
Grace Metcalf	Matron	4	6
Dorothy Young	Local Supr.	8	4
Marcelle Young	Loc. Opr.	1	1
Marguerite Clark	Jr. Loc. Opr.	0	10
Ethel Richards	Information	6	5

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on the other and we walked the swinging bridge.

The girls and employes are all glad to get back into the office. I feel that we are working for a Company who gives us more consideration and comfort than anywhere can be found. I do not think any other companies have provided transportation as you have for us. The girls have done everything they have done with the spirit and good will which they feel toward the company.

I felt it my duty to be at the office, because I wanted to reciprocate for the many kindnesses shown me by the Company.

"War Nothing Compared to This"

By Georgia Armstrong, Multiple Clerk.

Miss Swanson and I were in a restaurant when we heard the whistles and we did not know whether to eat or to come right away. I called one of the supervisors at the office and she said they did not need us then, but that she would call us if they did; we had not started to eat when she did call us, so we left our dinner and got a car and came as quickly as possible. Just as we got to the office we saw people running from the river and saw that we could not get home, but could have gone south, but preferred to remain in the exchange.

I am a multiple marking clerk but that night I worked on the board. I never worked so hard in my life. During the war was nothing compared to that night.

Most of them wanted information, but some wanted connections. One man insisted on wanting to know how far the water was up. He called every few minutes and wanted to know whether the water had gotten into the telephone office yet, but I did not know myself until Mr. Thady came up. Mr. Thady did everything possible to make it comfortable for us.

After our lights went out we looked out the windows and could only see when there was lightning, although several fires were burning about town. We could not tell how far the flood waters reached across the town.

I learned next day that we could not get across the bridges towards home and we had to go to friends on the north side and stayed all day.

Most of the girls were more worried about their people than they were about themselves.

"We Knelt and Prayed"

By Miss Julia Moynihan, Asst. Chief Operator.

My regular shift is from 8:00 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Miss Louderback had charge in the evening. I was at home and came down when the sirens blew. I knew there would be a heavy load and it had been storming and I expected a very serious condition. I live about two miles from the office.

I had on my apron and was sitting down to supper when the sirens blew and I told my sister I had better go back to the office. I just missed a street car and it was raining. I knew I would have to wait twenty minutes for a car so called my brother to come over in the machine and take me.

I was the first one here outside the regular force and the girls were working as hard as possible. About 6:15 I called and tried to get Mrs. Prior, but could not get her. It was about 6:40 when Mrs. Prior arrived. The next girls to arrive were Miss Swanson and Miss Armstrong. Next came Miss Matilda Anderson who had a little girl with her about 12 years old. (The little girl was Miss Engle's sister). The little girl's people did not know where she was at the time.

We all worked very hard then until about 8 o'clock notifying the people down the valley and warning them of the flood. About 8:15 I looked out the window and saw the water up to the window sills on the first floor. About 8:40 the board was blazing with lights and I notified Mr. Thady who cut them out.

We took the girls from the board and told them to make themselves as comfortable as possible. We brought up chairs, cushions and the Victrola from the retiring room on the second floor and kept them away from the windows.

I prayed good and hard and several of the other girls did, too. Mrs. Prior, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Williams and myself were about the only ones who realized the seriousness of the situation. We did not give up and tried to act naturally ourselves to keep from exciting the girls who did not realize it.

Every position was occupied and people who were calling for help were greatly excited. Several parties called for help and asked what they should do. People became cross with the girls and did not realize conditions and those in outlying districts became angry at the lack of service.

Mrs. Prior and I talked among ourselves about the probability of the building collapsing, but did not let the girls know it. We were afraid it would collapse, because the poles and floating debris were striking the building.

The floating lumber yards were afire and it looked as though the whole north side of the town was afire. We thought the gas works had exploded. Fire was burning in all directions. We could see fires around the Vail Hotel and Nuckols Packing Plant. We told the girls we believed the fires had been built to help light the scene for the people in distress and to enable them to get out, but we really believed that it was the city burning, caught from the gas works. The houses were moving from their foundations and poles uprooted and floating by the building. One-half of the block remained in front of the building, the other half being washed away. The lights from the fires showed us how McMinn's Undertaking Parlor was giving way and caused us to realize that our own building might become involved.

Fortunately Mrs. Metcalf, the evening matron, had food from the cafeteria which she brought up to us.

I felt like I wanted to be with the girls, that I **should** be with them and that it was my duty. I could not have stood it to have remained at home.

Mrs. Prior kept the Victrola going; we were afraid if one of the girls gave way, all of them would give way; and kept them from the windows.

During the night of the flood, two boys who attempted to rescue the girls about midnight, came from Lake Minnequa with a boat. Mr. Link Day tried to talk them out of it, but the boys said "no, we are going down to get the girls out." The boys got to D street, the boat upset and the boys were drowned.

Before the water came in we told the girls to use their own judgment about remaining and they felt they would rather remain and that it was their duty to do so. We could have gotten out on foot at 8:00 p. m. The water came in about 8:15 p. m.

We watched a man on top of the building, but were unable to do anything for him. We knelt and prayed for the man to be saved, because we felt the roof was caving. He was ready to jump when a boat came and brought him over to our building and let him out on the fire escape and the man remained all night in the exchange.

People were standing on all buildings around us and some of them yelling and waving and crying for help and some of them shooting guns.

Mr. Thady was the only man employe with us all night. Mrs. Prior had sent Mr. Atterbury for lanterns and we felt he was so faithful he would come back, but he got out and could not get back until morning when he showed us the lanterns he had gotten but was unable to deliver.

The people were very sympathetic and many of them said they thought of us and wondered if we were safe. They were also greatly pleased with the quickness with which a portion of our service was restored in the church at Ninth and Grand. Every line we called after restoring service the subscribers were tickled to death with the one exception of a fellow who had not been touched by the flood, who had been high and dry, and he remarked, "You want to get me back on the books now so you can get more of my money, don't you?"

People throughout the city have since told us that they had thought of the girls during the disaster, especially those who were near the flooded district and could see how the building was situated.

The firemen who carried us through the mud from the boats gave us a special invitation to come to the hose house with them, that they had sandwiches and coffee for us.

It was the fire house at the Mesa.

All of the girls were anxious to get back to work and seemed glad to get back into our old place.

All of the girls were anxious to find out where we were going to establish our headquarters after the flood and finally they located the "church" and came drifting in one at a time and we did not have to send out for any of them.

It Was Her "Day Off"

By Ethel Richards, Information Operator.

It was my "day off" on the 3rd, but when I heard the whistles, I came down. I live on the other side of Fountain, about one mile from the office. It was about 6:30. When the whistles blew more than three times I knew they would be busy so I called and they said there was a flood so that's why I came down. We were very busy—the subscribers were greatly excited when told the dam would break and they were hard to deal with. It was about 9:30 when the board went out after which we went to the windows and looked out. I saw the other flood several years ago, but did not get scared, because I did not quite realize the danger. Mrs. Prior talked to the girls and I think this was principally the reason the girls remained calm. We stayed all night in the exchange.

I came to work again Monday and helped to handle messengers. I was up to the bridge and was told that the Red Cross

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needed help. I talked to one of the Red Cross girls—an ex-operator—who told me where the exchange was, so I went over and went to work.

I think the fires scared us more than the flood, and I knew Mother was at home alone. My sister was down the valley at Las Animas.

We heard shooting from the house tops about us now and then.

Mr. Thady swam down in the basement and got kerosene to make torches and then invented some sort of an arrangement with small bulbs and the storage batteries to make electric lights.

Mothered a Little Girl

By Matilda Anderson, Supervisor.

When the whistles blew, I came down to the office. I did not know whether I would be needed or not, but thought I would come down and offer my services. I am a local supervisor and found the load pretty heavy, so remained and helped out. I took a position and helped with the operating. The load was pretty heavy, but we were able to answer all calls and it was beginning to clear up when the whistles began to blow again and all the subscribers got excited and we were almost unable to handle the load when the board went out, which disappointed us very much because we felt that the people needed our services very badly. We gave out the information whenever possible. We warned the police station as soon as possible of the danger. The people did not seem to be so impatient, but all varieties of calls were encountered, a few complaints, calls for assistance, etc. We had lots of permanents on the board, so that it was hard to give service.

We had three hailstorms within the last two or three days. We had one Tuesday before the flood and one Friday and then heavy rainfall, but after I came on duty, I was unable to tell anything about the conditions outside.

During the night we all did a lot of serious thinking, but none of us became greatly excited—we were mostly calm. The going out of the lights caused a little commotion and some exclamations.

I did not feel in very great danger, but about midnight we began to feel a little alarmed.

The roar of the water and crashing of buildings could be heard but did not hear any cries for help, although other girls say they did.

Before the heavy water came we got reports that Florence was wiped off the map and that Canon City was in bad condition but we though it was local and did not realize it would effect us.

We got away in boats Saturday morning. I was among the last to get out. It was about 9:00 o'clock. It displeased me to see the girls leave in the boats but the boys seemed able to handle the boats and after the first load got started we all felt safer and willing to go. Most of us were glad to get away because we were hungry and did not have anything to drink.

Helen Engle, 12 years old, sister of our Miss Lena Engle, came down to the river with Miss Engle and myself and wanted to come with me. I wanted to send her home when I found out it was dangerous, but Mrs. Prior and I decided we had better not let her go and the little girl stayed all night and slept some, probably two or three hours and was very worried about her folks, but did not worry so much about herself. I was the only one she knew. She said, "Do you suppose my mamma will be worried?" I said, "No, she knows you are with me and I talked to her on the phone telling her where you were." (But of course her mother was some worried.)

About 12 or 1 o'clock the girls became serious and quiet, some of them praying and others wondering about their folks, but when the water began to recede and especially when daylight began to come they all brightened up and became happier. It appeared to us as though the whole city was under water.

Mr. Thady was wonderful in his work and efforts to make us comfortable, especially when he had worked so hard and was wet and almost all in and he kept lights burning and did everything possible for us and for the company.

Went Home in a Hearse

By Wave Rubey, Local Operator.

My father came for me in the car the evening of Friday the 3rd and could not get back. He stayed in the telephone building all night. When he came down after me the water had started over Union Avenue bridge. My mother was home alone, but he called her from here and told her he would not be home that night. That night my mother heard something and got up to see what it was and stepped out of bed into the water. She and my two baby sisters were there alone and the neighbors had to take them out on a raft the next morning. The water was 1½ feet deep in the house. We got back home next evening. My father has eight acres of land and it ruined the crops. The rugs in the house were soaked. My sister had three little sheep which she had raised and they were drowned during the flood. I stayed with Mrs. Prior and Mrs. Williams after I got out of the exchange. My father told me to meet him at the post office Saturday noon and he went home not knowing that the folks were in the flood. When I got to the Fourth Street bridge, I asked a policeman to get somebody to take me out. A hearse drove up and he put me into it and I rode out to safety. I saw our house in the water and I started for help to get the folks out when I met a neighbor and he told me my people were safe at his house.

It was 3 o'clock before my father got across the bridge because he had no pass. While he was still hunting for my mother around the place some men came along and told him that they had rescued them and that they were at the neighbors.

It was a terrible night.

Miss Wave said, "This must be the end of the world."

Miss Trout and Miss Kirscht played the Victrola.

Miss Boyd prayed until she went to sleep.

My father went to sleep.

The matron had meat cooked for the Cafeteria next day and we found a box of crackers and ate the meat between crackers.

Mr. Thady did not sleep any and tried to rescue a man on the roof of the house but could not help him and told him to try to swim. The man said he could not swim much but would try, but about that time a boat came and brought him over.

My father and I saw logs hit the corner of the telephone building and bounce back and kept battering the building, but caused no damage. We were watching the poles in the pole yard which scattered like matches when the water hit them. I also saw the end of the telephone garage fall. The wind came up at midnight when the water was highest and I saw two of the telephone poles out front fall, but they did not hit the building.

The next morning after we got out I heard a woman say that three of the telephone operators had jumped out of the window, which of course was untrue. Another old lady said when the whistles blew we went to the telephone and listened all night to what the operators had to say about the flood, which was again untrue.

When I went out on the fire escape I heard somebody say "Shut the doors and lock them and stay with it, because it won't get over the top."

The Cablemen on the Job

By J. A. Hutton, Cableman.

We left Denver Saturday night. We got as far as Colorado Springs. We stayed in the Springs until the following Monday. Sunday we devoted most of our time helping reload express shipments that they had placed on the platform marked "transfer." Everything coming this way being side-tracked at Colorado Springs. We were getting provisions and getting away and getting the trucks out. There were two regular telephone trucks and several others, but all trucks for company use. Monday morning there was a consignment of 300,000 feet of twisted pair expressed to Colorado Springs and the transfer people did not want to leave it on the platform. We five fellows devoted Monday morning getting it down to the D. & R. G. yards. We succeeded in getting a car and getting the twisted pair into it. We got out Monday morning in a car with 120 gallons of water in some milk cans. We got in our tools and waited until 1 o'clock in the box car when they switched us around and hooked onto No. 1. We were supposed to meet a couple of trucks sent to meet us but they could not get near us. They succeeded in pulling us down to the Pueblo union depot, which was the first train into Pueblo after the flood—this was Monday afternoon.

(The five who composed this party were J. A. Hutton, B. J. Moody, H. P. Strong, E. O. Bible, A. F. Stowell).

We arrived at the depot about 4 o'clock p. m., Monday. Two White trucks had already arrived from Denver with switchboard material.

At the Fountain river the boys were asked to take off their coats and swim the Fountain river, because the bridge had washed out.

When we arrived at the building in Pueblo I met Elliott and found them working a little pump. We unloaded our car and took it up to the church. We had to take a round about way to get up through town. Strong and I had to make an improvised bridge across the mud and into the cable pit. We started to establish toll line service. We cut the toll line cable and found them wet going out to the man hole so made a tie in the hole, through the west end from La Junta to the north end into the church.

When we came into the depot there was mud on the platforms over the benches. We also saw a carload of dead cattle. Another strange sight was a live hog walking around on top of a roof.

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Byron Thady "Laughed and Stuck"

By Byron E. Thady

(Byron Thady is 20 years of age and is the night test-board man at Pueblo. Mr. Thady has been in the service of this company for about four years.—Editor).

I was testing with Denver when the wires went out. They went out gradually—one at a time. Of course as they went out I tested with Denver. This was about 8:32 p. m., on the night of June the 3rd, as near as I can recollect. People at the river had been warned previously but no one heeded the warning. When the river did finally overflow the banks the people were just one step ahead of it and some of them did not get out of it.

About 8:45 water started to come into the basement of the office. I went down stairs and found that the door to the store room had come open and that the lock was broken so I tried to bar it, in my confusion, I suppose with the idea of trying to keep out the water. The water was then knee deep in the basement. I came back up stairs and got on the board and told Denver the water was coming in the basement and that I could not be with them much longer, but it seemed that I could not make them understand. The water started to spurt up into the test room through the cable ducts at the main frame. Then the water started flowing into the room. There seemed to be a current right through the door and the floor got so slick I could hardly stand up. The test panel went out when the water got up over my shoes. However, I had just called Clarkson before it went out and told him the water was over my shoes and he could not believe me. After the board went out all I could do was to carry out the stuff.

The lights had already gone out except the four grounded lamps over the generator frame. I thought of an oil can in the engine room. It was floating around and I got it and some rags for wicking. This light worked pretty well but smoked so I could hardly see. I carried out the cable book and other books and started out with the card catalogue, but did not think it as important as some other records. I went into the commercial office and got their card record and took it up to the terminal room on the second floor. The water was up to my waist on the first floor and the door had swung shut behind me while I was in the commercial office. The pressure of the water was against it and I was holding the card records and trying to open the door. It seemed to me that I would be unable to get it open, but finally got my foot wedged into the crack and worked it open with my knee until some of the water had flowed in and the pressure slacked off so that I could open it.

It was about 9:00 p. m., when the water started in on the first floor and by 9:45 it was 3 1-2 feet deep. It was about 9:43 when I checked out with Denver. I went upstairs and every light on the board was burning. I pulled the main fuse on the battery and went down again. All the lights in the operating room were out. I went downstairs and got a five-gallon can of engine oil and used engine oil and rags and fastened the rags in after soaking with oil.

About 10:00 p. m. I ran a jumper wire up from the second floor to the third floor and hooked up five switchboard lamps in series. I looped the wire through the small holes between the glass and wood. I had gotten these lights from the supply we kept in test room. The current was high amperage and the lights gave a white light until they burned out, so I kept adding more lights to the circuit until I got the proper resistance and took two of them out in the hall so that I could see the depth of the water in the building.

The water reached its height about 2 o'clock in the morning and stayed up about an hour before it began to fall. This time of the night is estimated because from wading in the water my watch had stopped and I could not tell the time. The clock in the operating room had stopped also.

Before the water got so high and when I was carrying up the records, I made probably five or six trips from the first floor to the operating room with records and supplies from the first floor. When I started carrying the stuff up it was knee deep and when I finished it was up to my waist. I wanted to do more but was so chilled I could not stand it any longer.

I was soaking wet up to my shoulders from working in the water and found a sweater up stairs and put it on and then kept after the lights in the operating room to keep them burning.

I checked the distance the water was rising on the stairs and watched it rise from the bottom floor up to the fourth step from the second floor.

Something hit the company's garage in our yard and tore the end out of it. It made a loud crash and floating timbers also bumped against the walls of the building we were in. The garage was probably the means of saving the main building for it stood the strain and collision of floating timbers and houses which came from that direction.

There was a man on top of a house 50 feet away. He had left his boy to close the doors and took his family on top of the hill. I never learned whether the boy was recovered or not. The house is the one next to our building on Victoria street, about 50 feet from the corner of our building and the side of the house was caved in.

I was inside when Mrs. Prior told me that there was a man on the roof of the house and could not get off. I looked arund, but there was nothing I could use in helping him off. I found some jumper wire and tried it, but it was not strong enough so I did not throw it to him. I told him to swim, that it was his only chance, that we had no rope and that he would have to either take a chance on remaining where he was or swimming. He was just about in the notion of trying to swim it when a boat came around the corner of the house and picked him up and brought him over to our building. I had stood on the roof in the rain trying to help him and was almost exhausted and had gone inside and did not see when the boat put him out on our fire escape and he got into our building.

It seemed forever before daylight came and it was mighty welcome when it did come.

When carrying stuff up, I had two typewriters and one adding machine at one load and another load I had the complete card file from the commercial department.

I was alarmed about the building collapsing, but did not dare to mention it to the girls. They asked me if I thought our building would go, but I told them "No, this building would stand longer than any other building around here."

I remained until 2 o'clock next evening and in the meantime had slept about two hours in the operating room.

Mr. Ayersman and Mr. Clarkson came up about 2 o'clock and took me to Mr. Clarkson's home. The first floor of the Waverly block where I had a room upstairs was under water.

Then Atterbury, Clarkson, Harris and myself went out on the south lead to the St. Charles river and picked up a lead.

Mrs. Prior certainly acted fine. If it had not been for her and one other supervisor (I do not know her name) we would certainly have had our hands full looking after the girls. Mrs. Prior went around and talked to the girls and gave them courage. I would say that Mrs. Prior deserves more credit than anyone. Very little confusion or excitement prevailed among the girls, and very little conversation was had, most of them looking out and commenting on the flood. Fire from the King Investment Company lighted up the outside.

This was my first experience in any sort of disaster.

I did not see any dead people except Schauble in the garage. It looked as though he had climbed up to the rafter and either he or someone else had turned a spotlight from an automobile up to him and it was shining in his face when they found him. Whether the light had been burning through the flood or whether someone had turned it on the next morning, I do not know.

It was 2 o'clock, but I took time to look out and took a survey of the situation outside. The water receded more rapidly than it came, but the fall was steady while when it was coming up it came in walls.

Monday I came down and shovelled out and Mr. Ayersman put me to working on some coils and string temporary phones around town. I was working on Grand Avenue toll lead for some time and setting poles and also went down and set six poles at the St. Charles and put crossarms on. We worked fourteen to sixteen hours a day to get things straight.

When the water began running into the first floor Denver could not get me and I told them the basement was running full of water and they did not seem to understand. People rushed by the windows outside, some of the women carrying babies in their arms. I looked out and several motioned for me to come on but I laughed and stuck.

It's a cinch I didn't do any more than I should have done.

Cablemen Honor Roll

The men who composed the personnel of the cable outfit at Pueblo:

R. A. Dickinson,	F. H. Bacon,
E. P. Cannon,	H. D. Crawford,
C. L. Range,	C. L. Wilson,
F. T. Chatwood,	T. J. Ogden,
E. L. Kaylor,	F. H. McMahon,
D. W. Shreve,	L. C. Newland,
C. D. Clinger,	E. P. Stephens,
H. W. Clinger,	Thos. Prather,
J. T. Powers,	Keltner,
W. P. Shire,	Speas,
J. S. Jenkins,	Frank Lane,
S. N. McLeod,	W. A. McCandless.

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Waded Through Flood Water Waist Deep

By Roscoe Atterbury, Repairman.

Along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 3rd, I happened to be working in the South end of town where I had a good view of the surrounding country. Sitting up on a pole I noticed the clouds were acting in a manner that we do not often see. They were laden with water and traveling in a circular direction. I finished up that day and went home and told the folks. The clouds were still circling and it was after 5 o'clock. We had rumors that the river was rising and I immediately ate a little lunch and went over to look at the river; it was four to six feet above normal flow. I returned home and told the folks about it. It was almost dusk and I went back over to watch it and it was rising pretty fast. It was merely sprinkling, but west of us there was a terrible hailstorm and an occasional haildrop here and there but did not develop to be severe here in town but you could see the far side of the river the rain was coming down heavily.

In the evening after the first flood whistle blew I saw the river rising, I decided to come to the office. I called up people living up at Good Night Ranch and up at the head gate and they told me that a 16 to 18-foot wall of water 600 yards wide was coming down. This was on the 3414 line about 16 miles west. Good Night Ranch said there were some people marooned out in a car about five miles and wanted help. I called from the office, but could not get the people they wanted, so went to the garage and told them about the people in distress. When I returned the water was within four or five feet of the top then. I went to the bluff and saw that the water was still rising and that it was within four or five feet of the levee. After having seen the wall of water Canon City was called and they reported that a heavy wall of water was coming from that direction so I called police department and told them. While I was talking to Canon City the lines went out. This was about 7:30 or 7:45 when I was talking to Canon City. I remained at the office until the water started coming in. The water started in the office about 8:30.

When I came in the second time the water was coming into the basement and filling it. I stayed with Thady until the water was getting deep outside and we were out of electric lights and the gas was getting dim. I started out for lanterns and the water was waist deep. I ran up the hill and got lanterns and started back to the office. I got to C street and at the time the water was half way between C and D streets, and had started over the lower part of town and backed up and later the current rose and it started down the tracks. The water at the depot was three or four feet before it reached Union avenue. I waded water to C street up to my waist and the current got me and took me down. I thought my time had come, but I swam down the street with the lanterns and saw I could not make it across, so I swam to the opposite side of the street and landed at the bank building and caught hold of a post and worked my way along to solid footing.

I stood around the vicinity trying to assist in rescue work until about 11:30. Then I went to where I had my car on top of the hill and got my set and went to the underground box at Mesa Junction and tried to get Denver via a southern route, but everything was out, so I tested and took the feeders out of everything there and tried to clear the line at that end, but could not get anything.

I came back down and helped with the rescue work in the streets.

I tried the underground box again and it was pouring rain which did not start until about 11:00 o'clock and came down continuously—almost in chunks—you could not see across the street.

Sam Thomas, the sheriff, was stationed at South Union. People were waving lanterns out of rooming houses. He sent two of us wading to the C street corner. We carried probably ten or twelve women from the houses along the street who lived upstairs over the stores.

I went back up on the hill and tried to get Denver again and thought maybe I could get El Paso or someone south that they might be able to wire Denver, but did not have any success. When I returned to the foot of the hill the water was surging over the top of the viaduct and the logs from the B. & B. Lumber Company were coming down D street. I saw the train pulling away from the station and they were pulling through water up to the body of the cars. There was a train in ahead of them and there was a fellow on the other side of the bridge giving them the lantern and the engineer would not buck the red lantern because the water was running above the track and the engine stopped. Something must have drifted in against the train and it could not start. The other train consisted of a trainload of stock. It tried to clear, so that the passenger could get on the Y track to get up on the Mesa. The trainload of cattle was lost.

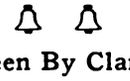
I have heard that the trains could not maneuver because the water got up to the fire-boxes and put out the fires. Also some of the cattle escaped because the trainmen opened the doors of the cars. Nuckols Packing Company also released their cattle and some of them escaped. Later the city ordered some of the cattle killed by the Nuckols Packing Company to furnish food for the refugees. These were some of the cattle that escaped from the train.

The water was so high they could not do anything with boats. One of the main channels of the flood was right in front, as well as in back of the telephone office. The current was down through the railroad tracks from the north. Houses, horses and everything were going down the stream. People were on the roofs of the floating houses. When the fires lighted up the town they enabled many people to escape by means of the light.

We could not do anything further so went home and went to bed about 1:30 but could not sleep. As soon as daylight came Ernest Clarkson and I came down and got to the bridge but could not get further. The guards would not let us by. It was then about 5 o'clock. In about 10 or 15 minutes a man rowed up in a boat and he had been at the office and brought four of the girls out. I did not know all of them, but Miss Young was in that boat. I came back in the boat and on our way we found a deserted boat and I picked it up and brought it along. We waited a short time for the current to slacken. I was in the office before 6 a. m. The water was dropping rapidly and as soon as we thought it safe we started getting the girls out. The water was about four and one-half feet deep and I got out to pull the boat in and went in up to my neck. The girls were glad to see us and they were lined up on the fire escape and let out a yell. They got in the boats and we took them out. Miss Moynihan and Mrs. Prior were the last to leave the building. There were two other men here besides Byron Thady, one of whom they rescued from a building nearby. Byron was still here that evening. We got some brooms and kept stirring up the mud so that it would not settle and cleaned and swept out the bottom rooms and had the power room practically clean by Saturday noon and nobody else showed up.

Ernest Clarkson had come back in one of the boat trips and next came Maurice Weaver. We did not see any of the other boys until the middle of the afternoon and we got anxious and wanted to see Mr. Ayersman. We could not get in touch with him so started out on foot. Ernest and Weaver waded mud and water up through the streets and found Mr. Ayersman. He came down and looked things over and decided that we could do nothing that would benefit the situation at the office just then.

But before this, that morning, I went over to Harris' house about 5:00 a. m., and we got our heads together and thought the best thing to do was to cover the toll lines south, so we went to the underground and took all fuses out and tested and could not get through, so Harris took his car and went south to see if he could get through. The roads were washed out and he could not make it through that morning beyond the ten miles and he gave it up. He came back in and the next day we undertook to try it again. It was Sunday and we went South to the St. Charles and the boys from Trinidad met us. We patched a couple of lines and picked up the 21 and 159 circuits. We patched them through by using a rope at the St. Charles and Porter was there and Best from Walsenburg and they made a couple of poles fast at their side of the river and swung them across the current and made a foot bridge from their side across. They had cleared the lines as they came and when we met them and connected up this gave us a through circuit. When we got back to Pueblo, I robbed the traction company's booth on the hill of a generator set, and Miss Kennedy's (contract clerk at Pueblo) mother who runs the Majestic Hotel allowed us to install the set for temporary use and I cut it in on 21 and the following day we went back south to St. Charles and closed everything south to Trinidad. We made a bridge of wire and put up a messenger and pulled everything across on that messenger.



As Seen By Clarkson

By Ernest Clarkson, Head Switchboard Man.

On the evening of June 3rd, 1921, I quit work at 5 o'clock.

I was home eating when my neighbor, Mr. Atterbury, came over and said we had better go down to the office. We got into his car about 7:00 p. m., and came down and looked at the river. I estimate the river was 2 1-2 feet beneath the bridge. I came to the office and Mr. Thady was at the test board. I told Thady there had been a time when six feet of water was in the basement. I said, "If

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that happens tonight we had better get the records out of here." I called Canon City and they said it was not bad there, so then tried to get Florence and both lines to Florence were out.

Just as I got home it began to rain again. Whistles started blowing, so I called Thady and he said the levee had broken. I asked him how the river was and he said "it is pouring in the basement," so I asked him to get Mr. Ayersman on the phone for me. Mr. Ayersman was not at home and Mrs. Ayersman answered.

I then told Thady I would be down and he said "just a minute, I got a call from Denver," but he never came back, so I thought my phone had gone out. Then the electric lights went out. I thought perhaps the cable had gone bad and it never dawned on me that Thady had pulled the main fuse, which I learned the next morning.

Next morning I came down and they would not let me through from the South Side, a rope being stretched across the street. The water was over one's knees then at 7:00 o'clock. The sheriff was in charge and would not let me through. After a bit I saw a boat load of girls coming out of the alley. They got to B street but could not land. My sister-in-law was one of the operators in the boat so I ran for the boat and got my sister-in-law and put her on the dike. The men turned the boat over to Roscoe Atterbury and he came back to the office. Another boatload came out and I got in with Guy Drummond and two other men who had been here all night left their boat and we took it along also.

Ben Williams, a C. F. & I. man, was one of the men rescuing our operators in a boat, single-handed. This man was offered large sums of money by other people to use his boat, but he refused and stuck to his task of rescuing the operators. The boats originally came from Lake Minnequa. I was at the rope about an hour trying to get through.

Drummond and I took out three girls at a boatload until the last load or two when we could only take two. We took out about ten girls altogether.

None of the girls wanted to get in the first boat (so my sister-in-law told me)—her name is Marcelle Young, so she said, "I will go!" and then Miss Gustin followed her. After that the girls were not afraid and went into the boats. My sister-in-law was supposed to be off duty but had remained at the exchange.

We took the girls out of the boats on B street at Union and Victoria. The mud was knee deep and we could not get our boats further. Firemen came to our assistance and carried them up to the viaduct. Only two girls got wet and all took it in good spirits. This was a distance of two blocks from the office, and they had to carry the girls half a block from the boats. One of the girls—Miss Gaide—proved too heavy for one of the firemen and they both went down in the mud, but got out O. K., and laughed over the experience. We found a course by the Colorado Inn and we had a route pretty well picked. As soon as we hit Victoria we got in deep water. By the time we got the girls out the water was about four feet deep on the first floor. It was necessary to lift the girls over the fire escape railing to get them into the boat. Atterbury, Drummond and myself were helping to get the girls out.

Thady was there until about 2:00 o'clock that afternoon. When we left with the last boat load I saw Thady on the roof taking a survey of the town and he was wringing wet and probably had been all night.

Robbed to Establish Service in a Church

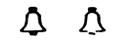
By Guy O. Drummond, Repairman.

I went home the evening of Friday, the 3rd and things were normal. I live in the southern part of Pueblo, south of the city limits. We had quite a rain that evening, apparently west of here but nothing much was heard of it. I could, however, notice the clouds which hung low. After going home I went to bed and the heavy rain awakened me about 10:30 p. m. We looked out and it looked as though all of Pueblo was on fire. It was raining torrents and the streets were full of water. The following morning I came to town about 6:30 and found no street car service. About 7:00 o'clock I got through the ropes and shortly after I arrived the first load of operators came out in the boat. The guards did not want to let me through the ropes but I saw a chance to get through by helping the girls out. I did not know the guard, but he was the night yardmaster, but owing to the fact that I wanted to help rescue the girls I was allowed to go through. I met Clarkson who was also helping our girls and from then to 9:30 Clarkson and I rowed boats through Victoria between our Company's garage and the building, down C street to the alley and on out. The last two people we removed were Mrs. Prior and Miss Moynihan. We had to drag the boat most of the way all that time because of the mud. After we got the girls out we thought we should get in touch with Mr. Ayersman who might not be acquainted with conditions. Two of us decided to remain at the office and Clarkson and Weaver went in search of Mr. Ayersman. About 10:30 Mr. Ayersman arrived and we looked for test sets and we thought of the traction company magneto sets and we decided to get them. One gang went south and the other north trying to establish toll service to Denver. Mr. Ayersman and I then got in touch with Mr. Pierce after going 25 miles north of Pueblo which was the first point we could get any response. We finally met a Springs gang at Fountain and our circuit was clear back to Pueblo and the Springs gang had their end of the circuit cleared. We talked to Mr. Pierce at Fountain and when we got back to Pueblo. It was about 5 o'clock when we talked to Mr. Pierce and about 8 o'clock when we established the station at the First Baptist church. We installed the same set which we had used on line at Fountain in talking to Mr. Pierce and it was the one which we had taken from the traction company's box. It was the only set we had had north at that time. We beat the boys who went south about one hour in getting our station established, which was a little less than twenty-four hours from the time the toll lines went out.

Sunday morning we started to do as much as possible at Pueblo. Mr. A. W. Young had arrived and I was asked to try to clear something east. I took my car over the Santa Fe trail east and went to Rock Creek. I decided to try to ford it as everything was down on the other side. I made it across Salt Creek with the car. I went to St. Charles and the Fowler men had made it to the other side (Davis and B'————?). Not a wire was standing over the St. Charles except one telephone circuit and one light wire. We only had a coil of twist, so we cut the coppers down and spliced them together and made a drag rope. We cut down the light wire and used it to make a drag to get the first line through. It was about 4 o'clock when we got the Pueblo-Rocky Ford circuit through.

Monday we did some local work. I brought the wild circuit in on twist overhead at the church station. Following day circuits were so busy we established two more circuits east to Rocky Ford and Fowler but one of them we did not bring to the top of the hill, which gave us one more circuit to the South. The following day was taken up in getting the trunk across town. It was better than a mile across house-tops, the Main street viaduct, etc. This established Denver, Trinidad, El Paso service.

Tuesday I established 22 south on St. Charles. It was down at the St. Charles. We worked twelve or fourteen hours a day until the rush eased off a little.



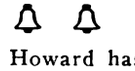
Acquired a Big Job

H. G. Mills, new operating manager of the Mountain States Telegraph & Telephone company at Pueblo, took his job here the morning after the flood. Never did a manager come to a big business under more trying conditions. Mills found his plant wrecked by the flood, his office equipment practically destroyed, and the telephone building standing in the midst of a lake of water, the night employes having escaped from the second story windows by the use of boats on the night of the flood.

Mills came from the Denver office and was apparently assigned to a telephone exchange, fully equipped, in smooth running order, and a place where a manager might expect pleasant surroundings. Instead he landed in the midst of wreckage building and re-establishment of demoral- and mud, and his duties became the re-ized and destroyed exchanges and lines.

He has met the job in excellent fashion and given Pueblo a temporary telephone service with the outside world and from important points in the city, and thru this service greatly facilitated the work of reconstruction.

Manager Holland of Pueblo, had been assigned to a higher position in the traffic maintenance department of the company, and since the flood has been making his headquarters in the W. & D. building at Sixth and Main. From that point he has directed the reconstruction of the telephone system in Pueblo and over the flood areas adjacent to the city.—Pueblo Star Journal.



Miss Mattie Howard has resigned to return to her old home in Missouri going overland by Grand Canyon and through Colorado.

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Some of Our Family Trouble During May

Yes, "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families" but then there are lots of accidents that don't "happen", we just invite them, tease them, coax them, tempt them. In the list below are some of that sort. Don't you think so? They are not all plant fellows who get hurt—operators and clerks get hurt sometimes.

Colorado

Foreigners are all right, most of them; they usually make good citizens but a garage foreman got a foreign body in his eye, namely a bit of steel. Don't let foreigners get too intimate with you but if anything of the sort happens to your eye, go to an oculist or a good doctor immediately. Don't let a foreign body stay there, for inflammation sets in rapidly and in a few hours you are likely to have serious trouble, perhaps partial blindness for life.

An installer working on a cable rack struck a drop light which resulted in shorting the electric wires causing a flash. He received small burns. Fortunately nothing serious.

An operator caught her heel on the stairway and fell part way down spraining her ankle and side. It wasn't serious fortunately but think what it might have been. Take hold of the railing going down stairs and if you will insist upon wearing high heel shoes, when you go down stairs fasten a rope around your body, attach the other end to the railing above and let yourself down slowly. It might also be wise to tell the matron that you are going down stairs and have her ready to call an ambulance.

A combination man was removing a big cottonwood tree which had fallen across our lines. He was doing so very carefully but in spite of it the tree unexpectedly turned, he was thrown to the ground and fractured two ribs.

A groundman scratched his finger with a copper wire. He did not give it immediate attention, infection set in and he was out quite a while. It might have been a serious case. Scratches like that are bound to happen but the hand should be washed and iodine put on to avoid infection.

A plant man was unloading wet poles. His foot slipped and he caught his hand between two poles bruising it severely. A man handling heavy wet poles is surely up against it and in spite of precautions he will get hurt sometimes. However, be sure that you take precautions.

We have a case of a man setting a heavy pole and another man stepping on his foot. We do not feel like criticising such cases because when the ground is wet a man will lose his footing in spite of anything he can do. Only let us be as careful as we possibly can be.

Arizona and Wyoming

Glory to them! Not an accident occurred in those states during the whole month of May, 1921 although there was a good deal of construction being done in addition to the regular work of maintenance. We like to attribute it to carefulness on the part of everybody, the men in doing the work, the supervisors in directing it and also to our safe construction methods. But you folks in Arizona and Wyoming must not get too proud "For pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." You are going to have accidents unless you are very careful.

Montana

There was only one case in Montana, that of a lineman who jumped from an old pole from which he was removing wire. As the wire was taken off the pole turned with him. Taking down an old lead is dangerous business and we sometimes wonder that we do not have more accidents. It speaks well for the foreman and the men that we do not have more. Be careful, boys. Montana would have had a perfect record except for this case.

Utah

A P. B. X. installer had a fall by the breaking of a step-ladder on which he was standing. This resulted in a bruised and wrenched knee. We have too many step-ladder accidents. When you are going to entrust your life and limb to a step-ladder, for your own good you must make sure that it is in good condition and even if it is in otherwise fair condition make sure that it can not spread on you.

A cable splicer was hit in the eye by a wire end. Our advice in such cases is to always go to an oculist at once or if there is no oculist in town go to the company physician.

A man washing windows was standing on a plank one end of which was on a screen frame, the plank slipped off the the frame and let him fall. The moral is, always see that you have a good "understanding"—don't have a mis-understanding. A truck-driver slipped off a runningboard of a truck and cracked a shin bone.

Idaho

There was only one case in Idaho occurring in May. How close Idaho came to a perfect record. It was where a lineman was twisting a heavy wire, his pliers slipped, he lost his balance, fell and dislocated a ligament in his right shoulder.

New Mexico

An installer was standing on a box mounting a telephone, the box slipped out from under him causing him to fall backwards and hit his head and shoulders against a brick wall. The injury was not severe at all and he came out of it very fortunately. As we have said before in other such cases, be sure that you have a good "understanding." Just one case in New Mexico.

Texas

A foreman was hit on the head by an elevator. There was no time lost but he suffered quite a wound on top of his head. There is no use talking, it is dangerous work to have a quarrel with an elevator. You always get the worst of it. So use 200% caution when you are working around an elevator shaft. Good for Texas with only one accident, but how fine if that one had not happened! (add Benefit committee)

If the doctor ever tells you that you or some member of your family ought to be operated upon you better go slow in the matter. Take time to find out whether your doctor is competent to perform the operation. Sometimes a physician is competent in medical cases but not in surgical cases. Sometimes a man may have the reputation of being a nice fellow, well liked and competent when he really is incompetent. If you have any doubt about your doctor being a safe man to perform the operation you better talk it over with your supervisor, foreman or immediate superior and have us investigate the man's standing. Sometimes a more competent doctor will tell you that the trouble is not what you have been told that it was or that an operation is unnecessary.

An elephant never crosses a bridge until he tests it.

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Cooperative Effort to Avoid Inductive Interference Makes Rapid Progress

The old bugbear of high tension interference with our aerial lines is doomed for the scrap heap if joint efforts on the part of the Bell System and the National Electric Light Association are successful, and there is no apparent reason why they should fail.

The work of ironing out controversial situations and developing a set of standards agreeable to both interests is in the hands of a general committee of N. E. L. A. executives and Bell executives who recently held their initial meeting in Chicago. Representing the Bell interests on the committee are Vice Presidents E. K. Hall, Col. J. J. Carty and B. Gherardi, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and President Ben S. Read, of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. The N. E. L. A. representatives are O. D. Young, Vice President, General Electric Company, New York City; R. H. Ballard, Vice President and General Manager, Southern Colorado Edison Company, Los Angeles; R. F. Pack, Vice President and General Manager Northern States Power Company, Minneapolis; M. H. Aylesworth, Executive Manager, N. E. L. A., New York City; Martin J. Insull, Vice President Middle West Utilities Company, Chicago; W. W. Freeman, President Union Gas and Electric Company, Cincinnati, and Gen. Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, New York City.

As the work of the committee involves the study of all existing statutes, commission rules and regulations and court decisions which would cover the question of interference, a considerable period of time will be consumed before final arrangements can be arrived at.

It was therefore agreed that, meanwhile, in specific cases where either company was contemplating work which might, as executed, interfere with the lines or service of the other company, the interests concerned should get together at an early stage of the plans because adjustment, if any, could be made at that time with the least cost and without interference to the service.

Of course, the primary object to be attained is to provide the public with the best possible telephone and electric service and to do this as economically as possible.

Joining in the spirit of this effort our plant people throughout the territory should work in the closest harmony with the central station engineers, discussing with them any proposed construction or reconstruction work which, in the opinion of either, may necessitate measures for avoiding induction interference.

The executives of the N. E. L. A. give assurance that we will be met more than half way in a desire for harmonious co-operation. The result will be less interference and consequently better service by both utilities concerned.

By the way, the question arises whether supervisory representatives of our company are maintaining personal and friendly relations with executives or their representatives of other utilities in the respective communities in which we operate. As we are all engaged in public service there are many problems of common interest that should be solved on common ground, and the spirit of service assuredly prompts the most cordial relations with representatives of other public utility companies.

Former Butte Operator Dies

Miss Mayme A. McGregor, for a number of years employed as an operator by the Mountain States Company at Butte, passed away on Thursday afternoon, June 23, at her home at 915 West Gold street, Butte.

From November 1, 1916, until January 30, 1918, Miss McGregor was chief operator at Butte, and had many friends among the employees and patrons of our Company. She leaves a mother, two sisters and two brothers to mourn her passing.

Anaconda Telephone Man Dies

Another June wedding of interest in Mountain States telephone circles was that of Miss Florence Heimbach, a society girl of Anaconda, Montana, and Neill Burtt, an employee of the Mountain States Company in that city. The ceremony took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 22, at the home of the bride's parents, in Anaconda, and was attended by relatives and intimate friends of the young people.

Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Burtt left for Salt Lake City where they spent their honeymoon. They will make their home at Anaconda.

Mrs. Etta Jones Hamilton Passes Away

On June 13, after an illness of several months which started with an attack of pneumonia, Mrs. Etta Jones Hamilton, for a number of years an employee of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, died at 3609 McClintock street, Los Angeles.

Mrs. Hamilton began her service with our company in March, 1906, and as Etta Jones was well known to a number of our people in Canon City, Sterling, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City and Denver, in all of which places she filled various positions faithfully and efficiently. At the time of her marriage she was chief clerk for H. T. Vaille, in the Employees' Benefit Fund Department.

Since her marriage about four years ago, Mrs. Hamilton had made her home for the most part in Seattle. Following the attack of pneumonia she was taken to Los Angeles in the hope that the dryer climate might restore her health, but was unable to rally and gradually failed until the end.

Funeral services were held in Denver on Monday, June 20, and Mrs. Hamilton was laid to rest in Fairmount cemetery.

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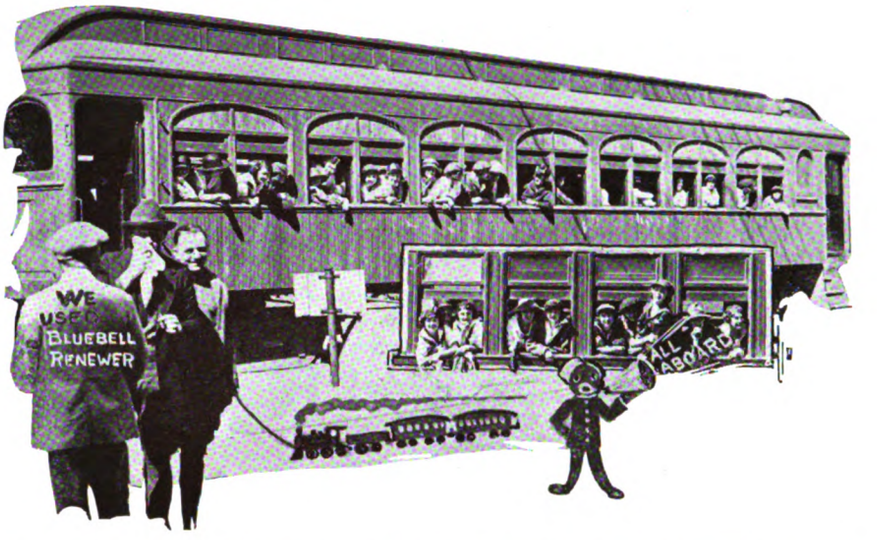
Picnic in Blue Bell Canyon



Nearly two hundred telephone girls of the various exchanges in Denver held their annual picnic in Blue Bell Canyon, near Boulder, on Sunday, June 26, and from all accounts it was a glorious affair. While this was intended "for girls only," the camera tells us that "we have among us a few of the sterner sex" who were not strong enough to withstand the temptation and allurments of the Canyon.

Miss Louise Eisele, chief operator at Main, acted as head arranger; Miss Grace E. Titus, acted as custodian of the commissary, and Miss Agnes Kurth took in the money and wrote the proceedings down in a big book. The main reason for having a secretary and treasurer was the edict that went forth from—never mind where—that should any man dare put in an appearance he was to be hogtied, branded and divested of his necktie. Consequently the crazy-quilt society will have a dozen or more perfectly good ties to clip into little blocks and fantastic shapes. And, besides this penalty each male intruder was fined $1.00 and costs for being present.

The Monitor editor was lamenting grievously because he was not invited, but after hearing the cruel fate of the male of the specie he congratulates himself on being overlooked, because his tie supply is rather short anyway.

These sort of outings are very fine, indeed, and more of them should be indulged in. A few hours in the mountains where the ants can bite and the devil's darning needles can get in their work, makes all of nature akin, and gives the routine brain a chance to balance itself.

Main Matrons—Mrs. Worth and Mrs. Anson. 2—Traffic Department. 3—"None o' Your Business." 4—Coffey, Kauder and Thorn. In Circle—Katherine Kirk and Elois Eisle, Chief Operators.

Miss Mary Cooley Passes Away

A record of loyal and efficient service was brought to a close Saturday evening, July 9th, when death claimed Miss Mary Cooley at St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver.

Lobular pneumonia, the direct cause of her death, was the result of a tragic accident which occured the preceding Tuesday morning, when Miss Cooley fainted while in the act of lighting her gas stove preparatory to cooking breakfast in her apartment. The gas was not ignited and although a window was open, the room became sufficiently gas-filled to overcome her completely.

Miss Cooley became operator of the first switchboard placed in her home town, Pleasant Hill, Missouri.

Soon afterwards she went to Kansas City, where for several years she was an M. & K. Telephone Company operator. Then, with her family, she moved to New Mexico, and there again took up telephone work, finally becoming an operator at Roswell.

Though Miss Cooley was always an exceptionally efficient operator, she gained particular distinction because of her interest in and knowledge of Plant work. When the Educational Department Plant courses were offered, she eagerly took them up, and rapidly and thoroughly mastered them one by one. She supplemented her studies by venturing into the Roswell terminal room, and going out on lines, where she gained practical knowledge in a degree that shamed many Plant men. Then came the war, and as the Plant men began to go, Miss Coley requested and was given a transfer to the Plant Department. For nearly six months she cared for the terminal room work in the Roswell Exchange, almost single handed, routing orders to outside men, running jumpers on the distributing frames, changing batteries, testing with repairmen and installers—in fact, everything that is done in

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First Award of Theodore N. Vaile Medals

Six Medals are Awarded Mountain States Employes for Distinguished Service in 1920

"Service" is the first word in telephone work. It is supplemented and greatly amplified by loyalty and good will. The one paramount idea of telephone success in the mind of Mr. Theodore N. Vaile was service to the public, "because," said he, "the public is buying service and therefore it is entitled to the best there is to be had."

Distinctive service—a service that stands out in time of stress and abnormal conditions—could hardly be performed were it not for the spirit of loyalty that is deeply rooted in the hearts and minds of the persons rendering it. It is the crucible test that brings out the rare and valuable qualities whether it be in metals or in human elements.

Heroism and bravery are often results of momentary impelling powers, but not without intuitive foundation, to be sure. One does things under excitement which, in more normal environments, possibly would not have been done.

But when a man or woman deliberately, and with composure and consideration, stands in the face of impending danger because of their innate sense of duty and their love of loyalty and service to those who may be depending upon them, that is even greater sacrifice than had they performed an act of heroism under pressure of excitement.

We have all read of and know something of the Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund, and now comes the first award of medals. The medals will be available some time in October, 1921, when they will be distributed. Succeeding distributions will be made earlier in each year.

Six employes of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company are, according to the Committee of Award, entitled to medals for outstanding service rendered in the year 1920.

All of those who are to receive the medal of honor performed service of an exceptional nature. As one has so aptly put it—"It was my job to be there—the patrons needed me and my company's reliability in time of stress was at stake. I merely did my duty as I saw it and when I saw it."

Those to whom Vail medals are awarded are as follows:

Miss Annie Johanson, all-night operator at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, warned the townspeople of a threatening fire in the middle of the night, after having left her station and personally investigated the cause of smoke from a nearby building. But for her forethought and quick action the entire business section of the town would undoubtedly have been destroyed. Miss Johanson's service was recognized officially by the business men of Mt. Pleasant.

The explosion of a boiler in an adjoining room to the telephone exchange at Havre, Montana, presented an opportunity for quick action and sterling determination on the part of D. E. McPherson, manager, and the local operators, Miss Florence Fox and Miss Sybil Gudmundson. The first natural impulse, of course, would be to get out of danger. But these girls, under the reassuring direction of their manager, stayed with their job and served the excited public that kept the boards aflame with calls, wanting to know the cause of the terrific noise. The explosion shook the building and the switchboards were littered with broken glass, plastering and wreckage; but their first thought was of the public they were serving, and they stayed on the job.

John W. Kern, of the Denver Plant department, was in the vicinity of the Denver Post building when a rioting mob invaded the building and wrecked everything they could lay their hands on. In this the telephone service was put out of commission. Kern knew the importance of telephone connection with a great daily newspaper plant, and not waiting to go to his office for instructions, he entered the building and long before the noise of the mob had died away he was at work making repairs and getting the service back to normal. It was his job to restore service. He knew the public would be anxious for this particular service, and he knew the Post needed the service to help get out its editions the next morning, and that was enough for him to know. Service to the people, loyalty to his company were his foremost thoughts.

Harold E. LaBelle, repairman at Tooele, Utah, performed a distinctive service when he aided his wire chief, H. W. Boyes, who had gone out in the face of a blizzard to do some repairing on the line. Boyes had gone on ahead to look for storm trouble, and when LaBelle found the wire chief he was leaning against a telephone pole unable to stand. He had fallen and broken one of his knees, besides receiving other injuries. LaBelle lifted the chief to his back and carried him over rough and swampy ground through a blinding snow storm, a distance of more than a mile, to where the first aid could be given him. This act has the element of personal touch that makes it outstanding. It was a great effort for LaBelle to carry this man so far—a personal test of strength, health and endurance.

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a terminal room.

In 1919 she came to Denver and after a short time spent at the Main Office as Night Operator, her Plant knowledge was given further recognition, and she was transferred to the office of the Colorado Toll Wire Chief, where she handled the reports of toll repairmen and section patrolmen, and cared for operating and statistical records.

The quiet, unassuming and efficient ways of Miss Cooley won for her many friends in Denver, and these with her former New Mexico associates, deeply feel the loss of a beloved co-worker. The sympathy of the entire telephone family goes out to the parents, brothers and sisters Miss Cooley leaves behind.

Educational Department

Plant Course No. 1—Electricity and Magnetism.

Anderson, Clifford H. (I.).....Salt Lake City, Utah

Day, William F. (P.)..Twin Falls, Idaho

Taylor, Hawley C. (C. P. T.).....Rigby, Idaho

Plant Course No. 2—Substation Practice

Cowan, Paul L. (P.) .....Nephi, Utah

Old Glory

O what a wonderful emblem of Truth—
A beacon of Hope ever shining—
Insignia worn on the bosom of Love,
Woven by fingers designing.
We praise thee, we love thee, O glorious flag,
So proudly, defiantly flaunting;
Unfurl'd in the breeze where freedom was born—
A barrier to viperous vaunting.

O flag, whose colors were caught from the sky,
Radiant with glow of the morning,
Ethereal stars pinned onto the blue—
The red and the white there adorning.
Unselfish and graciously float in the breeze
Its tints so beautifully blending,
Until the whole world has learned of its grace,
And know of its powers unbending.
Hail, O flag of the proudest shrine,
Where peace is well worth the saving,
And where we'll fight for a cause that is right
To keep Old Glory a-waving.

—A. U. MAYFIELD.

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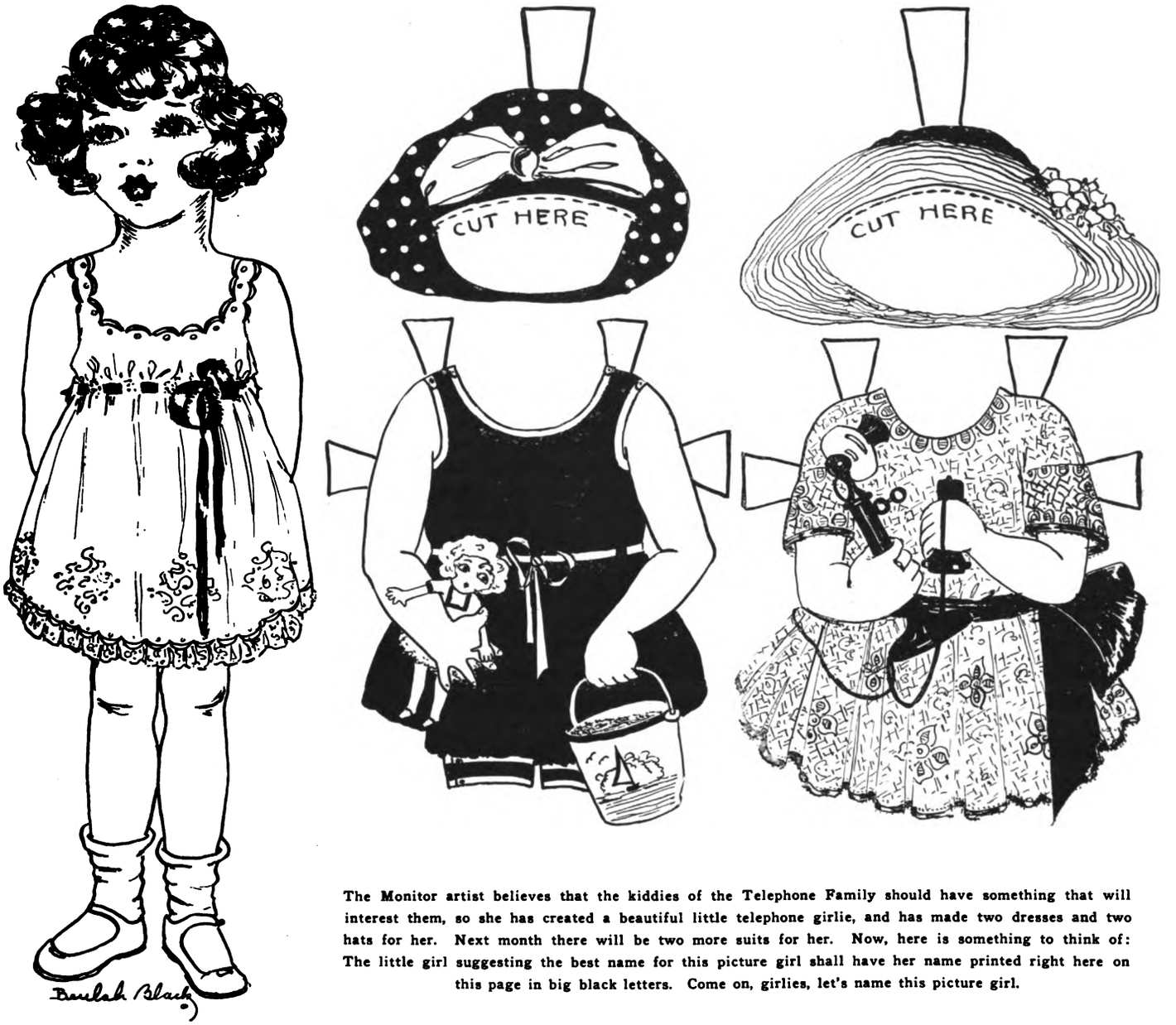
Beulah Black's Blue Bell Babies



The Monitor artist believes that the kiddies of the Telephone Family should have something that will interest them, so she has created a beautiful little telephone girlie, and has made two dresses and two hats for her. Next month there will be two more suits for her. Now, here is something to think of: The little girl suggesting the best name for this picture girl shall have her name printed right here on this page in big black letters. Come on, girlies, let's name this picture girl.

The July-August Monitor

This issue of the Monitor is a combination of the months of July and August. It is unusually large. The main reason for combining the two issues is to give as complete a history of the Pueblo flood as possible.

The detailed story of the terrible flood as here given is no doubt the most complete that has been written, and this number of The Monitor will probably be kept on file throughout the entire country on that account.

The next number of The Monitor will be issued and in the hands of the employes on September 1st. This means that all copy for that issue must be into the editor's hands not later than August 20 to insure its publication.

Miss Frances Curtis Ill

Miss Frances Curtis, Denver Commercial, has been quite ill for a few weeks, having undergone an operation on the throat at St. Joseph's Hospital. Frances is a dear sweet girl, and we hope for her speedy and permanent recovery.

Floorwalker: "Looking for something, madame?"

Fat Lady: "Husband."

Floorwalker: "First aisle to your left—male order department."—Chaparrel.

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Important Organization Changes and Promotions

Men Well Known in the Telephone Family Are Called A Little Nearer in, Because of Their Sterling Qualities.

July first ushered in several important organization changes, carrying with them a number of promotions.

The general management of the Company is now vested in Mr. Frederick H. Reid, who in the past has had charge of only commercial affairs. Mr. Reid as general manager, now has reporting to him, the General Commercial Manager, the General Traffic Manager, the General Plant Manager, the Tax Commissioner and the Publicity Manager.

No surprise was expressed in any quarter when the appointment of Mr. Reid was announecd. His has been a steady climb since the day, some eighteen years ago, when he entered the Company's employ as a clerk in the office of the General Superintendent, E. M. Burgess, now Vice-President. Mr. Reid is a natural leader, not as a detached head of an organization, but as a part of the whole, leading not so much by direction as by example, counsel and admonition. He has always viewed his job, whatever it has been, from the standpoint of the public whom we serve, and at the same time he is always keenly alert to feel and understand the aspirations and ambitions of the employee personnel. There is no doubt but that this present appointment is merely another stepping-stone in the upward path which Fred Reid is traveling, and that he will go far is beyond peradventure.

The vacancy caused by Mr. Reid's promotion has been filled by the advancement of Mr. H. E. McAfee from the position of Colorado Manager to General Commercial Manager. This is the second promotion for Mr. McAfee within a year, an evidence of his strict appliance to the duties placed to his trust. Starting at the bottom he gradually, but surely, climbed the ladder of usefulness to the Company and in the various steps forward no mistake has been made in the judgment of those who have had to do with his advancement.

A new position was created on July 1, when Mr. George E. McCarn, then General Plant Manager, was appointed Chief Engineer of the Company.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. McCarn entered the Plant department as a draftsman and by successive stages he rose from the ranks, taking on larger duties and responsibilities, a career which finally placed him at the head of all the Company's engineering activities. Mr. McCarn, as Chief Engineer, will report to Mr. E. M. Burgess, Vice-President.

Mr. N. O. Pierce has been appointed General Plant Manager, a distinguished recognition of competent and loyal service to the Company. Mr. Pierce has moved up step by step, never losing hold on the things he attained by hard work and constant study. In another article of The Monitor appears a more complete reference to Mr. Pierce and his splendid work.

Mr. R. L. Burgess, by the same general order of promotions, is made Colorado Manager, succeeding Mr. H. E. McAfee. Ralph, the name by which he is best known, was practically "born in the telephone service," and he has been following in the footsteps of his father ever since he was able to climb a telephone pole. He has gradually come in through the organization, his mind ever on the things which he believed to be for the betterment of service. The Monitor congratulates Ralph and is pleased to know that the directing spirit of a Burgess will be long with us.

Another new position—that of General Commercial Supervisor—was created on May 1st, to which Mr. C. C. Johnson was appointed; however, he did not begin active service in that position until July 1. Mr. Johnson is another hard worker who has gained his knowledge of the telephone business through studious and strict appliance. He went up against the hard knocks in the field and has made a steady gain from the beginning. As office-boy he was familiarly known as "Johnny," because, as has been said of him, he was "Johnny on the spot."

Some More Changes and Promotions

Denver-Main Exchange

Dorothy Doyle, clerk to supervisor.

Viola Hartman, operator to supervisor.

May McDonald, supervisor to central office instructor.

Louise Ruhle, house board operator to clerk.

Hazel Partridge, operator to supervisor.

Josephine Kleewin, operator to information operator.

Dorothy Henrich, operator to supervisor.

Sterling, Colorado

Dorothy Scheck, supervisor to assistant chief operator.

Ewina Rasmussen, assistant chief operator to chief operator.

Denver-York Exchange

Bertha Howell, A. N. operator to A. N. supervisor.

Denver-Champa Exchange

Alice Burke, operator to supervisor.

Canon City, Colorado

Luella Williams, operator to assistant chief operator.

Montrose, Colorado

Dora Mack, assistant chief operator to chief operator.

Mabel Rowan, operator to assistant chief operator.

H. A. Rossman, also formerly of Boulder, has taken a position in the Commercial Department in Denver.

W. T. Lee, another former member of the Boulder district plant force, has transferred to Denver as clerk in the office of A. W. Young, Colorado Plant Superintendent, working with Mr. Dexter.

J. W. Jennings recently became combination manager at Nogales, Arizona.

Louis R. Probst is the new manager at Lusk, Wyoming.

Harry Shook, for a number of years an employee of our company, and recently manager at Sulphur Springs, Colorado, has resigned to engage in the automobile business.

Howard Mashburn has transferred to Ordway, Colorado, as manager.

Oliver Peterson is the new manager and chief operator at Thompson Falls, Montana.

Auto Traffic Manager Explain

Traffic Manager Louis Uhlan, of the Denver Police force personally appeared before a meeting of the Company's automobile drivers, recently, and explained the street traffic laws of Denver to them. These instructions were given on invitation of N. O. Pierce, general plant manager, and he says the lecture by Manager Uhlan will prove of great benefit to the drivers.

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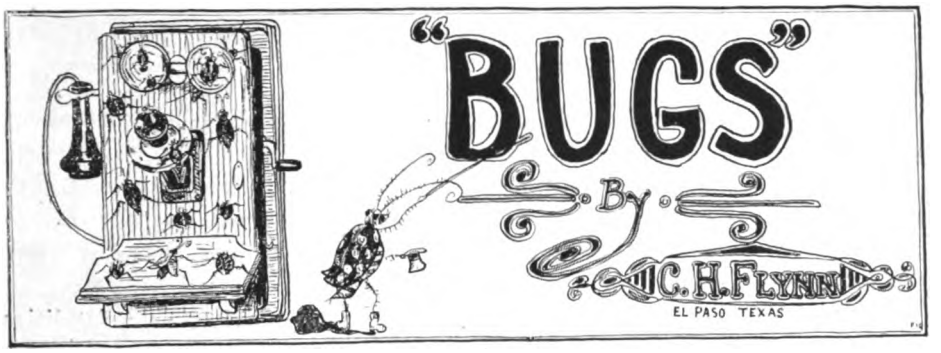


C. H. Flynn, Repairman, El Paso, Texas

A REPAIRMAN'S experiences are varied and interesting. He comes into contact with all classes and sorts of people and gets very close to human nature as well as encountering many electrical and mechanical problems. It is also a healthful out-door occupation.

It was for health that I first got into the telephone game. My first experience was with a gang rebuilding a toll line—working in the open, sleeping in tents and eating good strong food. If results are an evidence of success, I have made good. for I regained my health.

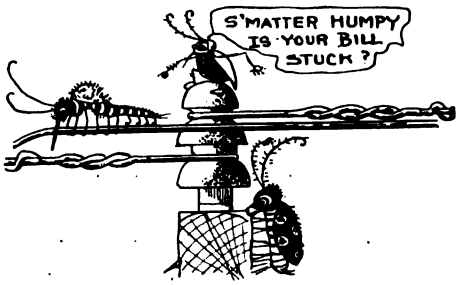
The physical ability to struggle through storms of sleet and rain, the

knowledge to repair lines and instruments, are not all the qualifications of a successful repairman. He should be a good judge of human nature. People often meet one with a Bolshevik attitude toward the company, and to clear up such mental delusions and leave him with a more cheerful conception of the company's purpose to serve him is more important than all of one's mechanical skill.

A repairman is often inclined to get grouchy and skeptical when trouble of the same nature is repeatedly reported. If he be wise he will bide his time, for nearly all such trouble will eventually be found to exist. To illustrate, let me relate an experience that took place just the other day. A prominent business man repeatedly reported that his bell did not ring, or that he could not get central. Time and again I thoroughly covered his line and instrument, but nothing could be located. The wiring was changed, but the reports continued to come in. While testing his phone the line suddenly went dead. I quickly followed it up to the underground cable and had the wire chief come in on the line for a test. He located the trouble in the office. Such trouble, due to a bad fuse or a faulty connection, is frequent and very difficult to locate.

We have, here in El Paso, quite a great deal of trouble of this nature, due to a bug that crawls into the open end of our cable fuses and grinds the soft metal fuse into a powder that opens and closes the circuit. The best remedy I have found for this is to put paraffine into the ends of the fuses where this bug has taken up his domicile.

The repairman fortunately makes the acquaintance of the best people. He at least has a speaking acquaintance with noted characters. It was my duty a few years ago to repair a phone for a Villa colonel. At this time Villa had taken Juarez and this officer was quartered in the Ochoa



home. The telephone had been put out of commission in a battle the previous evening and someone had to restore this connection with the social and business world. I was detailed upon this mission. I went to the Ochoa home and rapped firmly upon the front door. There was no response. I rapped again and again, but no answer. I decided to walk around to the side entrance, where I again rapped upon the door. No one answered, so I leaned over and looked through the glass into the room. Standing in the center of the room was a husky man with a formidable-looking six-shooter in his hand pointing straight down to the floor. I just naturally stepped back, and as I did so was surrounded by a squad of soldiers. Before I could realize their presence there they stood, stupidly looking at me. I tried to explain, but they did not understand. I had that awful feeling which a certain king had upon a battlefield when in immediate danger of capture he exclaimed to his aide, "My kingdom for a horse!" I needed an interpreter, and I needed him badly. The price was as liberal, in comparison, as the king's. In my excitement I opened my grip and exhibited my telephone junk. As I did so they began to smile. It was a moment of great pleasure when I realized that they understood. I was politely requested to enter the office quarters, where I was soon successful in restoring service.

C. H. Flynn

Several years ago the wire chief said, "Flynn, there is a receiver off the hook up on El Paso street and I can't get them to hang it up." I replied, "Are you sure it is a receiver off?" He said that he could hear them walking and talking in the room. I went and found the instrument tested O. K. I got into communication with the chief again and explained that the instrument was good and that if he heard someone talking there must be some other phone on the line. There was nothing to do only thoroughly test the line. I soon found that the trouble was surely in the house. I went to the house again and took the line wires off the instrument and asked for a test. I was certain now that there could be no other instrument on the line. The wire chief tested and when I went back on to

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How Do You Spell It—Fore or Aft?

How many men and women, too, have thought, though they may not have put it into these exact words: "Oh, God, roll back the universe and give me yesterday!" Some calamity has come, something that might easily have been avoided if only ordinary precaution and forethought had been used. If they could have the universe rolled back to yesterday they would be careful. But the misfortune is upon them, and it is too late. The universe never rolls back, but moves on and on to that "far-off divine event."

A great many accidents may easily be avoided. A great proportion of all that occur are due to some one's carelessness and, unfortunately, the careless one is not always the victim. It may happen that the victim is a member of the family of the careless one, or his dearest friend. Out hunting for instance, the bushes move, and, without an instant's thought, the careless one pulls the trigger and kills or wounds a companion.

In the ordinary occupations of life, those that are considered safe, as well as those that are hazardous or extra-hazardous, we should think not only of our own safety first but also that of our fellow-workers, and if we are thrown with one who believes in his luck and takes the view that if he is born to be drowned he will never be struck by lightning, it is not amiss to drop a friendly word of warning. As we get farther along the experience we have gained is partly for this very purpose.

The intellect must be exercised every waking minute we are on the job of life. Carelessness, absent-mindedness, heedlessness are all as dangerous to those who have a firm belief in their luck as to others. Because you have had one narrow escape is no guaranty that you will come through so well next time.

How many automobile fatalities have resulted because a careless driver started on a long trip without being sure that every part of his car was strong and working well. A little extra strain on a bad piece of road and a fatal accident results. Then he wants to roll back the universe to yesterday and do it over differently so that everything will be all right, but the universe rolls ahead as usual, and if we have anything to regret, leaves us regretting it.

Forethought spells precaution and prevention. Afterthought spells trouble and regret.

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the line for his verdict he said. "Flynn, you did not take off the line. for I could hear you talking to someone." I came very near saying something ungentlemanly to him, but I told him that I would disconnect again and hold a conversation with the lady and that if he could tell me what I said I would believe him. He repeated enough of the conversation to convince me that he could hear. It seemed supernatural. A phone with no wires, yet cable of transmitting human speech. I found that the carbons in the protector over the door near the phone had slipped into such a position that it made a transmitter out of the protector.

This same experience again occurred in about the same manner just a short time ago, and I fortunately have Mr. Nunn, our record man, to corroborate my story.

It is experiences like these that, though perhaps provoking at the time, really make a repariman's work interesting; but a real, genuine repairman welcomes a baffling "case o' trouble," because it is a challenge to his intelligence and patience and the solution of it gives him pleasure in accomplishment.

Use the Telephone to Handle Their Business

Money cannot buy an advertisement in The Monitor—it is not a commercial publication—but we are giving below the copy of an advertisement that recently appeared in South Denver, that our own people —our telephone people— may possibly be spurred to a more active understanding of what the telephone can do for our business patrons. To be plain, "here is a hunch" for Long Distance departments of the Company. Read this ad:

A LIVE WIRE CALL

"Is this the Broadway Department Store?"

"Wait a minute—CHICAGO IS CALLING."

"Hello!" "Hello!" "Hello, Chicago." "Hello, Broadway. This is the Chicago Association of Manufacturers and Wholesalers. Twelve of our Largest manufacturers and wholesalers and dozens of our smaller ones need your cash. We're going to have a three-day sale that will bring ready cash—and you'll get more good, dependable merchandise for your money than you've been offered for the past five years. Bring your buyers and come!"

"All right; thank you, Chicago,"

"Goodbye." "Goodbye."

The ad goes on to say that "We went to Chicago, got both feet in the bargain trough, got our fill, rushed home with the goods, and have worked night and day unpacking, marking and placing the goods for the biggest four-day price slaughter in our history." This is signed by the Broadway Department Store Company, South Denver.

Now, here is a case where the long distance telephone was brought into service with telling results. Other business firms can do the same thing with profit and satisfaction. Many business men do not understand that the Long Distance telephone is inexpensive and that it saves time and worry. Get the Long Distance habit.

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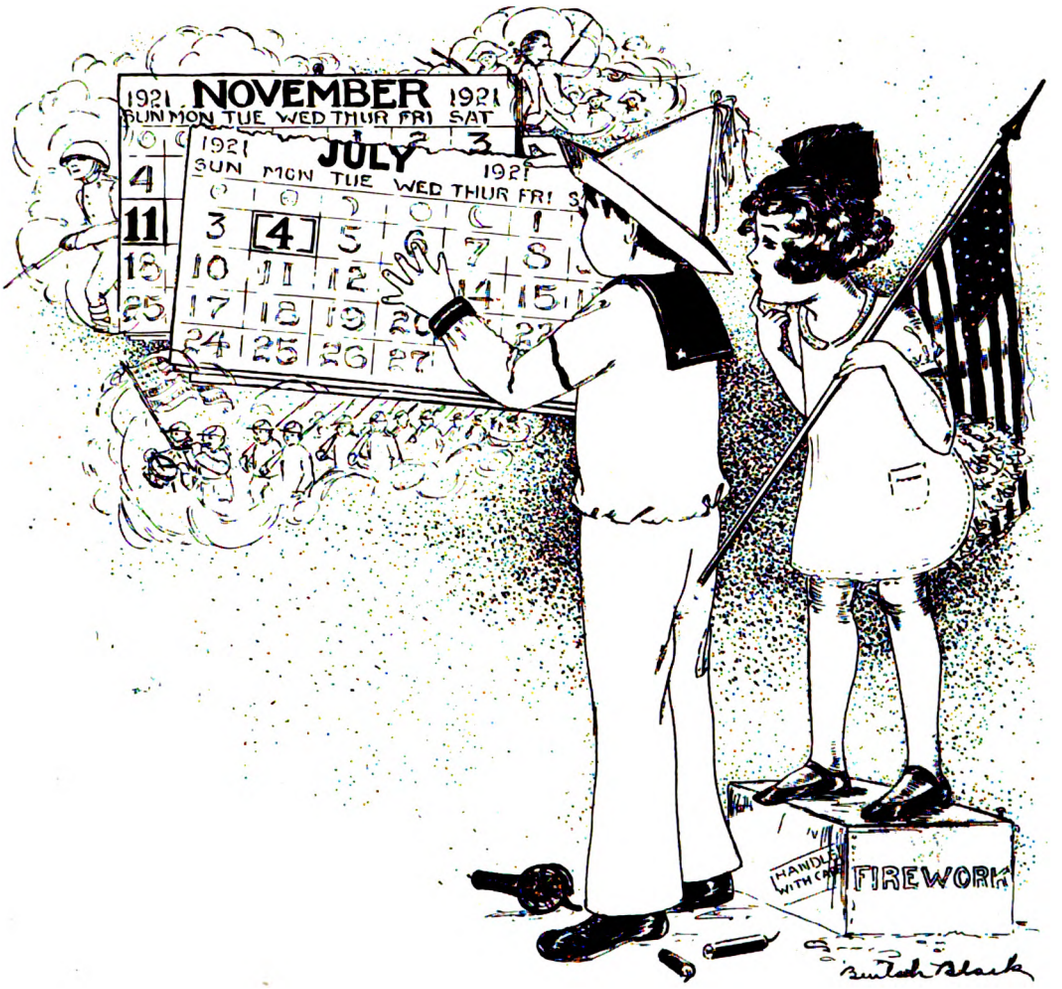

Independence Day

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The Fourth of July
has a new meaning
to Young America

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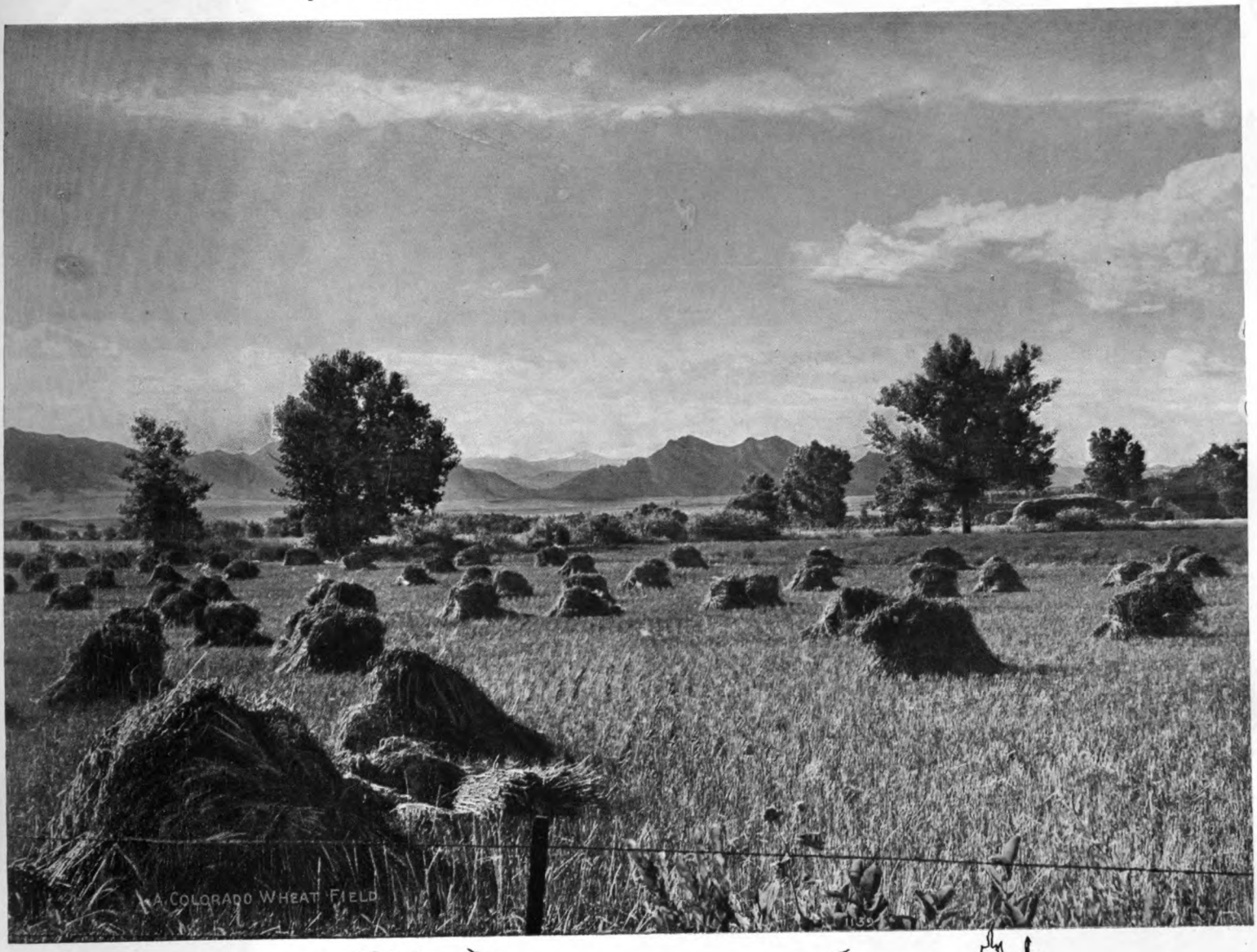

A Colorado Wheat Field

August
1921

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Whence Comes the Staff of Life?

THE harvest moon hangs high in the heavens and looks down upon the fields of garnered grain. We pause and raise our voices in thankful praise to the laws of Nature and say "It is well." God, in His tender mercies, has sent the warm rain and the mellow sunlight upon the fields, and there came forth the "staff of life" —bread for the human race; and as we stand and look out over the shock-dotted hills and valleys of this productive Westland we intuitively turn our thoughts to the bountiful hand that feeds and cares for us all. It is harvest time in the parks and valleys and plateaus of the Rockies, and the waving grain is falling before the sickles that the sustenance of life might be gathered into the granaries for our use —all typical of that great harvest-time that is ever garnering sheaves of the soul.

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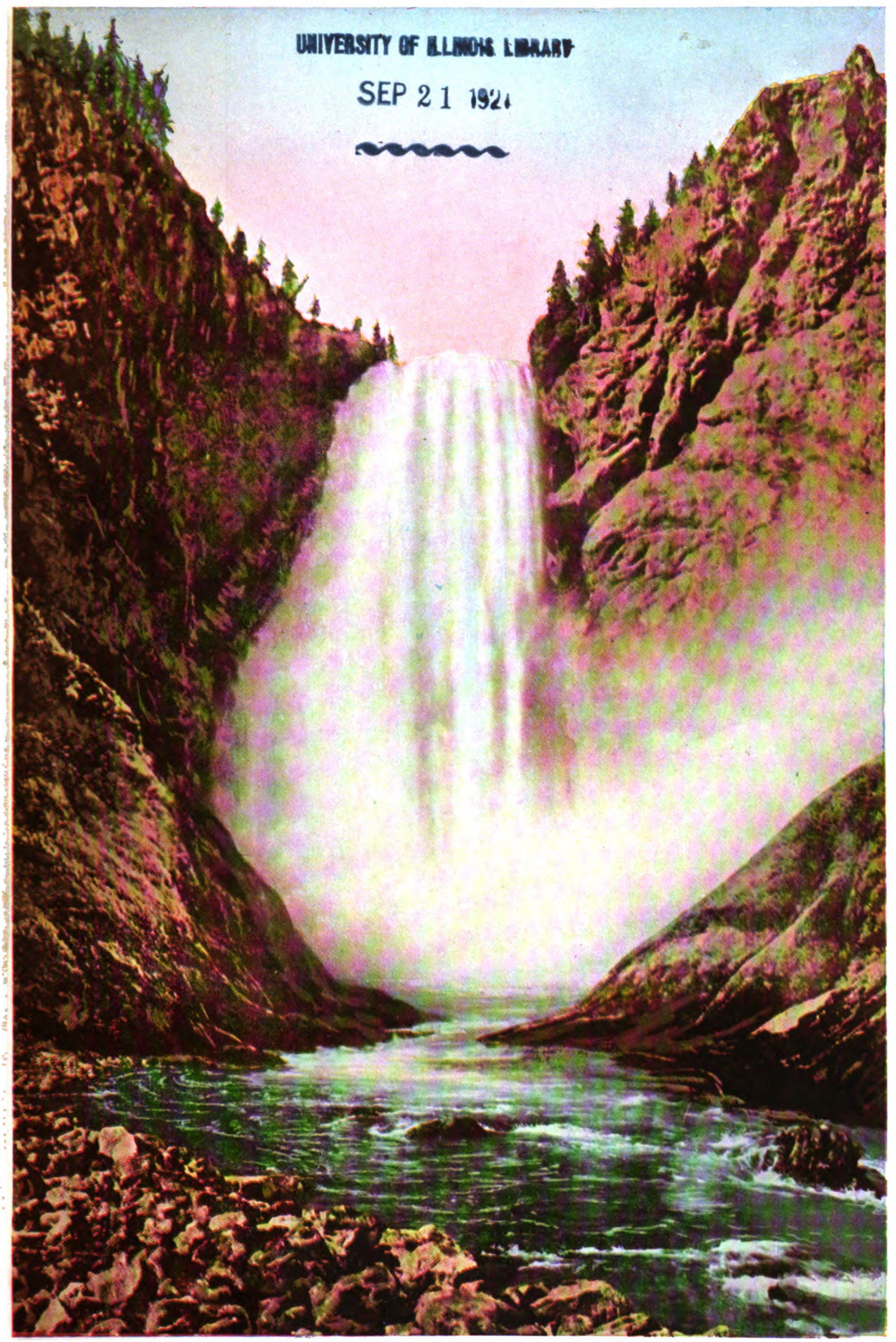

September 1921

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Yellowstone Falls

AWE-INSPIRING, a mighty irresistible force impelled by the laws of gravitation, plunging headlong over devious precipice, we behold the Falls of the Yellowstone! As one stands in its presence and feels the feathery spray dampen cheek and brow, he sways and topples on his feet and almost falls to the ground in humble acknowledgment of its mighty power. Nowhere in all the world may man go to bring upon him the shroud of self-infinitesimal assurance like that in which he finds himself engulfed as he pauses on the rim of a yawning crater—looks upon the mighty gushing of Old Faithful—or listens to the roar of Yellowstone Falls. To see this fantastical garden of seething, spouting, plunging waters in the land of the Yellowstone is to behold an active process of the earth's forming.

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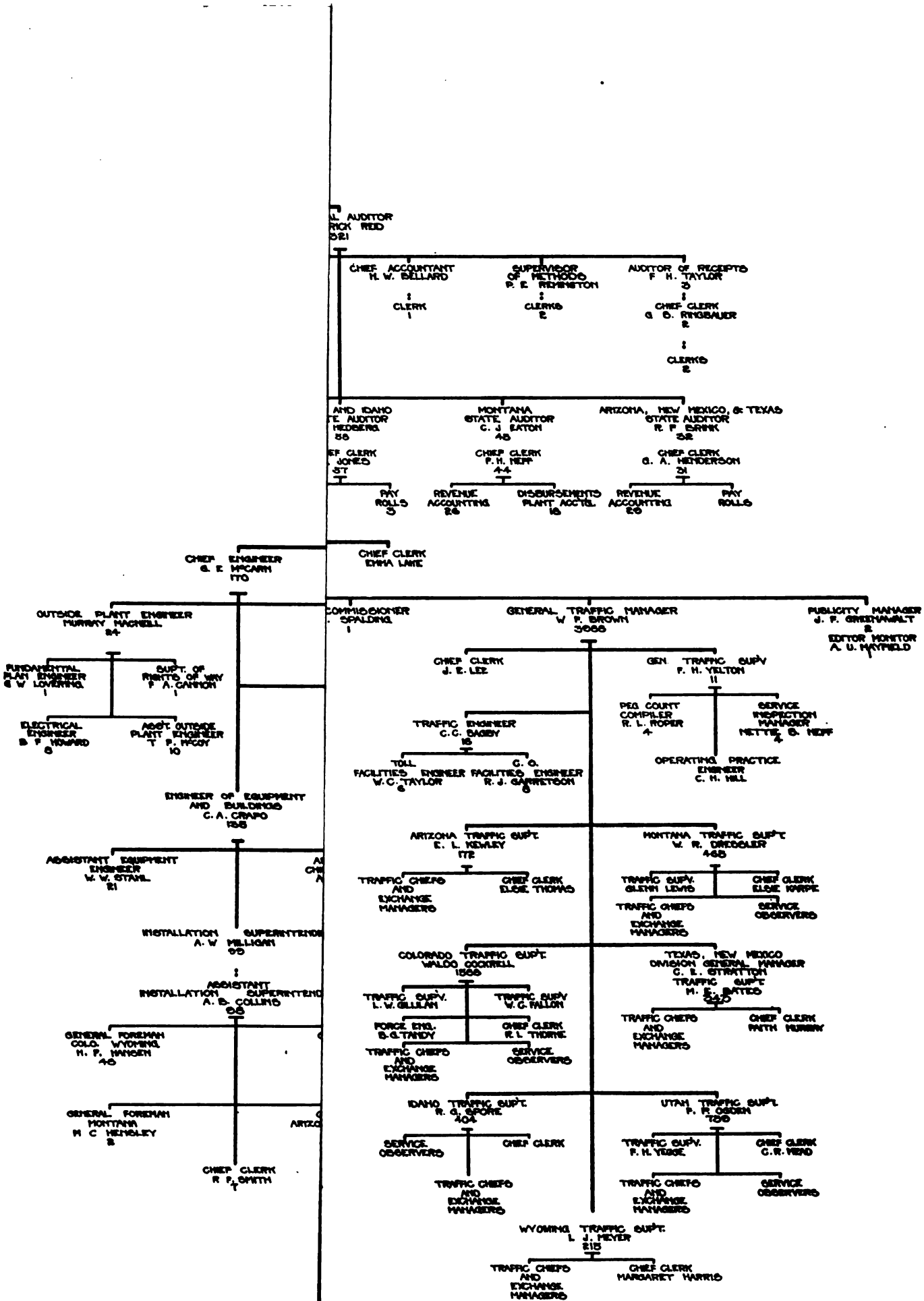

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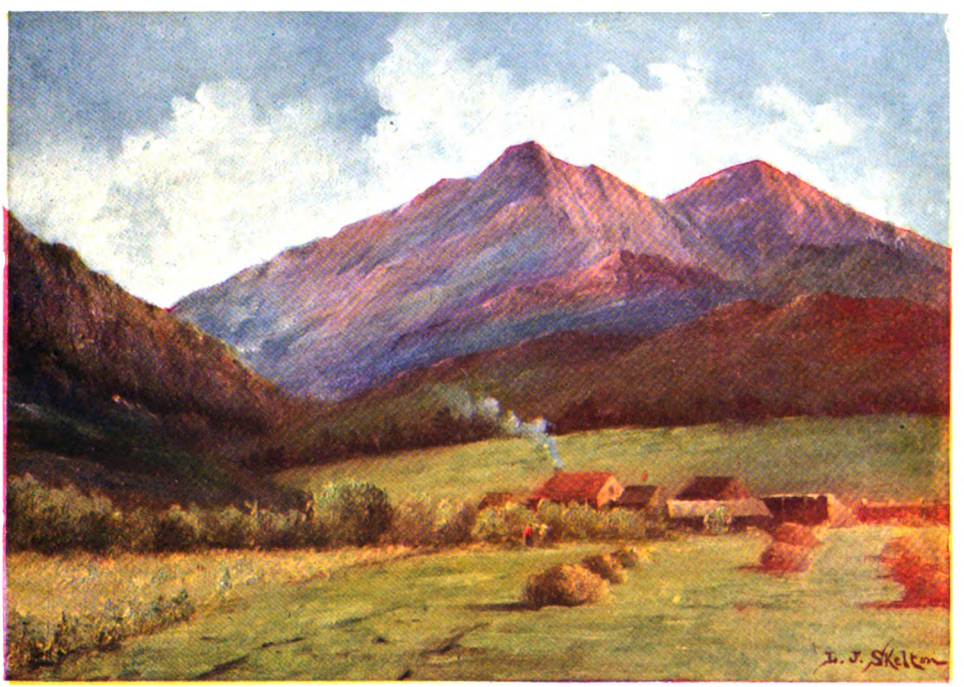

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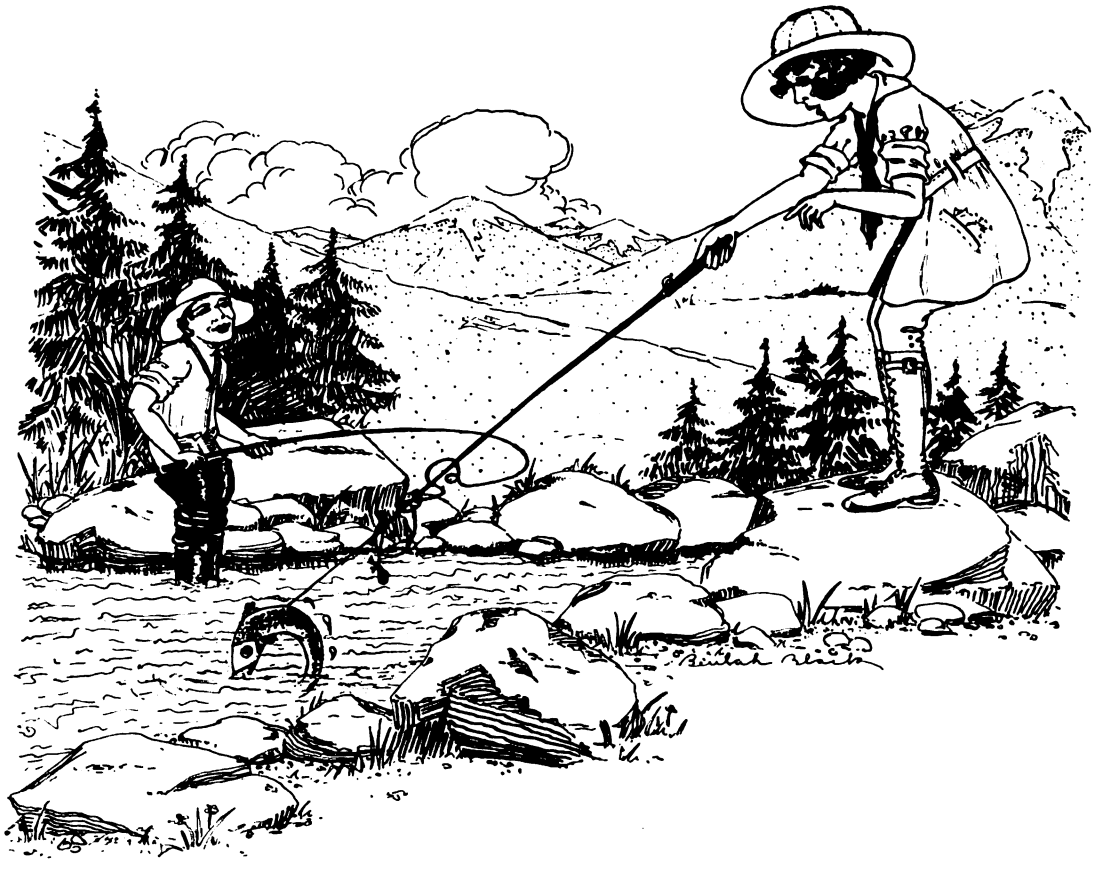

"Crossed Lines"

He raved and swore when the lines got crossed—
  Back there in the City's swirl—
And he vowed no brains nor looks reposed
  In the cast of the telephone girl.

"She muddles things up and does it, of course,
  To give to me grief and pain—
I wonder why such creatures survive—
  Who drags them in from the rain?"

But now out here in the open world,
  Where the trout are quick and shy,
He's quite a different man, you see,
  With far less blood in his eye.

And when his line got tangled up
  Till it looked like an old bed spring,
He lost all thought of the speckled trout
  And stood like a mummied thing.

His heart went down in his boots, and then
  It leaped to his throat and stuck,
And he didn't swear and he didn't care
  If his line had run amuck.

For there across the stream he caught
  The glimpse of a shining pearl—
"Go on and cross my lines," he said—
  For she was a telephone girl.

—RIPS

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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Don't Overlook a Good Thing

Just a dime a day to be put away,
Will buy you a share of A. T. & T.
A very small sum, and the stock will be won,
And then you'll be glad—if you take it from me.

So says one of the two hundred and thirty-five thousand employes of the Bell System who is qualified to speak, having picked up A. T. & T. stock along the way ever since the first offer was made to employes several years ago. As "great oaks from little acorns grow," so will a few shares of A. T. & T. stock expand as the dividends, augmented by only a small amount of saving from the pay check, go toward the purchase of additional stock.

We all know our own executives, and how carefully and thoroughly well our own particular Company is being managed and conducted, and we have the same feeling and assurance as to all the other associated companies and the good parent. When we hear from outsiders, as we do not infrequently, that the great Bell System is considered by the wise men not only of the east but the west also, as being one of the most carefully managed and efficiently conducted business concerns of the world, we not only have a pride in being a part of it, but a feeling of confidence in our investment.

From rather small holdings a few years ago the time has now come when employes own no inconsequential amount of A. T. & T. stock. And, with no hardship of saving on their part, the time will come when the aggregate of their holdings will be enormous. But most of us will not be too wealthy to work for some time yet, and that is well, for while new blood is coming in all the time, the older heads are needed on the job.

Just a dime, or two, or three dimes a day, and the stock certificate will make a very nice addition to the contents of our safety deposit boxes.

"Safety First For Me," Says Woman Employe

So-called "short cuts" are frequently a source of unsafety. To be a bit personal, the other day in my haste to get down the stairs into the back yard of my home I skipped two or three of the bottom steps, hopped over the side and came a cropper in the sand. Happily it resulted in nothing more serious than a bruised knee and skinned elbow, which did not incapacitate me, and a bad fracture of a brand new silk stocking. As this was the second pair of silk hose I had ever owned, this part of the accident at first seemed almost a real "casualty." Everything has healed nicely now except the silk stocking.

A few days later I read of a prominent English woman, American born and well-known in both countries, who fell down two or three steps and fractured her ankle so badly that, at the age of 67, which didn't help matters, she was obliged to have her right foot amputated. I thought of my little spill and immediately became very thankful that only the silk stocking suffered a compound fracture. And then and there I made a mid-summer resolution that I would take no more "short cuts" in going down a stairway; in fact, have nothing to do with "short cuts," unless I find a tempting looking one at the meat market.

Time may be money but an extra minute or two of time may also mean the difference between sound and broken limbs; between home, health and activity, or a hospital and splints and crutches. The nicest hospital on earth isn't very tempting and most of us dislike to visit one even to see a dear friend who is ill—we don't like the iodoform atmosphere which all the clean breezes of the Rockies cannot entirely waft away. And a thought given to safety first, a small measure of precaution, will often avoid an accident that may have lifelong consequences.

"Short cuts" to business success may be all right if one can negotiate them, but even they are apt to contain elements of danger. The old proverb "The longer way round is generally the safer way home" is just as true as ever it was.

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SIDE-LIGHTS on the Employes' Benefit Plan

By E. A. Murphy

Although the Company and the officials of the Bell System feel that employes are entitled to all the benefits provided under the plan for pensions, disability and death benefits, and want the employes to feel that they are justly entitled to these benefits, a thought comes to my mind from the side of the employe, which, although it may not be original, still I have never seen it expressed in just this light and it may be of some consequence to all of us when reckoning the returns we get for services rendered.

No doubt most of the employes of the Bell System are conversant with the benefits which they are entitled to under the conditions of the plan, but mention of them is here made only as a means of comparison.

Each employe of the Bell System when he or she enters the service of one of the Associated Bell Companies is given the assurance that he or she will be taken care of in case of an accident arising out of and in the course of his or her employment by the Company. In case of death from such an accident the accident death benefit paid to dependents shall equal three years' wages, but in no case to exceed $5,000. No premium is demanded. On the other hand go to any insurance company and ask to take out an accident policy. You first take a doctor's examination and are asked all the questions from, "Why were you born" to from, "Why were you born" to "When do you expect to die". If you are of the right physical standard you are accepted and start paying premiums, these premiums, of course, depending upon the amount of the policy. It takes about a month to receive your policy so that if you should meet with an accident before the final acceptance of your application by the officers of the Company you are not protected. The premiums paid depend on the class of work, the more hazardous requiring higher premiums, so that a $5,000.00 accident policy would require premiums varying from five to fifteen dollars per month, dependent of course, upon the risk involved. When this amount is paid out for insurance all of us figure that it is a part of our regular monthly expenses, the same as rent, coal, etc. When therefore we get this same protection without the payment of a single cent, it is fair that we compute the amount of our monthly income to include the equivalent of the payments we would be required to pay insurance companies. The point I wish to make is that all of us are receiving more each month than we perhaps realize when we are handed our checks each pay day.

After two years' service we automatically become entitled to sickness benefits which are increased after we have passed the five and ten year periods. The length of payments of benefits under the Company's plan is considerably longer than that granted under insurance companies.

In addition to the sickness benefits there are also death benefits payable to the employe's dependents after the employe has been credited with five years service, the maximum death benefit being $2,000.00.

Although this death benefit would be a great help to our dependents we should carry besides all the life insurance we are able to handle.

The Company does not, as I said before, take these benefits into consideration in figuring salaries, working conditions, etc., but I, myself, as an individual, in figuring my standing with the financial world at the end of each month certainly feel that I have received just so much more than my salary and have turned around and invested it for future protection.

On this basis I believe we can all figure that we are getting more than is shown on our checks each month and which, I believe, can be referred to as our intangible salary.

And when we have served a certain number of years and reached the age at which pensions are granted, here again we receive benefits.

I mention these features as my own personal views of how I consider the benefits to which I am entitled and which I figure as part of my wages when I close my budget sheet each month. It is a keener understanding and appreciation of such things as these that makes for better understanding between employe and employer and it is with this in mind that I submit these few thoughts.

Prevaricators naively reveal their **longing** as well as their weaknesses.

Animosity scruples not to exhibit itself, thereby engendering ridicule rather than the **satisfaction** it craves.

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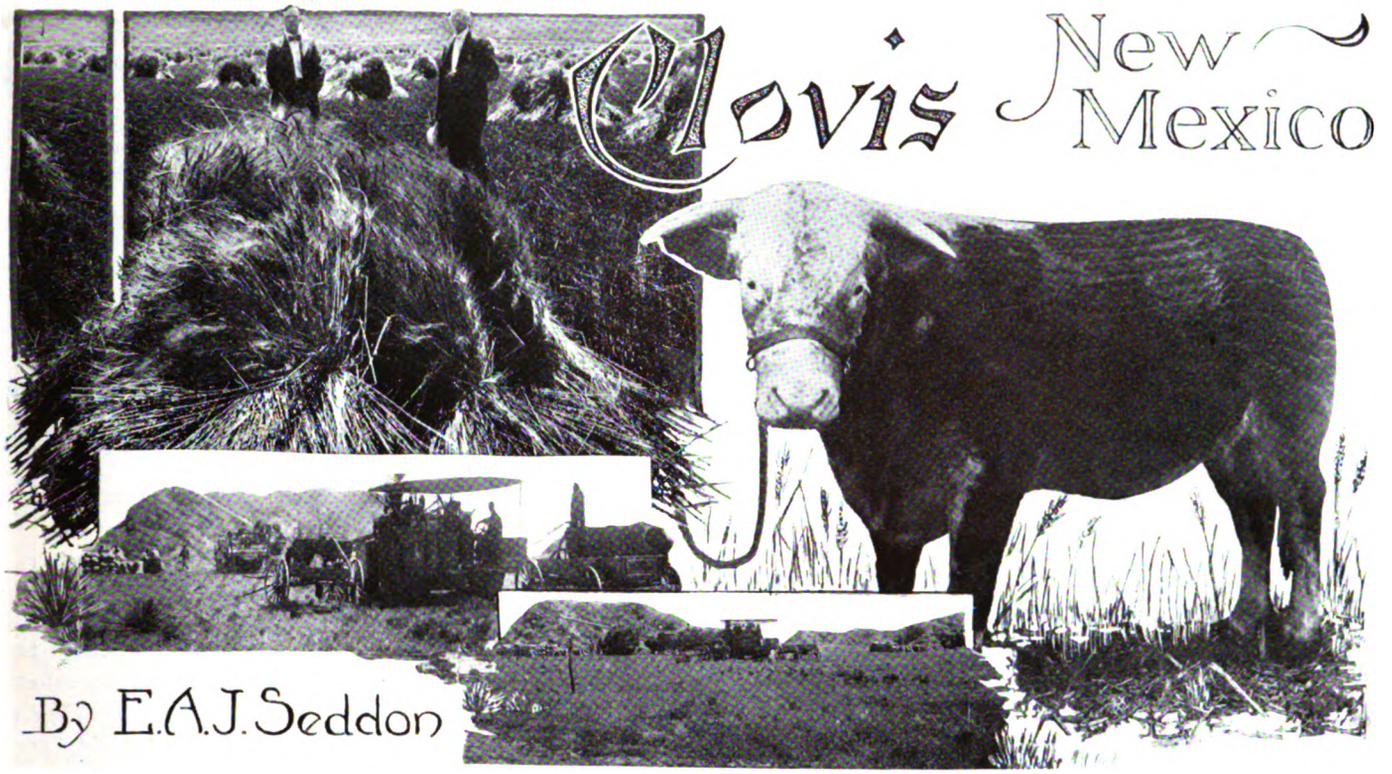

THE Llano Estacado or Staked Plains of the Texas Panhandle, extend into and find their western boundary in eastern New Mexico. These great plains cover many thousand square miles and have an elevation of something more than 4000 feet above sea level. In the early days, the buffalo was monarch of this vast grazing ground, but with the advent of the white man they soon disappeared and were succeeded by the Texas long horn.

For many years the cattlemen jealously and belligerently laid claim to these lands and their ranges covered many hundred square miles and their herds numbered many thousand half-wild mongrel cattle. Those were the days of the wild west cowboy when every man was a law unto himself. But the cowboy was not the only adventurous spirit; there were adventurous financiers, in those days, who pushed railroads out into the great and little known West and then followed the home seeking pioneer farmers who staked their all in the virgin country. They had to unlearn much of their knowledge of agriculture and adapt themselves to new climatic conditions. The weaklings and non-progressives eventually found their way back from whence they came, while those who remained fought it out and won. Thus it is that the West has become populated with aggressive, open minded, friendly settlers, helpful to one another, accepting each new comer at his own worth and not because of what his progenitors might have been.

Fifteen years ago, Clovis was nothing but a station on the railroad—a wide place on the road, as it were. It was a railroad division point where engines were changed and a certain amount of railroad repair work done. Today it is a progressive up-to-date citylet of 5500 inhabitants enjoying all the benefits of modern conveniences and rejoicing in the hospitable nickname, "The Gateway City of the Sunshine State". It is well named for several railroad lines center here and it is also the meeting place of the Abo Pass Highway, the Ozark Trails, Bankhead National Highway and the North and South Cross Connecting Highway, thus making it an entrance to the Rocky Mountain region of New Mexico.

Clovis is located near the Texas-New Mexico border-line in a so-called dry farming section, which is to say that pioneering agriculturists have learned how to cultivate their land so as to produce crops even when there is an apparent deficiency of rain. The annual rainfall varies from 13 to 26 inches which is sufficient to raise profitable crops. Wheat is the principal crop of which they raised 1,000,000 bushels in 1920. Maize, oats, barley, and other cereals are also raised. Last year their grain crops totaled 3,000,000 bushels. With the aid of modern farm machinery the plains are made to produce abundant crops. Fruits and vegetables are also grown successfully. Clovis is destined to become the central business point of an extensive and prosperous agricultural section. The soil of the plains is a deep heavy, chocolate, fertile loam, with enough sand to make it easy to work. One of the secrets of "dry farming"

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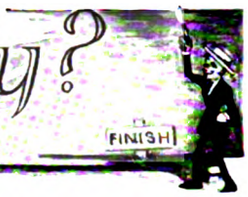
Everybody Ready? Let's Go!



There is nothing clannish about the telephone folks—that is, they don't run around in departmental cliques. Wherever Bell employes meet there at once is manifested a feeling of kin that is natural in any family circle. A demonstration of this was made in July when "everybody in the Wyoming building" at Denver joined in a rousing picnic on Genesee mountain, winding up at the Cody Lodge on Lookout with a fine dance.

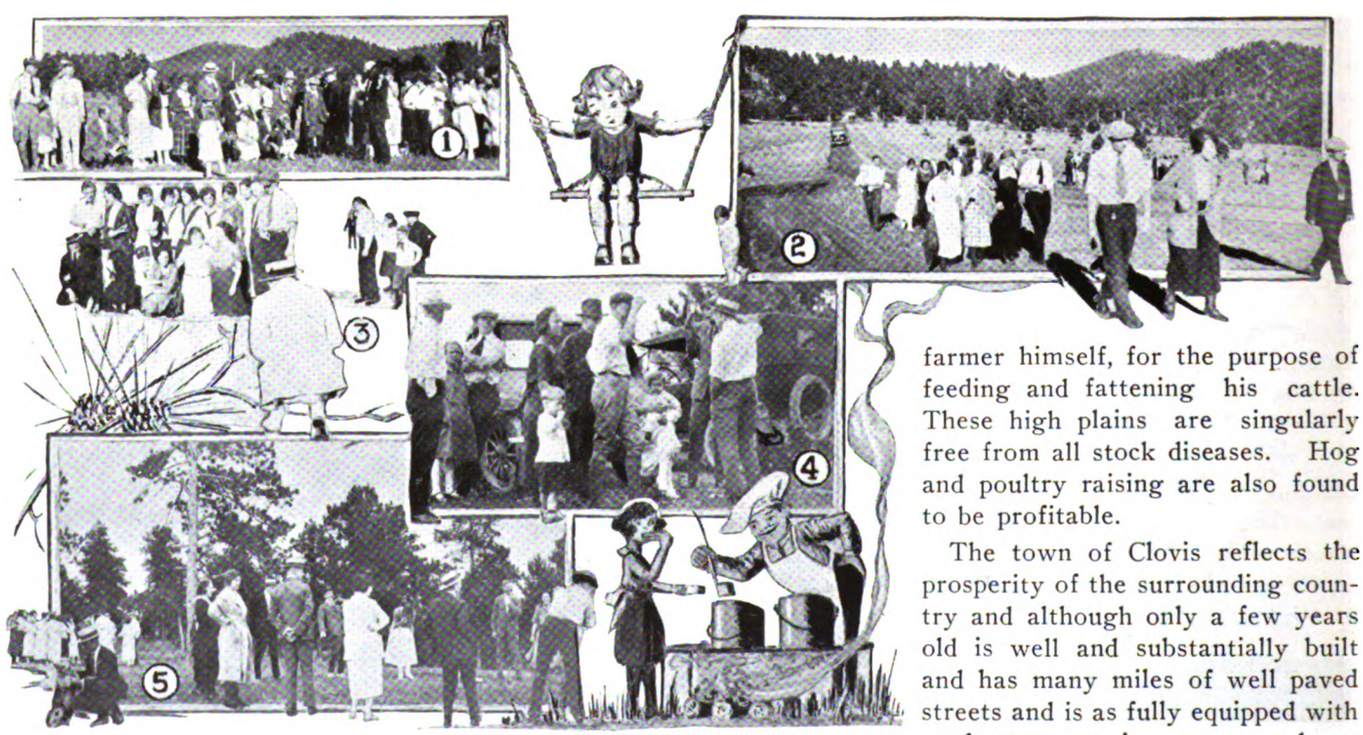
No distinction of departments was drawn in this party—traffic, plant, publicity, executive and all who are located in the Wyoming building, and some that are not, were in on it. A field sport program was immensely enjoyed and in the evening a feed that would have been a feast for the gods was spread, and everybody from Allen Peck, the office boy, to General Manager Fred Reid and Vice President Burgess, got their plate of potato salad, pickles, three kinds of sandwiches, red-hot coffee, cow cream, ice cream, home-made cake and everything, and there was enough left over to feed the chipmunks for the rest of the winter.

What Marjorie Paterson has said of the Tolland picnic, in another story in this issue of The Monitor goes double, and it covers so nearly all the elements that entered into the Genesee picnic that you have but to read it and apply it to this.

Clovis, New Mexico—Concluded

is the proper and thorough tilling of the soil and here where the land lies as level as a table for miles and miles the conditions are ideal.

While great strides have been made in agricultural development, stock raising continues to be the leading industry of the plains. However, the romatic and often tragic, rough and ready days of the cattle business when the stock had free range of a boundless plain, living off the native grasses, is now a matter of history; and many is the weird and thrilling tale an old timer will tell, if you gain his confidence. Of more recent years scientific and intensive methods have been adopted and all cattlemen are seeking to improve the grade of their stock and many high grade thoroughbreds have been imported for breeding purposes. The white faced Hereford is the favorite. In the olden days the cattleman considered the farmer his natural enemy and looked upon him with contempt, but now the stockman has turned



1.—The Picnic Crowd; 2.—Coming in for Feed; 3.—The Kodak Man at Work; Talking it Over; 5.—Watching the Games.

farmer himself, for the purpose of feeding and fattening his cattle. These high plains are singularly free from all stock diseases. Hog and poultry raising are also found to be profitable.

The town of Clovis reflects the prosperity of the surrounding country and although only a few years old is well and substantially built and has many miles of well paved streets and is as fully equipped with modern conveniences as a large city.

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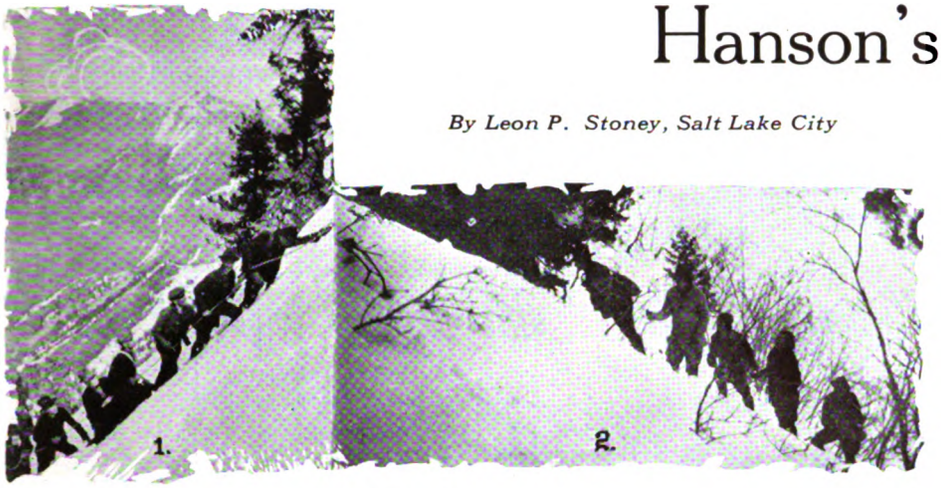
Hanson's Cave

By Leon P. Stoney, Salt Lake City



One and Two—On their Way up the Mountain to Hanson's Cave

Thirty-five miles south of Salt Lake City, in one of the most fertile valleys of the great intermountain region, lies the little town of American Fork, nestled at the foot of one of the many ranges of the great Wasatch Mountains.

Tho not known to the world today, this little town, holding the key to one of nature's greatest secrets, is destined to be heard of in all parts of this country.

Nestled close to the foot of the western slope of this steep and jagged spur, at the mouth of the canyon of the same name, whose crystal stream is a feeder to Utah Lake, and in turn, thru the Jordan river, to the Great Salt Lake, America's Inland Sea, this bustling little farming city, lay for sixty years, and its good people knew nothing of the nature wonder situated within ten miles of their very doors. Its people came and went; lived and died, and never even heard of such a thing as Hanson's Cave.

But later generations, building on the experiences of their fathers, have gone farther into the secrets of nature, have learned more of good old mother earth and her contents, than had those who lived before them.

And now it is this Hanson's Cave, this little subterranean world, that forms the basis of our present thought, and to which we wish to call the reader's attention.

Five miles from the very heart of the town, brings us to the mouth of one of the most picturesque and rugged of all the canyons of the Wasatch.

Entering the mouth of this rugged gorge, we have two miles to go to reach the foot of the trail, that leads to the cave—two miles of wonderful scenery.

With the stream gurgling, plunging, roaring in the bottom of the canyon, concealed from view by the hanging foliage and underbrush, and beautiful trees of all description and the great stone walls towering skyward, extremely rugged and almost perpendicular, the two mile trip up the canyon alone is well worth one's time. More beautiful sights are seen the farther up the canyon we go, but we stop at the two mile stretch to see the hidden wonder.

At the foot of the trail a different task begins, the trail being very dim. Not many have ever made the trip, it being only a few years since it became known that anything worth while lay nearly at the top of those rugged cliffs, between two and three thousand feet above the bed of the river.

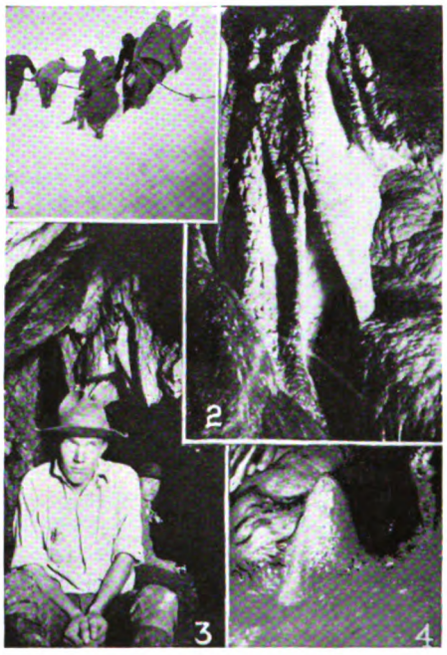
In the summer time the trip takes about two hours, from the bed of the river to the mouth of the cave. The climbing is very difficult, almost the entire distance being made by hanging to the trees and shrubs; clinging to the crags and sides of the cliffs; holding to the ropes held by the more alert ones who have scaled the walls, and gotten to a higher vantage. Here is where team work counts. It is ALL for EACH and EACH for ALL.

In the winter time the trip takes about five hours. Reaching the mouth of the cave, on a little flat, about twenty feet square, we enter the little unknown world through a tunnel-like passage, about 50 feet long. And now the greatest care must be exercised. Like the trip up the mountain side, at almost any time, a slip of the foot might mean instant death. So with flashlights in hand, and a few balls of strong cord, to string about the trail we traverse, so that we shall not be confused on returning past the many openings, leading in all directions, and not seen when entering, we start on our trip of exploration.

In some places the ceiling of the rooms entered is from thirty to forty feet high, with water dropping from above and lighting on the floor, forming the most beautiful stalagmite and stalactite pillars and hanging rocks and buttresses, some of which reach a diameter of more than two feet. All over the cave, so far as our searches have revealed, these pillars are in striking evidence.

The intense darkness is so great that flashlights and flash powders do not have much effect. When looking through some of the smaller openings we are unable to see more than a short distance, but we know there is something worth while in there to see.

Three hours inside of the cave gave us only an idea of what might be seen if we were to take time enough to explore all, for as we stand and listen we are able to hear falling water seemingly a long way off, and the numerous openings, cuts and crevices tell us that we have only begun to learn what nature has been doing the last thousand years, away from observation of all forms of life; for so far as we were able to discover, there is no form of life within the cave, except a bear was caught there about two years ago. The water is fresh and good to drink, although no outlet has yet been found.



Scenes Inside Hanson's Cave

Raymond M. Hulme succeeds J. W. Harvey as manager at Wheatland, Wyoming, and J. W. Clark is the new manager at Worland, Wyoming.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under pleasant smiles.

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The first question which comes to the new arrival in the Payette Valley in the Western part of Idaho is; "What becomes of all the apples?" The beautiful little city of Payette nestles in one of the richest agricultural and orchard districts of the west at the junction of the Payette and Snake rivers; and for a distance of from ten to twenty miles up and down these beautiful streams lie miles of fertile prune and apple orchards; which are so laden with their luscious fruit that the boughs are bent to the earth and the ground covered with fruit; sufficient to feed the hungry multitudes of Europe.

Watered by numerous canals which tap the fresh water streams and rivers fed by the snow-capped mountains of Idaho's mineral ranges, the rich alluvial soil has within the last few years been transformed from arid sage-brush deserts to a land flowing with milk and honey; and producing abundant crops in grains, vegetables and fruit.

Where little drops of water
Are mixed with the sand,
They make a mighty difference
In the looks of the land.

That's why the new arrival, after driving by miles and miles of orchards with the trees and ground below them covered with red and yellow apples, can't help asking, what becomes of all the apples. It is a hard question to answer. We don't know where all these apples go, but statistics tell us that the Payette Valley in the fall and winter of 1919 and 1920 shipped 2,500 cars of apples which filled 1,875,000 boxes, and brought the farmers over $3,500,000. to say nothing about the prunes, peaches, cherries, melons, grain, alfalfa, and live stock which went out in car and train load lots.

One woman with a 40 acre apple orchard fifteen miles south of Payette sold her apple crop on the trees before it was gathered for $26,000, which netted her $650.00 an acre for her apples alone.

Two thriving industrial plants help to consume Payette's big apple crop. The Denny Dehydrating plant has the capacity of turning a car and a half or 2,000 bushels of apples daily into dried apples; and the Idaho Vinegar and Pickle Factory converts tons of apples into vinegar and cider.

But the Payette Valley has other things besides apples. It produced the largest yield of potatoes reported to the Department of Agriculture in 1913, being 45,210 pounds of highest quality screened marketable tubers from one acre. Corn yields running from 50 to 150 bushels to the acre. Alfalfa makes four cuttings to the season and produces from 6 to 10 tons to the acre. Local creameries ship tons of butter to the states far to the east and north; poultry and eggs are growing into a thriving industry; and Payette honey sweetens the meals of those who live in far distant cities.

Payette is blessed with an ideal climate. Sheltered by mountains on all sides, with little winter snow or frost, with not enough wind to drive a windmill, with an average of 260 sunny days and 300 pleasant days in the year, and with moderate summer heat and cool summer nights, the health-seeker as well as the wealth-seeker can find all that he desires in climatic conditions.

To those who love the great out-doors, to climb the rugged mountains, bask in the shade of the primeval pine, to whip trout from a mountain brook, or angle for the elusive bass; to flush the quail or pheasant from the stubble, or bag the mallard as he splashes from the pool, the Payette Valley and surrounding mountains afford unlimited means for camping and sight-seeing, and our finely graded highways make automobiling a pleasure.

While the fruit industry is conceded to be the leading industry of the Payette Valley the fact that there have been several car loads of registered Jersey cows shipped in and put on the dairy ranches shows that this industry is rapidly being advanced, and with the abundance of feed and the ready markets, the dairy business is found to be a very profitable one.

In the past twelve months there has been paid out for cream in this valley something over four hundred thousand dollars, and when we stop and consider this industry is only in its infancy it can be readily seen that in a few years the Payette Valley will be one of the leading dairy sections.

Payette County is one of the newer counties formed and while it is perhaps the smallest county in the state, it is the wealthiest, size considered. Payette, the county seat is a thriving little city located at the junction of the Payette and Snake rivers, and has a population of 3,000 people.

It has beautiful residence streets lined with shade and fruit trees and fine homes while the business section consists of well built brick and concrete buildings. Every business is well represented and our stores carry large, complete and up to date stocks of all kinds. There are two National banks whose deposits amount to more than a million and a quarter dollars.

In the past year there have been several new and important buildings constructed in Payette, among which may be mentioned the new Masonic Temple at a cost of $30,000, which gives us the finest Masonic home in the state, also a new high school building at a cost of $100,000 which puts Payette in a class by herself when schools are considered. There are also located in Payette several fruit packing and drying plants, a large cannery, cold storage plants, vinegar factory, flour mills, alfalfa meal mill, planing mills, large brick

Upper—Where the apples are boxed
Lower—Floor in a building where tons of apples are dried

Main Street, Payette, Idaho

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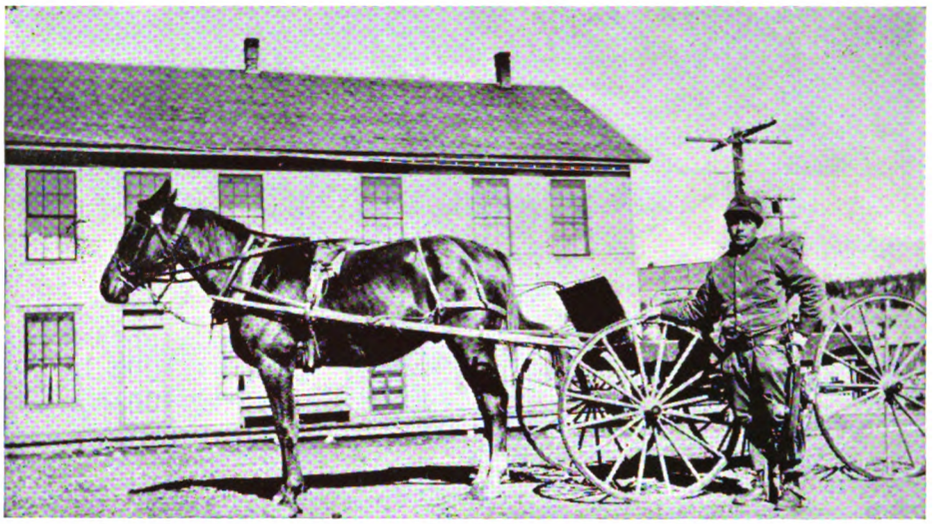
BOB

By J. L. Patterson, Boulder

He's only a horse—a"has-been" at that, but say, what a record he has. If you have worked in the Boulder district at any time during the past twelve years and have not heard of Bob,—well, you've just missed being acquainted with one of the best servants our company ever had the privilege of engaging. I say engaging, for the horse's feed and care is equivalent to a wage, and in the case of a good horse, who faithfully performs his work, may justly be considered as such.

Bob first entered the service a young horse, full of pep, tricks, fun and a loyalty to his work that I have never seen excelled by man or beast. That was in years long since passed, when mountain roads were little better than trails over the hills and real horses were common. Indeed, it took a real horse in those days to stand up to the work and keep in trim for the daily grind. Bob was such a horse, and the proof lies in the fact that he was on the job almost every day for more than ten years and is still able to do light work, while all the rest have had their day, worn themselves out on many hills, and passed to the happy hunting ground.

I first made Bob's acquaintance some ten years ago when he was working with a mate called Gyp. The two were splendidly matched, full of life and play, always ready to go, and whatever their faults, were true blue to each other and to their work. As I think over the many trips into the hills behind this team, and see them swing around the turns or clamber up some rugged hill where the dirt had been washed out of the road till nothing remained but bare and jagged rock, I often wonder what it was that made their lives worth while; what it was that made them willing and eager to do the thing which lay before them. Gyp held out for several years, and then she commenced to cough; the lovely bay of her coat began to fade and did not shine as it had been wont to do; her eyes lost their sparkle, and one day a big rangy horse, called Sport, was put with Bob in her stead. We were told that Gyp had been sold, and it was not long till we heard of her death. Bob lived on, and tho he was handicapped by the awkwardness of his new mate, he still did his best. He had many mates after that, some of them fairly good horses, but none that filled the bill so well as Gyp.



This is Old Bob and One of His Drivers

Some horses are like some men, they are just horses, but Bob was more than that, he was a personality. He seemed to have a mind of his own, and there was an atmosphere of refinement about him that marked him as an aristocrat in horsedom. He was a thoroughbred and had a way of making people know it. It is one thing to be a horse, and another to be a popular horse. Bob was such a one as the men whom he has so faithfully served will testify. W. F. McIntire, Max Hoskins, Tom and Doc. Day, Clint Paronto, George Brinkman, Jack Gilmore, A. W. Barnes and many others who have trusted to Bob's never failing service to carry them safely thru a blinding storm or over a bit of road where a misstep meant destruction; and who have relied on him when only Bob could win the day, know full well the value of his service, not only to the company financially, but to the whole district; for Bob has, without a doubt, "shot" more trouble than any other one horse that ever served the same territory; and the comfort and convenience his service has been to Boulder county is not to be thot of in terms of dollars and cents.

He was always ready to go, he was always on the bit, he hit the hills with all his splendid strength, and until old age stiffened his limbs and rheumatism crippled found his knees. I never saw him stumble. Perhaps Dick Hurlbut knows him best, for it was Dick who cared for him, rubbed him down when he came in from a trip at night, talked to him and loved him as few men ever loved a horse. Indeed, all the boys loved old Bob, and in this article, homely and faulty as it is, I strive to pay just tribute to a friend whose race is run, who has finished his course, and who will soon enter into the joys of his God; for if there is a heaven for horses, and if service counts in the entrance requirements, Bob will surely be there.

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manufacturing establishment, concrete tile plant, and other thriving industries which give steady employment to scores of workers, and not being satisfied with all these resources and developments, there is a strong movement to drill for gas and oil, as there are several flowing gas wells in this vicinity, with good indications of oil if developed.

Fruitland is a live town of 400 people located five miles southeast of Payette on the Payette Valley branch of the O. S. L. Ry., and is a very heavy shipping point during the fruit shipping season. Fruitland has several good business houses, bank, churches and one of the best schools in the state.

Seven miles further we come to the town of New Plymouth located near the east line of Payette county. All lines of business are very ably represented with substantial brick business blocks and beautiful homes. New Plymouth is surrounded by an excellent farming and fruit country.

The Payette Valley is fortunate in being located upon the Main Line of The Oregon Short Line Railroad as it puts her in direct line with the large markets and any one shipping from this territory can have their produce on the market hours and in some cases days before localities less favorably located.

The man who is all things to all men, is seldom anything to himself.

Looking facts clearly in the eye is about as difficult as thinking straight.

Shrewdness in weaklings offsets the strength of the strong.

Commendable is the man who gives praise when he has nothing to lose; but great is the soul of the man who renders praise at his own expense.

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BIRD ISLAND

By L. P. Stoney

Fifty-five miles due west of Saltair, Salt Lake City's well known bathing resort, is found Bird Island. This island is about ten acres in extent, surrounded by a sea of brine. Rocky and barren, except for the ever present sage brush and a short coarse grass, absolutely without fresh water, it has but little to recommend it as a home, but it's the summer home of thousands of visitors, the site of hundreds upon hundreds of love nests, for here is the nesting place of the seagull and its friends, the pelican and herons. This island is visited during the nesting season by a great number of people, drawn by the unusual opportunity of observing its bird life.

A gasoline launch, carrying eighty people makes the round trip from Saltair to the island and return in one day, allowing ample time for one to study the inhabitants of the island and their homes.

The usefulness of these gulls first became known in Utah at the time of the Utah Pioneers, saving their crops from grasshoppers and other pest, and they have continued their good work ever since. They have become so useful that they are protected by the law of several states to the extent of a fifty dollar fine for each bird killed.

The gull is a bird of beauty, symbolic of peace and health, and has very peculiar habits which will be described later.

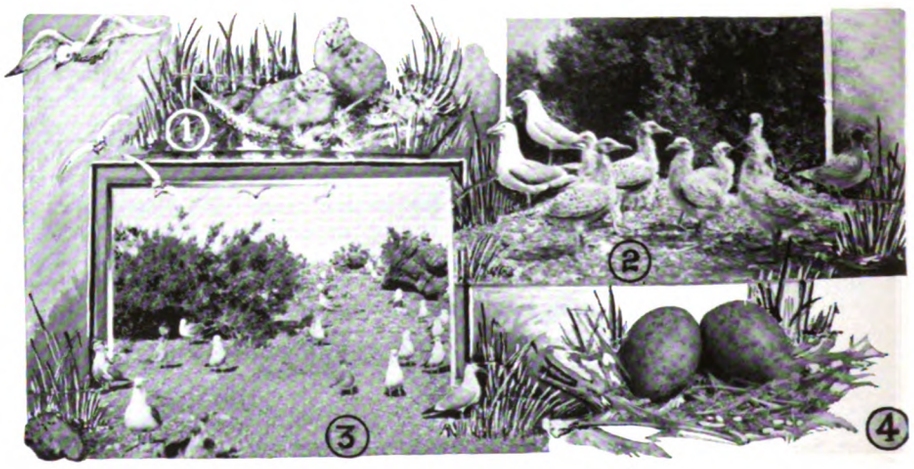
The gulls here are known as the Utah-California gull. They leave the Pacific Coast in the early part of March, making their way to these islands in the Great Salt Lake, and as soon as the weather will permit, build their nests, hatch their young, and return in the fall to the Coast. It has been been estimated that about 40,000 birds migrate annually to Utah. About the latter part of June the gulls and pelicans, both old and young, will number into hundreds of thousands. At times these islands are so crowded with eggs and young birds that a visitor to the island is required to watch every step for fear of destroying them.

Young Heron

They seek their food in practically all parts of Northern Utah. They catch fish from the Bear, Weber, Jordan and Provo rivers, and other small streams, glean the fields for food, such as grain, all kinds of worms, bugs and insects, devour the remains of dead animals, clear up the waste from the slaughter houses and from the garbage cans of the farmers. It has been said authoritatively that the hardest kind of food can be digested by the gulls in less than an hour, and some foods in fifteen minutes. When feasting on grasshoppers and worms the gulls will digest the food very quickly and regurgitate the contents of the stomach every few minutes and continue eating until the food is practically cleaned up. In this way is the gull the farmer's best friend.

At night when the birds return to their nests, they carry with them all the food possible and disgorge themselves before their young who devour it with much greediness. In the way of protection the young pelicans will throw up the contents of their stomach at the enemy, and this is soon cleaned up by the gulls. In this manner the island is kept extra clean.

The nesting of the gulls is very peculiar. If particular notice is taken, it appears as if every bird on the island has a three foot square allotted to him. If another bird steps in this space there is a fight. Otherwise the bird which belongs in that spot will scarcely move. The birds are seldom seen fighting except at times of intrusion by the others. The nests are merely a small hole in the sand or rocks with a half dozen sticks laid around the nest; sometimes a few feathers will be seen in the nest. The gulls lay from two to five eggs in the nest, but by no means do they all hatch, because the birds are required to go so far for food, that the eggs are chilled by the cold weather and rain. The



1.—Gull Chicks One Day Old; 2.—Young Gulls; 3.—Old Gulls; 4.—Gull Eggs.

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Kitchenette Cookery

For the "Kitchenetter" who likes baked ham the following recipe will be found very good.

Get a slice of ham cut from one and a half to three inches thick—this depending upon the amount one needs.

Rub into it, on all sides, just a tiny bit of dry mustard and a little granulated sugar.

Place ham in a baking dish large enough to permit of entirely covering it with milk. Then place in oven and bake, removing the cover of the baking dish fifteen or twenty minutes before taking out of oven in order that the ham may brown.

If a large piece of ham is being used a good plan is to boil it for a half hour or so before rubbing sugar and mustard into it and putting in oven to bake.

All ham, even a small slice, should be freshened before being cooked. Place in stew pan of cold water—let water just come to a boil, then drain off.

—

Prune Whip is a dessert easily prepared and it is most palatable and healthful.

Take one pound of stewed prunes.

Remove seeds and mash prunes thoroly.

Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff and add a little sugar.

Beat the whites of eggs into prunes and put all into a well buttered pan.

Have your oven extremely hot and turn OFF burners or heat as soon as you place prunes in. Let it stay in the oven about ten or twelve minutes.

Serve with whipped or plain cream.

birds grow very rapidly, have webbed feet and take to the water in less than ten days after hatching. The young birds will leave the island as soon as they are able to fly, very seldom returning at night. They begin mating when about three years old, and until that time they spend practically all their time on the coast.

The pelican is a great pest, especially to the fisherman. Their food consists mostly of fish. By actual count one-hundred and seventy-three young black bass, have been found in the pouch of one pelican. The usefulness of the gull is again shown here. They will dive at the pelican's eggs, running their beaks through them and drain the contents down their throats. And every egg of the pelican destroyed means that hundreds of fish are saved. A larger percentage of the pelicans' eggs hatch on account of the pelicans being required to stay with their nests to protect the eggs from the gulls. The pelican egg is about the size of a goose egg. There are very seldom more than two eggs found in a nest, generally under the brush. The pelicans grow very rapidly and do not bear feathers until nearly full grown. They are very heavy and look to be one of the most awkward birds living.

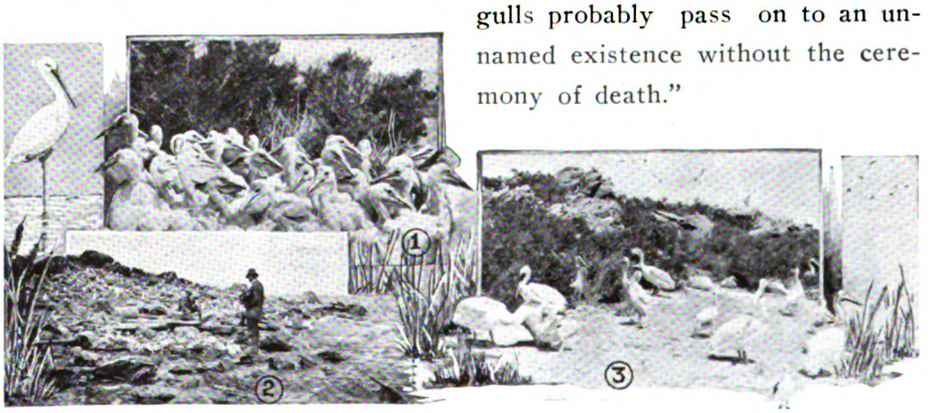
The feeding of the young pelican is different than that of the gull, as is shown in the picture. Here is seen the young pelican with its head half way down the mother's throat, devouring the partly digested food. Both the old and young are found in groups of from twenty-five to several hundred. They do not separate until feeding time.

The herons on these islands are very scarce and are flighty, making it very hard to get pictures. They build their nest in the top of the brush, with large sticks and pieces of dry brush, making it about three feet in diameter and about six inches thick. They lay two and three eggs in a nest. On page 10 are shown two young herons two weeks old.

An article which appeared in the Salt Lake Tribune April 17th, by J. Cecil Alder, made the following statement:

"Seldom are the remains of a dead gull seen on these islands, although they are not cannibals. Numerous as they are on the country's coasts, they seem never to become excessive anywhere. They are protected by the law of nearly all states and by the National law. Some states even prohibit the use of their wings for millinery.

"Where they go, or what finally becomes of them no one seems to have satisfactorily discovered. Someone has suggested as a right reward for valiant service to mankind, that the plump and pretty gulls probably pass on to an unnamed existence without the ceremony of death."



1.—Young Pelicans; 2.—Scene on Bird Island; 3.—Waiting for their Dinner

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Tooele City, Utah, Stopping Place for Tourists

By H. E. LaBelle, Manager

Tooele City is one of the oldest settlements in the State of Utah, having been founded but two years after the entry of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. It was made a city by legislative enactment in 1853. It was located on the old Overland trail from the State to California, and is picturesquely situated at the foot of the Oquirrh mountains overlooking Great Salt Lake. Since its first settlement it has enjoyed a slow but steady growth until 1909, when the International smelter was located near the city since which time its growth has been very rapid.

Shortly after the building of the transcontinental railroad, and the cessation of the overland stage route, a narrow gauge railroad was constructed from Salt Lake City to Stockton Pass, and people coming to Tooele took the stage from the old depot several miles away, but in 1903, when the Salt Lake Route was constructed, transportation became more convenient, and in 1909, with the building of the smelter, the Tooele Valley Railway was constructed through the city from the Salt Lake Route at the west end of the city to the smelter, four miles east.

L. E. Kramer, Publisher of Tooele Bulletin.

Tooele is ideally situated, so far as climate and surroundings are concerned the climate being modified by its close proximity to Great Salt Lake, the foothills at the south end of the city sheltering it from the wind. The city has a fine water system, municipal owned, to supply the people with pure water. The water comes from underground sources and is entirely free from contamination as it is not exposed to light until drawn from the tap.

Tooele is located on the transcontinental route known as the Lincoln Highway, about thirty-five miles southwest of Salt Lake City, and tourists find it a stopping place after having made the trip from San Francisco and Los Angeles across the desert.

The city has miles of paved sidewalks, more, probably, than any city of its size in the state. The city is well lighted by the Clark Electric Power Company which has a hydro-electric plant at the south end of the city in Settlement Canyon. This plant, besides lighting the city, also furnishes power for several industries.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company maintains an exchange in Tooele which gives employment to eight persons, the business having grown from a one position to a three position switchboard, which furnishes telephonic communication for Grantsville, Stockton, St. John and Lincoln.

That Tooele is a thriving community is evidenced by the condition of the local bank which has assets of nearly $1,000,000 and is considered one of the strongest country banks in the state. Tooele also has the principal High School in the county, which is housed in a splendid building and has a very efficient corps of teachers. There are also two buildings to accomodate the children in the grades lower than the Senior and Junior High Schools, the entire school population being nearly 1,100.

John J. Gillette, Mayor of Tooele.

Since the building of the smelter Tooele has had a steady growth in population which has caused several building booms. In 1909 a large number of homes were built in Plat "C" besides a number of business blocks and hotels. This part of Tooele is generally called Newton. In the main part of the city building has kept apace with the growth of the city, a large three story hotel and a number of business blocks being built along the main street at that time, among them the Fraternal Hall, in which the postoffice is located.

With the depletion of the copper ores in the Highland Boy, whose ores are the main supply for the smelter, and the increase of lead ores, it was decided in 1911 to build a lead plant at the smelter, which had the effect of nearly doubling the numebr of men employed at the smelter and a consequent increase in the building of a number of bung-

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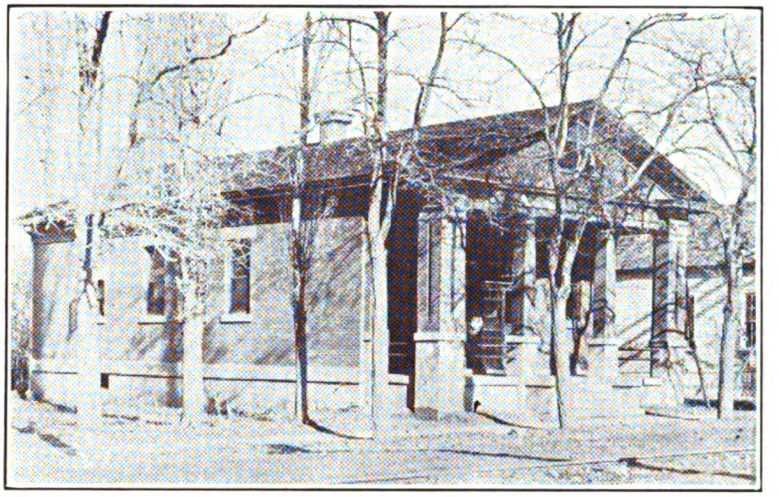
alows along Utah Avenue in 1912. Since then the number of homes in Tooele has been increasing until 1916 when Glenwood Avenue was opened up and about $60,000 expended in new homes that year, in different parts of the city.

During the past decade, while the population of Tooele County has increased but very little, that of Tooele City has increased one-third, due to the building of the International smelter, the employees of which nearly all make their home in Tooele.

Near Tooele is the old camp at Mercur, one of the great gold producing camps of the country and the first place in the world where the Forrest-McArthur cyanide process was used for the extraction of gold from raw ores. The camp during its palmy days had a population of about 5,000 but now is entirely deserted, although during the last ten years of operation before closing down in May, 1913, it had a population of from 1,500 to 2,000.

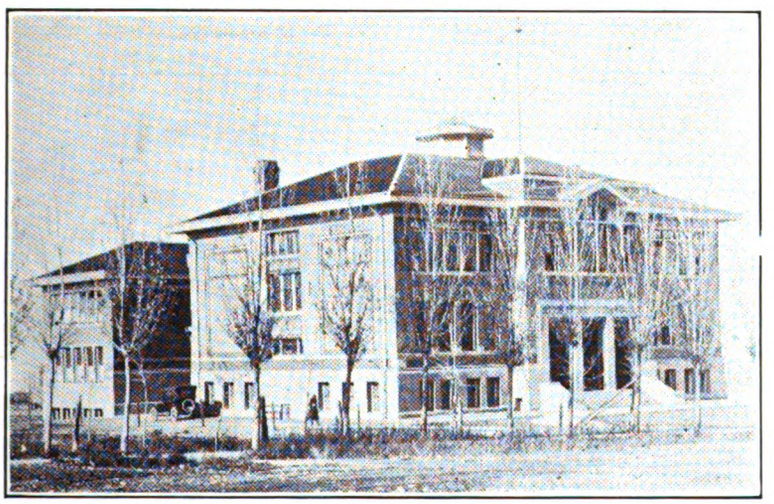
In Tooele County is located the greater part of what is known as the Great Salt Lake Desert, in part of which is a salt bed twenty miles long and eight miles wide which makes the finest automobile racing course in the world, the surface being hard and just smooth enough for an ideal automobile race course. A plant has been erected at Salduro at the western edge of the salt bed for the extraction of potash which heretofore had to be imported.



Tooele Public Library.

With the revival of mining important developments in the mountains east of Tooele may be looked for, as Jess Knight of Provo, the "Wizard of Tintic", has acquired important interests here, having been converted to the idea that the ores of Bingham extend over to the Tooele side of the divide. Should the opinions of the engineers of Mr. Knight prove correct, a large mine with a mill may be looked for in the canyon east of the city.

The future prospects of Tooele City and Tooele County, the former being the county seat, are very bright. At present steps are being taken towards the formation of an irrigation project to bring the waters of Utah Lake into Tooele valley which will mean the irrigation of from forty to fifty thousand acres of some of the best lands in the state. The coming of this water will mean several sugar factories, canneries, condensed milk factory, which will mean an increased population of from five to ten thousand and make Tooele Valley one of the richest farming communities, not only in the state, but in the United States, as the climate and soil are ideal for raising sugar beets and other vegetables and cereals. During the past year as high as thirty tons of sugar beets per acre were raised in Tooele Valley, with the average being about eighteen tons, which is practically higher than in any other sugar beet raising community in the state.



Tooele High School.

Our Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt not scream.
2. Thou shalt not guess thy number, keep thy telephone book handy.
3. Thou shalt not demand thy neighbor's name until thou hast first given thine own.
4. Thou shalt keep thy temper.
5. Thou shalt not blame Central for thine own mistakes.
6. Thou shalt not monopolize the line. Some one else might like to use it
7. Thou shalt not ask Central innumerable questions. She has enough to do.
8. Thou shalt keep a smile in thy voice.
9. Thou shalt be patient.
10. Thou shalt always be courteous unto others, as thou wouldst have others courteous to thee. THINK IT OVER—ALICE MARTIN, in Triangonian News.

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Stop! Look! Listen!

Adv.—Personal: Horace, please do not 'phone me again. Father is cleaning his gun.—Augusta Chronicle.

Painful

"What's the matter, old top? You look sick."

"I've just undergone something serious."

"Appendicitis?"

"Worse than that; I had my telephone taken out."

"Inside Stuff"

A bachelor who was thinking of committing matrimony decided to write to his married brother for some advice and in due time received the following letter:

"Every man should marry. A wife is the dearest possession, especially if you have one like mine. A wife soothes your troubles, doubles your joys and helps in every way—

"P.S.—My wife has just stepped out. You blamed fool, stay single."

Why Not?

A man going into a drug store went up to the clerk and asked for some stamps. The clerk told him the stamp machine was up in front of the store.

It happened that the stamp machine and a public pay station telephone were on the same counter. The gentleman went up to the telephone, took the receiver down, dropped five cents in the slot and very politely said:

"Two two's, please."

Quite True

Why is a straw hat like a kiss by telephone?

Neither is felt.

Mental Test for General Use

1. When was the War of 1812?
2. From what province of France was Joan of Arc?
3. Who is the author of Macaulay's history of England?
4. What two countries were participants in the Spanish-American War?
5. In what season of the year did Washington spend his winter at Valley Forge?
6. Tell about the Swiss Navy.—Exchange.

All in the Way You Say It

Eu-re-lia, Montana, had a call for Atlanta, Ga. When Atlanta answered, "Atlanta," she was startled upon being addressed in a harsh, long "i" accent, thus,

"Your're a liar—"

Atlanta immediately interrupted the Eurelia operator by sternly saying, "What?"

At this instant an intermediate operator wishing to challenge the circuit, cut in with,

"You really are."

Whereupon the Atlanta operator, obedient to her instructions and smothering her wrath, replied,

"I will give you my supervisor."—Southern Telephone News.

Where was Jones?

Telephone mistakes may have their serious side. A man wanting to communicate with another man named Jones, looked in the directory and called up a number. Presently through the receiver came a soft, feminine "Hello," and he asked, "Who is that?"

"This is Mrs. Jones."

"Have you any idea where your husband is?"

He could not understand why she rang off so sharply, until he discovered he had called up the residence of a widow!

And the Dance Went On

We are told that the present generation are inclined to be callous and not easily shocked, and that they are lacking in reverence and respect, but a true story of "ye olden times" reveals that we have not much on the people who used to dance the quadrille by the light of tallow candles or kerosene lamps.

At a country dance in Pennsylvania, word was brought to the "fiddler" that his brother had died of smallpox. The dancers stopped in the midst of a "set" and assumed a serious expression, prepared to condole with the bereaved one, but that individual tucked his old fiddle under his chin, drew the bow across the strings, started beating the floor with his foot to keep time, and shouted to the merry-makers, "Take your places. Don't let a dead one spoil this party. All promenade."

Careless Cal By Cy Meyn

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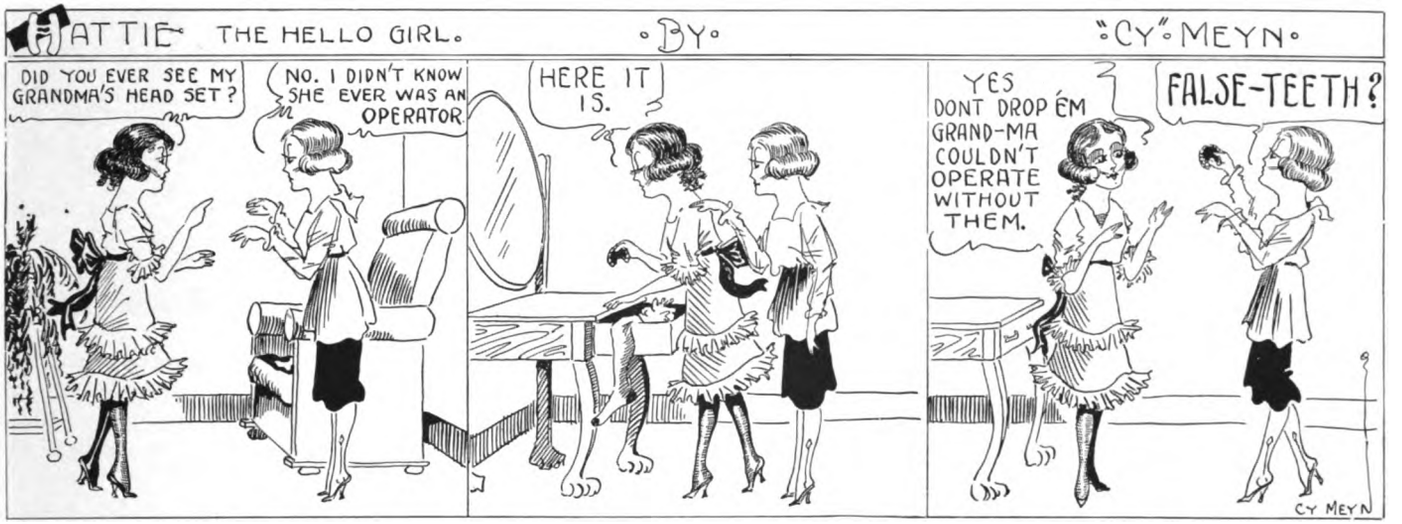

Oh well, in Kansas!

Hiawatha, Kansas.—Brown county, the home of Mary Ellen Allerton, author of "Walls of Corn," is in a dilemma. Unless the farmers and the telephone company reach an agreement there will be trouble that may reach the ears of the district court. It is a question of ears, all right.

The enmity between the farmers and the telephone company grew out of the rays of Old Sol and million dollar rains of J. Pluvius. Reports came into the phone office here that service on certain rural lines was poor. The company sent out a "trouble shooter" to find the trouble.

Near the county farm the trouble expert saw several objects hanging over the telephone wires. As he drove nearer he saw the objects were ears of corn.

The telephone wires were unusually low—only twelve feet from the ground—and stalks of corn had grown up to the wires and deposited ears of corn thereon.

The telephone company explained to its complaining patrons that the service was impaired because its wires were forced to bear part of the corn crop. The farmers answered that the company was negligent in not stringing its wires higher than twelve feet above the ground.

Realizing that it would mean a loss to chop down the offending stalks of corn, several farmers have declared they will resist any attempt by the company to remove the corn, phone service or not.

To make matters worse, along came a 2-inch rain Monday night. It came down in a lazy manner all night, soaking in everywhere and sending the corn stalks yet higher and increasing the load of the telephone wires.

Meanwhile the corn ears to the wire, continued to "listen in."

Woman is either man's inspiration or curse.

Laugh

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH.

Tell no one of its contents;
Never its secrets share,
Drop them forever and your worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely,
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the top down securely,
Then SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH.

—The Spiker.

"Perfecto!"

"Yes," said the London costermonger, "it was superstition as made me marry my cousin. It was a tossup between her an' Mary, an' one day I was thinking which one of 'em to have—Mary or Anna—when I saw a cigar on the ground. I picked it up, an' I'm blessed if it didn't say on the band: 'Havana,' so I took her."

Success

The father of Success is Work.
The mother of Success is Ambition.
The oldest son is Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Cooperation.
The oldest daughter is Character.
Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Care, Courtesy, Economy, Sincerity, Harmony.
The baby is Opportunity.
Get acquainted with the old man and you will be able to get along with the rest of the family pretty well.

—The Observer.

Tony Duvall Says—

(Salt Lake)

A certain cableman was searching for a case of bugs in a manhole somewhere in the southeast corner of the Utah metropolis. The youngsters in the neighborhood were attracted to the scene of the ruckus by the sight of the Henry with the blue bell on the door. The kids were like the majority of the fair frails—curious. When one of the tots edged near to the good-natured splicer, she noticed the corners of his mouth move northwest towards his ears as he was amused at the little girl's bashfulness. The diminutive one then mustered up enough courage to break the ice by saying:

"My daddy works for the Telephone Company too. His name is G. C. Q. Do you know him?"

"Sure I know him" chuckled the big fellow as he gave his side kick the fluttering eyelid, "your daddy and myself spent a few days in the same jail together for bootlegging."

At this the little girl drew back in amazement—she felt as though she had been knocked for the count. When the girl had sufficiently recovered from the shock of the wicked solar plexus jab, she pulled a Barney Oldfield for the nearest telephone. She intended to find out whether or not dad had been in dutch.

When daddy answered the telephone he was put through a regular third degree as to the bootleg fracas. Of course dad had to do some tall talking to square himself with his offspring. What he told the perturbed youngster or how he said it, we do not know but nevertheless he was able to park his calves under his own table that evening at supper time.

MORAL—"You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time"—but a kid won't take any chances.

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The Monitor Pleases

The June Monitor, the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company's bright monthly journal has been received. This magazine is always read with great interest by us. Not content with giving news by its different exchanges a wealth of general information and illustrations interest us every time the monthly visits are made. But the cover of the June issue reflects the pleasure of living in the west. The frontispiece shows the western sky; instead of the solid azure, the many rainbow tints appear. Beneath this an azure-hued deep and rich mountain peak appears. The peaks that arise skyward just beyond the azure one are of azure but the crags reflect the crimson glare of the hot summer's sun. A brickering mountain stream gushes between these peaks, huge boulders forming huge cataracts. A man is pictured with fishing rod hopefully suspended o'er the clarion waters. Unlike the "barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," the snowy waters and icy boulders have caused Mr. Angler to hunt up his old-creased and oily-greased brogans that he might stand there in greater comfort while he whistles in solitude as his basket fills with the slimy denizen of the stream. Giant fur trees with their roots concealed by moss and heavy underbrush bedeck the banks on each side of the stream and keep the sky company for about a hundred feet.

The back page pictorial is one of countless hues. A disturbed sky, storm clouds appearing. In the centre a mountain peak keeps sentry o'er the valley below. Just below is a mountain range that seems to be lying on its back and gazing skyward. From here as the lowlands of the valley are reached the hills become smaller and coulee after coulee is skirtd with evergreen memorials of the Rockies. The lowlands of the valley are mantled with a thick covering of brush. Then as the traveler proceeds towards the mountains on the trail in the centre he is soon out of sight in curvy ways that wind through the glens of the Rockies.—Meeteetse, Wyo., News.

Beauty is dynamic, never static; vital, never sluggish; variable, never fixed.

New Telephone Manager

Mrs. Chas. O'Toole has taken over the management of the local exchange of the Mountain States Telephone Co. Mrs. Dimorier was compelled to resign owing to poor health. She gave splendid service during the time she was in charge of the office.—Grand Valley, Colo., News.

Reasonable

"I want to be excused," said the worried-looking juryman, addressing the judge. "I owe a man $5 and, as he is leaving town today for good, I want to catch him and give him the money before he gets away."

"You are excused," returned the judge. "I don't want any man on my jury who can lie like that."

Casper is now the largest telephone exchange of the Mountain States Telephone Company in the state, according to records of the company this month.

On May 25, Casper had 3,220 telephones in service. Since that time 50 additional telephones have been installed here and orders for many more are being filled.

Casper was held back as the largest exchange for some time because it was impossible to secure and install material as rapidly as the demand was made. For a long time the business of the company here has eclipsed that of other cities in the state but it was not until recently that the number of telephones passed to the top.—Casper, Wyo., Tribune.

Step Forward, Please!

A certain rector just before the service began was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there was not time for the ceremony then.

"But," he said, "if you will be seated I will give an opportunity at the end of the service for you to come forward, and I will then perform the ceremony."

The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said: "Will those who wish to be united in holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?" Whereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.—Kansas City Railwayan.

Telephone Service Good

After a rather close experience with telephones in other towns we want to hand a word of praise to the local telephone service. It is so far superior to that being dished up to the public in other towns that it is particularly noticeable in Montrose.

Here the telephone girls are certainly on the job and, despite many calls, are quickly on hand to answer your calls. There is nothing that is quite so exasperating and so trying on the nerves as to ring and ring and jingle the phone and yell and cuss and hang up and then try and try again before central finally comes in with "Number, please," so sweetly that it would make a mule fall dead.

Of course, we know she expects us to be sweet under such circumstances, but blamed if our disposition will permit it. But the service we are getting right here in Montrose, is service worth while, and we want our prompt phone operators to know it while they are alive, not after they are dead.—Montrose, Colo., Press.

Making People Think

It is related that when Theodore N. Vail had built up the telephone service all over the country to a point where more business was needed, he started in to advertise the telephone—to show its everyday usefulness and wide service to the people. He showed how the telephone could be used instead of a letter—instead of a telegram—instead of a personal call, or a trip to another city.

While this campaign was under way, one of the board of directors is reported to have said to Mr. Vail, "Vail, what's the idea of spending all the money in advertising, instead of in dividends? Advertising is all right for things people don't know about—but everybody knows about the telephone."

"Yes," answered Vail, "everybody knows about the telephone. But, d——n it, they don't think about it enough. If I can make them think about it oftener, they'll use it oftener."

Are people thinking about your product often enough?—Loveland, Colo., Herald.

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Out of Memories of the Past a Voice is Heard

Writing and Sayings of One Who Labored With Us Thirty-two Years

"Lives of great men oft' remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

WHEN James B. Whalen, for more than thirty-two years a faithful employe of the Telephone Company, passed away on April 1, 1919, he left footprints that are still visible and perhaps will be for many years to come. Mr. Whalen was district manager at Leadville. In making his numerous reports to headquarters it was often his custom to supplement his reports with "drips of thought," as he was pleased to term them. Oftimes these thoughts in no way pertained to anything contained in his report. Years of accumulation piled up hundreds of these writings. Recently a Monitor representative ran across some of the writings of Mr. Whalen, and they are here given:

Trouble on a Ten-Party Line

I have a ten party line with six subscribers on it and until about two months ago everybody on the line was as happy as "clams in high water" and no kicks.

I put on another fellow, who is a railroad man, and he seems to be in demand on emergency at irregular times in the night. The man at the depot calls him by telephone and insists on having "Central" ring him as often as is necessary to wake him up.

He is sometimes hard or impossible to awaken and this ringing naturally disturbs the rest of the people on his side of the line, and wakes up all the "red" babies and the night operator doesn't escape the violent condemnation of the irate fathers.

We are threatened with the loss of all the other subscribers. Now I know you have had such problems to solve, and can advise me as to the best course to take. It is a little unreasonable for the railroad man to expect to be called at all hours in the night, when others want to sleep.

—

Means Well, but Too Lazy

I have been trying for some time to get Smith of Boomopolis to study the Bulletins and Circulars sufficiently to be somewhat useful to us some day, but they seem to mix up like scrambled eggs in his head and he cannot disentangle an idea when he needs one, all of which means that he is too lazy or otherwise disinclined to learn the work and had better take up a less complicated job.

He is one of those fellows who says, when something is being explained to him, "Yes, we used to do that back in Minneapolis, only we did it better," and instead of asking questions he tells the thing his way and makes a fellow feel like apologizing for having sprung such a "chestnut" on him, when in fact, his knowledge is only skin deep and he lacks application.

He has been doing some mining on the side and has sacrificed whatever chance of a reputation he might have had for any kind of mature good sense. Nothing very wrong but "damphoolish."

After a friendly grilling Friday, he told me he guessed he wanted to go back to Minneapolis.

He would like to get away by the 15th, but I think we can spare him as soon as we provide a successor. He does not know as much about the business as when he went there and blames Miss Workentine and Jake Gerstle for not teaching him. I hoped he would brace up and show signs of life, having been there long enough, but nit—too fleshy—a great big kid.

Any time this week, say Monday, the 8th, would be a good time to change, but if your man will not wait, sooner would do me.

—

Eight-Party Subscribers

Did you ever notice a blue flame darting in angry jets from a telephone wire along a country road?

This phenomenon is likely to occur at any time during the busy hours of the day but is most likely in the evening between six and nine o'clock. It is usually caused by profane exhalations of some angry subscriber who wants to find out "how the train is", while he still has a chance to catch it and is prevented by Jennie and Tom who are using the line for a MOST IMPORTANT flirtation of half an hour's length.

Perhaps he wants to tell Bill Smith that the Sheriff is after him and has just passed his place, or to order a bottle of paragoric for the baby from the drug store before it closes and he finds his game blocked by Mrs. McSwiggen who has, for 45 minutes, been telling Mrs. Murphy about the elegant feathers on Mary McGuire's hat.

Perhaps three or four "rubbers" got a hunch that something was doing at Jones' worth while and so many telephones were off the hook that he could not even signal Central.

The effect on the angry subscriber is the same, regardless of the cause The line picks up, by induction, the heated condition of the angry victim and the thermo-electric current meeting the resistance of the numerous rubbering receivers dissipates into the surrounding atmosphere producing the aforesaid luminosity.

The dissipation of these superheated sound waves is likely to produce hysteresis of temperament which is no slight matter. It is catching and people with abnormal development of curiosity are particularly susceptible to the disease.

It is principally a mental affliction but may result seriously if allowed to run its course. An ounce of prevention is worth two in the bush.

The remedy is a counter-irritant but is not nearly as bad as the disease and by continued practice becomes a decided pleasure, producing contentment and happiness and a sense of security due to the maxim:

"What we don't know don't bother us."

The remedy is: NEVER USE THE LINE MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES at a time. Never use it for unnnecessary gossip or to amuse the children. NEVER RUBBER. Never keep the receiver off the hook when you are not a party to the conversation.

The practice of those suggestions tends to produce, instead of the sulphurous blue flame, a bright yellow glow which settles as a halo above the head of the amiable subscriber and makes her known to all the others as a model of angelic virtue and good common sense.

Manager Has a New Manager

William Lloyd, Jr., and Miss Frances Marie Peck of this city were married in Grand Junction at high noon, on Monday, June 6th, the wedding occuring at the M. E. parsonage and the ceremony performed by Rev. Forrest, in the presence of he bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peck, who accompanied the couple to Grand Junction.

After the marriage the young people departed for a brief honeymoon trip to Glenwood Springs and possibly to Colorado Springs, where the groom's parents reside.

The bride is one of Delta's finest girls, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peck. The groom is local manager of the Mountain States Telephone Exchange in this city, and is a splendid young fellow, industrious and reliable, and enjoys the esteem and respect of all who know him.

May their lives be filled with all the beautiful and good things possible.—Delta County, Colo., Tribune.

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BUSY BETTY SAYS

Romance is, I believe, supposed to be taboo between Traffic employes, Cupid being about as welcome as the postman the first day of the month—er, that is of course, so far as SOME are concerned, but try as they will to bar him the little fellow will break through the lines occasionally, and so it is that we recently lost one of the best beloved young women in the Main exchange.

Miss Eloise Eisele, chief operator at Main, left a fortnight or so ago to prepare for her approaching marriage to B. C. Garside, Jr., traffic chief at York and South exchanges.

The high regard in which Miss Eisele was held by her co-workers was attested by the little informal reception arranged in her honor one afternoon between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock, down in the Main exchange retiring rooms, and the presentation of a wonderful floor lamp, a gift from the girls with whom she worked, as a parting tribute of love and good will.

There is a rumor that the wedding is to take place about the middle of September.

Speaking of weddings—and "sich"—engagement rings are popping up in the Commercial department like mushrooms after a rain.

The last count showed five attractive young women of this department scheduled for a walk to the Mendelssohn tune—to say naught of a rumor or so conconcerning certain male eligibles.

Dean Clark says he's thinking of renting out the "concession."

I'm sure you're interested in little "Grace."

Grace, you may remember, is the little fifteen year old daughter of one of our all-night operators who some time ago came to Colorado in the hope of its sunny clime benefiting Grace's health.

Some months ago the Monitor carried a story of the frail little girl in a down town room where her mother was forced to leave her alone while she was on duty. And you may also recall the story of a visit Mrs. Higgins paid her, taking her chicken and other goodies.

Well, Mrs. Higgins and others with the Company interested in the welfare of Grace, succeeded awhile back in getting her into Sands House, the home for tubercular women, where she has been for several months, and save for one or two little setbacks, has been flourishing, or at least showing marked signs of improvement.

Grace recently had a birthday, and Mrs. Higgins who never fails to think of the nice thing to do and DO it, drove out that evening after dinner with some sweetmeats for the little invalid.

When she arrived at the home the whole place was in darkness—looked as if they had all either moved or gone to bed. Suddenly she detected a light flickering from Grace's window so she quickened her steps lest Grace, too, might decide to turn in for the night, before she could reach her. She soon discovered, however, that there wasn't a chance of that, for as she opened the door to Grace's room, she found not a lonely little invalid but a room filled with patients of the Home, all gathered to celebrate the auspicious occasion.

And that's not all, there was a birthday cake in the center of the room with fifteen candles burning brightly on it and a bed covered with sweet little remembrances each of the patients had brought the little girl who was sitting up in bed clapping her hands and having the time of her frail young life.

It was a mighty pretty picture, according to Mrs. Higgins, and shows how Grace has won the hearts of all the older sufferers at the Home.

Incidentally she and Alyce Gardiner, formerly with the Telephone Company, are great pals and they're not sitting around moping and feeling sorry for themselves but are catching the sunbeams and every bit of happiness that comes their way. And that's a pretty good sign that they're going to get well.

Frank Chittenden of the Commercial department says there must be a lot of money secreted in the telephone booths there in the public office and the first chance he gets he's going on a still hunt for it. He says not a day goes by that from one to half a dozen women who come in to pay their telephone bills don't step up to the window and then all of a sudden say, "O, pardon me, may I just step into the booth here to get some money?" and a moment later emerge with the necessary coin.

Helen Knox—York 35.

That's the name and telephone number to call to turn in your magazine subscriptions.

Have you turned in YOURS?

If we all had the spirit of Marie Barberi, of the South exchange, our little friend Helen Knox, would be so busy out there in St. Joseph's Hospital that she wouldn't have time to think how long she has lain in that little white bed.

Miss Barberi, upon seeing Miss Knox's picture in the last Monitor and reading of her plight and her ambition despite the handicap of infantile paralysis, to be self supporting by taking subscriptions for magazines, appointed herself a committee of one to go out and GET subscriptions for this little girl who is unable to walk or get out for herself.

The result was that one evening she went out to the hospital with twelve subscriptions for our unfortunate co-worker.

Miss Isabelle Currie of Main exchange also took a couple of subscriptions out to Miss Knox and paid her a cheery little visit, even tho they never had met before.

And away up in Helena, Carl Eaton, familiarly known to many as "C. J.", State Auditor, responded to Helen Knox's appeal by mailing in a couple of subscriptions.

And while several others have welcomed the chance to lend a hand and at the same time do themselves a favor by subscribing for a magazine "the Helen Knox way", there are a lot of us who—perhaps have the good intention—but haven't yet got around to turning in our subscription.

Lets do it NOW.

Now is the pyschological time to help Helen get started in her magazine business—so let us either write or telephone TODAY.

Mail address, Helen Knox, c/o St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver.

Telephone Number York 35.

The Dumb Bell

Teacherette: "Why didn't you send up a man to fix my electric bell?"

Electrician: "He did go, madame, but as he rang twice and got no answer, he concluded that there was no one at home."—Burr.

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When Artist Meets Artist

As the Office Boy Sees 'Em

Miss Anderson, as Miss Black Sees Her

First Artist: "I am Miss Anderson from Omaha."

Second Artist: "I am Miss Black of Denver."

Office Boy: "Omaha is a good place to be FROM, and Denver is a good place to be OF."

Editor: "Allen, you chase those cockroaches out of the paste pot and close the door from the outside."

This cracked the ice and after that everything was smooth and unconventional, and the whole Monitor force then got acquainted with Miss Alice Anderson, a demure little girl "from" Omaha, who draws her little old "You Owe Me" every 30 days for putting the artistic touches on The Northwestern Bell, the company magazine of the Northwestern Bell Telephone company.

Miss Black as Miss Anderson Sees Her

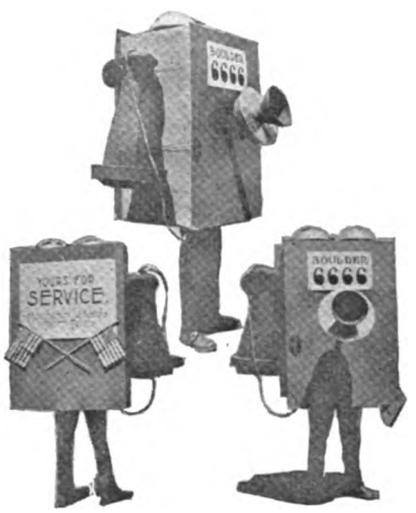
While the editors and even the obstreperous office boy tried to sidle up to the dainty little Miss there was nothing doing after the scroll lines had been thrown out to her by our own artist, Miss Beulah Black. Together they talked, together they played and together they climbed Lookout mountain and together they ate handpainted wienies from the same blackened lard can, cooked over a pine-knot fire up there above the clouds.

Miss Anderson was here on her vacation, and just to show her there was nothing too good for her, President Read's Pierce Arrow was placed at her disposal; but the president says that when one of our little sisters come to town he is willing to ride in a fliv or any old thing, and even loan his "perfectly lovely" chauffeur, Joe Cornell, on such occasions.

Before departing for home Miss Anderson drew a portrait of Miss Black as she looked to her, and in turn Miss Black made a sketch of Miss Anderson. Chubby Mix says both of the drawings are anything but flattering to the originals. And then the office boy gives us his impressions of "the both of them".

The Walking Wall Telephone

Boulder, Colorado.—These pictures are snapshots of a walking wall telephone which was to have been used in a big parade at Boulder, but on account of a continual downpour which spoiled the celebration in general, it was not taken out. They were afraid a wet short would be the result. C. W. Cochran, cashier, was to have been the goat, as he promised to carry the vest pocket edition of a No. 124 Set through the streets. Much speculation was done at the exchange as to what would hapen if a dog bit his rheumatic leg or some small boy gently tossed a thunderbolt at his pedal extremities, but he was saved from becoming a nervous wreck until some future date.



Walking Telephones in Action

The telephone was made of compo board fastened on a frame which has rests for shoulders, etc. The bells are washpans, while the transmitter was made with a milk pan and a funnel. A piece of one-half inch rope made the receiver cord. A number was placed above the transmitter and holes were cut in each figure to enable the motive power to stay clear of all ditches.

The telephone weighs about 35 pounds and is evenly balanced, and is the product of great minds of the plant department nourished by Grapenuts and 9 oz. insulators.

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How's Your Foundation?

C.B. Lyman, Medical Director

Our feet form the foundation upon which our bodies rest and are as essential to our good health and our ability to do things as any other part of our anatomy. When one builds a house the first thing thought of is that it shall have a good foundation and as much attention is given to its proper construction as is given to the superstructure. It is surprising to think how little attention and care the average person gives to the foundation of his body, and in this respect the female portion of the population are perhaps most given to thoughtlessness and negligence.

The Chinese start in on an infant, if it happens to be a girl, with tight bandaging and other means of torture in order to make the feet as small as possible. And what is the result? When these girls are grown to womanhood they are awkward in their gait and have hard work to navigate at all. The American woman is not as bad as that but is bad enough; she tries to make a number 5 foot fit into a number 3 shoe, or a C width foot crowd into an A width shoe, and the more pointed the toe of the shoe the better she likes it.

The majority of women think it the height of fashion to walk on stilts by raising their feet with high French heels the bottoms of which are so small that it is surprising that they can stand up at all. There was a time in the history of the world when the human race walked as animals do, without any covering at all. The first attempt at foot protection was the wearing of sandals which consisted only of a flat foot piece held to the foot by thongs or straps. As time went on various kinds of shoes were brought out. Some time during the eighteenth century, in France, the king being of small stature and greatly desiring to be taller, (probably because in his time the women were especially fond of tall men), conceived the idea of elevating his body by putting very high heels on his shoes. Unfortunately the king did not, at the same time, issue an edict that none of his subjects should imitate him. The result was that he set a fashion which has been preserved to the present day.

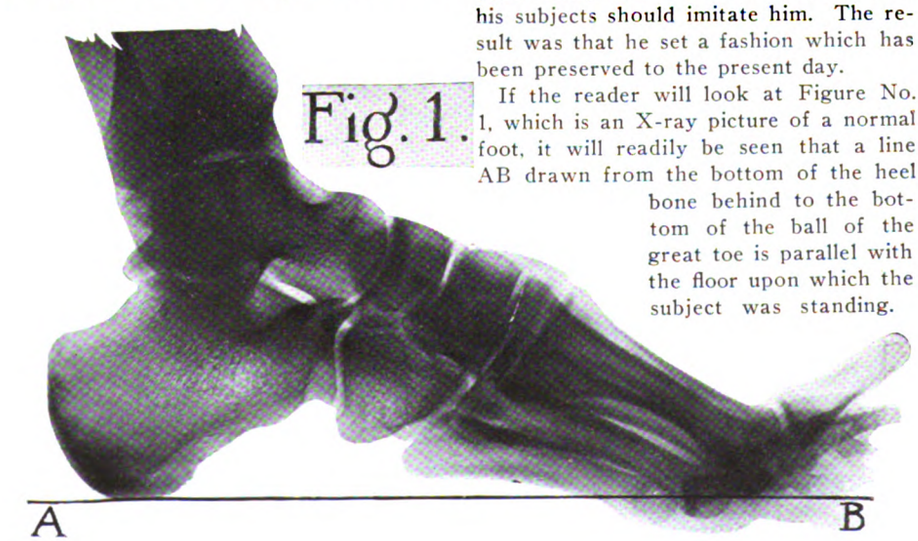

Fig. 1.

If the reader will look at Figure No. 1, which is an X-ray picture of a normal foot, it will readily be seen that a line AB drawn from the bottom of the heel bone behind to the bottom of the ball of the great toe is parallel with the floor upon which the subject was standing.

Figure No. 2 is an X-ray picture of a foot enclosed in a shoe having an average height heel. In this picture it will be seen that a line drawn from the bottom of the heel to the bottom of the ball of the great toe forms only a small angle with the floor, the line AB being the floor, and the line CB being the line from the bottom of the heel to the bottom of the ball of the great toe.

Figure No. 3 is an X-ray picture of a young lady's foot encased in a high-heeled pump. There are several things to be noted in this picture: first, that the heel is raised so high that the line CB forms a very large angle with the floor represented by the line AB; second, that while standing erect, as this girl was doing, the bones of the leg do not come in contact with the bones of the foot as they should, the normal relationship being shown in Figure No. 1; third, that the weight of the body coming down upon the foot at the angle that it does when such a shoe is worn, must of necessity have a tendency to force the foot down into the toe of the shoe. If this girl was standing so that the bones of the leg formed the normal angle with the bones of the foot her body would be projected forward in the line DF and she would topple over forward. In order that she may maintain her balance it is necessary that the muscles in the calf of the leg shall be maintained in a condition of constant contraction which is not only awkward but is sure to bring about more or less discomfort. In order to maintain her balance the spine must also be held in an abnormal position which in time is likely to bring about more or less trouble with the muscles of the back and the joints of the spine. The internal organs of the abdomen are also thrown into an abnormal position and relation one with the other may bring about various dis-

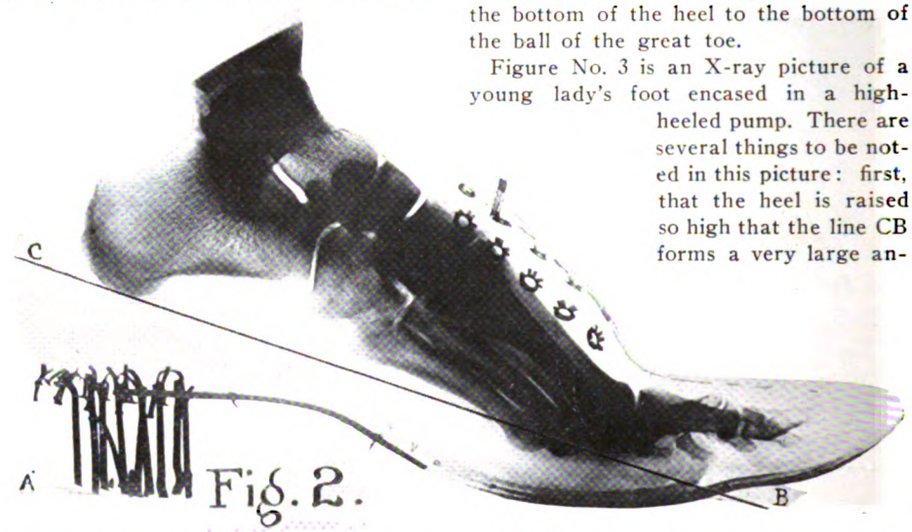

Fig. 2.

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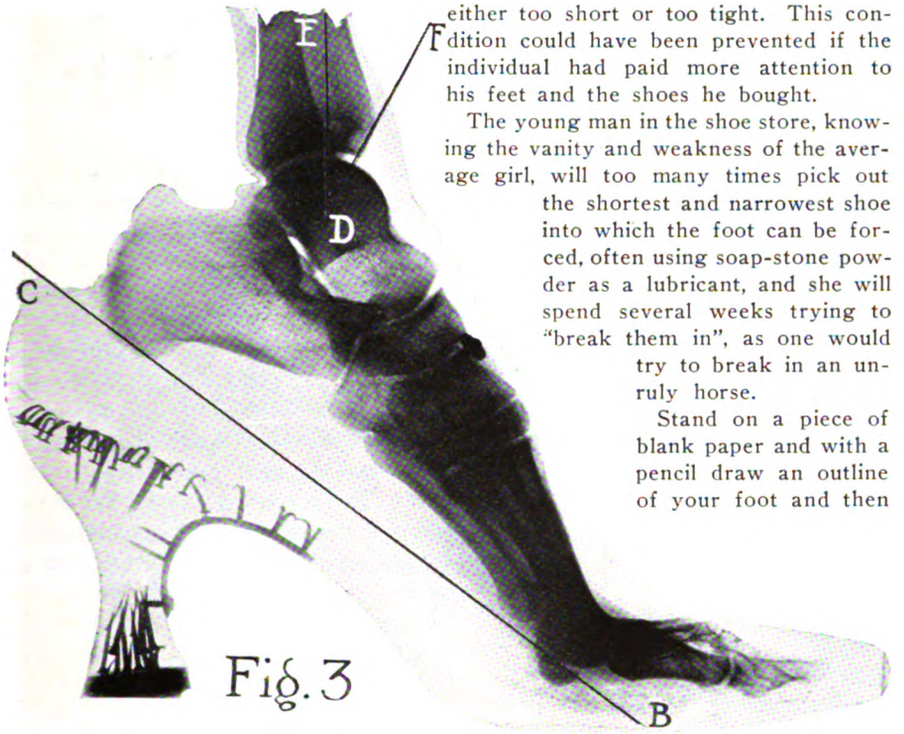

Fig. 3

either too short or too tight. This condition could have been prevented if the individual had paid more attention to his feet and the shoes he bought.

The young man in the shoe store, knowing the vanity and weakness of the average girl, will too many times pick out the shortest and narrowest shoe into which the foot can be forced, often using soap-stone powder as a lubricant, and she will spend several weeks trying to "break them in", as one would try to break in an unruly horse.

Stand on a piece of blank paper and with a pencil draw an outline of your foot and then put your shoe over the spot. It will seem to be almost an impossible trick to put that foot into that shoe—almost as impossible as it is to put a quart of beans into a pint measure.

If you would have good feet take as good care of them as you do of your hands. Select shoes built after a normal last, and not too large nor too small but just large enough to give perfect comfort when you walk out of the store. Shoes should not be like a wild horse that must be broken in. Discard high heels. Be a devotee to comfort and not to fashion and your feet will not ache or be sore, your disposition will be better and better than all, your health will improve.

turbances. By studying the picture it will also be seen that the bottom of the high French heel is very small and this means that the girl has more or less difficulty in maintaining her equilibrium and in order to stand up at all she must subject the ligaments of the ankle joint to more than the normal strain which in time may bring about one of the many painful disorders of the feet. The weight of the body coming on the bones of the foot in the way that it does, wearing a high heel has a tendency to force the foot down into the toe of the shoe which, being too narrow at that point, is liable to force the great toe over, causing bunions, overlapping toes or some other disturbance such as hammer-toes, corns, etc.

Figure No. 4 shows an X-ray picture of a normal foot looking down from above while Figure No. 5 shows a foot with a bunion or enlargement of the bone at the ball of the great toe; this has been brought about by a shoe which was

Fig. 5.

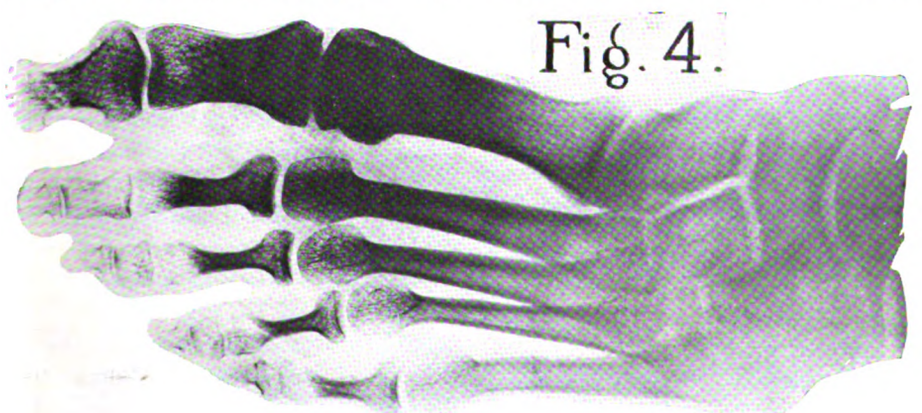
Fig. 4.

Western Electric New Lineup

Several important changes have occurred recently in the executive circles of the Denver and Boston offices of the Western Electric Company.

T. L. Holmes has been appointed Manager of the Boston Telephone Distributing House.

H. H. Argabrite has been appointed Manager of the Denver Telephone Distributing House.

A. C. Cornell has been appointed Manager of the Denver Supply Distributing House.

H. W. Dye has been appointed Stores Manager of the Denver Supply Distributing House.

Jesse Hageman has been appointed Credit Manager of the Denver Supply Distributing House.

Those who are sneaky in small things are generally true to form in larger affairs.

Then He Turned Over

A traveling salesman died suddenly, and was taken to his home in the West. His relatives telephoned to the nearest florist to make a wreath. The ribbon was to be extra wide, with the inscription, "Rest in Peace," on both sides, and if there was room, "We shall meet in Heaven." The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide. and bore the inscription: "Rest in Peace on Both Sides and If There is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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SEPTEMBER, 1921

From Head to Foot

In a little old-fashioned poem, one of the kind in which there is "more truth than poetry," the foot complained that it was the hardest-worked and least-favored part of the human body; that the eye sees the beautiful sights; the ear hears the melodious sounds; the nose inhales the pleasant odors; the tongue tastes the food delicacies, but that the foot, ofttimes pinched and crowded into a hard leather shoe, trudges about, up and down, here and there, bearing the burden of the body.

But the fact is that the eye guides the steps of the foot; the ear hears the warning of danger and the feet turn quickly aside to safety; the mouth takes in the sustenance that makes the feet strong and unfaltering to go on their errands to and fro. Each works to help the other in that complex piece of mechanism, the human body. Just as in our organization each department complements and assists and co-ordinates the other.

The girls at the switchboard could not operate if there were no wires strung and kept in perfect working condition by the linemen and repairmen, and the latter could not string wires and keep circuits clear if the groundmen had not preceded them to dig holes and set the poles. As a basis for all their efforts, equipment must be manufactured and kept in stock. Working at their desks are many others who keep books and accounts, and manipulate typewriters and comptometers. To some falls the duty of making studies of problems that are constantly arising for adjustment and solution.

And back of all these indispensable forces are the heads who do the planning and financing for present needs, and who are trying, insofar as is humanly possible, to forecast the future in order that a consensus of their best judgment will avail to the advantage of all who may have any interest in the business.

So the gigantic work goes on, with each department, and the units composing that department, helping to turn the wheels. If the wheels revolve smoothly and efficiently and successfully, each department and each unit of that department is entitled to a share of the credit. All are important, and it is difficult to know which is most important. If one wheel should suddenly cease to rotate the grinding and jar would be heard and felt throughout the whole great machine.

□

"Square Shooting"

Many utilities are still operating on rates established ten years ago. Such utilities have used up their reserves and a great many of them have exhausted their credit by being forced to operate at pre-war rates during the long period of high costs.

For this reason it is still necessary to grant increased utility rates in many instances, and such increases cannot consistently be opposed by the argument that costs are coming down, for the new level of prices and wages that is being established will be proportionately higher than any increase granted utilities.

Utility rates were about the last thing to advance and the average increase is around twenty per cent.

From the standpoint of political popularity it is easy to cry, "Prices are falling; why grant utility companies increases at this time?" If utility rates had doubled and trebled, this argument would be reasonable and their rates should fall, but under the circumstances there is a vast distinction, and further increases may be necessary in many instances.

Commenting on the present situation, H. H. Corey of the Oregon Public Service Commission says:

"We have been compelled to consider the natural antipathy of the public to increased costs. We have found it necessary in many instances to allow increases of rates, but in every instance the increases have been necessary. There has been no profiteering by utilities. On the contrary, by far the greater part of the vast investments in our public utilities has not received a fair return on the actual or fair value of the property used and useful in the service of the public during the past four years.

"The utilities are so tied into the business of the states and so interwoven with the growth, prosperity and advancement of every community that the greatest development and advancement is found in those states where commissions have acquired reputations for 'square shooting.'"—The Manufacturer.

□

Retrospective View

Today I am wondering what would have happened to me by now, if fifty years ago, some fluent talker had converted me to the theory of the eight-hour day and convinced me that it was not fair to my fellow-workers to put forth my best efforts in my work. I am glad that the eight-hour day had not been invented when I was a young man. If my life had been made up of eight-hour days I don't believe I could have accomplished a great deal. The country would not amount to as much as it does if the young men of fifty years ago had been afraid they might earn more than they were paid.—Thomas A. Edison.

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Operator Averts Murder

"Police! Murder! Help——!"

"Bang!" goes the telephone.

These are not infrequent exclamations heard by the telephone operator, and little Miss Operator is always on the job with her keen wits and prompt actions, and she generally knows just what to do and she does it.

Here is a recent case: Early one morning, not many weeks ago, Miss Frances Jensen, while operating on the local board at Pocatello, Idaho, got a call for the "Police Department" from a woman who seemed to be greatly excited. After calling for the police she hung up. Miss Jensen, using her head and the instructions, looked up the address of the telephone from which the call had come and gave the information to the police.

Later that night the police department called the operator, thanked her for the tip and explained that through it they had been able to stop a shooting affair and had also captured a large quantity of moonshine whisky. The next day the following letter was received by E. P. Calph, manager at Pocatello:

"My dear Mr. Calph: I wish to express to you my appreciation of the manner in which your company has handled the wire communications from and to this department during the present administration. The telephone service has been conducted in a comprehensive and thorough manner and it is certainly most gratifying to have this most pleasant cooperation. Kindly convey to your operators my appreciation of their splendid service.

"You know it is not the few men we have for law enforcement that makes a police department; it is the co-operation these few men are able to receive from the general public and institutions like yours. I am glad to say at this time, that we have had the best co-operation throughout and I sincerely hope it will continue. Respectfully,

"M. BENDIXEN, Chief of Police."

The Drifters

There are many drifters in this world going with the current, wherever it may happen to carry them.

They stick to a job simply because it is easy and if it becomes hard they leave it and go on their way, looking for some other job that is soft.

Honestly, deep down in their hearts, they intend some day to do something big—but they live only in yesterday and tomorrow. Today, alive with opportunity, has no meaning to them.

The way of the drifter is always down stream—so that opporunity is always moving away from them.

Unless you know where you're going and are really rowing as hard as you can to that point—you are drifting.

Unless you are willing to accept responsibility and really work—you are drifting.

Unless you can actually see each day's work moving you ahead in force, strength and efficiency, you are drifting.

The drifter always goes down—never up. And he finally either goes over the falls of failure or lands in some still pool of mediocrity, where he remains all the rest of his life.

Don't be a drifter!

Ambition doesn't mean thinking wonderful dreams, while you float with the tide.

It means taking off your coat, rolling up your sleeves, and pulling your boat up-stream!—Service.

□

How to Kill an Association

1. Don't come.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, don't think of coming.
4. Kick if yu are not appointed on a committee, and if you are appointed, never attend a meeting.
5. Don't have anything to say when called upon.

I am a dub---

¶I have spent the days of my life building my business. ¶I have been a slave to that business. ¶My waking hours have been so full of my business that I have lost touch with my fellow man. The night is tedious and long and restless with worry that I cannot shake off for I have no thought but of my business. ¶My great city around me seems nothing more to me than a vast collection of prospects. ¶I hear of men and groups of men who are said to be earnest, public spirited citizens who are seeking to achieve things that mean nothing to me for I see no immediate return in them to my business. ¶Yet these men are far more successful than I am. ¶And as they pass from the community great industries halt and men linger on their busy way to mourn for one who has been a friend to the community. ¶Should I pass on tomorrow only my immediate family would miss me and in my business there would be some slight speculation as to who would be the new boss, but this great city which has been my bread and butter, that has made it possible for me to raise and educate my family, that has given me everything that I have and which my family will have after me, will not care and will not miss me for I have been narrow and selfish in my dealings with my city and with the men that have made my city worth while. ¶I have failed to realize that my city could be no more prosperous, no better, than the men and business houses in it. ¶I have not been broad enough, far seeing enough, to realize that my business could not be a great business without a great city behind it. ¶I have been too selfish and too much engrossed in my affairs to know that other men were facing the same troubles and difficulties as myself and that simple solutions could come thru co-operation. ¶Down the street from me is a man in the same business. ¶His problems are the same. ¶Yet I do not know him and because I do not know him I distrust him. ¶How easy it would have been had we met on a common footing and talked things over. ¶What fine things he and I could have done by co-operating for the good of our city. And by making a better city how we could have helped our business. ¶All around me are successful business men. ¶Men who are thinkers and have the confidence of the public. ¶These men and I, what is there that working together we could not accomplish for our city? ¶And meeting them for an hour once a week, knowing them so we would be Jack and Joe to each other, talking as only friends can talk, how we would each have profited.

--- I am a dub

Patrick M. Tammany, Secretary Kiwanis Club of Seattle, Wash.

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Telephone Fashion Shop

By Betty Devine

Right this way, ladies, for the telephone fashion shop!

Here we have all the latest models in frocks and hats.

Organdies, French ginghams, aeroplane linen jumper dresses, georgette blouses, dainty lingerie and the smartest models in early Fall hats.

It's worth while taking a peep into the realm of Mademoiselle Modiste, on the eighth floor of the Main exchange building where two afternoons and two evenings each week a bevy of clever young women are busily engaged beating the high cost of living by developing their talent along the lines of costume designing and making. Why, we're daily expecting to discover a second Lady Duff Gordon in our midst, for during the short while the sewing school has been running the girls have turned out costumes that would make the windows of smart shops fairly yawn for them.

And the best part of it is that some of these girls never so much as used a pair of scissors or a thimble before coming into the sewing classes which were inaugurated early last June for members of the Traffic department.

These classes are under the able direction of Miss Flora Slocum who came to the Company equipped with a "B.S." degree from the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins, and a personality that wins the good will and confidence of every girl who meets her.

Miss Flora Slocum

Miss Slocum, despite her superior knowledge along certain lines, is just a real girl herself, which probably is largely responsible for the freedom with which the girls enter the classes—their lack of embarrassment or self-consciousness—at not being familiar with the art of dressmaking or millinery.

She has a sweet, quiet little way of setting forth the hows and wherefores of cutting and putting costumes together without making one feel the least bit stupid and some of the girls who upon entering the classes knew the least about sewing, have turned out the niftiest frocks and hats.

The other afternoon, watching the girls working away, one on a stunning hat which in a down town store would doubtless retail for $30, or more, one on a canary-colored georgette blouse with black stitching, another on a little French gingham dress, etc., I was impressed with the idea that it must be mighty gratifying to the heads of the Traffic department who having by far the largest number of women employese with the Company in their ranks, are constantly on the lookout for new interests and beneficial opportunities for their girls, to see how eagerly the girls grasp these opportunities—how quick they are to take advantage of every chance to further themselves along various lines of capability.

Perhaps the fact that there are no special restrictions in connection with the classes makes them more alluring, for when one realizes that the opportunity is there waiting for them but that it is entirely up to them whether or not they grasp it, also that they may come and go just as they please, not being obliged to put in any specified time when they do go in to sew, but are free to put up their sewing and leave any time they feel nervous or tired, there's no denying it's a far more inviting proposition than to feel all hemmed in with iron-clad rules and regulations.

As far as I could learn the only specifications are that each girl bring her own material to sew with.

Miss Bender and Her $4.50 Dress

The instruction is entirely free, the use of the tables, scissors, sewing machines—and they are not heavy-running old second-hand machines, either, but new and electrically driven with little or no effort on the part of the operator.

There is also a pressing board and electric iron—in fact, everything needed in an up-to-date dressmaking establishment.

I must tell you about one attractive little frock I saw—a tribute to the skill of Miss Helen Bender, who wore it with rare grace and style.

It was a blue and white checked French gingham, very simple in design as the best-looking clothes always are—with blue organdie collar and cuffs picot-edged in black and broidered with cunning baskets of vari-colored flowers. A tiny sash of two-tone black and blue ribbon about an inch wide encircled the waistline and was looped at the back.

It was one of the best looking lit-

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tle summer frocks I've seen this season and in a down town shop at the beginning of summer would beyond question have sold for from $20 to $25—and Miss Bender told with considerable pride that it had cost her just $4.15.

On the afternoon of my visit she was putting the finishing touches on a hat that smacked of "Parisian art." 'Twas a Roman sailor of jade green duvetyn faced with metal brocade, its only trimming being a cluster of petals of brocade faced with the duvetyn, centered with wooden beads, perched saucily on the edge of the brim and a tiny band of narrow silver tissue ribbon encircling the crown.

She had not figured up the exact cost of the hat but I'll venture to say it would cost from $30 up in a fashionable millinery establishment, while it probably cost her not more than half that price—and remember, the materials are exquisite.

Any number of equally attractive outfits have been made by the girls since the innovation of the sewing department, which in my opinion is one of the finest movements yet launched for the feminine element of the Company.

At Work in the Telephone Fashion Shop

The classes, which, as I said before, are confined to the employes of the Traffic department—as it was a Traffic idea—are held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon from one until 5 o'clock and Wednesday and Friday evenings from 6:30 to 9:30 and now that the cooler weather is upon us the girls are entering into the work with renewed interest and a zest that forecasts a busy winter for Mademoiselle Modiste. diste.

New York to Longmont

There's a little difference in time between New York and Longmont, Colorado, as well as a difference in population; but that is another story.

So it must have been around the witching hour of one A. M. in little old New York when Mr. Walter C. Coulehan, of Longmont, who, with his wife, was just off ship from a tour of Europe, after attending the Rotary convention at old Edinboro' town in Scotland, decided he'd like to hear from Longmont—and right away quick.

The telephone—of course. And Mr. W. L. McCaslin, of the Farmers' National Bank, just settling down to slumber, was informed that New York was calling.

"All right," said Mr. McCaslin, and presto, he and Mr. Coulehan were exchanging greetings.

"We are in New York, and mighty glad to get home," said Mr. Coulehan, by way of starting off. Even New York is "home" to a westerner, after a tour of Europe.

Mr. McCaslin stated that he and Mr. Coulehan could hear each other most distinctly—that, in fact, the conversation was just as clear as if they had been talking over the lines in Longmont.

Who is Helen Knox?

Helen Knox is one of the finest little girls in all the Mountain States Telephone family. She was an operator in Denver for four years. Ten months ago she was right on the job as supervisor of the South office in Denver. One day she went with a party of other telephone employes on a pleasure trip to the mountains. She climbed the mountains, gathered flowers, dabbled in the clear waters of the mountain streams and put in a most enjoyable day of recreation. On the following morning she woke up to find that her lower limbs were paralyzed from the hips down. She was later taken to a hospital and has never left her bed since.

And this is Helen Knox — OUR Helen Knox. Last month The Monitor printed a photograph of her. Did you see it? We told how she has gone into the merchandise business —the magazine business—and dozens of orders for magazines and periodicals from all over the territory of the Mountain States are coming in to her. With Miss Knox it is purely business. In a few towns the telephone folks are taking subscriptions for magazines and sending them to the little merchant, in care of the St. Joseph Hospital, Denver. For this, Miss Knox is very appreciative. The Monitor wishes that the employes all over the entire mountain states would bear this in mind, and simply "flood" Helen Knox with orders. Whadda yuh say?

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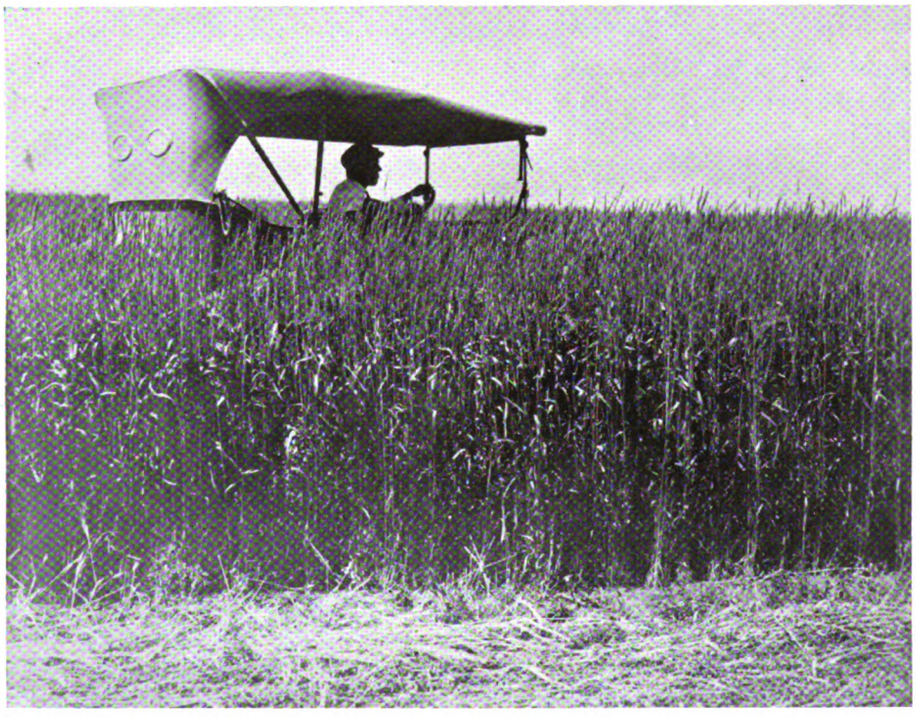
Judith Basin, Montana

By O. B. Kirk, Lewistown

The reason Montana has become internationally known as the "Granery of the World" is well shown in the accompanying pictures which were taken in the Judith Basin country near Lewistown, a few days before this issue of The Monitor went to press.

Judith Basin comprises approximately 1,700 square miles of tillable land in the central part of Montana. The Basin is bordered on the north by the North Moccasin Mountains, on the east by the Judith Mountains, on the south by the Snowy Mountains and on the west by the Little Belt Mountains. On or near the edge of the Basin we find Hilger, Denton, Stanford, Utica, Judith Gap and Heath, all thriving and prosperous towns, with Lewistown and Moore well toward the center.



At this writing the winter wheat has all been harvested in Judith Basin and Fergus County. Winter wheat appears better this year than the spring wheat. However, the acreage of winter wheat is much less this year than in previous years. It is estimated that the winter wheat acreage of Judith Basin and Fergus County is approximately 7,500, while that of spring wheat is probably near the two hundred thousand mark. The corn crop is the best this year of any crop on record for this territory. The hay crop is exceptionally good.

This Basin is one of the best sections of Montana from an agricultural viewpoint, and stands at the head of counties throughout Montana as producing the greatest yield on record. The grass and range is also reported better this year than for many years past and there will no doubt be an abundance of feed for cattle and sheep this winter. Livestock as a consequence of these conditions is in fine shape.

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Now Stell is Sorry She Didn't Go

By Marjorie Paterson

Right Over the Home Plate

"Well, Stell, at last it has come, and now it is over. You know, a picnic is so much like Thanksgiving, one day isn't enough."

"What picnic?"

"Stell, I just expected that. Whenever that blank look sweeps across your marble brow I have a presentiment that you are going to say something foolish. Honestly, Stell, your ignorance is refreshing. You say 'What picnic' as though there might be two, like two Carusos or two Al Jolsons. When I say picnic I mean the Accounting Department picnic held at Tolland, August 6th, and the best way for me to describe the day will be for me to quote Mr. H. W. Bellard wherein he smilingly says, 'Gee, ain't we got fun?'

"We started. Yes, Stell, that is necessary if you are going to have a picnic you must start. Well, as I was saying, we started (I here refer to my notes), at 9:00 A.M. My conscience keeps whispering to tell the truth and say nearer 9:30, but Mr. French said we would start at 9:00 and who am I to make a prevaricator out of the man? So we'll use our imaginations and start at nine. Anyway, what are imaginations for if you can't draw on them like Mr. J. P. Gibson (not Morgan's) check book?

"Different things happened on the way up, such as a little top that spun. For particulars see the losers. They can probably use more flowery language in referring to said top than I, just an innocent bystander.

"The orchestra played, Stell, and we all sang. Yes, I did, and it didn't ruin it much. Stell, you have such a poisonous tongue.

"Everybody registered surprise when we suddenly heard the little birdies sing. We thought for a minute Mayme Mulligan had brought her pet canary, but finally discovered Miss Merle Mattson in the background warbling, 'I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody, Honey, Like I'm Loving You.' Every man present thought she was whistling specially for him.

"The tunnels seemed to afford delight to the younger set. Mr. Blair for instance, had quite a crowd around him—Miss Probst was along, too. Some people can get away with anything. He said he was just trying to show the girls a good time, and from the shrieks of laughter issuing from that part of the train his efforts were a howling success.

"But we are getting hungry, so we hurry fast. We reach Tolland (again I refer to my notes), at 11:30. Again a prick of conscience that says 12:15. But why have a conscience on a picnic?

"Mr. J. P. Gibson (not Morgan), like the famous Bill Hart, now steps to the center of the stage. He makes the fire, and horror of horrors, he is going to do the family washing. Yes, the man brought the boiler along. We gasp, we stare, then a smile sweeps over the more quick-witted of the crowd (Mrs. Haythorne wasn't in the last named), get a whiff of coffee and something seems to tell us that it is not washday, but hot coffee. We smile, we breathe, the day is saved.

"At 1:15 coffee and lunch were served. And now, we must talk like a picnic. There were different things to eat. Well, Stell, I intend to tell you what they were. If you could only learn to control yourself, a person can haruly get a word in edgewise.

"The lunch was served cafeteria style by six pretty girls. Yes, Stell, I served the cake, and Mr. F. H. Taylor, like the famous Spurious Laerteus of Rome (no, I'm not swearing, that's a man's name), abided on the right hand side and served the cake with me. Not being too proud to do different things, when Margaret Keefe had trouble getting the cow out of the cans, he took a hand at that, too. In fact, he took a hand in other things that he wasn't so lucky at.

"We served sandwiches (two kinds, pickles (two kinds), olives, potato salad, potato chips, cake, bananas, ice cream, candy and coffee. If I have left anything out I assure you, Stell, it is not to mislead you. After I passed the ice cream my brain started whirling.

"Mr. J. P. Gibson stood guard over the coffee boiler. No one was to have more than six cups of coffee. But we have a faint suspicion that Mr. Kinney had two more than his share. If so, we are thankful it was just coffee.

"We ate and drank like people will do on a picnic. Some, I suppose, used discretion, but I didn't notice who they were. The most of us were like the little girl who, when her mother told her if she didn't quit eating cake,——said, 'Mother, please pass the cake, and stand back.'

"We finally finished, for want of more room, when Mr. Wendell, unable to resist such happy looking countenances, insisted upon taking our picture. If you will notice, he never mentioned taking our picture before we ate, the reason being that so few people can look pleasant before they eat. I can, but it is not general. We were all set for said picture when we started having trouble with Mr. Stubbs. He insisted upon standing in front of the camera, striking a pose all same as Napoleon crossing the Delaware. Stell, I can't help it if Napoleon never crossed the Delaware, maybe it was the Alps, I know it was some river. And I'm sure he looked like Mr. H. E. Stubbs when he did it, and please don't interrupt. Anyway, we managed to get him back with the rest of us and Mr. Wendell, after putting the black fascinator over his head, snapped, after which it was too late for Mr. Albert Hoffman to think how pretty he might have looked if he had straightened his tie.

Employes of the General Auditor's Department Picnicing at Tolland, Colorado

"We now go to the picnic grounds, and again I must burst out with Mr. H. W. Bellard, 'Gee, ain't we got fun!'

"We started right off with the ladies, God bless 'em! You know, Stell, that is the best way to start anything, if you want it successful—start with the ladies.

"First is the nail driving contest, which was a thriller. Miss Bradly carried off the honors, also a box of stationery, which makes us happy. We say that because we are unselfish.

The next being a relay race is won by Marie Lynch and Mary McClyman. They are awarded one pound of coffee each.

(Continued to Page 46)

Good Service Recognized

Mr. George McCarn, proprietor of the Hunters Hot Springs hotel, in appreciation of telephone service rendered, writes a letter to S. P. Officer, manager of the Livingston-Bozeman district, of which the following is a copy:

"Dear Sir:—I desire to express my appreciation of the good telephone service given during the Bankers' Convention recently held at Hunters Hot Springs, by the office at Livingston, Montana.

"My clerical force reported promptness and efficiency in giving and receiving calls and I assure you our work was made much lighter and easier owing to this promptness and efficiency on the part of your operating force."

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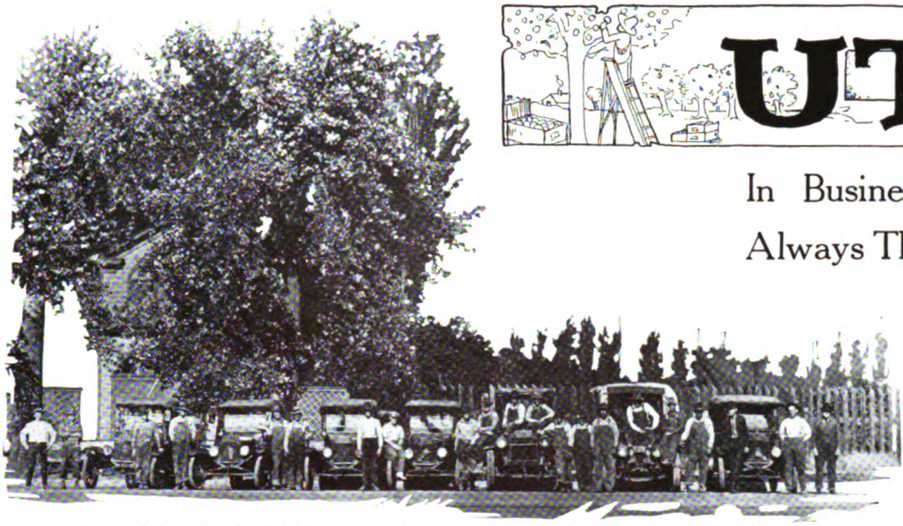
UTAH

In Business and at Play
Always There With a Smile



A part of the Salt Lake Plant Force—Left to Right—Tommy Osborne, Salt Lake Plant Chief; "Mike" Thayne, sub-foreman; "Ike" Bean, Lineman; "Boots" Burns, Lineman; "Mutt" Kilgore, sub-foreman; "Chick" Tillack, lineman; Simon Burkhaus, sub-foreman; "Fat" Grames, splicer's helper; Ernest Wright, lineman; Pat Jensen, chauffeur; Jack Tattersall, lineman; Rex Winchester, foreman; James Quinn, lineman; John Hofer, groundman; Bachelor Brown, groundman; Jack Craig, lineman; "Jiggs" Rich, chauffeur; Don Gree, foreman; "Andy" Hansen, lineman; Alex Roxbrough, chief installer; Floyd Utter, city foreman; Phil Breer, garage foreman.

given to each of the honored guests. The first part of the evening was spent in games and music, followed by a thorough "dolling up" of the brides. They were paraded thru town. The girls woke up the protographer by singing "Here Comes the Bride". He consented to snap their pictures. The girls then returned to the home of Miss Thorpe where refreshments were served.

Murray Plant Men on Vacation

Welcome Tucson, into the Utah Page. We Just Needed You to Put on the Finishing Touch. Come Right in and Make Yourself at Home

Bride and Bride to Be—Logan

Logan—Traffic

Recently a bevy of the liveliest girls that ever-assembled, enjoyed themselves at a shower given in honor of Miss Beatrice Thorpe and Mrs. Roy Thompson, formerly Miss Carrie Ericson. The shower was held at the home of Miss Mable Thorpe. A set of silver-ware was

Stand Aside

Little Miss Utah

Barbara,—2 years old, daughter of Mr. Chas. Mead, Chief Clerk to Utah Traffic Superintendent, Salt Lake.

Go on and Jump—Miss Lottie Leeman, Utah Auditor's Office.

Salt Lake City Plant Department—Personnel Committee—Left to Right—Lawrence Nichols, Ben Blanc; Simon Birkhause, Joseph Kearsley, Ivan Bean, Melvin Kilgore, Hardy Cannon, A. H. Breer. Earl Clayton, the other Member of the Committee, was unable to be present when picture was taken.

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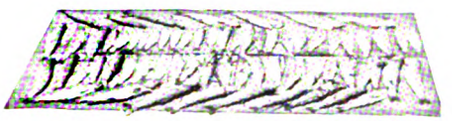
Telephone Folks

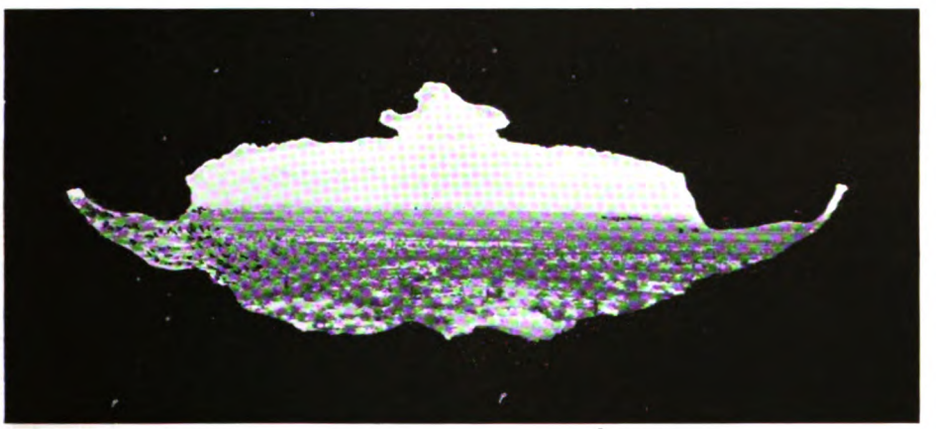
Country Home at Phoenix, Arizona



String of Beauties Caught by Bill Sweeney, Wire Chief at Murray

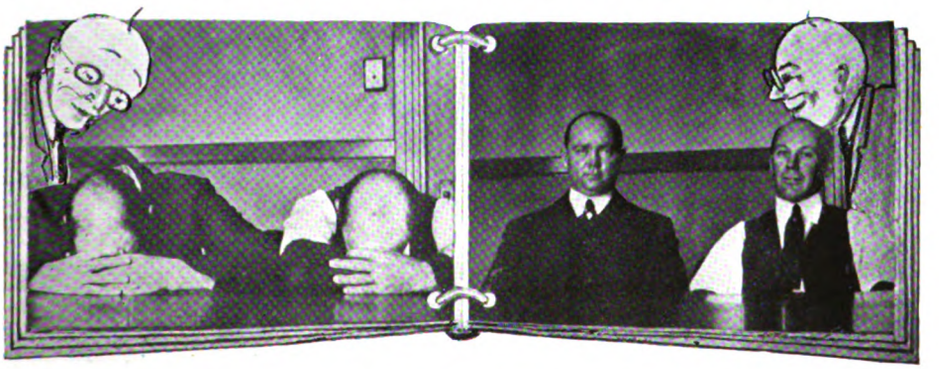
1.—Louis Pierre Calph, age 13 months. Son of E. P. Calph, Manager, Pocatello, Idaho; 2.—Jeremiah, Jr., age 4, Mary Eloise, age 3, Jack, age 7 months, Children of Chief Testboard man, J. P. Donahue; 3.—Bernice, age 8, and Norma, age 3, children of F. L. Brian, repeaterman and toll testboard man; 4.—Norma, age 3, daughter of F. L. Brian; 5.—Robert and James Holder, sons of C. W. Holder, wire chief. All of Pocatello.

Peculiar Shaped Cave Opening



Unique Outlook Through Tureen-shaped Opening in Rock Overlooking Salt River Valley, near Phoenix

What Do You Mean, Baldheaded?



Who Wins the Prize? They are not saying their Prayers—Simply Letting the Camera Get the Bald Spots. Two poses of M. Steck, Outside Plant Engineer for Utah, and Jack O'Neil, Former Right-of-way Man for our Company.

Elevator Pilots Go Up

"Going up" is nothing new for the Company's elevator pilots, but they hardly ever get as high as the snow-capped summit of Mt. Evans. These pilots recently spent a Sunday in the Rockies and in a Company car rode to the top of Mt. Evans. They were back on the job Monday morning with renewed

vigor and looking pleased with life. In the picture they are, left to right —Katherine Richards, Edith McNulty, Loretta Knapp, Mrs. Lucy Hamilton. In the bottom row we start off with Charley Manley, Rose Kard, Elmer Bean and Mary Jones.

The friendless are those who invest all their substance in themselves and take n' stock in other people.

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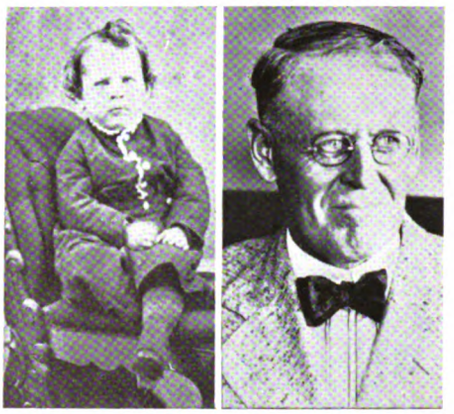
Thirty Years In Service

To be employed by one company for thirty years is a record of service that any man may well be proud of. It has a double meaning that is unmistakable—first, he of necessity, has been a faithful and efficient employe, and secondly, the company for which he worked was, of necessity, a fair and considerate employer. And this is what has gone into the record of service given by George R. Armstrong, who on August 1, 1921, rounded out his thirtieth year in the employe of the Bell Telephone System.

Mr. Armstrong is now connected with the Denver Plant Department, particularly concerned in estimates and costs of plant equipment. Will he retire? Here is his answer:

"I would be absolutely lost outside the dear old telephone pales. This work has been my life work. My associates in the telephone company are my brothers and sisters—my associations have been pleasant and satisfying. I am not old enough to die and I won't quit work, even on a pension. Clean labor is the true essence of life. If my services have been satisfactory I am happy in my record of service. The trails that lead backwards are marked by stones of adversities and diversities—with pleasures and sorrows—with hard knocks and easy sailing—but I have no regrets and harbor no feeling that the Company did not at all times do what it could for me. We worked together—the Company and I, and while I know that the time must surely come when my labors will be ended, it is a happy thought to know that the Bell system of telephones will go on and on, possibly as long as time shall last."

Mr. Armstrong began his services with the Bell system on August 1, 1891 when he started with the Chicago Telephone Company as repairman, having had three years experience in electrical work prior to that time. He was under C. H. Wilson, general superintendent, now general manager of Long Lines. As repairman Mr. Armstrong worked on the first common battery installed in the United States, at Chicago. For thirteen years he gave service as repairman, inspector, wire chief, district wire chief, etc., and in 1889 was appointed facility engineer, the first position of its kind by the Chicago company, and later was made assistant plant engineer, at different times working under A. L. Hibbard, G. K. Milliken and J. G. Wray. In 1905 he resigned to become manager for the Rocky Mountain Bell Company at Butte, Montana, which position he held until 1911 when the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co. came into existence, at which time he was made district manager. Later he passed along the line to the position of district superintendent, division superintendent and special representative under Superintendent Harry Sommers, and he is now connected with the general plant department in Denver.



George R. Armstrong at Seven years, and as He is Today.

The things a man sees, hears and does in thirty years time in the employ of one concern would make a very large book of interesting reading, especially if he be as active and loyal as has been George Robert Armstrong.

Our Heroic Dead

The War Department is now bringing back from France the bodies of men who lost their lives in the service during the war. This is only being done, however, where request for the return has been made by the relatives of the deceased. In order that suitable recognition should be given to the remains of these soldiers, former employes of the Bell Telephone System, a committee of ex-service men at 195 Broadway has been organized for this purpose.

1. Check the Army list to locate the bodies of Bell System employes as each ship arrives.

2. Notify the Associated Company of the arrival, and advise them that it is being cared for.

3. Provide a wreath to be placed on each casket.

4. Notify the Associated Company of the time of shipment of the body so that they may arrange for its reception if it is desirable.

Photograph of a Wreath Placed Upon one of the Caskets that Arrived at Hoboken from France.

This committee was organized at the request of E. K. Hall, Vice President, and he has also requested each of the Associated Companies to form a similar committee to work with the Bell System Committee.

The personnel of the Bell System Committee is as follows: Frank H. Fay, Chairman, Long Lines, General Plant Dept.; R. M. Crater, General Dept., Benefit Committee; C. O. Bickelhaupt, Dept. of Operation and Engineering; J. D. Pollock, Dept. of Operation and Engineering; C. B. Johnson, Dept. of Operation and Engineering.

In addition to the duties above outlined this committee is also gathering data relative to these former soldiers in order that the Bell records may be complete and, therefore, if any one who reads this has information regarding any of the former Bell employes, especially regarding his war service or death, which would be of value to these local committees it is suggested that such information be furnished.

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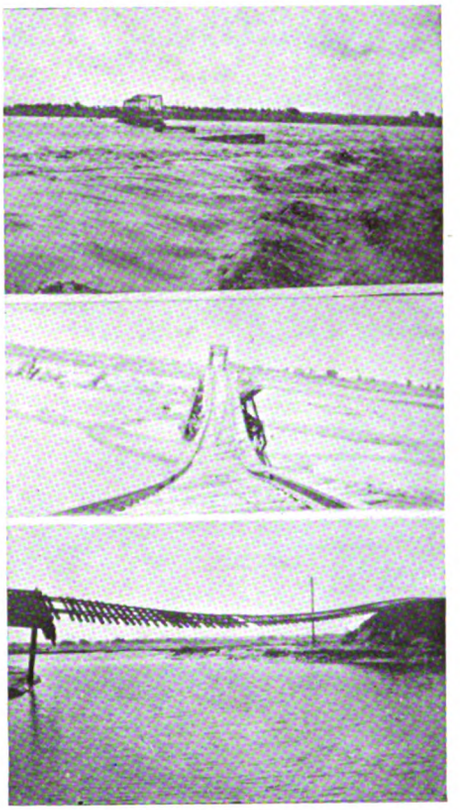
Down the Arkansas

Last month's Monitor told of the Pueblo flood that destroyed a large section of that city and took as part of its toll many human lives. It told of the deeds of heroism and service of the telephone folks in and about the immediate vicinity of Pueblo. So great and far-reaching was this catastrophe that many noteworthy incidents and acts of service in other parts of the territory were pressed aside, more for lack of room than any other cause. Many deeds of heroism and service to the Company and to the public were performed by employes who were connected with the Company's great work down the Arkansas river below Pueblo. All of the water that rushed through Pueblo also passed through other towns where telephone service is given. Among them are:



Effects of Flood Near Las Animas.

Fowler	**Rocky Ford**
Manzanola	**Las Animas**
La Junta	**Lamar**

Then there is Ordway, off the river a short ways, but none the less worthy of notice. They all gave their service, many working all night and then on the job next morning, without a sigh of complaint.

Miss Birdie Kinnison, assistant chief operator at Lamar, was in charge during the chief operator's vacation, and she, with the Misses Iza M. Cart, Dalpha Cart and Clara Driskill stayed on the job after their day's work had ended and worked all night and then continued next day until night again, and all without being asked to do so

Miss Naomi Jordan, former employe, offered her services at Lamar and rendered valuable assistance during the flood period. Miss Leffie M. Rheuby, Gladys Steward, Mabel Kilgore and Gretna Werzell also put in a great deal of overtime and stayed during the busy hours.

Group of Bell Publicity Men in Attendance at Conference, New London, Conn.

From left to right
Standing: J. L. Spellman, Pub. Mgr., Chicago; H. J. Conway, S. New England Tel. Co.; P. K. Richardson, N. Y. C.; B. C. Carroll, General Agent of Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.; Mr. Cameron, Bell Tel. of Canada; T. J. Feeney, Ass't. to Pres. New England Tel. Co.; J. D. Ellsworth, Pub. Mgr. A. T. & T. N. Y. C.; W. P. Banning, N. Y. C.; H. V. Bicknell, New England Tel. Co.; P. L. Thomson, Adv. Mgr. Western Electric Co., N. Y. C.; C. F. Fortier, Adv. Mgr. Bell of Canada; Evelyn Harris, Publicity Agent, Southern Bell Tel. Co.; E. R. Austin, Editor, Southern Tel. News; C. J. Lord, Northwestern Bell Co.; F. E. Cox, Editor, New England Tel. Co.; J. F. Greenawalt, Publicity Mgr., Mountain States Tel. Co.; R. T. Barrett, N. Y. C.; Frank O'Bleness, Adv. Mgr., Ohio Bell Co.; R. M. Russell, Southwestern Bell Co.; C. W. Hungerford, Pub. Mgr., Michigan Tel. Co.; P. C. Staples, Vice-President, Bell of Pennsylvania; A. B. Stearns, Editor, New York Tel. Co.; W. K. Holland, N. Y. C.; R. W. King, N. Y. C.
Seated: W. G. Barry, General Commercial Supt. Ohio Bell Tel. Co.; Leonard Ormerod, Mgr. Inf. Dept. Bell of Pa.; J. E. Southerton, Adv. Agent, Southern New England Tel. Co.; F. C. Builta, Pub. Mgr., Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.; T. T. Cook, Editor, Long Lines, N. Y. C.; A. W. Leach, Indiana Bell Tel. Co.; A. T. Irwin, Editor, Illinois Bell Tel. Co.

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H. E. McAfee and Dean D. Clark

Of Course You All Know Them, But Just Look Them Over Again And Renew Acquaintance

From cashier of the local telephone exchange at Greeley, Colorado, to General Commercial Manager of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company in a space of little more than fourteen years, speaks well for the natural ability and ambition of Harry E. McAfee. Those two "A's" are a combination that will win in any game.

Harry E. McAfee

Mr. McAfee is a native of Greeley, the metropolis of Weld County, and the nucleus around which settled members of the famous old Union colony which received its inspiration to "Go West, young man," from Horace Greeley. Of sturdy pioneer stock, Mr. McAfee never had to go west, for he was already there, and ever ready to take advantage of any opportunity for advancement that might come his way. By sheer hard work and merit he has climbed to his present position.

In between the cashiership of the Greeley exchange and the general commercial managership of our Company Mr. McAfee has been traveling auditor, district manager at Butte, Montana, division general manager of the former Northern Division, with headquarters at Helena, Montana, and division general manager of Colorado and Wyoming, formerly known as the Eastern Division.

It is scarcely necessary to say, "Meet Mr. Dean D. Clark," for a large percentage of our people have met him. His telephone trail has been a long one, winding through Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, finally leading him back to Denver, where he is now stationed as Denver Commercial Manager.

It was in July, 1905, that Mr. Clark, who is, by the way, a native son of the Centennial State, started with the Colorado Telephone Company as state contract and special agent. His headquarters were in Denver, but his work took him all over the state. He continued in this line until 1907, when he went to Raton, New Mexico, as manager of that exchange. Then for a short time he gave up his duties with the Colorado Telephone Company, returning in 1909, as a special agent, with headquarters at Delta.

With the merger of the Colorado and Rocky Mountain Bell companies into The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Clark was transferred to El Paso, Texas, as special agent, his territory covering El Paso, Arizona and New Mexico. In 1912 he was made Commercial Superintendent of the Tri-State Company, in El Paso, and division Commercial Superintendent of the Mountain States Company, Arizona and New Mexico being included in his division. In this position he continued until March 1, 1920, when he became district manager for New Mexico, with headquarters at Albuquerque.

Dean D. Clark

In July, 1920, Mr. Clark transferred to Denver, where he occupies the position of Denver Commercial Manager. He loves his native state and is very fond of Denver, but his thoughts occasionally turn toward the alluring Southwest, especially when the north winds blow and the snow begins to fly.

The Ambition of an Office Boy

By Murray A. Hirsch, Helena

I believe in work. I like work and work likes me. There is noth- I will not undertake. If a task is undertaken I believe in doing it well, for I am a firm believer in the old adage, "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well."

Ambition is not merely a wish or desire to accomplish a certain end, but means a great deal of application to the task involved. In my opinion punctuality, neatness, willingness and concentration are the ear marks of ambition.

Although my work at present as office boy is not very important I am at odd times assigned tasks in the accounting department, where I hope to work up to a position of importance and trust.

Figures have a fascination for me. I delight in figuring out the whys and wherefores of various results.

All my spare moments are taken up with this sort of work, and in the near future I intend taking up a course in accountancy which will better prepare me for advancement along the line of my ambition.

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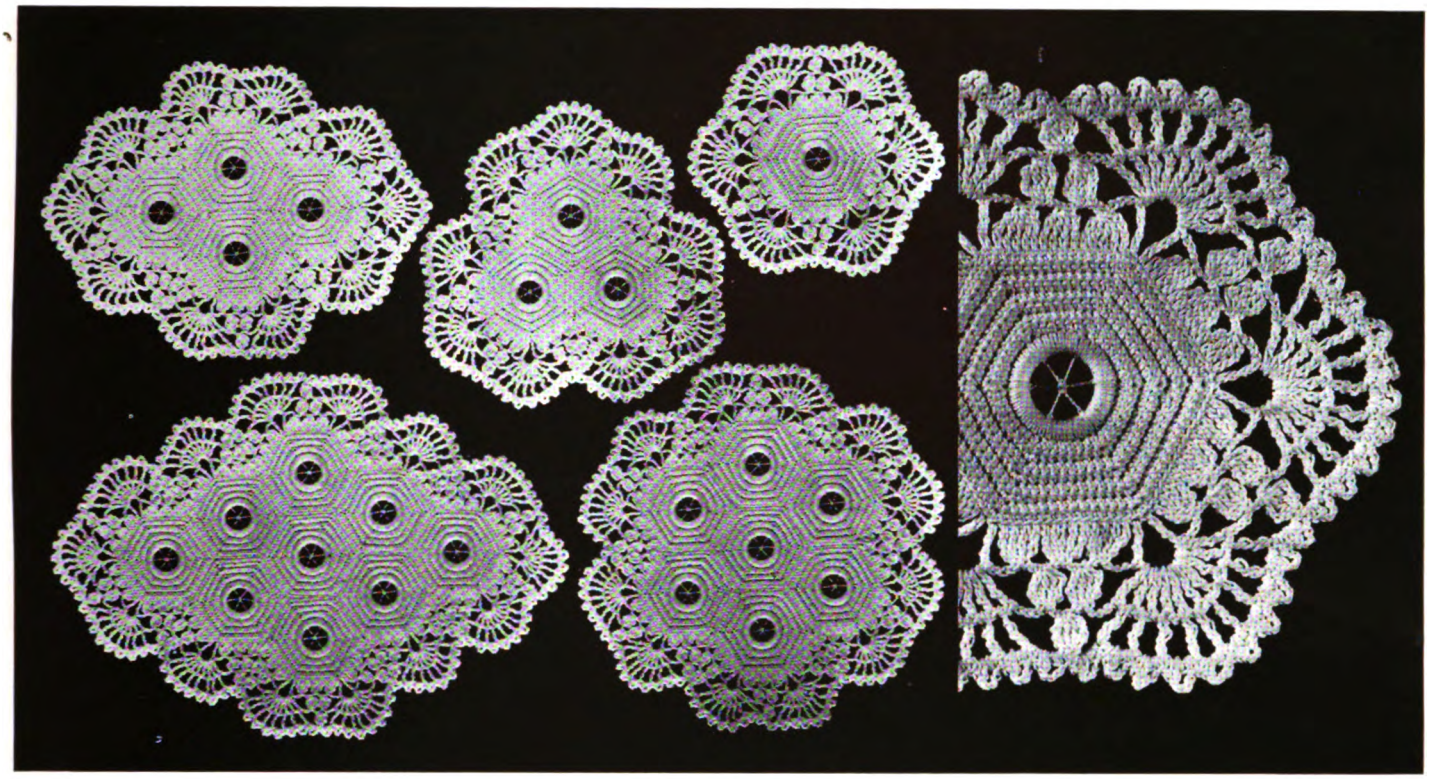
A Set of Pretty Table Mats



Instructions by Marie Lederman, Salt Lake City

These handsome mats have the centers crocheted over ivory rings affording ventilation as well as ample protection from hot dishes.

Use 1-inch ivory rings and No. 3 Crochet Cotton. Eight balls are needed for the set.

Work 42 single (sngl) crochet (cr) over ring, join, chain (ch) one, turn, (always work into back stitch) 6 sngl cr in next 6 stitches (st), 2 sngl cr in next stitch, repeat 5 times, join, ch 1, turn, work in same way as before but instead of 6 sngl cr make 7 sngl cr and 2 sngl cr in next. Repeat these rows until there are 3 ribs. After the blocks are finished sew them together on the wrong side.

BORDER:

Begin at stitch following a point, ch 5, 1 double treble (D.T.) into each of the next 3 st leaving last loop of each st on needle, take them off together forming a group (gr), ch 3, 2 gr of 4 D.T. each gr followed by ch 3, 1 D.T. into next st, ch 5, 1 D.T. into next st, ch 3, repeat around, omitting 2 D.T. and 5 ch, where blocks meet, join.

SECOND ROW:

Slip st to center of ch 3, group, (beginning with 5 ch), ch 3, 1 gr in next 3 ch, ch 3, 9 D.T., separated by 1 ch over 5 ch below, ch 3, repeat, join.

THIRD ROW:

Slip st to center of ch, work a group there, ch 3, 1 D.T. followed by 2 ch over each ch, repeat, join.

FOURTH ROW:

One sngl cr, 1 D. cr, 3 ch, 1 D. cr, 1 sngl cr over each, 2 ch, join.

With needle and thread make a Spider Webb into centers of rings.

Do You Have Faith?

Do you have faith in the things you are doing from day to day? Do you believe you are doing the right thing and that you are doing it in the right way? Do you have confidence in your ability to put over the work in your charge, and put it over in the best possible way?

When you can answer these questions in the affirmative then you will succeed in your undertaking and succeed in life. A man must have confidence—he must have faith—must believe in his purposes in order to insure success. If you are working on a firm foundation and know it—believe it—then you are in a position to make others believe it, and it is their confidence in you and in your enterprise that draws them to you and to your product.

If you do not have faith in the business you are in, then you cannot expect others to have faith in it. Belief in your own self will keep you right. A man who is not doing right generally knows he is not right.

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The Trout Streams of Carbon County, Wyoming

By D. R. Higley, Rawlins

For many months of each year I look forward with the most pleasurable anticipation to a certain day in late June or early July; a day which holds out to me the inviting prospect of enjoyment indescribable, but which shall be, alas, an everlasting tragedy for the lordly fish of Rainbow Canyon. It is the day when the season's fly rise shall have begun in this beautiful expanse of trout infested water. Never have I experienced the pleasure of casting in a stream where Rainbow trout took the fly with such wild abandon as they do in Rainbow Canyon, especially during the early fly season. And such fish! Here, indeed, a Rainbow under eleven inches is the exception, and one may fill his basket with fish running up to fifteen inches in length without the necessity of returning an injured youngster to his native element.

This fisherman's paradise is located on the Encampment River just above the junction of the Encampment and North Platte, about twelve miles South of Saratoga, Wyoming. It is easily accessible by auto or rail from either Saratoga or Encampment, the S. & E. Railway threading the entire length of the canyon, a distance of two and a half miles.

I have mentioned Rainbow Canyon in particular because to me it suggests the superlative in angling for trout, although there are many who regard it as no more attractive than dozens of other conveniently accessible streams in a locality which is, or should be, famous for the wonderful character of the fishing it affords. The southern half of Carbon County, Wyoming, adjoining the Colorado line, is literally a network of small and large streams tributary to the North Platte River, all of which are plentifully stocked with Eastern Brook or Rainbow trout, and the entire locality may be conveniently investigated from either Saratoga or Encampment, Wyoming. Brook trout of frying pan size and excellent quality will be found in almost unbelievable numbers in possession of the clear, cold meadow streams, while the Rainbow are taken principally from larger waters, such as the Encampment and the North Platte. Fish weighing more than nine pounds have been taken from the North Platte in the immediate vicinity of Saratoga, and trout of eighteen to twenty-two inches are regarded as fairly common. The writer had the pleasure recently of taking an eighteen inch Rainbow, together with a number of both Rainbow and Eastern Brook averaging from fifteen to sixteen inches in length, the lure being the celebrated and justly famed garden hackle, of which we cultivate and mature an excellent and serviceable variety.

The fly season usually opens about the first of July, and previous to this time the true fly fisherman employs earth worms, beef steak or minnows as a lure only at the sacrifice of great personal pride. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may state that the true technique of fishing is more aptly demonstrated with the fly than in any other manner. In the locality which I have attempted to describe the Rio Grande King is an excellent fish getter, with the Royal Coachman a close second and the Silver Doctor guaranteed to place or show.

While I have laid especial stress upon the fishing to be enjoyed in this vicinity, I must assure the casual angler that some beautiful and picturesque excursions may be made into the mountains adjacent to both Saratoga and Encampment, and the natural character of the country is such as to round out a most pleasurable and satisfying vacation.

1.—Like Father Like Son—Bill Higley, Jr.; 2.—A Dozen Beauties; 3.—Mr. Higley and the Fourteen Trophies of an Afternoon of Royal Sport

Especial attention is directed to the ease with which this vicinity may be reached by auto from points in Colorado. From Ft. Collins, for instance, it is recognized as an easy day's drive over excellent roads, through Tie Siding, Wycolo and Big Creek to Encampment. In traveling by rail, the Union Pacific is employed to Walcott, at which point a change is made to the Saratoga and Encampment railway, and the trainmen of the Saratoga and Encampment will permit passengers to detrain or entrain at a great many desirable points along the river between Saratoga and Encampment.

Thus far I have failed to mention our mosquitoes, due largely to the wealth of more desirable material. Nevertheless, I would not have the reader assume that our mosquitoes are unworthy of mention. On the contrary they are an excellent illustration of the aphorism that whatever we do we do do. Since we are destined to have our mosquitoes we will be satisfied with nothing less than the most vigorous and healthy stock. If there are any weak or scrawny or undersized or mediocre mosquitoes in Wyoming I have yet to make their acquaintance, and I speak with some knowledge of the subject for I have frequently been an important, though unwilling, source of nourishment for whole colonies of these unscrupulous carnivora.

One story is told, and there are those who will vouch for its veracity,

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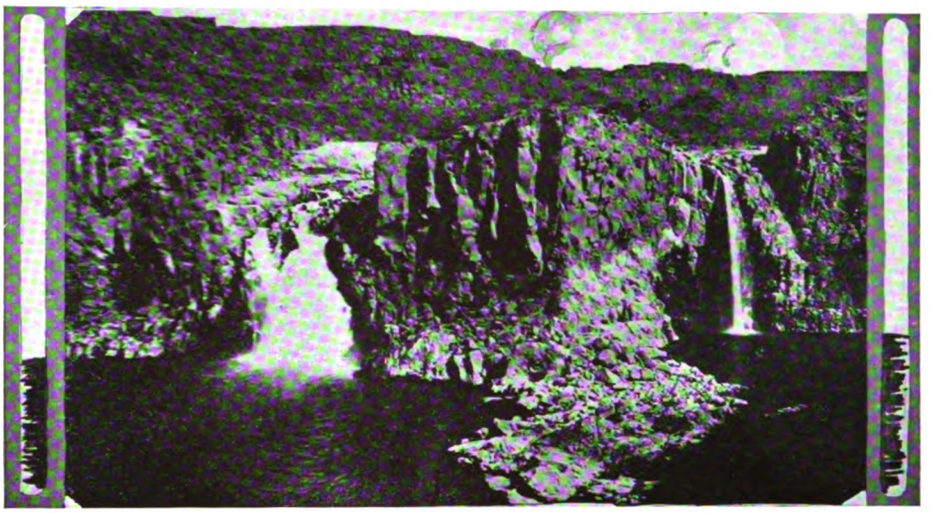
Twin Falls Idaho



Twin Falls

Twin Falls situated in the center of the largest and most highly improved irrigated district of sunny southern Idaho is truly a "Magic City."

Sixteen years ago the entire Twin Falls tract consisting of 202,000 acres of richest volcanic soil, was a vast waste of sage brush inhabited only by the native jack rabbit and howling coyote.

The building of a huge dam, across the Snake river at Milner, 30 miles east of Twin Falls, made possible the irrigation of this rich body of land, which was rapidly laid out into farms, and which today produces crops of alfalfa, alsike, clover, potatoes and sugar beets, worth thousands of dollars.

Twin Falls being centrally located became the distributing point and headquarters of many southern Idaho wholesale concerns, which at the present time include an elevator and milling company, several fruit packing concerns, three wholesale grocery companies, two dairy produce companies, and a sugar beet factory.

Four school buildings, modern in every respect, house 3,000 school children. Hundreds of children from the rural communities are daily conveyed to and from school by means of school wagons.

Twin Falls has two daily papers, four banks, two modern hotels and several modern and beautiful apartment houses. Near the center of the city is a beautiful and well kept park with lawn and shade trees, which forms an ideal playground and place of recreation for young and old.

Many scenic wonders of national fame are located within a few hours ride of the city. The great Shoshone Falls, 50 feet higher than Niagara, is a sight never to be forgotten. It is, aside from its beauty, an inexhaustible white coal mine whose power generates electricity, for power, light and in many cases heat, not only for Twin Falls, but for the surrounding towns as well.

Twin Falls, eight miles from the city is a gorgeous scenic wonder from which the city takes its name. Hanson bridge, eight miles distant, which spans the Snake River Canyon, is the highest suspension bridge in America if not in the world. Thousand Springs, noted for the great volume of water issuing from the solid wall of Snake River Canyon, is a never to be forgotten sight. Blue Lakes, a series of small lakes whose waters are blue in color is a delightful spot in which to spend a day sight seeing, and is a veritable paradise of natural scenery.

The telephone has played an important part in the development of this wonderfully productive, and rapidly growing country. The first telephone exchange was a tent, in the rear of what is now, The Bank and Trust Building. Later the telephone company secured office room in the First National Bank Building, but even these quarters were soon out-grown. In July 1916, the office was moved to its present location on Shoshone Street and at that time consisted of eight positions, and 900 telephones. During the past five years rapid growth has been made, and at the present time there are 13 positions and 2,200 telephones.

During the past year the building has been remodeled, a new and modern rest room added, and the operating room enlarged to accommodate the new switchboards to be installed during the present summer.

The addition of more equipment this summer will give Twin Falls the largest and finest exchange of Southern Idaho, and the third largest in the State of Idaho.

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of an army of these despised prowlers which felled and devoured one of the best milk cows owned by a Saratoga rancher, and then rang the bell for the calf. At the risk of offending my informants however, I will advise those readers who are still with me to accept this with the proverbial grain of salt. It is true that I personally viewed the structural remains of the unfortunate victim, but my observations indicated that the creature was little more than a yearling, and I am therefore inclined to discount the bell and calf theory.

Those who frequent the streams from June 15th to about August 15th should provide themselves with a suitable head net and gloves, or with some reliable preparation to relieve themselves of the discomfort occasioned by the mosquitoes.

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IDAHO

Well the first tennis tournament is over and we know who the Champion player of the Bluebell Outing Club really is. At least, until the title is lost to some other enthusiastic contestant.

The mens singles was opened by the game between R. G. Spore I. T. S. and W. H. Geopfarth, Cashier, and interest never lagged until the finish of the final game between Mr. Geopfarth and Mr. Lowrey.

"Go to it Boys" was the slogan and the majority of the club members watched closely to see that the colors of their respective departments were not lowered.

And tennis was not only played on the Court, but just because a certain Wind Shield thot he couldn't be beaten, Eddie started after his scalp. This was covered with a Jazz cap and so was a little hard to get but now Mr. Shields always wears his hat. He thinks it brings him good luck.

And in the ladies singles, interest was just as keen. Yea verily, for it took 38 games to decide who was the better, Miss Gahan, local traffic clerk, or Miss Westfall, plant clerk. The traffic carried the day but we'll say they worked hard to win.

The second game was between Miss Freauf, Commercial Clerk and Miss Robinson, Plant Clerk. Everyone has favorites, of course, but just why our Southern friend falls for the blondes, no one knows. Nevertheless, it is well worth mentioning that the Plant would have had more trouble winning had it not been for the untiring efforts of Mr. Shields to keep up the courage of the Commercial entry.

The third game was between Miss Campion and Miss Arthur of the Plant and Commercial departments respectively and here again the Plant carried the day.

Perhaps we wouldn't have carried off with both prizes, had there been more entries from the other departments but as it was we felt very well satisfied with Mr. Lowrey's and Miss Campion's efficiency in keeping the white ball on the other side of the fence. Three cheers for the Plant and may we do as well in the mixed doubles, which are in progress.

Record of Games

W. H. Geopfarth vs. O. K. Barton; 6-2, 6-2.
G. H. Baker vs. C. A. Snyder; 9-7, 6-3.
W. A. Shields vs. George Trehearne; 6-4, 6-3.
O. K. Barton vs. E. P. Moan; 6-3, 6-4.

Semi Finals

Ed. Lowrey vs. W. A. Shields; 4-6, 6-0, 6-0.
Ed. Lowrey vs. G. H. Baker; 7-5, 4-6, 6-4.
W. H. Geopfarth vs. O. K. Barton; 6-2, 6-2.

Finals

Ed. Lowrey vs. W. H. Geopfarth; 6-4, 6-4.

Ladies Singles

Lucile Gahan vs. Nora Westfall; 11-9, 2-6, 6-4.
Floriene Robinson vs. Edna Freauf; 7-5, 6-4.
Miriam Campion vs. Afton Arthur; 6-3, 6-4.

Finals

Floriene Robinson vs. Lucile Gahan; 6-4, 5-7, 6-0.
Miriam Campion vs. Floriene Robinson; 6-0, 6-3.

Fifteen members of the Bluebell Outing Club spent Saturday evening and Sunday, August 6th and 7th at Arrowrock. This was the last trip for this year and closed a season of many enjoyable trips. In fact, hardly a week end passed without some of the Club members spending it at the Lake, fishing and boating. The motor boat, The Blue Bell, proved to be a big success and we are planning several improvements on the Boat and the Camp for next year.

Operating Room, Payette Exchange

Vacations are almost over until next year. Miss Westfall is back from a trip through Yellowstone, Miss Campion from a visit to the country. Miss Robinson from a camping trip in the hills and Mr. Underhill from a trip to the Owyhee Indian Reservation and the hills of Idaho.

Boise

Mr. Trehearne has returned from Denver, where he spent two weeks on his vacation.

Miss Campbell has returned from her home in Emmett, where she spent her vacation.

The Misses Cox and Strode have been added to the local force this month.

The Misses Katharine Wade and Henderlider Lane, returned from Payette Lakes where they enjoyed their vacation.

Mr. Snyder plays tennis almost every day,
The way he is reducing is a pitiful sight they say,
He loses a pound almost every night,
Take heed heavy weights,
And play with all your might.

Miss Westfall (while playing tennis) "Every game I play is a love game."

Mr. Moon: Shoot you for a meal.

Miss Robinson: I always thought you'd do most anything for something to eat.

Weiser

Weiser is still on the map, in fact we feel that we have been too still in the past.

Vacation time is in full swing. The operators are all enjoying one or two weeks, some of them going to Payette Lakes and some to the mountains. Our Chief Operator, Miss MacDonald, is now spending her vacation of two weeks on the Coast.

On Sunday, July 17th, our old Chief Operator, Miss Lula Huber returned to Weiser from Mesa, Arizona where she was compelled to go ten months ago for her mother's health. We were all glad to see her and to welcome her back to our office. On Monday morning, she took up her duties as Acting Chief Operator, for Miss MacDonald.

Mr. G. H. Baker, Boise Wire Chief, was at Weiser this week looking things over. He returned via Weiser's Company car which he promised to have painted and repaired before it was returned.

Mr. Curtis Neyman and his gangs are very busy rerouting our toll lines between Weiser and Boise, and also adding new circuits both Toll and Rural. We hope to make good use of our added toll lines, as crops of all kinds, including apples are looking fine and all seem to feel that we will have some money to talk.

Rigby

We like to see "Rigby" in big black letters in The Monitor, so we are sending a few lines.

Fishing is good, in both the North and South forks of the Snake river. The Manager and Wire Chief both report good catches on all the recent holidays.

Our exchange building is receiving three coats of paint inside, and it surely will look much better when the painters finish. We are all torn up, sub sets piled on the floor, files and reports stacked up, and of course, this was just the time for the state officials to drive in. Mr. Risley, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Spore, and Mr. Hess arrived in the big Cole 8, stopped for luncheon and were soon on their way again. We all enjoyed their visit, and our only complaint is, "they don't stay long enough."

Miss Ethel Armstrong, our genial little Assistant Chief, is on her vacation, and from her looks she seems to be enjoying herself.

The Wire Chief and the Manager, both members of the Rigby Fire Department, have been seen carrying matches in a very suspicious manner. They claim life has been empty since the last fire, six weeks ago, and perhaps they are trying to "Start Something."

Mr. Sutton, the happy equipment installer has just finished connecting up our new fifth position. We are proud of our switchboard, and feel that it will soon rival the famous Wasatch "A" Board.

The "Letters to Managers Series" are received with delight, and are read by the entire force. Number seven, entitled "Form-Four-Eleven-Forty-Four" is considered the best so far. If Ring W. Lardner or Nina Wilcox Putnam ever read them, I am sure they will turn green with envy. However, we can see the serious points as well as the humorous ones.

Our Manager wears a grouch occasionally, and when Miss Bates, the Chief Operator asks him "How Come?" he replies that he is trying to find an answer to some blamed question in Plant Course No. 2.

Two operators from Murray, Utah, dropped in for a few minutes to see the office. They were on their way to Yellowstone Park, and reported a fine trip.

However, they failed to give us their names. Come again, girls.

Happy Days, Marie!

Married.—At St. Joseph's church, July 16, 1921, at 9 o'clock a. m., Denver, Mr. John A. Smethills and Miss Marie Bisant. After a few days honeymoon at Colorado Springs and other mountain resorts they returned to Denver and are now "at home" in their pretty domicile at 1716 East Sixteenth street.

Marie Bisant was a faithful and valuable member of our Company for more than fifteen years, and at time of her marriage she was wire chief clerk in Denver. Sociable, happy, satisfied in her work, Miss Bisant always inspired others about her to a full measure of duty, and she has left a record that will always be a credit to her memory. Mr. Smethills is connected with the American Railway Express company and enjoys a large circle of friends.

Wins Flag Tourney

Alfred L. Clark, Butte, Mont., with a 66 net, won over Norman Braley's 67 in the flag tournament held recently at the Butte Country Club. Mr. Clark had a 27 handicap and Mr. Braley 24. "Al" carried his play to the twentieth tee, having seven shots to spare.

Mr Clark has only been playing golf for a couple of years, so we may expect to hear of further honors and trophies to be captured by him. The prize he carried off this time was a handsome cup donated by Mr. Will Horgan. "Al" will hold it for a year, at least.

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Stampede at Monte Vista

If the fact that thousands of visitors from all over Colorado and the adjoining states flocked to Monte Vista, Colorado for the "Third Annual Stampede" held August 3rd, 4th and 5th, is any measure of the success of the event—then it was a huge success. They came in twin-sixes, and in flivvers, in trucks and trains, horseback and afoot—reminding old-timers of the days when people stampeded up Monte Vista's valley to the treasure laden mountains.

Be it known that Monte Vista's Stampede is an annual event—a combination wild west show, carnival and jubilee which bows only to the world-famed Frontier Days celebrations held at Cheyenne. It is sponsored by the enterprising citizens of Monte Vista, who feel that the prosperity begotten from their fertile soil warrants them in celebrating each year, and in inviting the world to celebrate with them.

This year the celebration was bigger and better than its predecessors, and the many visitors were afforded a continual round of pleasure. Wild mule races, cow

girl races, steer bull-dogging and other wild-west events, coming one after another in quick succession during the three days of the Stampede, proved to all who saw that the spunk and spirit brought to the West with our fathers still lives. Blood coursed swiftly thru the veins of young and old alike. Even Alamosa's veteran manager, "Cap" Graham, who of course came over to Monte Vista, never missed an open air dance, and he stepped them off with the youngest, to the liveliest of live music from the famous Cowboy Band of Cheyenne.

Not the least-impressive feature of this year's celebration was the parade held August 5th. Nearly a hundred floats, representing every phase of Monte Vista's social and commercial life as well as the spirit of the stampede, formed a colorful line, headed by Mayor Gooding and "Miss Stampede", the queen of the celebration. Our Company was very well represented in this parade, the faithful repair-car of the plant department being decked out in a manner reflecting considerable credit upon its decorator, Mrs. F. B. Neeley, wife of the Monte Vista Manager, who was assisted by her husband and Mr. Graham. Visitors and residents alike took occasion to compliment us on our float.

It goes without saying, almost, that the extraordinary demands for telephone service during the "Stampede" were efficiently and courteously met by Monte Vista's traffic force, which besides Chief Operator Wanna F. Fogle, includes Nola Harney, Ruth Caldwell, Harriett Cook, Josie Dewey, Laura Evans, Lillian Kellogg, Myrtle Lloyd, Edith Morismigh, and Marie Waltman.

Wheatland, Wyoming, Stages A Party

Wheatland, Wyoming, decided to hold a little family celebration before the green of summer turned to gold, and accordingly arranged a fried chicken supper, with ice cream and all the good ole' fixin's at Festa Lake on August 7th. Invitations were sent to Wyoming's genial Manager, C. L. Titus, and to all the rest of the state force.

Whether it was the fancy and unique invitations, the fried chicken, or the ice cream and fixin's that tempted them we don't know, but they came and what a time we had! We went out to the lake at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after freezing the cream, spent the rest of the time until supper-call at 5:30, in games.

If you could have seen lively, "thin" Dad Titus, and our sedate Traffic Sup't. L. J. Meyers, playing Shinny, Duck-on-the-rock, and pitching horse-shoes, or doing a Military Walk, you would have seen something mighty laugh-provoking.

The only things that tended to mar the pleasure of the guests at all was the fact that Mr. Meyers was unable to take a drink all after-noon with out spilling the water over himself, and he had a bad habit of tampering with the cracked ice until he got several pieces down his collar. Then Dad Titus' collar wilted clear out of sight, and Chief Operator Mable Henke, and Miss Katie Mullen, contracted bruised ankles, from shinny sticks.

Manager Hulme nearly wrenched his back, and line-man Potter, and the rest of the bunch took on a case of that happy tired feeling, which comes from too much fun. But aside from these few little things, every body had a splendid time. Wyoming is there—and Wheatland shows Wyoming how to do it—Business or Pleasure.

A Wedding of Much Interest

Monitor readers feel somewhat acquainted with Miss Celia Grimeke, of Butte, Montana. She was one of the "soldiers of the switchboard" who followed the call of the bugle to France and did her bit in both France and Germany. Upon her return Miss Grimeke resumed her position as chief operator for the Mountain States Company at Butte, holding it until very recently when she resigned to become the bride of William Berry, the marriage occuring on the morning of June 22.

Give Farewell Party

The girls of the Mountain States telephone office gave a "going away" party for Miss Margaret Monott, one of the operators, Tuesday evening of last week, at the home of Manager and Mrs. Broderick. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Light refreshments were served

Miss Monott left the next morning for California, where she will be married. —Stafford, Arizona, Guardian.

Logan, Utah

We are very glad to welcome Mrs. Louise Hendricks and Miss Ufa Morton, two experienced operators, to our force.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss Anna Andrews who had the misfortune to lose her father recently.

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Knotty Problems Easily Untangled

Some Questions and Answers That Should Interest Every Telephone Employe

THE public has a right to ask questions about how it gets telephone service, and we, as employes, should always be prepared to give an answer, and that answer should be intelligently and cheerfully given. Here are a few questions and answers that will interest you:

If your operator then connects you with her end of this designated line, you have the through connection which you called for, but if, through a misunderstanding between the operators, your operator connects you with some line to the office other than the one designated you will not be connected with the desired number, but the supervisor at the distant office will be automatically signaled of the error. For the purpose of then completing the desired connection the supervisor will ask you to repeat your call. When you do so she will connect your line with the called number and you will have the desired connection.

Q. Why is it when my telephone rings that the operator will sometimes say, "Number, please?" and when I say my bell rang, will answer, "Excuse it, please?"

A. The operator who says "Excuse it, please," is your operator; that is, the operator before whom your line comes into the switchboard. It is she who handles all your outgoing calls. If someone has been calling, but has not allowed you time to answer before hanging up, your answer will signal your operator. She does not know who was calling you because every other operator in the city has access to your line for incoming calls without passing through your operator.

Your line has a great number of terminals in the office at any of which connection can be made, but you have a signal on only one of these terminals.

Another possible condition is that occasionally the operator rings on the wrong line before she notices her mistake. In such case she waits for an answer from the subscriber she has rung and then apologizes by saying, "Excuse it, please."

Q. Why do I get disconnected in the midst of conversation?"

A. The operators establish connections by the use of flexible cords. Frequently the operator has many such connections upon the switchboard before her. When a clearance signal is received on one cord, which signal automatically comes in when the subscriber hangs up at the close of conversation, there is a certainty that the operator through error will occasionally take down the wrong cord. As a usual thing experienced operators make this mistake on about one call in every 200 calls, but newly trained operators will make more mistakes.

There is a slight possibility also of apparatus trouble, which results in false signals, in which case the operator might take down the connection in the midst of your conversation.

Q. Why is it that at times it takes the operator so long to answer my telephone?

A. As no subscriber uses his telephone enough to consume the full time of an operator, the lines are arranged on the switchboard so that several subscribers share the time of each operator, the exact number depending upon the average use by various subscribers under normal conditions.

To give an absolutely uniform speed of answer would require operators to be waiting idly for every signal which comes in. This would be extravagantly costly, considering that only a few seconds of the calling subscriber's time would be saved. An immediate answer indicates that your operator was actually idle at the moment you signaled. An average speed of answer indicates that your operator is being kept occupied serving subscribers whose lines terminate on her section of the switchboard. A slow answer indicates an unusual rush of calls from the subscribers served by your operator. There are "rushes" of telephone calls just as there are rushes in nearly every other business, such as at the teller's window in a bank, and it is just as impossible for your operator to wait on you at once during a rush of telephone calls as it is for you to get immediate service during a rush in any other business.

New operators are always trained before they are allowed to serve on the regular subscribers' switchboard. However, experienced operators have more speed than inexperienced operators, and, to allow for this, operators with less experience are given fewer lines to answer. These precautions, however, do not entirely eliminate the slowing-up effect of new operators on the speed of answer.

Q. Why do I get wrong numbers?

A. Sometimes your operator misunderstands the number called to her because it is not given to her slowly and clearly. Sometimes she understands the number correctly, but in establishing the connection she makes a mistake and selects the wrong number in the honeycomb of thousands of line terminals before her.

If you live in a large city where there are several central offices, and call for a subscriber who is not directly connected with your central office, then your operator has to repeat the number to another operator at the distant office where your party is rung. This greatly increases the chances for errors, due to the additional operators handling the call, and also to the extra equipment involved.

Some times subscribers call the wrong number. Some subscribers are more careless than others, but unfortunately they all suffer from the carelessness of the careless ones. Subscribers often call wrong numbers as a result of trusting to memory instead of using the telephone directory. And subscribers often unknowingly transpose the digits in a number. For example, when 6504 is wanted, 5604 is sometimes called for.

Q. Why do operators frequently ask me to repeat my number?

A. Occasionally this is your own operator who did not understand you the first time you gave the call. More frequently, however, it occurs when you are in a large multi-office city and are calling a subscriber at some office other than the one with which you are directly connected. In that case your operator passes the called number to an operator at the office to which the called subscriber is directly connected. The operator at the distant office then tells your operator to connect your line with the designated line between the two offices.

Monthly Accounting Conference

At the regular monthly accounting conference held in the Division Auditor's office, Helena, Saturday morning, July 30th, several very interesting discussions were presented.

The meeting was presided over by C. J. Eaton.

Glen F. Lewis of the Traffic Department read a very interesting and humorous paper on the recreational activities of telephone employes in Helena.

E. Hattrick of the Electrical Department explained the functions of the electrical department and gave a brief synopsis of some of the problems which are encountered and the methods employed to solve them.

P. E. Remington, Supervisor of Methods, Denver, told of the relationship of the Western Electric Company to the telephone company and also of his trip through the Western Electric laboratories in New York.

W. R. Dressler, Montana Traffic Superintendent, brought the meeting to a close with a short talk on service, explaining the fundamentals of good telephone service and how employes in their daily walks of life can impress the general public with the fact that the service is as good as can be expected at the hands of human agencies, for no matter how careful and accurate operators may be errors are bound to occur in wrong connections due to patrons relying on memory when calling a number which might easily be transposed, or even might have been changed since they last looked it up in the directory.

Learn To Laugh

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

"I hear that somebody has invented a process for gathering nuts."

"That process is as old as the hills. All you have to do is to announce a meeting of some fool fad and the nuts will gather themselves."

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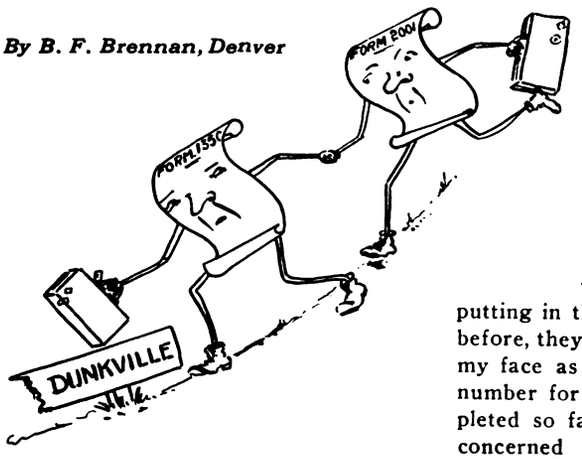
"Listen To My Tale of Woe"—Contract

By B. F. Brennan, Denver



Until I was pulled out of the cabinet in the Manager's office of the Siwash Telephone Company one day, they called me just a Form 2001, but I understand now that they are to call me both a Form 2001 and a contract, and I guess it is all because Mr. Jones of Siwash wanted a telephone.

I saw Mr. Jones come into the office one day and he was of the opinion that he wanted telephone service and wanted it at once; but, as I understood that it would take three poles, six brackets, six insulators, 3 pounds of No. 12 iron wire, 175 feet of 17 C S Wire, 75 feet of 19-3 Trip Interior Wire, 7 feet of 14 W P Ground Wire, 1-5 feet of Ground Rod, a telephone set and 3 Blue Bell Batteries, and as I knew that it would be necessary to send to Dunkville for the necessary material, I also knew that Mr. Jones could not expect his telephone as soon as he could expect to get an ice-cream soda; however, I do know that it did not take the local force very long to put his telephone in for him, as a couple of days after Mr. Jones was in the office, they put a number on me, which I afterward learned would be the telephone number of Mr. Jones' telephone.

According to the terms of the contract Mr. Jones was to keep the telephone for one month, and at the time of signing the contract, he paid $5.50, which covered one month's exchange service and service connection charge. The $2.00 collected for one month's service covered the regular charge for two party residence service, and I heard the wire chief express his joy that Mr. Jones did not want a one party line, because in order to give him one party service in that vicinity it would have necessitated stringing about 15 spans of wire, although I knew the company would agree to stand thirty-five dollars of the expense in furnishing anyone service, and I understand that to furnish him with two party service cost the company about $15.00 in all, that is, for material, labor, and other erpense,—and to think the company had only collected $5.50.

Believe that I am drifting from my part of the story so will say that soon after putting in the telephone, as I have stated before, they wrote the number 92-J across my face as this was to be the telephone number for Mr. Jones. I was then completed so far as date of connection was concerned (which was Feb. 1st, 1921), also directory information was shown and I was mailed to Dunkville accompanied by a Form 1350; this Form 1350 I afterwards learned was a station count of instruments, that is, the count of transmitters and receivers.

I was detached from Form 1350 at the "Station Desk" after the clerk had examined me to see that there was no error in rate or service classification; and I was then passed along to the Addressograph Department, and there I was subjected to a close examination for other errors.

From the information shown on my face they set up what they called an addressograph "slug" showing Mr. Jones' full name, his address in Siwash, service classification (which was "F" for two-party, residence service) and the rate which Mr. Jones was to pay each month, which as stated before was to be $2.00. They also showed the telephone number on the "slug" and I was then passed along to the directory department with what they called a Form 2310, which I learned was a Form for directory information, and which was an addressographed impression of the "slug" which the Addressograph Department had made up.

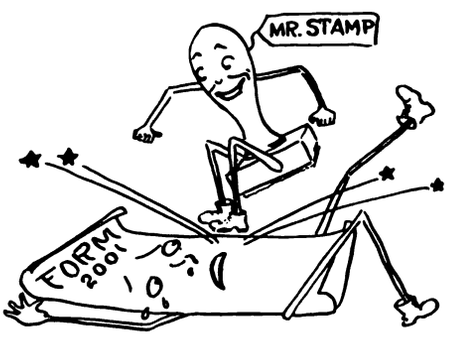
I was again examined very closely and compared with Form 2310 to see that no error had been made in showing street address or telephone number, as I heard one of the clerks in the Directory Department say she knew of a case where they had shown incorrect telephone number for a subscriber, and on this account it was necessary to give subscriber service for half rate all the time the directory carrying the incorrect number was in force. Before leaving the Directory Department they decided that I had not been subjected enough to being stamped on, so they also tried their hands by seeing how hard they could hit me (this stamp was to show the date on which I had passed their inspection). I was then passed along to the ledger clerk in the State Auditor's office, who had charge of the Siwash subscribers' accounts.

I learned from the ledger clerk on that ledger that in Siwash they had 250 telephones, or 225 accounts as she called them, for she said that out of these 250 telephones 25 of them were extension stations and were not counted as accounts so far as figuring a load for a ledger was concerned, as extension stations were not considered as accounts except where we were billing the main instrument in some other exchange, the extension being paid for in Siwash.

The ledger clerk also said that for the present month, which happened to be February, she had received ten new connects and eleven disconnects for Siwash, and she was heard to express the opinion that if she owned the Telephone Company in Siwash she would sell it or give it away, and she did not see how the Company could keep an exchange like that going.

I knew that she was saying this so that I could hear her, and it sure made me feel cheap as I did not realize when I started out that I was going to be the cause of so much trouble, and I guess the ledger clerk was very sorry as she was a good booster for the Company; also she had purchased shares of stock in the Company and to think that her Company had to continue doing business in that "one horse" town, as she called it, and that they were unable to discontinue service in Siwash without first taking the matter up with The Public Utilities Commission. I knew they had been trying to get some relief from the Utilities Commission, but were unable to do so as Siwash claimed they were under "Home Rule," so I guess the only thing the Company can do is to go on and try to make the best of it and maybe some day they will strike oil in Siwash, and then they will have a real exchange.

Of course, we all know that an individual can go into a community without



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Telephone Girls Are Real Heroines

Dr. William E. Barton in Richmond Va., Evening Dispatch

One of the incidental points which I have noticed in several stories of calamity is the heroism of the telephone girl.

A fire breaks out in a high office building. The girl at the switchboard calls up every office and tells the occupants to get out.

A dam breaks, and a flood rushes down the valley. The telephone girls stick to their posts and send word ahead, and saved many lives.

A burglar comes in the night; a frightened woman calls the police station, but before she gets in her call, the burglar strikes her senseless. The telephone girl intuitively knows the meaning of the interrupted call and tells the police where the trouble is.

Such things as these I remember to have read.

I do not know of a town where the people do not complain of the telephone service.

In common with my fellow men, I, too, have seasons of impatience because the service is not better.

But every now and then I consider how wonderful it is that the service is as good as it is.

I read how our boys in France broke out into cheers when the first contingent of American telephone girls arrived. I cheered with them. I have used the telephone in many foreign countries, and can testify that in comparison with the service there, the American telephone girl is an angel.

She has a pleasant voice. She is habitually courteous. She is resourceful. If once in a long time her job gets on her nerves, so also does mine.

I stood a few days ago beside the central operator in a large railway station at a time when trains were coming in in considerable number and many people were wanting telephone connections in a hurry.

I was impressed by her quiet, courteous demeanor, her voice that did not rise, and the rapidity with which she did her work.

She was doubtless above the average telephone girl, and had a more responsible position than most of them; but she is not the only one of her kind.

Let me suggest that we all try to be a little more patient and courteous toward the telephone girl.

In the first place, I think she deserves it. In the next place, I think it will improve the service.

any money to speak of, and if he fails financially, he can pack his trunk and get out, and if he is successful in his business he can stay until he makes enough to retire, and all this time he can charge just what he pleases for his wares, and then to think that "our" Company, as the ledger clerk called it, had gone to the trouble of spending money to put in cable in Siwash, also a new toll line, a new switchboard, and several other things, and to think now that they would not be afforded any relief, but would be obliged to keep up the service at any cost.

I understand that Mr. Jones had complained in regard to the rate he had to pay, although I heard before leaving Siwash that Mr. Jones had been using the telephone more than anyone else in Siwash; also that he had used the long distance lines on an average of three times a day, and was saving ten dollars a day by having a telephone. You see before our Company was established in Siwash, it was necessary for Mr. Jones to make the trip to Dunkville to transact his business, and taking into consideration traveling expenses, expenses while in Dunkville, and paying some one to look after his business in Siwash during the day, it cost him fully $10.00 a day.

Well, anyway, I was "worked" in the ledger and passed along to the controlling records for journal entries, that is, the amount shown on me was "journalled" each month so the company officials would be able to tell just how much revenue the Company was earning each month, and I'll bet it made them sick to look at the report for the Siwash Exchange.

After I had been entered on the controlling records, I was again passed back to the ledger clerk and was there filed in what they called a "contract" file, and I was glad that I had at last reached my destination, and so I prepared myself for a good long sleep, and I was sure glad of the opportunity, as I had passed through so many hands and had wondered a good many times how the Company was getting enough money to pay all those people, and I thought that the expense in handling me was over.

As I have said before, I prepared myself for a good long sleep, but soon after I was removed from the file, as I learned that Mr. Jones had ordered his telephone removed. I also learned from the ledger clerk that it was the month of March, and that Mr. Jones had had his telephone for only one month and a half, and had ordered same removed. The ledger clerk told the girl next to her that it was "another case of a disconnect in Siwash," and that she was sending a final bill for $1.00, and I believe that all we charged Mr. Jones for his telephone during the time it was in service was $6.50, although the Company had spent $15.00 in putting in the telephone, and it would sure cost something to take it out again.

I was then passed along to my final resting place called the archives, but not before I learned that there had been three cases like mine in Siwash during the past three months, and according to my opinion the Company had lost something like thirty dollars on these three telephones, besides not being able to realize anything on their investment and probably never would, as I heard the ledger clerk say she understood "that the bottom had fallen out of Siwash."

GLENWOOD SPRINGS MEETING

The local telephone employes held their regular monthly business and social meeting at the Chas. Trechter home on Eighth street, Miss Lillian Kuntz, chief operator, being the hostess.

The purpose of the meetings is to better bring the public and the public needs to the attention of the Company's employes.

The three branches of the Company, traffic, plant and commercial, were represented and a profitable meeting had.

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Wilma Says She "Is-a-bell" And We Think So Too

I am Delighted with the Bluebell Babies in the new Monitor. This little Dollie is one of the Cutest that I have ever seen, and I like her very much. In choosing a name for her I would say she "Isabell."

Wilma V. Woodruff, Blackfoot, Idaho.

This is Genuine Sympathy

When word reached the telephone folks of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, at San Francisco, that a flood had swept through the town of Pueblo, there was no hesitancy in doing something more substantial than sending mere words of sympathy. Had not their telephone sisters gone through fire and flood? That was enough for them to know, and with the true San Francisco spirit, the true telephone spirit, someone said "let's do something for our sisters in Pueblo," and it was no sooner said than done, as is attested by the following letter under date of June 22.

"Mr. Walter F. Brown,
Gen. Traffic Superintendent,
Mountain States T. & T. Co.

"Dear Mr. Brown.—I have enclosed a check for $95.00 which the girls of Market and Park offices in San Francisco have asked me to send you with the request that it be given to those operators of the Pueblo Exchange who need it most. This fund was collected at these two offices, under the Employees' Plan of Representation, with the thought that there must be some operators at Pueblo who suffered severe losses in the flood and to whom such assistance at this time would be welcome.

"The girls of Market and Park offices also wish to extend their sincere sympathy and best wishes to the Pueblo operators.

"Very truly yours,
J. H. COCHRAN,
Gen. Supt. of Traffic."

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Morale---Its Development and Application

By George A. Mavor, Assistant Secretary

During the world war we became familiar with two words, "propaganda" and "morale." The opposing forces employed propaganda of various kinds to stimulate the morale of their own people, or to undermine the morale of their adversaries.

What is morale? It may be defined as "The moral or spiritual force which impels bodies of men to be zealous and enthusiastic in a cause." This morale or spiritual force, intangible and sometimes ill-defined in our minds, is often confounded with the agencies and activities of personnel. This Company has many personnel agencies and activities, such as organization, administrative policies, benefits and pensions, welfare work, house organs, safety appliances, etc., etc., all admirable, all necessary, it may be, and all stimulative. But an army may be well equipped and be well organized, and yet have no morale,—the moral force to gain victory. The possession of equipment may stimulate morale, but equipment is not morale. It is also confounded with the results of personnel work. Referring to personnel as affecting the employees of the Company, the result we seek to achieve is to render individuals happy, contented, self-respecting, with liberal and independent minds, with initiative and ambition, active, zealous and efficient in the service of the Company. This is the result of morale through and behind personnel agencies, but not morale itself. Is the result always commensurate with the efforts to produce it, and have the efforts to produce it, been always well directed? A preacher may set before his hearers all the virtues they ought to possess; he may tell them what their duties are to the state, to their fellow citizens, to their families and to themselves; he may reason with them as to the dogmas and doctrines they ought to believe in, and yet the result of his preaching, in influencing the lives and conduct of his hearers, may be little or nothing, because the vitalizing and spiritual force is lacking.

Object of this Paper

Here, I may say, I am not speaking in criticism of personnel as it exists and has been produced in this Company. For several years it has been a matter of pride that this Company has had morale of a high character, and I recognize in the **management** the impelling force which creates morale. What I aim at is to have a clear, distinct and well-defined idea in our minds as to what morale is, how it is **developed** and how it is applied so as to gain the best results.

Analogy With School Room

Let us examine morale more closely.

We all know something of schools and education. We may go into a school room and find the pupils careless, inattentive to their duties, and inclined to mischief. We pronounce the school "atmosphere," as it is called, to be bad, and seek for the cause in the directing influence of the teacher, who in a case of this kind is likely to be careless and possibly ignorant. We go into another school room and find the pupils orderly and apparently giving attention to their duties, but they are listless, inactive, and ofttimes sullen, and their studies are productive of little good. In this case we say the "atmosphere" is not good, and again we seek the cause in the directing influence of the teacher, who is likely to be harsh in his discipline and arbitrary and arrogant in his conduct towards his pupils. We go into a third school room and find the pupils alert, receptive, happy in their work and anxious to do it well, stimulated to do their utmost, their best qualities drawn out. There is no harshness or irritability or grouchiness in the manner of pupils or teacher. There is no coddling on the part of the teacher to gain results. It is evident that the teacher possesses the confidence and respect of his pupils, and that there is sympathetic coordination between the minds of the pupils and the mind of the teacher. The atmosphere in this case is good and we assign it to the favorable directing influence of the teacher.

We are assuming in all these cases that school conditions and school equipment are equally good, and yet we have three distinct types of "atmosphere" or morale. Analagous conditions may exist in a business or industry.

Men are grown-up children, and what affects pupils in a school room will also affect men. A word of commendation to a man, as well as to a child, when given at the right time and in the right spirit, will go a long way. Arbitrariness, harshness, irritability, will cause a man, as well as a child to be resentful, contentious, sullen. Misunderstanding, suspicion and distrust are met with corresponding misunderstanding, suspicion and distrust in men as well as children.

Personality

Now, we are prepared to state what the influencing spirit is in morale.

The influencing spirit in morale lies in personality. Good Company morale is brought about by what may be called, for want of a better term,—"Personality in the higher and better sense." This quality of personality is based on justice and sincerity with patience and self-control underlying.

The element of justice must be ever present, for without it there can be no respect for authority and no confidence in the minds of those influenced that such things as efficiency and skill will be rightly judged and recognized. In a case of discipline, the party disciplined will be impressed with the knowledge that he has himself to blame. Justice must be exercised with patience and self-control, as a snap judgment is always dangerous.

The sincerity of the directing force must never be in question, as there is nothing more subversive of morale than subterfuge or discrimination. Favoritism can have no footing. Coddling and paternalism will never be employed to gain results; but self-respect will be preserved, or formed, and be an added dignity to character. Toadyism will likewise be discountenanced.

If, with sincerity, we combine courtesy, a sense of humor, and tact, there is very little danger of friction with an opposing mind.

Development of Personality

This quality of personality may be innate to a degree in every man's soul but, like his physical growth, it has to develop. Like physical organs, it will become atrophied by disuse but will grow with use. It is a rare thing to find the initiation of morale in the rank and file. As in the school room, where we have the directing influence of the management coming into contact with the minds of the pupils, so in personnel we have the directing influence of the management coming into contact with the minds of other employees. Since the management is understood to have the greater experience, knowledge and ability, the responsibility of initiating, developing and applying the spirit of morale lies with the management. In the direction of affairs it must be held in **view** that the spirit of personality must be behind all personnel agencies and activities, until it becomes an integral part of the mind. The management must have a will to use it and a confidence in its use, until its practice becomes automatic. If

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Telephone Pioneers of America to Meet

The annual convention of the Telephone Pioneers will be held this year in St. Louis, Missouri, on Monday and Tuesday, October 24th and 25th, at which time the Pioneers will be the guests of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Pioneers from the Mississippi Valley states are planning to attend in large numbers, many from the East will go to St. Louis on a special train, and representatives are expected from all the companies in the Bell System.

Among the features of the two-day program will be an out-door demonstration of the Bell loud speaker, conducted by Col. John J. Carty, Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in charge of Development and Research. President H. B. Thayer will address the convention at the opening session, and there will be informal talks by other Pioneers. The question of arranging for local or state chapters will be one of the business matters to be discussed. The meeting will end with a banquet.

Any Pioneer who can make it possible to attend this convention is sure to be received with one of those warm Missouri welcomes, than which there is none better, and would no doubt spend several very enjoyable days in St. Louis.

Anyone who has had 21 consecutive years of telephone service is eligible to membership in the Pioneers; also those who were engaged in the telephone business prior to the year 1891, and any such who would like to attend this convention or would like to join the Pioneers for the associations connected with it, should communicate with H. W. Bellard, Corresponding Secretary, care of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Denver, Colorado, who will be more than glad to advise details and forward their applications.

The Pioneers Association is not a large one as yet, but will, of course, grow as the business grows. On the other hand, all telephone employes of sufficient length of service, men or women, are heartily welcome. It is not an association for officials, but for the telephone family.

Arrangements for reserving hotel rooms will be perfected later and Mr. Bellard would be glad to take up room reservations for anyone desiring them. There will be special trains run from the East, but these would probably not be available in any way to those going from this portion of the country.

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this influence is to become a living force, the management must come into the closest contact with those who are to be influenced, as morale is the reflex of this influence directed and controlled by the management. The **army** officer, for example, gives an example of courage to his men. We cannot demand confidence without giving confidence; if zeal be required, zeal must be demonstrated; loyalty and cooperation have been shown; and so on.

Application of Personality

We may have the equipment for morale, but to expect personnel agencies and activities alone to produce morale is like expecting a machine to operate without motive power. The attitude which the worker takes to his work, to his fellow-workers, to his employer, and to the world at large, is very much according to the degree of interest shown in him and the encouragement given him. We need leaders and not drivers. Those immediately coming into contact with the rank and file must have it inculcated into them that they must have consideration for the worker in all his relations; that encouragement must be given him when under difficulties; that interest must be shown in his progress; that loyalty, activity and cooperation must be evinced by themselves in the support of administrative policies. Consideration must be given to such things as remuneration for services and social and working conditions, and the worker must be encouraged, even in a case of failure, if efficiency is to be acquired.

If the right spirit be manifested, it is easy to deal with the contentious, the irritable, the discontented, the ignorant and the inefficient, as all such dealings will be based on the single line of justice, tempered with kindliness and good judgment,—justice to the person himself and justice to the management.

This all presupposes close personal relationship and contact on the part of the management with the worker and his interests, and the final result will be that work will not be judged by itself alone, but that the conduct of the worker, in relation to his work, will also be an equal matter of consideration. Efficiency or inefficiency will thus stand out more boldly and be more easily recognized.

Conclusion

Some may say that it is impossible to attain this spirit of morale, but let an honest and systematic attempt be made to reach this end and the result will be a surprise to those in doubt.

As Clear as Mud

(Contributed)

The man had just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a Pullman berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the man.

"A difference of $2.50 in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

But the poor man had fainted.

They who sow mean acts with the expectation of reaping something better, will have a rude awakening when the crop is garnered.

Society is cruel to those who expose their secret selves, while at the same time entertaining whitewashed pariahs.

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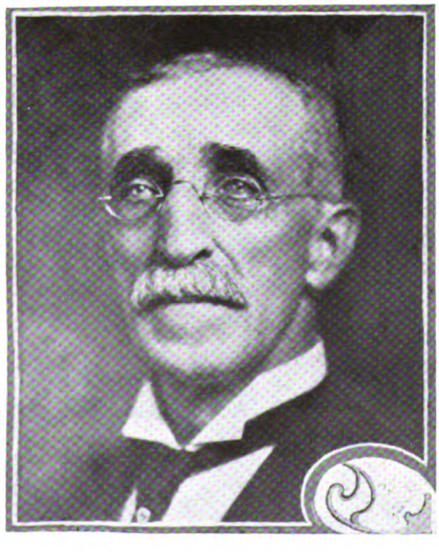
The Passing of the Pioneers

By L. M. Rheem, Helena, Montana

The Pioneers of the telephone are rapidly passing away. Those of them who are left, no more take an active part in the administration of a business which is one of the greatest monuments to the inventive genius of the past century; but are content to see the great structure whose foundation they each helped to lay, contribute to the happiness and the welfare of humanity as perhaps, no other utility known in ancient or modern times, has done.

It has been a long trail from the crude construction and machinery, the No. 10 galvanized iron wire grounded lines, on 25 foot poles, the electric key signalling apparatus, the hand telephone, the Wilson telegraph switch boards, the 60 mile "Extra Territorial" line, the upstairs back room office with its noise and confusion, of the '70's, to the wonderful equipment, metallic transposed copper circuits in underground conduits, the perfected magneto, the visual signal multiple switch boards, the carbon transmitter, the Pupin repeater, the limitless "Long Distance" wire and wireless circuits, the palatial buildings with their beautiful operating rooms, quiet and reposeful atmosphere, of the present. The full story of this 45 year period, covering all its phases, would require the the writing of many books,



Mr. Louis Henry Korty

The foundation of any enterprise or structure, is of primary importance. It is essential that its materials be selected in accordance with well conceived plans; that they be well placed to safely support the superstructure; which, perhaps, may be subject to unforseen changes in construction.

An analysis for authorship of the plans and construction of the foundation, always leads us back to one man; who is the man of vision, foresight, enthusiasm, faith, diligence, genius, kindliness, patience and accomplishment.

It is a peculiar, almost incomprehensible fact that the spirit of such a builder is transmitted to and permeates the succeeding structure and its operation; shaping and establishing the future policies of its operating organization; propagating and spreading a benign influence for the betterment of the peoples of the communities in which it is located. This spirit, this influence, is finally metamorphosed into what is broadly known as the "Standard;" which is simply the "Flag" of the brigade, regiment, or company; the rallying point; which must never be lowered or trailed in the dust; but must be cherished and defended to the last extremity.

All this is fully illustrated in the cases of two of the great telephone companies of the West; The Nebraska Telephone Company and the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company, the initial plans and foundation of the first and of the immediate predecessor of the second, having been drawn and laid by Louis Henry Korty, of Omaha, whose span of life came to an end in that city, on Monday, May 16th, 1921, at the age of 75 years.

Mr. L. M. Rheem

The beginning of things is a time for contemplation and plans; the end, a time for reflection, remembrance and the closing of the record.

More than 50 years ago, the writer's acquaintance and friendship with L. H. Korty began. Both of us were young men with the world before us. In that period of time, during which my association with him in business, as a neighbor, as a friend, as a true counsellor and mentor, as more than a brother, has been uninterupted, I have had the closest opportunities to learn his sterling worth as a man. And yet knowing him as I have, I find it difficult to place on paper a true visualization of the man so that those who reflect and remember may profit from the record he has left behind him.

The exact chronology of a life means nothing; that we will pass. To the story of L. H. Korty's boyhood, of his young manhood, which were filled with obstacles, of his important and appreciated services to his country as a trusted cipher operator in the great Civil War, of his work in the telegraph and contribution to its growth and development, of his long and faithful service as an official of the Union Pacific Railroad, of his formation of the American

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District Telegraph of the west, of his connection with other large develment enterprises, of the many high honors conferred on him by various societies, we can give but a glance; and only a bare outline of his work in the Telephone field.

In the early '70s the telephone began to be talked about. On account of his acquaintance with its inventor and promoters, Mr. Korty was offered important rights in the West which he accepted. The writer well remembers the day when a large express package containing two telephone "sets" arrived at Mr. Korty's office in Omaha. The transmitters were hand telephones enclosed in boxes to be fastened to the wall; the receivers the same still in use. These sets were to be "tried out" as a preliminary to getting the public interested in their commercialization.

The first public exhibition of them was given for the benefit of a Presbyterian Church Fair, over a line about three blocks in length, from the Grand Central Hotel to the room in which the Fair was held; a charge of 10 cents per conversation being collected for the ladies in charge.

Many expedients were tried by the talkers to prove the apparatus a fake. While nothing in this line was established by them, the consensus of opinion was that it was a toy for which the public could find no possible use.

Later the phones were tried over the U. S. Military telegraph line four miles in length, from Omaha to Fort Omaha, between the residence of Brig. Gen. George Crook and the Post Headquarters, with what was considered great success. Had the old Indian fighters, Brig. Gen. Crook, Adjt. Gen. Williams, Col. King, Maj. Burt, Captains Hay and Keller, Seargeant Cody, who talked over the wire and the Buglers who sent the "Calls" over it, been told that night that the novel "toy" with they were playing would in time become one of the most important adjuncts of warfare, they would no doubt have disputed it strongly.

These two trials, with the exceptions of those given by John I. Sabin in California, were the first given west of Chicago. They were both given under Mr. Korty's supervision.

The Nebraska Telephone Company was formed and incorporated by Mr. Korty, wire rights secured through the City Council and a canvas for subscribers started; which, after three weeks work, netted two subscribers or rather one man who subscribed for two phones. The public simply did not want it.

Despite this showing, wires were strung on different streets where future subscribers were likely to be obtained, the exchange opened with a few paid subscribers and quite a large number who agreed to "try it" for six months free and then, if they found it of use, to take out regular subscriptions.

Many discouragements appeared; among others a petition to the City Council from the tenants of offices adjoining the Exchange, for its abatement as a nuisance on account of the noise made by the girls in its operation. This trouble was removed by the advent of the Berliner transmitter which did away with the necessity for the noise.

Later franchises were secured in various cities of what was then known as the "Far West" and in course of time the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company came into existence. The difficulties attending its launching required the most careful attention in their removal.

The country from Omaha to the mountains was sparsely settled; people had not yet acquired full faith in the telephone; but Mr. Korty by imbuing his associates with a portion of his great faith and enthusiasm, conquered all obstacles, placing the two companies on firm foundations.

Long Distance, or as they were then known, "Extra Territorial" lines were built and operated.

For the great work performed by Mr. Korty in this preliminary stage, the days were scarcely long enough.

All of his time that could be spared from his onerous and exacting railroad telegraph duties was given to the present and future telephone plans in an altruistic way rarely equalled; and this painstaking effort was continued by him until his retirement from active service.

When the time came for his voluntary retirement as Treasurer of the Nebraska Telephone Company and all active business duties and cares, his departure was regretted by all; from the highest officials of the parent Bell Company to the humblest employes of the companies whose foundations he had so wisely planned. While his personal presence was ended, the impress of his gentle, kindly spirit remained as a guiding influence for those who had been his co-workers; and as his mortal remains lie on the beautiful Nebraska hillside near his adopted city, to be cared for by those who loved him well, the flowers that bloom on his grave, kissed by the gentle zephyrs of Heaven, will transmit that spirit to all those men and women of the future who love and respect a good, gentle Man.

While his business life was an inspiration to all his associates, his social and family life was even more so to his friends, good wife, daughter and family, who are assured of the love and sympathy of all his friends.

In closing, I cannot refrain from mentioning some of the many associates of Mr. Korty, whom he chose so wisely, in this monumental work. Many of them have passed away; but wherever they are, dead or living, they are entitled to the remembrance, respect and veneration of the Telephone men and women of today. J. J. Dickey, S. H. H. Clark, Henry E. Jennison, John Viau, Casper E. Yost, E. M. Morsman, Charles F. Annett, Vance Lane, Flemon Drake, A. F. Blundell, E. B. Field of Denver, Wallace of Salt Lake, Sommers of Helena; and a long roll of others. Gentlemen, all, who all contributed, some of them in humble stations, to the ultimate success of the great

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Just Like A Telephone Man

If Joe Powers and his splendid co-workers were not good and courteous telephone men we would not get such letters as the following. Powers is the man referred to in the letter:

"General Manager, Mt. St. Tel. & Tel. Co.,

"Denver, Colo.,

"Dear Sir: Not long ago there was a crew of your men working in front of my property on Champa street, Denver, which extends from the corner of Eleventh street to the alley, and each of my tenants, as well as myself, being in the produce business, which calls for considerable draying in and out, thought that we were going to be inconvenienced in our work during the time that the ditch was being dug by the telephone men.

"However, I spoke to your foreman, and found him most courteous and obliging, offering his services as well as that of his men at any time that we found we were unable to get out our shipments on account of the work being done in front of our places of business. It was not necessary to call on him for this assistance as he had ramps placed across the ditch in front of each door, which made it possible for us to have our regular service.

"I know very little about construction or engineering work, but from my observations I believe that your foreman—I do not know his name—is very well up on this line of work, as he pushed this job to completion very quickly and this, in addition to his courteous offer of assistance at any time, makes him valuable to you as a public utility.

"Yours very truly,

"T. F. LYNCH,

"Pres. T. F. Lynch Prod. Co."

enterprises in which they were concerned, in a manner that gives an example worthy of emulation.

Finally, a word to the Telephone men and women of the present; in whatever capacity they may be serving. You are the possessors of one of the grandest legacies imaginable; the "Standard," the "Flag," is in your keeping; the "Honor of the Company," is in your charge. It is for you to cherish and defend them; and by precept and example to inculcate and preserve "The Spirit of the Founders."

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Certificates Issued from June 21, 1921, to July 20, 1921.

Plant Course No. 1—Elements of Electricity and Magnetism

Nollenberger, Mary C. (M.).....
.....Denver, Colorado

Lecture Course No. 1—Personal Development and The Bell System

Anderson, Chas. E. (P....Cheyenne, Wyo.
M.....Mailing Department
P.....Plant Department

Certificates Issued from July 21, 1921, to August 20, 1921.

Plant Course No. 1—Elements of Electricity and Magnetism

Sheridan, Philip J. (I.)....Denver, Colo.

Now Stell is Sorry She Didn't Go.

(Continued from page 27)

"We pass on to the potato race, which was won by Miss Gleason. We can't help but think she has a little Irish in her, she was so at home with the Murphys.

"The gentlemen will now step forward, which will interest the girls considerably. First, the hop-step-and-jump, a very complicated game won by Mr. H. D. Howard. He is presented with a flashlight, which he can use to find his balance the end of the month.

"The running broad jump was also won by Mr. Howard, after which Mr. J. P. Gibson, was first. But at the time this goes to press what the gentleman received for his superiority over his fellowman is still a mystery.

"Miss Isabelle Beatty won the fifty yard dash for the ladies. She had no close seconds. She capered over the ground like a hare. Yes, Stell, that means a rabbit. She carried off a most wonderful box of stationery. She is now wishing her friend would leave town so she could write to him.

"The men are all taking off their hats to Miss McClyman, the famous baseball pitcher of the 1921 series. The ball might have stopped by this time, but the last I saw of it, it was still going.

"Mr. Earl Richards came in first in the fifty yard dash, Mr. Howard coming in second with Mr. App walking off with the prize, which was a box of stationery. It seems like our motto is, 'When in doubt, give stationery.'

"Mr. Kinney also won in the horse-shoe pitching with Mr. A. Hoffman coming in second. In other words, if Mr. C. C. Kinney hadn't played, Mr. A. Hoffman would have been first. As it was, Mr. Kinney got the first prize, which was a cribbage deck. Mr. Kinney is like the little boy who was presented with a cake of soap. He was glad he won it, but he didn't know what he would do with it.

"There was something doing every minute, and all due to the instrumentality (good word, Stell), of Mr. F. H. Taylor, Mr. A. F. Hoffman, Mr. H. E. Stubbs and Mr. H. W. Bellard, who were in the game all the time, and through their untiring efforts everything came off ship-shape. While we are speaking of untiring efforts, let us pause and give three cheers for Mr. F. H. Taylor, Mrs. C. W. Haythorne, and Miss Lois O'Neil, who worked for weeks to get the picnic up and plan the lunch, which I think we'll all agree was a wonderful success. Again we pause. Again three cheers for Mr. J. P. Gibson and Earl Richards, who planned the games, fixed up prizes and superintended getting lunch and all up to Tolland.

"Once more we cheer Mr. Roderick Reid for giving us the day and the scrumptous lunch. But we talk like the end of the picnic. Not so. The best is yet to come. Of course, that last statement is open for argument, but ye dance lovers will agree with me.

"After all games were over, in other words, when there were no more prizes—and what is a race without a prize?—we now wend our way to the dancing pavilion where Mr. Norquist and his men are ready to say in music what Mr. Bellard says in words. When they heard the music the natives of Tolland couldn't resist, so they came to our party, which made it nice (at least for the girls).

"The jazzy fox trots, the toddle, and those dreamy waltzes made us think we were Peter Pan and we never would get old. We forgot there was such a thing as time and place. But alas, happening to look up over the mountain a dark cloud is seen by the eagle eye of Mrs. Haythorne. It arose like the doom of fate, and slowly wended its way toward us. Then with a wild shriek, like a bird of prey, it swept down upon us, and in a voice of horror all exclaim, 'What! the train already?' 'Why, the day has just started!' But alas, we are wrong, the day has come to an end, so the orchestra announces, and after playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' we know it is no use kidding ourselves any more and we might as well go home gracefully. We gather our belongings and saunter down to that shrieking monster that insists upon spoiling our day. But, Stell, I can tell very little of what went on on the way home, as I left the happy crowd at Pine Cliff.

"So, Stell, appreciating the fact that you didn't interrupt any more than you could help, and hoping you will be an interested listener to our next year's picnic, in the words of Mr. Blomeyer—I thank you."

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"The Silent Number"

This dainty little maid, so coy and shy,
With heart just sprouting wings,
Went to the hills one summer day
To bask in the nature of things.

The murmuring streams and the cooing dove—
The chirping birds in the trees—
The scented wood and the columbines
Were attuned to her heart at ease.

But, somehow, when the day had come
To end her summer's rest
Her thoughts were rife with new-found things—
A sigh was in her breast.

An imp with spurs and clanging belt
Had ever hovered near,
And all unconscious he had set
A ringing in her ear.

Alas, he'd touched the living wire
Where the "Silent Number" lay,
And now her heart is calling loud
As she slowly rides away.

—RIPS

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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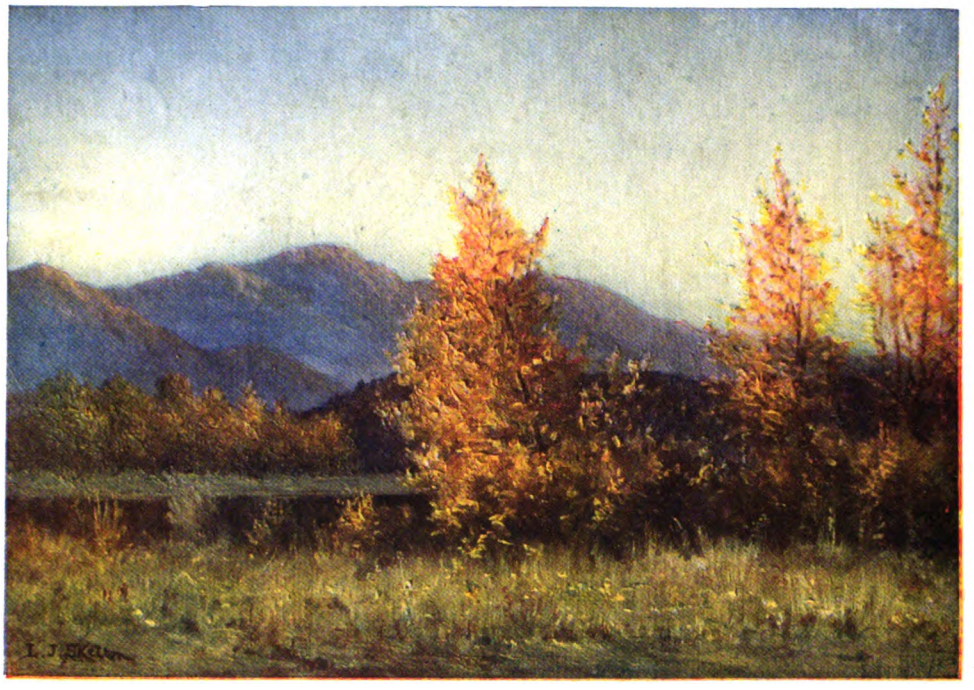

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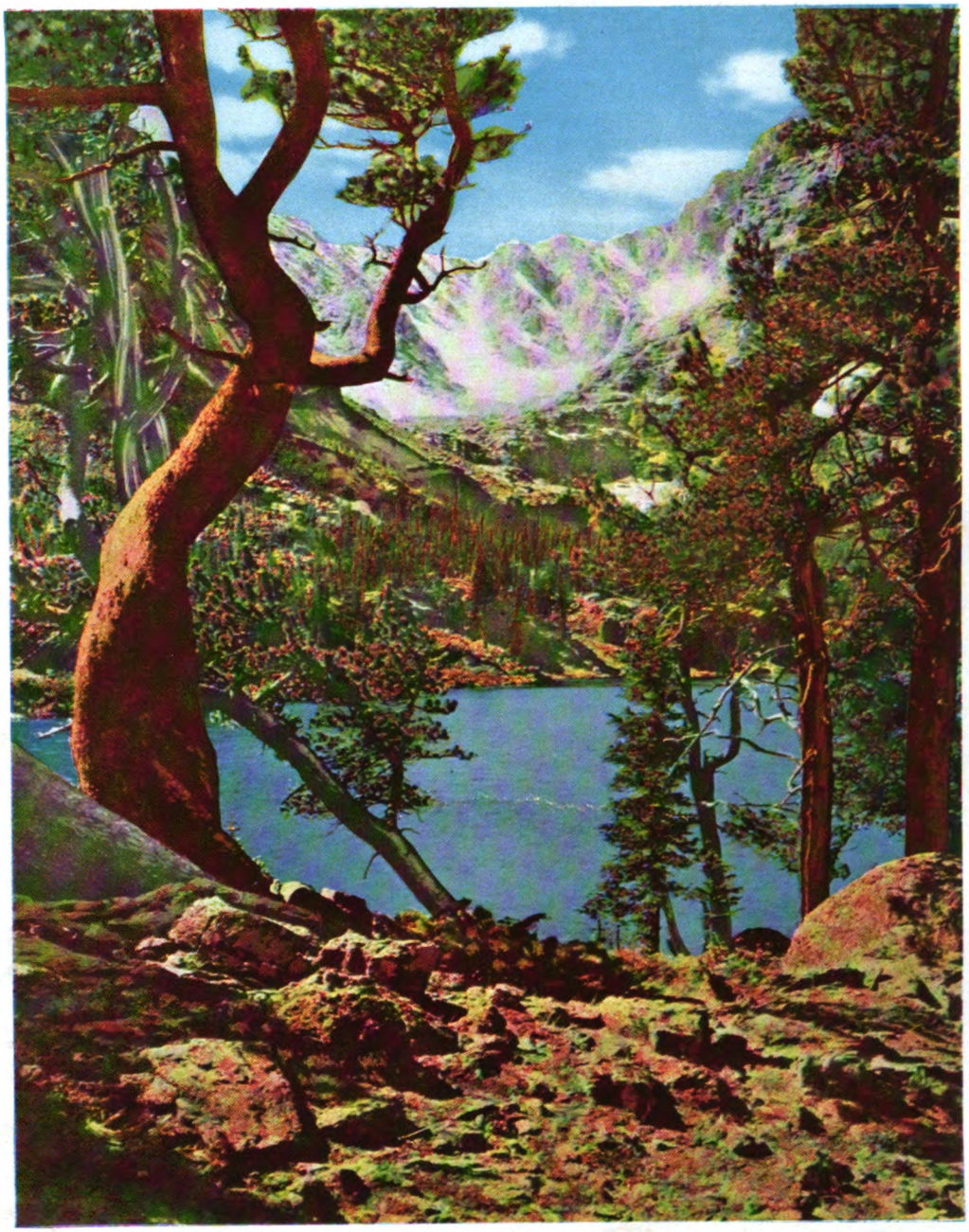

October
1921

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Loch Vale in the Rockies

THIS beautiful lake, nestling in the fastness of the Rocky Mountains, is called "The Treasury of the Glaciers" because into its almost fathomless depths trickle the cold waters from the perpetual ice fields that lie just beyond. Loch Vale lies at an altitude of 10,250 feet above the sea, and helps form a wonderful spot for summer recreation; it is 90 miles from Denver and may be reached by auto and trail. Looking across the lake one sees the heights of Taylor Glacier clinging to the indented ridges of the Continental Divide.

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What Constitutes a Real Thoroughbred?

A wag of a fellow named his donkey "Biscuit," because the creature was so near being thoroughbred. Flapjack would really have been more appropriate.

We all admire a thoroughbred, be it man or woman, horse or dog. As the meaning is generally interpreted it applies to the purest and best strains of blood coming down through generations—aristocracy of humans or equines or canines. We think of a thoroughbred as being courageous, high-spirited, elegantly formed.

But many a true, actually performing thoroughbred has more red blood than blue, for the real ones are those who bravely face and smilingly overcome the difficulties and hardships of life without a murmur or a whine—who never lie down in the harness but, if need be, press hard against the collar pulling the load over the rocky roads and up the steep hills. Sometimes, tired and a bit out of breath, they may pause and wonder as the butterflies flit by them, but they keep it to themselves and continue on the way. When sorrow comes they meet it as they have met everything else, with blanched faces, perhaps, but with a fortitude that will not be crushed.

The faithful dog who stays by his wounded master, barking for help until hunger weakens his voice and then lies down and dies by the master's side may be just a mongrel so far as blood is concerned, but in performance he is a thoroughbred.

Those who play the game of life squarely, honestly, fearlessly, with a fine spirit of give and take, are thoroughbreds. We see them around us every day and association with them strengthens our moral fibre and gives us inspiration for our own particular task.

Zig-zagging Course Dangerous One

We are fond of quoting Abraham Lincoln, and among his many epigrams that will live as long as our republic endures, this one stands out: "Don't swap horses while crossing a stream."

It's dangerous to swap or change anything while crossing a stream or a street, from changing places in a boat to changing your mind. In these days of congested and rushing traffic in our cities the pedestrian who changes his mind after he leaves the curb and reverses in mid-street will be pitied by his friends if an autoist knocks him down and tumbles him around, and said auto driver will be censured by them, but the fact is that the zig-zagger is guilty of contributory negligence, and the magistrate, after hearing all the evidence, may not agree with the sympathetic friends. As a general thing, the automobile driver is just as anxious to avoid an accident as is the pedestrian, and if he sees a person leave the curb and proceed toward the opposite side of the street the natural inference is that he will go on, and the driver will act accordingly. It's dangerous to be a zig-zagger. Another thing to be taken into consideration is that it is a difficult matter to stop a car weighing two or three tons quickly enough to avoid trouble. The momentum must be taken into consideration, also the fact that the brake may not respond as quickly as it is expected to.

There are exceptions in all things and sometimes it becomes necessary to protect one's self by beating a hasty retreat back to the curb. All drivers are not experienced, and some are so well experienced as to be reckless. In these cases the endangered one thinks quickly and hustles back to the curb, even at the risk of being undignified, rather than create a case for the coroner.

Another cause of many street accidents is that a person will be so intent on watching one line of traffic in order to break through, that he will forget the stream going in the opposite direction. If the automobile age had been taken into consideration in the beginning of things, it would seem that Adam and Eve might well have been given about six eyes each instead of a paltry two, for we often feel that we need additional optics at the sides and back of the head, and as aeroplanes increase we may need them in the top of the head. But we shall have to do the best we can with the two we have and in this there are compensations for those who wear glasses and are bothered about mislaying or breaking them.

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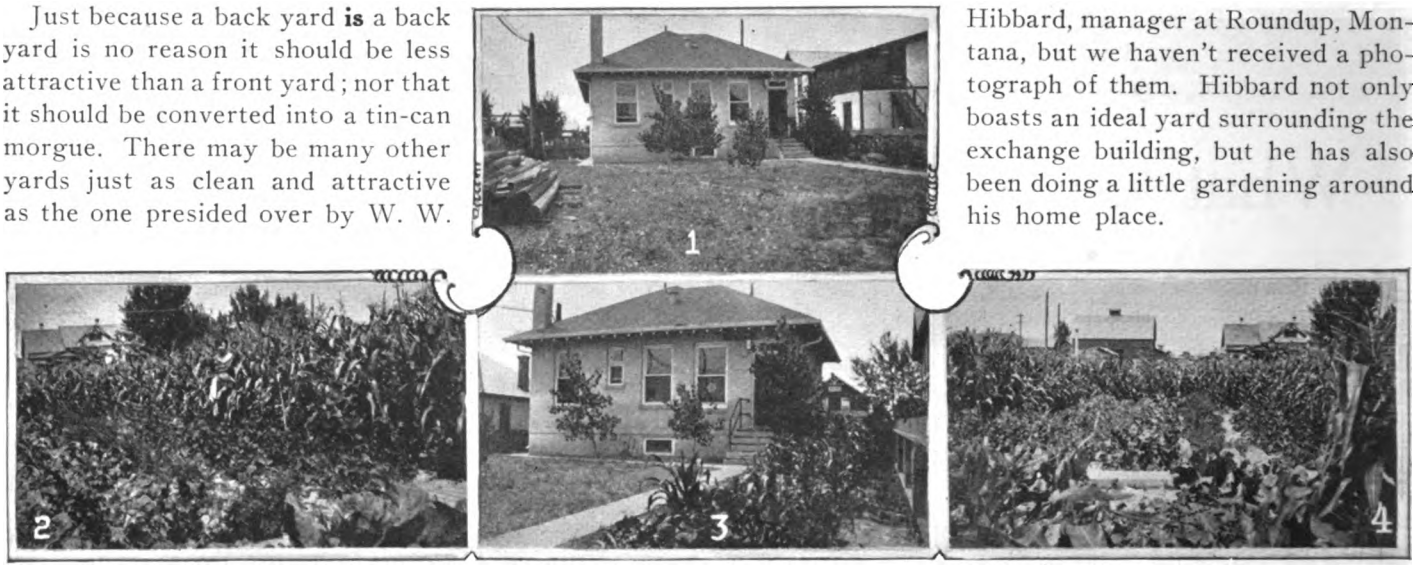
Well Kept Back Yard is Worth While

Just because a back yard **is** a back yard is no reason it should be less attractive than a front yard; nor that it should be converted into a tin-can morgue. There may be many other yards just as clean and attractive as the one presided over by W. W. Hibbard, manager at Roundup, Montana, but we haven't received a photograph of them. Hibbard not only boasts an ideal yard surrounding the exchange building, but he has also been doing a little gardening around his home place.



1 and 3—Yard Around Telephone Office

2 and 4—Scenes at the Home of Manager Hibbard

Did You Have A Garden?

In the May issue of The Monitor prizes were offered for photographs of the best appearing gardens, raised by telephone employes. The first prize is $10 and the second, $5.00. Since the May issue no further notice was given concerning this contest. Hundreds of our employes no doubt, raised fine gardens, and many of them have, we believe, taken pictures of their gardens, and now we are making the final call for evidence.

In the November issue of The Monitor we will announce the prize-winners, and publish the photographs. A number have already been received, but others are available, we are told. So, ye gardeners, come on with your photos and maybe you will at least get the cost of the seed you planted. Please send the photos to ye editor not later than October 15th. A little description of your garden, and what you raised, will be interesting. One of the editors of The Monitor did a little gardening himself, and the accompanying photo is given to show how big the turnips were he raised, rather than to show how small his head is No Monitor attache may compete for the prizes. Come on with your photographs.

Telephone Helps Unite Nation

The tremendously important part which the telephone has played in making a national community out of the widely separated sections of the United States is well illustrated in the following comparisons:

As against a population of 107,100,000, according to the last Federal census, there are 12,600,000 telephones owned or affiliated with the Bell System alone, or more than one instrument for each nine persons.

As against a total area of 3,027,000 square miles, this system owns 25,400,000 miles of wire, or more than one hundred times the mileage of all the railroads in the country.

While these railroads were carrying 1,191,000,000 passengers during the last year, the telephone messages transmitted over the wires of the Bell System numbered 11,033,000,000.

Within reach of the subscriber's telephone there are, united into a single system, more telephones than there are in all the rest of the world.

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SANTA FE TRAIL and City of Holy Faith

By Eleanor C. Kilbourn

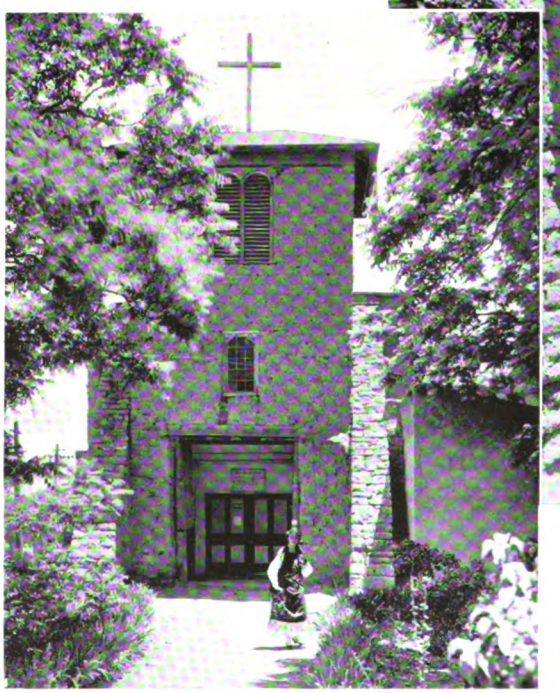
The pioneer rights-of-way men had an easy task in one sense, at least—the whole country was theirs to pick and choose from without asking any one's permission. The Indian might lie in ambush in a vain effort to terrorize the pathfinder, but the star of empire steadily led to the westward, followed by intrepid spirits who would not take a dare from an Indian or any one else.

The Santa Fe Trail was opened about 1822, some sixteen years after Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike had reached the mighty mountain at Colorado Springs. The trail was about 800 miles in length, and almost level for three-quarters of this distance. The first traders, pioneers, explorers and adventurers who traversed its dusty length had no need of "burning the bridges" behind them for it was without a single permanent bridge from end to end.

The initial point of the old trail was first Franklin, Missouri, 150 miles west of St. Louis, then Independence and later Westport—all these towns being on the Missouri River, consequently easily reached during the season of navigation. At these places were found motley crowds, traders, outfitters, dealers in supplies of all kinds, even tourists and invalids in those days, for the weak and ailing had heard of the wonderful curative properties of the air of the high plains and mountains and hoped to regain health in the open air life. The covered wagons were at first drawn by horses, then mules were found to stand the hardships of the journey better, and oxen were also used. The wagons were carefully loaded and the usual supplies for the drivers such as bacon, coffee, flour, beans, sugar, etc., were included. For fresh meat they could always go out and bring in a buffalo. Starting off in detached parties the wagons would later, a few miles out, rendezvous and effect an organization for mutual aid and protection. It was a perilous journey and all possible precautions were taken. A caravan might contain as many as a hundred wagons and a captain was appointed who would divide them into three or four divisions with a lieutenant for each division. There was no regular prairie schooner drill, but each man knew what was expected of him in case of trouble and had to take his turn as night watchman, keeping an eye out for prowling redskins and his powder dry. At nightfall camp was made, the wagons lined up in the form of a hollow square and campfires lighted outside the square. If fuel was scarce buffalo "chips" were used. The sentries paced and listened and peered into the darkness if they heard the crackling of a twig. When breakfast fires were extinguished and the caravan was again under way every heart was thankful for a safe and uneventful night and a new day that would bring them nearer the journey's end. But the Santa Fe Trail had no tragic or bloody history. Few deaths due to either Indian attacks or disease were recorded on the Trail as the climate was invigorating and curative and the Indians hesitated about attacking strong parties captained by resolute men.

Across swamps and even rivers the teams were driven and occasionally it was found necessary to construct a temporary crossing of bush or long grass covered with earth; at times it became necessary to fabricate "buffalo boats" of hides stretched over frames of poles or empty wagon bodies.

Steadily the caravans pushed on toward the sunset and the city of Holy Faith, Santa Fe, the second oldest in the United States.



Left—San Miguel Church at Santa Fe. Top—Pergola, Old Spanish Home, Santa Fe

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By some it is claimed to be the oldest. At any rate, it was founded in 1605, a number of years before the Mayflower dropped anchor on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of what has since been known as New England. Whether St. Augustine, Florida, is a few years younger or a few years older matters not; both are hoary with antiquity and the distinction of being the oldest lies between them.

It was a toss-up as to whether the caravaners or the inhabitants of the little city at the Western terminus of the "long, long trail" were the more delighted when the goal was reached. Even the animals seemed to participate in the humor of their drivers and there was a reason, for rest and refreshment awaited man and beast. Excited natives thronged around and welcomed the arrivals in soft and musical Spanish. Wares were unpacked and soon disposed of, the women especially being good customers for bright-hued cottons, woolens, silks and laces, the latter fabrics going to the making of mantillas and rebozos which heightened the attractiveness of the dark, Spanish type. Handsome profits accrued to the traders and the foundation of many a comfortable fortune was laid in the sale of goods packed over the Sante Fe Trail.

The little city of Holy Faith had no great ambitions. The early settlers were not inclined to much exertion; there seemed to be no necessity for it and they were satisfied (who wouldn't be?) to eat, drink and make merry in the sunshine or the shade as the seasons changed, and attend to their devotions on Sundays, for Santa Fe from the first, has been well supplied with churches. Life flowed along easily and uneventfully. With the supplies, the caravaners brought news of the busy world lying to the Eastward; the supplies were soon disposed of and appreciated but what did the outside world matter? Que es la diferencia? "Let the rest of the world go by."

Sante Fe has been successively an Indian village, a Spanish city and an American city. The first Yankee visitors were Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike and his party who were there in 1806. Lieutenant Pike was a high-minded gentleman and splendid patriot who, after serving his country faithfully, gave his life for her at Toronto in 1813. His bravery as a solldier was equaled by his daring as an explorer and his fame is well-deserved and enduring, but like many others of the great pathfinders he could not see the possibilities of the arid, sun-baked plains and felt that the summits of the great peaks, the most famous of which bears his name, (though he called it Mexican Mountain and left

Oldest House in America

others to name it Pike's Peak) could not be reached by man to say nothing of cog-road trains, automobiles and war tanks. Even Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, an astute gentleman who made a famous journey from Atlanta to the Sea, said as late as 1865 that he would not buy a ticket to San Francisco for his youngest grandchild—and four years later himself made the journey by rail!

In 1846 the United States was at war with Mexico and troops under General Kearny were sent to occupy Santa Fe. There was no opposition and Kearny and his force entered the city and built a fort on the height back of the town, calling it Fort Marcy. The ruins of the old fort are still in evidence. Later a military post was established near the Plaza and many Americans drifted into the country and settled there. About 1888 a telephone exchange was established in Santa Fe and this exchange some years later was purchased by The Colorado Telephone Company. Santa Fe has at present more than 800 stations.

The famous governor's palace, Palacio del Gobernardo of Spanish days, is situated on the plaza and is an interesting example of early Spanish architecture. In this historic adobe building Gen. Lewis Wallace, territorial governor from 1878 to 1881, wrote the concluding chapters of his widely-read and many times translated book, Ben Hur.

The three important churches are Guadalupe, San Miguel and San Francisco or St. Francis, of which San Miguel is the most ancient. Guadalupe was constructed later and has been restored and modernized. St. Francis is cruciform in shape and contains many rare and interesting relics of Spanish days.

Santa Fe is situated at the Southern extremity of the Rocky Mountains, in the Sangre de Christo range which shelters it on all sides from winds and storms; so the city of Holy Faith is protected by the mountains of the Blood of Christ. The altitude is slightly over 7000 feet and the climate is mild, dry and invigorating.

Recently a Fiesta was held at Santa Fe, commemorating the history of the city. An Indian day, a Spanish day, and a Santa Fe Trail day were features of the Fiesta.

The Santa Fe Trail served its purpose and then passed into the realm of the romantic and historic. Surveyors were followed by graders and tracklayers, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad replaced the old trail. California Limited trains, the last word in comfortable, luxurious traveling, speed over the rails, where prairie schooners once rolled slowly through the alkaline dust. With but slight deviation the Santa Fe follows the course of the Trail which has been marked in the various states which it traversed.

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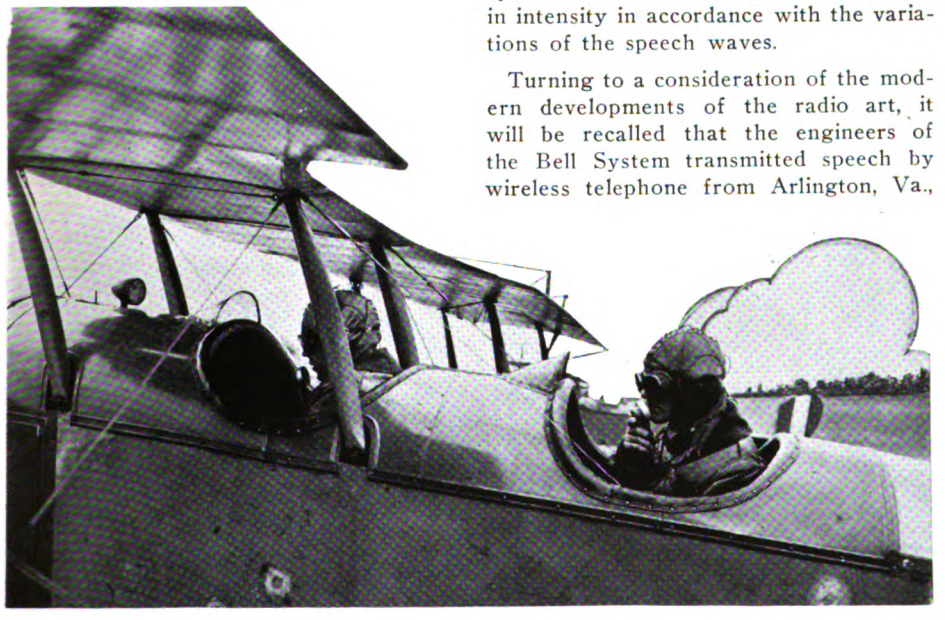
The Place of Radio in the Communications Field

It has been the policy of the Bell System to build a telephone plant which would give universal service of the highest possible quality. In building up the nation-wide plant required to give service to the people in all parts of the United States, the solution of the technical problems arising in the business have at all times been undertaken in accordance with the thorough methods of scientific research. The scientific laboratories of the Bell System, which sprang from a tiny work room with but two workers, have grown until they employ 2,800 persons. In these laboratories—the largest industrial laboratories ever devoted to the application of science to human affairs—not only has no effort been spared to develop wire transmission, but also the most careful examination has been made of every other recognized means of transmitting the human voice, especially the radio or wireless telephone. By the development of many different radio methods and systems, and the design and construction of different types of radio equipment during the past decade, the staff of the Bell laboratories has made numerous and very fundamental additions to the knowledge of this method of communication.

In this connection it may be pointed out that the first transmission of speech by means of electromagnetic waves was accomplished by Alexander Graham Bell in 1880 with his so-called radiophone. Instead of employing the long wave lengths with which wireless messages are today transmitted, this device made use of the very short waves of the visible spectrum, a beam of light being varied in intensity in accordance with the variations of the speech waves.

Turning to a consideration of the modern developments of the radio art, it will be recalled that the engineers of the Bell System transmitted speech by wireless telephone from Arlington, Va., to Paris and Honolulu in the autumn of 1915, thereby establishing the historic record for American engineers of being first to transmit the voice across the Atlantic Ocean. Furthermore, in transmitting the voice to Honolulu a long distance record was achieved which has not yet been equaled by others.



Airplane Equipped With Radio Telephone, Showing the Aviators' Sound-proof Helmets and Transmitters

The Bell engineers had a notable part in solving the many radio problems which arose during the recent war, and designed many types of radio equipment for the American forces both for communicating with ships and with airplanes.

No commercial uses have yet been made of the Company's transoceanic telephone development because of the many practical difficulties which are involved in the application of radio, chief among which are the disturbances due to "static" and other interferences.

More recently, the first two wireless telephone stations available for public use have been erected on the California coast. These stations supply every-day telephone service between the Island of Santa Catalina and the mainland, and are an integral part of the Bell System so that a subscriber on the Island can call any number in Los Angeles, or in fact any number throughout the entire Bell System. A submarine cable would give better and more economical service to the Island than the radio telephone, but manufacuring conditions growing out of the war were such that this cable could not have been obtained within the time desired. In view of this fact, together with the fact that the installation of a wireless system would provide valuable experience regarding the use of the radio telephone in rendering commercial serv-

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ice, the decision was made in favor of the radio system.

The Company has also performed extensive investigations into the matter of ship-to-shore telephony. For a year past, an experimental equipment has been maintained by the Bell engineers on the Steamships Gloucester and Ontario in conjunction with their radio stations on the Massachusetts coast and on the New Jersey coast. Utilizing these experimental stations, they have conducted practical scientific investigations into the best methods of maintaining communication between ships at sea and the wire plant of the Bell System throughout the United States.

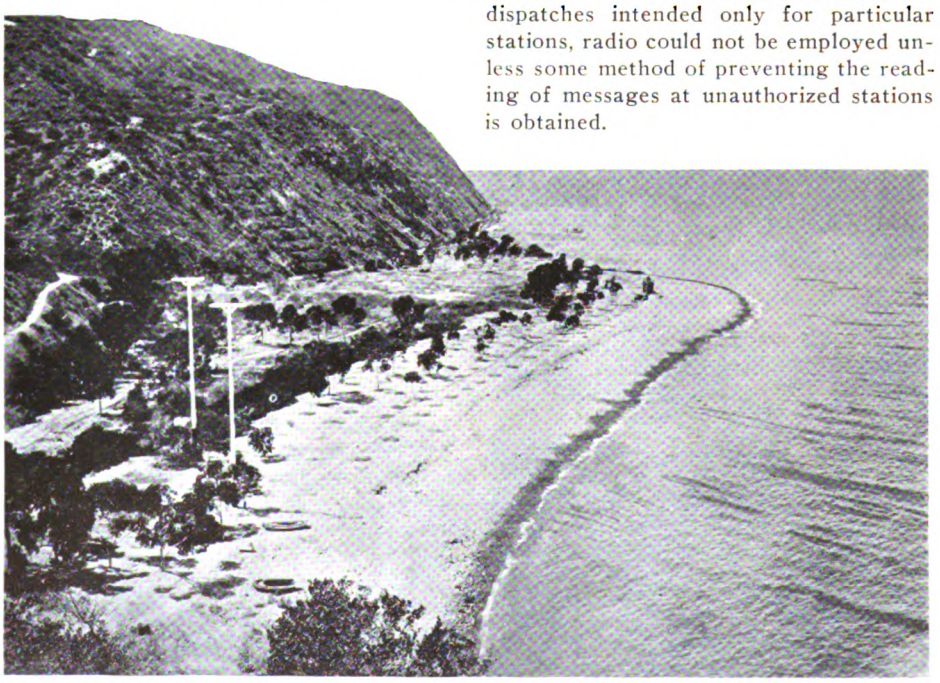
The progress made in this work is well illustrated by a demonstration given lately in honor of the delegates to the International Communications Conference, during which conversation was exchanged between Catalina in the Pacific Ocean and the S. S. Gloucester in the Atlantic. Speech was transmitted by radio telephone from the Gloucester through the New Jersey station, and thence by wire across the continent to Los Angeles, and thence by radio telephone to Catalina. More recently, apparatus has been developed whereby a single land station can maintain a different two-way conversation with each of three ships at the same time.

Still another achievement fresh in the mind is the joining of the overland wire circuit from Key West to Los Angeles with the new submarine telephone cable to Cuba and with the radio telephone to Catalina, to the end that speech was transmitted between an island in the Atlantic and an island in the Pacific.

The extensive experience of the Bell engineers in transoceanic and ship-to-shore radio telephony and in supplying commercial radio telephone service on the Pacific coast, has provided trustworthy data whereby they can judge concerning the practicability of radio in the various fields in which it might be applied. Their studies show that the characteristics of wireless transmission are such as to make it particularly useful as a means of supplementing the wire systems in those instances where, from the nature of the case, it is impossible or impracticable to employ wires.

Thus the broadcasting of information of general interest over land and water is a service which cannot well be rendered by wires and for which radio with its messages carried in all directions at the same time is exactly suited. The broadcast distribution of time signals and weather and market reports to mariners, farmers, and the like, and the simultaneous dissemination over a wide area of important items of news is likely, as time goes on, to become one of the most important uses of radio communication in which both the radio telegraph and telephone will play their respective parts. For these purposes, the fact that the messages can be picked up by all who have proper receiving stations, is a decided advantage.

On the contrary, however, when radio messages are intended only for certain stations, the fact that they spread out in all directions, causing lack of secrecy, is a defect. For the distribution of press dispatches intended only for particular stations, radio could not be employed unless some method of preventing the reading of messages at unauthorized stations is obtained.



Pebbly Beach, Catalina Island, Showing the Radio Telephone Antenna. A Telephone Cable Runs From the Hut at the Base of the Antenna to the Exchange at Avalon, one mile away

High Power Vacuum Tube Used in most Recent Radio Installation

In the transmission of news, speed is an essential factor, and while it is not impossible at the present time to put news dispatches in cipher by ordinary methods, the time required for enciphering and deciphering makes these methods objectionable. Accordingly, the Bell research laboratories have worked on the problem of applying to radio telegraphy the quick cipher or secret method of wire telegraphy which their engineers developed and which was used with marked success upon wires by the Signal Corps during the war. It is a secret means of telegraph communication, while the ciphered message may be heard at all radio stations; it can be interpreted only by those who have the cipher apparatus and key. This instantaneously enciphers the message at the sending end and deciphers it at the receiving end, where it appears immediately in printed page form ready for use. The work done upon this system of secret telegraphy by the engineers of the Bell System promises to be generally available and for the benefit of radio telegraphy.

The Bell engineers have also attacked the problem of privacy in radio telephony and have given an experimental demonstration of a method which they have devised, whereby ordinary receiving stations can hear nothing but unintelligible sounds; yet at all stations equipped with the necessary apparatus and in possession of the requisite operating information, the spoken words can be understood.

Before the advent of radio, there was no very effective means of communicating with ships and other moving stations, and it is by virtue of the inherent characteristic of all radio messages—that they spread out in all directions—that the wireless telegraph has greatly increased the safety of travel at sea, becoming a blessing to the mariner and to those who entrust themselves to his care.

In the future, it is expected that the wireless telephone will also play an important part in this field in which the wireless telegraph is now of inestimable value. As noted above, the developments necessary to this end have been carried well toward completion by the Bell en-

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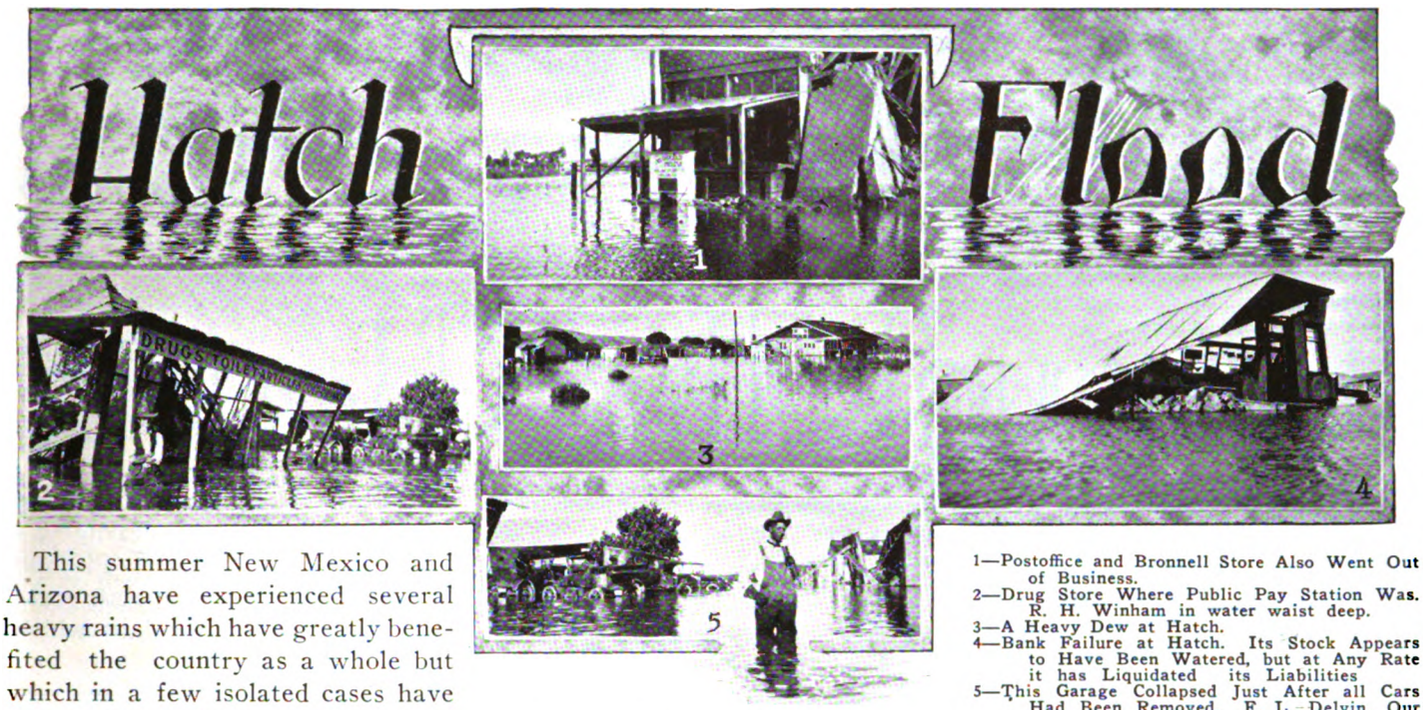

1—Postoffice and Bronnell Store Also Went Out of Business.
2—Drug Store Where Public Pay Station Was. R. H. Winham in water waist deep.
3—A Heavy Dew at Hatch.
4—Bank Failure at Hatch. Its Stock Appears to Have Been Watered, but at Any Rate it has Liquidated its Liabilities
5—This Garage Collapsed Just After all Cars Had Been Removed. F. L. Delvin, Our Manager, Still Standing

This summer New Mexico and Arizona have experienced several heavy rains which have greatly benefited the country as a whole but which in a few isolated cases have done more or less damage to small communities.

Hatch, New Mexico, a small rural community in the Rio Grande Valley, a short distance from the Elephant Butte dam was nearly obliterated as the result of a cloudburst in the neighboring mountains. The flood waters completely inundated the village and wrecked very nearly every building. Our toll line was put out of commission by one of the collapsing buildings breaking down the wires. F. L. Delvin, Manager and R. H. Winham, Combination man of Las Cruces, were the first outsiders to reach the scene. They had to wade through water 3 feet deep for half a mile to reach the break in our line, and in a very short time reestablished service and made connection to a telephone booth which was supporting the roof of one of the wrecked buildings. Nearly all the buildings were constructed of adobe. As long as a village is reasonably dry adobe brick makes excellent building material but when a place gets as wet as this one the 'dobe brick loses its ambition. About $200,000 damage to property was done.

gineers, and when certain problems, largely commercial in their nature which are peculiar to ship-to-shore telephony, are disposed of, the wireless telephone will serve to put ships in communication with the telephone lines on land to the same extent that the Island of Catalina is now connected to these lines.

In addition to its uses in navigation, the wireless telegraph has taken its place beside the submarine cable as a means of transoceanic communication. In this field, the wireless telephone is expected to play its part, for while it is possible to signal by telegraph through the transoceanic submarine cables, it is not possible to talk through them.

The wireless telegraph finds its best field across large bodies of water such as the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans where the only wire communication possible is by means of submarine cables. The rate at which messages may be transmitted over ocean cables is very slow compared with the rate attainable on land cables of the same length. Across the oceans the relative advantages of the cable and the radio are difficult to appraise. Each has advantages over the other, and each has its disadvantages, and each is successfully carrying its share of the international telegraph traffic of the world.

While the radio telegraph does not function as successfully over large areas of land as over corresponding areas of water, the telegraph wire cable over land is vastly more efficient than is the submarine cable of an equal length. The submarine cable consists of one conductor, whereas the land cable, although less than three inches in diameter, may carry as many as 600 conductors. Such a cable, when constructed and operated in accordance with the latest scientific discoveries, can be made to carry over 5,000 telegraph messages at one time, as compared with only two messages carried at one time by the submarine cable.

While the number of land cables may be increased without limit and can carry traffic far in excess of that which ever will be required, the number of messages which radio can carry at one time is distinctly limited due to the fact that each radio message tends to spread out in all directions, thus traveling through the same region in which many other messages are traveling. As has been aptly said, the ether is a universal party line constituting a single conductor which must be used in common by all the world. Although ingenious methods have been devised whereby the number of simultaneous radio messages may be largely increased, the ether can at best carry only a small portion of the total world traffic. The best field of radio is for long distance transoceanic communication, for broadcasting, for the radio compass and for auxiliary radio fog signals given out by lighthouses, for innumerable military and naval purposes, and for transmitting messages to and from mov-

(Continued on page 38)

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Through the Clouds

Have you ever gazed on grandeur, where it seemed there was nothing else to gaze upon? Big mountains heaved to Heaven, which the sunsets blaze on? Have your eyes ever swept the snow capped summits—searched the vastness for something you have missed? If so hear the challenge, which that spot in the sky sends forth, and respond to its mute appeal by accepting its silent invitation of "come up."

At last the time arrived—the eve on which we were to obey that silent mandate and ascend Pikes Peak. When the big autos arrived the operators who were to go on the trip, clambered to their places. It was about two-thirty when we left Colorado Springs. The night was cool and clear, while the stars shone brightly from their places on high. Westward we speeded as though carried on wings. Up and around we went while quaint beauties, grotesque shapes, and strange illusions fairly crowded the way. The ascent seemed unceasing, and before long the scene expanded. The forested hills seemed to shrink back, leaving the big black peak a towering monument before us. The trees seemed to desert the landscape, and only a small group of stunted aspens could be seen shivering in the breeze. A feeling of awe overcame us. The air grew chill—a light haze enshrouded us and the crest of the peak. Soon the autos were brought to a standstill and we found ourselves on the summit of Pikes Peak, and gazing around us we saw Colorado spread out below—that magnificent sweeping view from the summit of Pikes Peak! How inexpressive words are when trying to describe what we saw. To the west, thousands of peaks rise majestically. On the east, a mighty ocean of plain seemed to stretch infinitely. The eye is strained in trying to grasp the extent of that wonderful ocean of plain. Now what is that we see! A ball of fire rises slowly above the eastern horizon—the eastern sky becomes a mass of golden rays, while purple dawn rises slowly as if to give way to the sun—the Monarch of day.

Now the mist about us passed into the sky above—nearby we could see the Bottomless Pit and the Abyss of Desolation, both great rents in the mountain, into which the sun never finds its way and where the snows of centuries are never disturbed.

Here on the summit of Pikes Peak we were awed, thrilled and instructed. Here the climax of Nature's magnificence seems to have been attained and now at last we realized that we too had really answered that persistent challenge and had learned that message which the grand old mountain seems to send forth into the world—by our trip to Pikes Peak that beautiful August night.

Johnstown, Colorado

Top—Estella Harris, Manager; Bottom—Ina Carlson, Operator, Johnstown, Colorado.

Johnstown Operators Are Always Courteous

We are ready for company now, with our office all newly painted inside and out. Also, the entire front of the office has been remodeled and we have new windows.

We have all had our vacations and are now back on duty. Edna Carlson spent a part of her vacation on the Poudre River. Verda Harris, and Estelle Harris, manager, whiled away the vacation days in beautiful Estes Park.

One and all, we are refreshed and rested and have returned to work with new interest and determination.

Increase your activity and your "hard luck" will disappear. Disappointments and regrets invariably follow inaction.—Exchange.

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What Kind of a Dad are You?

(The Kiwanis Magazine)

JIM worked pretty hard to get through medical college. He wanted to specialize in surgery and was anxious to get a position as interne in a certain hospital.

The president of the hospital board was a life-long friend of mine. Without saying anything to Jim I went to see him. He was debating between Jim and another fellow but I was fortunate enough to turn the balance in Jim's favor. I went to Jim's house to tell him about it.

Jim was not yet home. I chatted with his wife and two kiddies but said nothing to them of my mission. As the front gate slammed, Jim's wife said to the little ones playing happily on the

floor, "Hush. Here comes your father." The children dropped their playthings and running to their mother cowered, clinging to her skirts. She patted them protectingly but a little timidly.

Jim came in and shook hands with me cordially, paying no attention to his family beyond a nod. I did not tell him about the position but talked of other things. When I left I telephoned the president of the board that I had made a mistake in the man.

To a group of Kiwanians waiting for the luncheon room door to open, a man approached with evident intention of joining us. Two men left the group. Another looked in the direction my eyes were turned and said, "Oh, hell. Here comes Gaimore," and also walked away.

* * * * *

My friend Perkins has his telephone in his private office. One day he excused himself to me to answer it and then called to his secretary in the adjoining room: "Oh, Miss Henry, phone call for you." As Miss Henry came into the office my friend remarked "That's her pastor, Roe. She never gets a 'phone call from any one but her pastor and he must be very young, for his voice changes from day to day."

Miss Henry took her call, smiled at us both and went back to her work humming.

* * * * *

I sat on my front steps in the cool of the evening listening to the chatter of a half dozen high school girls and boys on the veranda next door. They were laughing and chatting when the father of one of the group pulled up to the curb in his car.

"Hi, Pops," "Hey, Mr. Jones," "Take us for a ride," they yelled in unison and as they called to him they piled pell-mell down the steps and into the car until they literally covered the running board. Jones frowned protestingly in mock severity, but they beat him on the back and he laughingly stepped on the starter and rolled away with his hilarious load.

* * * * *

A lump came up in my throat, when I should have laughed with them.

The lump meant that I envied Jones, and wished I had a lot of shrieking kids in my car beating me on the back and loving me as they undoubtedly loved him.

I thought of Jim and his family and of Gaimore and then with something of a shock, of this:

"What do people think when they hear my footsteps?"

God grant that my footsteps arouse in my people the same feeling that Jones and Perkins do in theirs. God grant that my coming inspires no such thoughts as come with the arrival of Jim and Gaimore.

And you too, friend of mine, have you ever stopped to think how the sound of your footsteps impresses people? Are you so living and acting that your footsteps arouse a sense of terror or a feeling of gladness? Does your coming stir men to say, "Oh, hell," or does it cause smiles of welcome on the faces of the party you are joining?

Does Friend Wife hear your tread with dread as your feet crunch up the gravel walk of your home? Do your kiddies cringe away from, or throw themselves at you?

Are you one of those poor misguided fools who feel that every man should be an absolute monarch in his home?

How about the people who work for you? Do they say "Hush, here comes the boss," when they hear you approach?

Are you one of those God-forgotten men who have become so absorbed in the making of more dollars that you lose sight of the wonderful things dollars

cannot buy?

Have you the friendly confidence of those who work for you? You admit that God put in your care the wife and babies. May He not some day hold you accountable for the happiness of those He placed in your employ?

After all the most worth-while things in the world are living, laughing and loving. If we don't so live something is wrong with our method.

Bitter Root Creamery

Stevensville, Montana.—One of the most prominent and substantial industries in the Bitter Root

Creamery Building and Ice Plant at Stevensville, Mont.

Valley is the Bitter Root Creamery located at Stevensville, Montana. The original plant was destroyed by fire on June 22, 1911. The company immediately constructed a fire proof building and later built an artificial ice plant in conjunction with the creamery to furnish ice for their own use. They also furnish artificial ice for the town of Stevensville. The fertile farming country, which surrounds Stevensville, makes it an excellent dairy country and an ideal location for a creamery. The plant is equipped with the most modern equipment and its successful operation has been due to the efficient management of John G. Howe.

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Telephone Pioneers Meeting at St. Louis

The program of entertainment and the arrangements for the business session of the Telephone Pioneers of America at St. Louis on October 24th and 25th, nas been completed by the committees in charge. The program for the first day, October 24th, is as follows:

10:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m.—Business meeting.

11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.—"Get Acquainted" meeting with community singing and entertainment.

3:00 p. m. to 4:00 p. m.—Loud Speaker demonstration in Forest Park.

8:15 p. m.—Entertainment at Statler Hotel by "home-folks."

On the next day, the 25th, the arrangements of the alloted time will be as follows:

11:00 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.—Automobile trip through the city.

12:30 p. m. to 2:30 p. m.—Luncheon at Sunset Hill Country club.

2:30 p. m. to 4:00 p. m.—Continuation of automobile trip.

7:00 p. m.—Banquet.

Of all the attractions announced for the convention, the first and foremost is probably the demonstration of the Bell Loud Speaker, the device through which President Harding was enabled to deliver his inaugural speech to the listening ears of a crowd of 125,000 persons and which has been set up since then at various points where huge crowds of people have been assembled.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are not acquainted with the Telephone Pioneers of America, a glance through the constitution informs us that the "Association is formed for purpose

"St. Louis is Calling Pioneers"

October 24th-25th

of recalling and perpetuating the facts, traditions and memories attached to the early history of the telephone and telegraph system; preserving the names and the records of the participants in the establishment and extension of this great system of electrical intercommunication; the promotion, renewal and continuance of the friendships and fellowships made during the progress of the telephone industry between those interested therein; and the encouragement of such other meritorious objects consistent with the foregoing as may be desirable."

"Any person of good standing," says the constitution in another place, "employed in the telephone service or in its associate interests for a period of twenty-one years, or any person of good standing who, in the judgment of the Executive Committee, shall have rendered special service to the telephone interests prior to the year 1891, may be enrolled for membership with the approval of the Executive Committee."

To persons eligible to become Pioneers, who are not already members of that organization, the secretary, R. H. Starrett, has an open invitation to communicate with him at once at 195 Broadway, New York City.

To all pioneers who read this article, the earnest invitation of the Executive Committee is extended to make every effort to attend this convention, held in a city whose average mean temperature for the last 46 Octobers has been 60 degrees and where the average precipitation for the same period of time has been only 2.68 inches.

But the demonstration of the Bell Loud Speaker and the October weather of St. Louis are not the only attractions offered to the Pioneer and his family who attend the convention. The great Mississippi the Father of Waters, is spanned at St. Louis by four great bridges, one of them the Municipal Bridge, which contains the longest double deck span of its kind in the world.

Along the banks are the municipal docks, from which operate the government tows and barges, which are reviving the Mississippi as an artery of commerce.

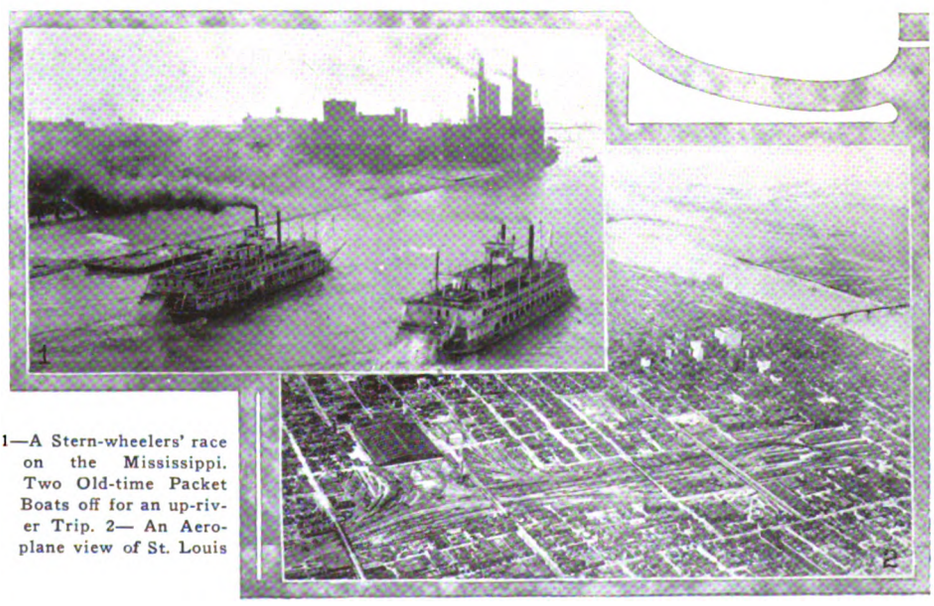
In the city there are two great universities, St. Louis and Washington. The latter's location and architecture has been noted in Baedeker's United States as perhaps the most imposing and appropriate in the New World.

There is an office building second to none other in the amount of floor space, the seventh greatest library in the world, a model post-office, and schools and churches.

There are several great hospitals, the most important being the Barnes Hospital group, facing Forest Park. With the addition of several hospitals to this group, scheduled for the next several years, St. Louis will become the most important medical center in the country.

There is an opportunity in St. Louis to see the historical collections of the Missouri Historical Society housed in the Jefferson Memorial in Forest Park, and the remarkable art exhibits which the city keeps open and free to the public in the Art Museum.

The great Municipal Auditorium in St. Louis, in which the demonstration of the Loud Speaker will be conducted, is a place worth seeing for its own sake, holding a vast concourse of people every summer during the unique light opera



1—A Stern-wheelers' race on the Mississippi. Two Old-time Packet Boats off for an up-river Trip. 2— An Aeroplane view of St. Louis

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Telephone Operators Made Firemen

From the Golden, Colo., Transcript.

Golden now has five women as members of the local fire department. In all the years that the department has been organized, no woman's name has ever been on the roster. Golden is the second city in the state to appreciate the services rendered by the telephone operators in the way of handling fire alarms over the telephone, and at a recent meeting of the Golden fire department it was voted to confer honorary memberships on the operators in the Golden exchange, as follows: Mrs. Mayme Parshall, Mrs. Verona Wilson, Miss Gladys Burrell, Miss Hazel Cooper and Miss Helen Deshler.

Two-thirds of the alarms that have called out the Golden apparatus have come over the telephone, and invariably the operator has speeded up the connection with some one convenient to the fire stations to ring the bell.

Every home that has a telephone nowadays is practically a fire alarm station. When a fire is discovered in a residence in which there is a telephone the occupant as a rule, tells central first and leaves it to the operator to summon the firemen.

With the coming installation of the Gamewell fire alarm system at the Golden exchange, whereby the telephone operator, in case of fire, will start an automatic device going, which in turn will sound the alarm on the big bell at the fire station,

every operator becomes an integral part of the fire fighting system, and it is especially appropriate that the young ladies be given honorary membership for their services.

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season, which lasts about eight or nine weeks and is unequalled in the annals of municipal entertainment.

The great bird-cage, like several of the important buildings in the Washington University group, are heritages from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904. Near the bird-cage is the Zoo. The seal pool and the new bear-pits, in which the bears are visible against a background of limestone cliffs, without any interposing bars, are models of their kind.

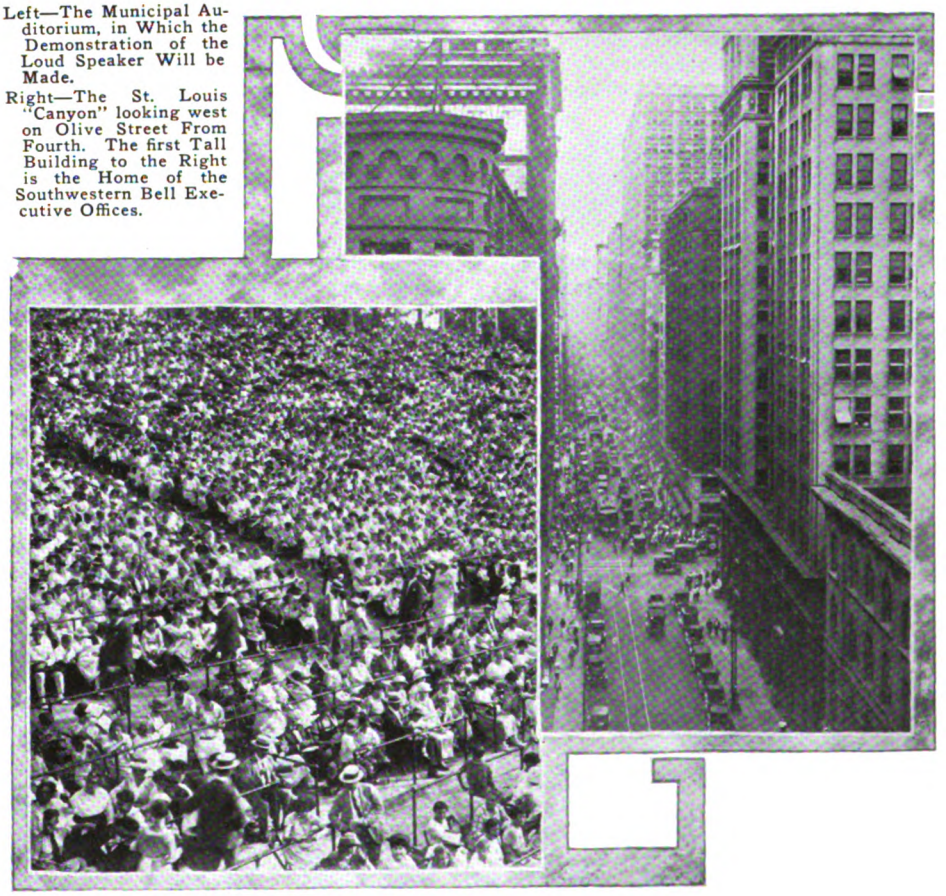
The wonderful flower displays at Shaw's Gardens, the second greatest of its kind in the world, and the old Courthouse, on whose steps slaves were sold, and in whose halls Dred Scott began his famous suit for freedom, will prove equally of interest to the visitor. There is a great greenhouse at Shaw's garden in which towering palms are seen under the high roof against a background of tropical foliage and undergrowth.

Finally, Pioneers, there will be the banquet on the 25th, given by the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, to which you and your immediate families are invited. This fitting conclusion to two pleasurable days will be an appropriate climax to the greatest convention that the Pioneers have ever held. There will be a special train from New York, and the Southwestern territory is engaged in a contest for the largest state delegation. Be there on the morning of the 24th and have the time of your life.

The Mountain States Company will, no doubt, be well represented at the Pioneers' meet, as we have quite a number of members.

Left—The Municipal Auditorium, in Which the Demonstration of the Loud Speaker Will be Made.

Right—The St. Louis "Canyon" looking west on Olive Street From Fourth. The first Tall Building to the Right is the Home of the Southwestern Bell Executive Offices.



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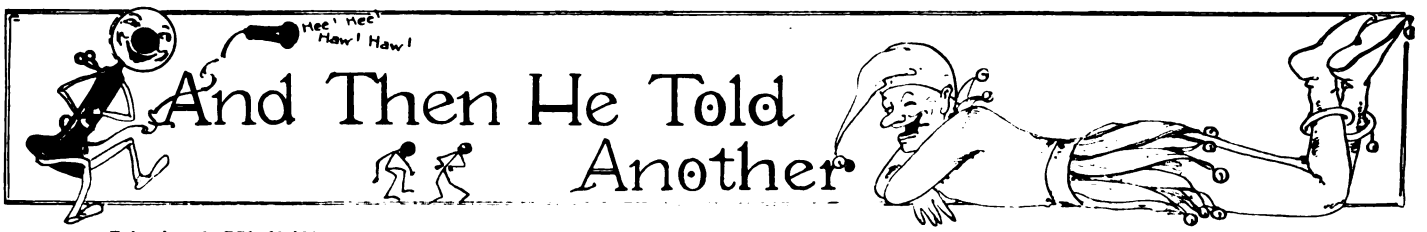


Limited Visibility

Alice—Gladys came back from the beach with her arms all tanned.

Virginia—How old-fashioned.—American Legion Weekly.

Poor Little Modern Boy

"Why didn't you hold onto your mother's skirt?" said the cop to the little lost boy.

"I couldn't reach it."

Not So Bad

"How many fish yer got, mister?"

"None, yet."

"Well, yer ain't doin' so bad. I know a feller what fished here for two weeks an' he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."

Old, But Good One

Responsibility for this one rests with E. G. Wilson, who picked it up on a recent visit to New York:

A New Yorker was called to Philadelphia on business, and while there had occasion to telephone to a nearby suburban town. After completing a rather lengthy conversation, the pay station attendant sweetly informed him that the charges were fifty cents.

"Fifty cents! Say, I can talk to Hades from New York for fifty cents—do you know that?"

"Certainly you can," replied the P. S. A., "but you know that Hades is within New York's city limits."

The four bits was forthcoming without further comment.

Reason Enough

Sammy—Pa, I fell in a mudhole.

Father—What! And with your new pants on?

Sammy—Yes. I didn't have time to take them off.—Exchange.

Overworked

"Talking about dry towns, have you ever been in Leavenworth, Kansas?" asked the commercial traveler in the smoking car. "No? Well, that's a dry town for you, all right."

"They can't sell liquor at all there?" asked one of the men.

"Only if you have been bitten by a snake," said the traveler. "They have only one snake in the town, and when I got to it the other day, after standing in line for nearly half the day, it was too tired to bite."—Evening Wisconsin.

Trouble Certain

Tom Daly, humorist and poet, tells a little story that throws some light on the kind of liquor that is handed out in the drinking-places of the metropolis.

A stranger in the city, the story goes, went up to barkeeper and ordered a drink.

After serving the stranger the barkeeper immediately grabbed him by the collar and hustled him to the door.

"Whaddye putting me out for?" the stranger demanded, indignantly. "I ain't started nothin' yet."

"I know," the barkeeper replied, "but you are going to in a minute."—Youngstown Telegram.

Poor Economy

The stingiest man was scoring a hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern when going to call on his best girl.

"The idea!" he scoffed. "When I was courtin' I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark."

The hired man proceeded to fill the lantern. "Yes," he said sadly, "and look what you got."

Motoring in Japan

To motor safely and sanely in Japan one must know how to "tootle one's trumpet melodiously." Here are Japan's latest traffic rules brought back by passengers arriving on the liner "China."

1. At the rise of the hand of the policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him or otherwise disrespect him.

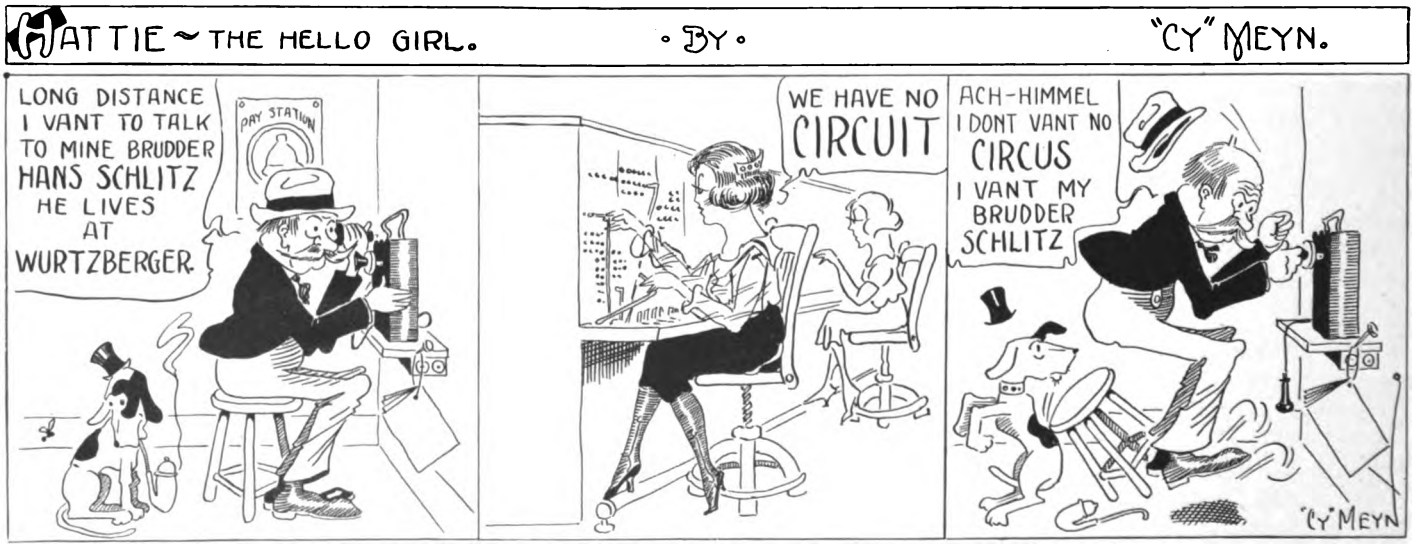
2. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the trumpet to him melodiously at first. It he still obstacles your passage, tootle with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning. "Hi, Hi."

3. Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explosion the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

4. Give big space to the festive dog and make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheelspoke.

5. Go soothingly on the grease-mud as there lurk the skid demon.

6. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse and tie-up.



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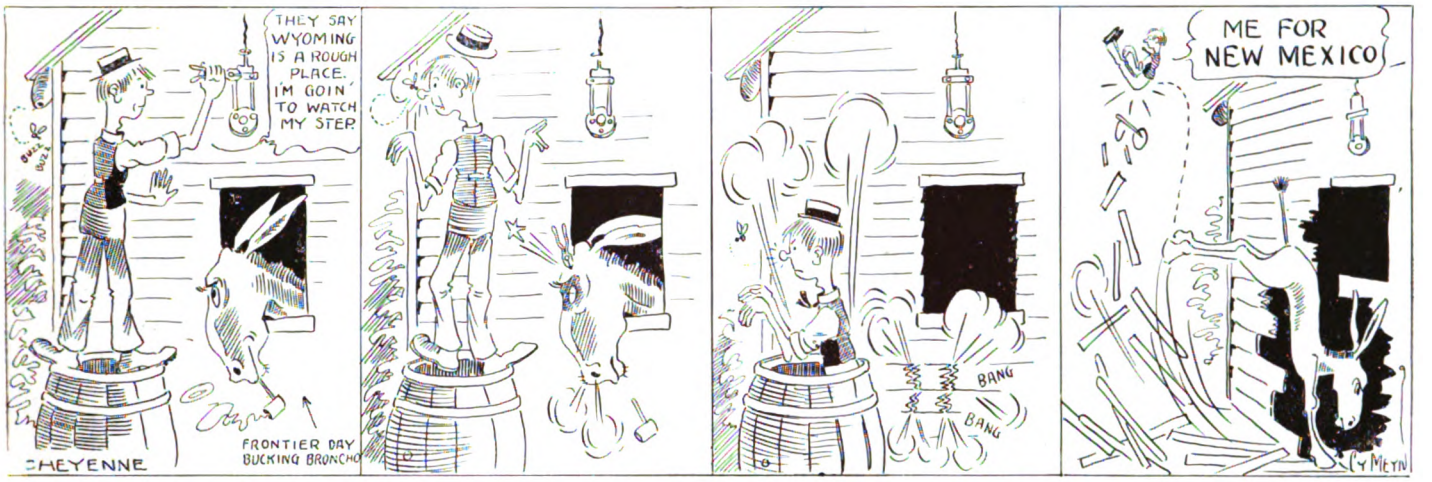
Careless Cal By Cy Meyn



Listening In

Lazy Mike—I have a new position with the railroad company.

Weary Rhodes—What ja gonna do?

Lazy Mike—You know the fellow that goes alongside the train and taps the axles to see if everything's all right? Well, I help him listen.—Southern Public Utilities Magazine.

No. 13 Proves Jinx to Pheasant

On the 13th day of August the Sterling Wire Chief was called out of the shucks at 5:30 A. M. by the Denver testboard man, and was notified that Denver-Sterling circuit No. 1759 was short, at a point 17 miles southwest of Sterling. Knowing that this circuit carried two very important Morse wires that had to be at work by 7:00 A. M., the "Wire Fixer" got in high and sent Jack Stalcup out at 5:55 A. M. to find the bug (which proved to be a "bird.")

Jack called in at 7:00 A. M. sharp, and reported the line OK, adding that he had found a wild duck entangled in the line; but when Jack brought the bird in it proved to be a pheasant. The bird had gotten its head caught between two wires in a transposition and was hanging in the line with the wires securely tightened about its neck.

Sincerity is a virtue more lauded than practiced.

Malice prepense is generally jealousy aforethought.

Trouble on the Line

Going on the theories that "What goes up must come down" and that "Finders are keepers", Repairman Maier of Lamar, Colorado spent about two hours before breakfast one recent morning, near pole 21467 of the American Company's Kansas City-Denver line, waiting to acquire one combination land, sea and air going flivver which apparently slipped out of some tourist's hand and soared heavenward while being cranked.

The wait was in vain, for although the flivver's muffler and exhaust pipe came down into the line about an hour before Maier got there, crossing up two long and important circuits, the rest of Lizzie failed to land—at least not near pole 21467.

Maier will cheerfully get up any morning now at 3:30 when some night owl testboard man tells him "beat it out and pick up a cross between 5 and 6, about pole umpty steen"—for he is sure Lizzie is bound to come some day.

Birds

Asked what birds go South in the Winter time, little Evelyn said, "Only the wealthy ones."—Service.

How Dare You Stryker?

The Corona Presbyterian Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday evening September 6th, when Miss Ada Lindsey became the bride of Mr. Abner D. Stryker.

The bride at the time of her marriage was the secretary of Mr. Althouse in the Denver Commercial Department. Mr. Stryker is Chief Clerk in the Denver Accounting and has been with the Company for a number of years. The young people have a wide circle of friends in the city.

After the honeymoon trip to Buffalo Park, they are at home to their friends at 411 Ogden.

Wedding bells have rung again,
Their echoes still I hear,
Friend Stryke is now among the slain,
O weep upon his bier,
Three cheers for Abner Stryker,
One more for his fair young wife,
For Stryker was no piker,
His sentence is for life.

That night the parson hitched them up,
He spoke in Stryke's ear:
"Drink deep my boy, it's a bitter cup,
It's too late now I fear,
You're now a member of that band,
Of weary henpecked men,"
The parson wept and rung Stryke's hand,
And joined them there and then.

—Woodyard Kindling.

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Pecos Valley Shows Improvements

On the Oasis Ranch, Southeast of Roswell

The probabilities are that people in the large cities and in the populous sections of the country have some very erroneous conceptions of life in the rural sections of the far west. It is safe to say their idea is that such life is crude, uncouth and lacking the refinements of civilization.

Quite the contrary is true, and for a very good reason. The far west has been settled by a progressive and an aggressive people who are not satisfied to live in a slip-shod manner. They demand and secure the best of everything. It would also be safe to say that there are more modern improvements per inhabitant than in any other section of the country.

Although this is the most sparsely settled area of the entire country, telephone saturation has kept pace with the rest of the land in spite of the great distances involved. A ranch or farm without a telephone is an exception. The telephone has been a potent factor in building up rural communities and is usually the first modern improvement to invade the outlying districts. The rural telephone is a real pioneer.

Our Roswell, New Mexico, correspondent, waxes enthusiastic on the subject of rural life in the irrigated areas in the vicinity of Roswell and points out the important part the rural telephone has played.

In the answer to the question of why people leave the farms there has always been a dominant note of lack of conveniences. But in the irrigated farming district of Roswell, New Mexico, there is no room whatever for any such charge. The fact is that dozens of the farm homes have every convenience found in the city home, except the morning paper before breakfast. In the country the rural mail carrier sometimes does not finish his route until ten or eleven o'clock.

Interior of Home of Frank Seavers, North of Roswell, N. M.

Rural telephones are regarded almost as a necessity in the Roswell district. There are few farm owners who do not have phones, and so popular is the service that many of the tenants install telephones. And the telephone has been the means of building up much of the community center idea.

It has helped materially to draw the people in the community together and bring about a solidarity which is remarkable for a farming community anywhere. Those of you who think of New Mexico as a wild, undeveloped barren waste should visit the Roswell district.

As the telephone has helped to develop the community spirit, the development of the home has proceeded. Your Roswell farmer who does not have running water in his home is the exception. This is made rather easy because of the flowing artesian wells. In those districts where the wells do not flow storage tanks are provided, and the water pumped into the tanks by windmills, gasoline engines or electric motors. With water in the house modern plumbing is the

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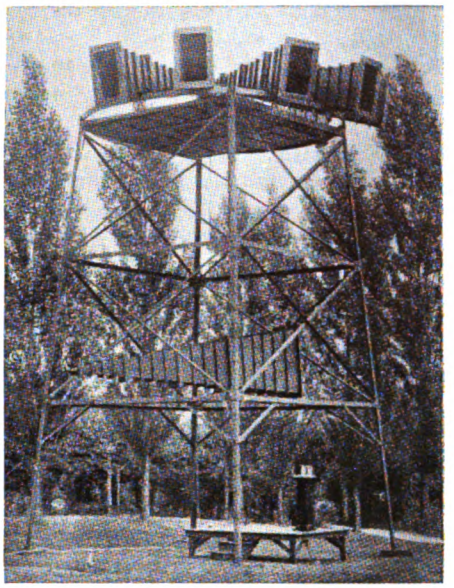
A Voice From Out the Clouds

Telephone Review, N. Y.

In these twentieth century days of progress, marvels come thick and fast. But here's a new one, demonstrated in a spectacular experiment during a recent conference of Bell System executives at Yama Farms, near Ellenville, New York. In the evening quiet of the Catskill Mountains where nature is resplendent in her summer garb of tree-crested hills and peaceful valleys, this Bell loud speaker sounded the tone of the human voice and the reverberations of cathedral chimes into every nook and corner of the landscape. In preparing for this experiment, men with flare torches were stationed at distances of two and three miles from the projectors.

As they waited the zero hour a Bell Engineer stood in front of the loud-speaking transmitter in the control room near the projectors, ready to send his voice throughout the country-side.

The eyes of the spectators were glued on the spots where the listening posts had been established. The zero hour came. "If you hear me, wave your torch," the engineer spoke in natural voice into the transmitter. Then the amplifying devices took up the tones and threw them out on the wings of the air.



Loud Speaker Set up Ready for Operation

In a second or two—just long enough for the sound to travel through the ether—it came; a red light moved up and down in semaphore fashion.

It was the two-mile man. In another second, another flare—the three-mile man.

Projector, 15 Feet in Length

Soon after came a phonograph selection, and in a few seconds the swaying lights were viewed again across the valley.

The selection was "America," played on chimes, filling the air for miles around.

The spectators stood motionless, but emotional. The distant nooks and corners were filled with this inspiring sound, as the chimes boomed out the notes which fit the words:

"I love thy rocks and rills;
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

Telephone Girls "Smart"

It can no longer be charged against the telephone operator that she is deficient in intelligence. Crusty old fellows who find the telephone service a subject for profane objurgation would best pull in their horns, for the phone girl has scientifically been proved far above the average in mentality.

Dr. Augusta Scott, a psychiatrist, who does much work in the woman's court in New York City, is authority for the statement that telephone girls are above their sisters in point of mental efficiency. "I have had the opportunity of examining many telephone girls," says Doctor Scott, "and found that they were notably above the average mentality."

Dr. Scott, who was for seven years identified with Johns Hopkins hospital, attends court in behalf of the New York Probation and Protective association. In the woman's court she examines only those who have run afoul of the law.

More than one-half the girls and women who reach the woman's court, she says, are below par mentally. Their deficient mentality accounts for their being in trouble. Many of them are so deficient as to be rated as imbeciles, or at least feeble minded.

It takes about forty-five minutes for Dr. Scott to subject a girl to the tests on which she bases her conclusions. For the most part the women in the court willingly submit to the tests and aid in every way possible.

---

next step, and some of the most elaborately equipped bath rooms imaginable will be found in the farm homes.

Electricity has been developed to the extreme in the rural district of the Pecos Valley. Around Roswell the homes are served by the power plant in the city, while those beyond reach of the Roswell lines have their own power plants.

Many of the farm homes use electricity for cooking, if you please. There are dozens of electric washers in the country, and some of the best equipped home laundries in the west may be found in the basements of the farm homes. One particular home has hot water from the boiler piped to the basement. An electric washer does the hard work and an electric drier finishes the clothes almost ready for the electric iron.

The women do their sewing with electric sewing machines, the coffee is made with electric percolators, and even in those homes where there is no electric stove many breakfasts are cooked electrically with the aid of a grill, a toaster and a percolator. The vacuum cleaner takes care of the rugs, and madam's boudoir has its own electric curling iron. Sometimes there's an electric chafing dish for the hurry-up refreshments for the evening party. Few of the farm houses have electric fans because they don't need them.

With that sort of spirit inside the home, it is only natural that there should be beautiful lawns, shade trees, and flower gardens. All shade trees are planted, but it is hard to convince visitors that it has not been a process of thinning out the shade trees rather than planting what was needed to give the desired effect.

The good rich soil makes it easy to have trees, shrubs, lawns and flowers, and with the abundance of water for irrigation, together with the desire for attractive homes, completes the job. Roswell farmers are particularly proud of their homes and believe there are few farming districts anywhere which are more attractive.

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Which Department is the Most Important?

By Betty Devine

Convincing talkers with the Telephone Company?

Well, I'm like the darky who said "Dats jis whut we aint got nuthin else BUT"!

For instance, in my association with the various departments of the Company I found that the head of each department, whether intentionally or not, absolutely convinced me that HIS was the most important department with the Company.

Positively I began to suspect I was feeble minded, so one day suddenly decided to put the question straight, to the head of each department—"Why is YOURS the most important department with the Telephone Company? And THIS is what I got—

J. E. Macdonald, Secretary and Treasurer, says: "The gentle voice of Betty Devine over the telephone, stating that the Monitor desired to know why we consider the Secretary and Treasurer's Department the most important part of our organization reminded me of a sentiment often thought but, in all modesty, never expressed in words.

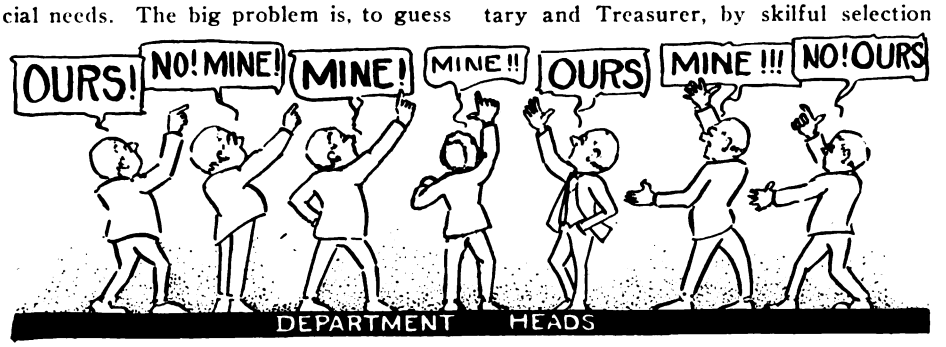
"If we were working for money alone, the answer would be self-evident. Who gets the money and who pays it out? The Treasurer! The Treasurer must never turn a deaf ear when the General Auditor calls for cash. Dealing with accounts in five hundred different banks, Assistant Treasurer Grosheider; his Chief Clerk, Miss Mayme Sullivan; his stenographer, Miss Culton; and bank registry clerk, Miss Norquist, never, well, hardly ever, make a mistake. I think the last audit of over $2,000,000 showed a difference of some two or three cents. Good work! Very necessary for our Company's financial needs. The big problem is, to guess at the amount of money needed at any given time and, when guessed, how to get that amount. However, with the cooperation of the other departments and by close team work, it is possible to obtain a fairly close estimate and always to obtain the cash itself.

"The Secretary has official duties necessary to the corporate life of the Company. The care of the big seal is no light weight, and the legal formalities of stockholders' and directors' meetings, with their necessary records, form an important part of the Company's activity and history.

"Assistant Secretary Mix, and his stock clerk, Miss Stump, take care of all stock certificates of the Company, their issue and exchange. They also see that the dividend records are made up properly and correctly, thereby giving pleasure to the stockholder, who is not the least important factor in the whole industry.

"Assistant Secretary Mavor is a very busy man. He has much to do with the efficient handling of our mailing and express work, with its incident employment of messengers and clerical staff. Here is a big work for the Company, which is performed without ostentation and almost without recognition. The opportunity to take young people into the service and, by careful training, to fit them for supervisory positions is one that is made much of. Not a few of our supervisors began in the Mailing Department, and we maintain that this policy justifies our importance in the telephone organization. Mr. Mavor, and his assistant, Mr. Flynn, also have charge of all insurance of the Company; of all matters coming under the Interstate Commerce Commission's regulations for the retention and destruction of records, and they have charge of the Employment Bureau where applicants for work are interviewed and informed of the Company's employment policies.

"Thus it will be seen that the Secretary and Treasurer, by skilful selection



of capable assistants, can now take the time to set forth his department's claim of super-importance.

"Many misguided and misinformed folks have an impression that the Secretary and Treasurer spends all his time going to, or coming from Evergreen, with frequent pleasure trips to New York, Chicago and Philadelphia on mysterious personnel work. The individual in question does make these journeys, but always under orders, either domestic or official.

"Personnel work centers in the office of the Secretary and Treasurer, for the time being at least, and thereby adds the biggest element of importance to this small, but select, department. It will take too much space and time just to outline what is hoped for from the Company's personnel activities, and probably this is not the occasion to do it. Everything good about the business can be attributed to good personnel work, and anything unsatisfactory can be classed as a failure to come up to the personnel program.

Walter F. Brown, General Traffic Manager says: "I believe it was Andrew Carnegie who first announced the doctrine of the three legged stool. This certainly applies to the Telephone business.

"In the Traffic department, we concede the necessity for three supports, but we still feel that one of the supports is more important to the stool than the other two. The question of relative importance should perhaps be judged by three things: Which Department has the most contacts with the public; which has the most employes; and which spends most of the Company's money? The answer in each case is 'The Traffic Department.' This Department of our Company handles 1,597,921 calls per day and therefore has that many opportunities of making or marring the reputation of the Company for good service. This direct public contact, differing from any other Utility or business in the world, makes the Traffic Department extremely important. The

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Company cannot possibly survive without the support of public opinion, and this would be alienated in a very short time by poor service on the part of the Traffic Department.

"Out of 6,580 employes in the Company, 4,091 or 62 per cent, are on the payroll of the Traffic Department. It would therefore seem that a Department that is responsible for the majority of the employes of the Company is more important than Departments handling a smaller number of employes. A Company cannot well survive if the morale of its employes is not good and if they are not treated fairly. From this standpoint, the Traffic Department's opportunities for good or evil are immense.

"Likewise, the question of expense. Of the total expenditures of the Company, the Traffic Department is responsible for about 50 per cent., the balance being divided between Plant and Commercial Departments. Is it not true that a department spending so much of the Company's funds must be considered as the most important element in the Company's welfare?

"Conceding, therefore, that the stool must have sufficient support, I contend that if it were necessary to do away with any of these departments, the Traffic Department could be spared the least."

And Roderick Reid, General Auditor, says:—"A company without a record of its transactions would be like a ship without a rudder—floundering around on a sea of uncertainties. Not only is the record necessary, but it must be properly classified or charted.

"No organization could operate long without some record of its business transactions. Everything centers around this record and reports therefrom.

"To the accounting department, devolves the responsibility of keeping record of all the transactions of this company with its stockholders, customers, and employes; and to furnish its owners, directors, officials, and department heads balance sheets, summaries and statistical information in various forms, showing month by month and year by year the Company's property values, revenues, expenses, and net; showing increases and decreases and the tendencies of the business, by departments, by areas, and for the Company as a whole.

"Not only are the stockholders, directors, officers, and department heads interested in these figures and results, but the Government also. Reports must be filed with several departments of the national government, with the several state governments, and in a few cases with municipal governments. So far as our own business is concerned, we are under the rules and regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that commission has prescribed a "Uniform System of Accounts," which it is mandatory that we follow.

"Responsibility lies with the accounting department to verify the records and reports of all departments and to certify that the Company's books and statements issued therefrom are correct. Without such certified reports the investing public would not buy stock or loan money to the Company for extensions of plant. Administrative officials of the Company would not know in what direction the Company was heading, whether expenses or revenues were high or low. There could be no assurance to the telephone using public that rates were reasonable, and there would be general chaos. Investors' money and telephone users' receipts would be jumbled together.

"Carefully made and accurate records are, consequently, most essential.

"Wide-awake officials and department heads know the value of these records and are eager for statements at the close of each month. Wide-awake officials thus work in the light, knowing what has been done in the past, just what the tendencies in the business are up to the minute, and are therefore enabled to guide and direct their departments intelligently towards better service and further economies in the future.

And G. E. McCarn, Chief Engineer, says:—"Why is the Engineering Department the most important department in the Telephone Company? No argument—how far would we get in doing anything without a plan for doing it?

"A mechanic who has learned his trade can build what is shown on the architect's drawing, but he would waste much time and money with doubtful results, if he were compelled to design as he built. You can easily understand how simple it is for our construction forces to put a telephone plant in place when the place to put it has been determined upon and is shown on the picture which the engineer has handed them.

"After the simple process of placing the plant is completed, it performs its part in the giving of telephone service without any effort on the part of any department in the telephone business. When something breaks, it is naturally quite simple for the man who put it in place to replace it, so, of course, there is nothing to the maintenance proposition in the telephone business.

"I grant there is some need for what are known as commercial people in the telephone business, but that simply grows out of the fact that a telephone plant has been designed by the engineers, and some little attention must be given to getting the public to make use of that plant and pay for the use they make of it.

"I will concede that switchboard operators are very important and a necessary part of the telephone business, but they could doubtless get along very much better without a so-called Traffic Department, as the engineer would at all times be ready to explain to the operators proper use of the apparatus.

"I suppose someone must authorize the investments that the Telephone Company makes, but how much responsibility attaches to that job when the engineer must 'prove in' all plans calling for investment, so that all the President has to do is sign on the dotted line?"

And N. O. Pierce, General Plant Manager, says:—"Why is the Plant Department the most important in the Telephone System?

"The Telephone System, like any other large concern, is made up of various branches each of which is necessary to the proper functioning of the system. In our opinion, however, the Plant Department is the most important for the reasons that theirs is the responsibility of spending by far the greater sums of money, both for additions to capital accounts and for operating costs, and in their hands rests primarily the responsibility of keeping the 'blood of life' flowing thru the veins of the telephone body by the actual construction, maintenance and proper care of its indispensable parts.

"The Mountain States Company has an investment of approximately forty-seven million dollars in physical properties. The annual expenditures for additions to Plant total several millions of dollars; for current maintenance and repairs, several million dollars more are required. The economical and judicious handling of these large expenditures is of the most vital importance to the Company. This responsibility rests with the Plant Department and is absolutely dependent on a loyal and efficient organization. Transcontinental toll circuits connecting the East and the West and the North and the South pass thru our territory over the most rugged and isolated mountain passes. They must be maintained under the most trying and severe weather conditions. This responsibility rests with the Plant employes and requires men—men imbued with the spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice to the highest degree.

"The relation of the Plant employes with the public is the prime factor in forming public opinion. The construction crews building new lines through new territory, the installers placing telephones for new subscribers, repairmen visiting subscribers' homes for repairs to telephone sets, brings the Plant men in direct contact with the subscribers

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and the manner in which the Plant men meet them makes a lasting impression and is a most important factor in building up and maintaining proper public relations.

"Normally, our department consists of 1,535 loyal and earnest employes,—men and women who are trained to a high degree of efficiency and who consider it a privilege as well as a duty to give their best efforts toward the success and interests of our Company and who have never yet failed in an emergency."

And H. E. McAfee, General Commercial Manager says:—"My dear lady, WHY drag in all these other departments? The Commercial Department is UNQUESTIONABLY the most important. What is more important to any company than its REVENUE? In the first place the Commercial Department establishes all the rates—must see to it that they are adequate and approved by regulatory bodies and must secure customers to pay these rates. What need of a Plant Department if there were no customers to demand equipment?

"Would there be any need of a Traffic Department if there were no subscribers to be served?

"There would be no Treasurer to take care of moneys if the money were not brought in by the Commercial Department.

"The Auditor would have nothing to account for—nothing to audit.

"It is not only the function of the Commercial Department to establish rates but to see that such rates bring sufficient revenue to meet all expenses and back up a pay check for every employe of the Company—including engineers, auditors, treasurer, plant managers, etc—in fact the Commercial Department is so indisputably the most important that to a thinking person it talks for itself—Why say more?"

And Elmer Brock, Assistant General Counsel says:—"In the case of public utilities, it is the Legal Department that is responsible for the establishment of correct legal principles, and for the application of such principles to the situations which develop. The importance of this proposition will appear from a consideration of a few instances:

(a). The rule of law now established and applied as to franchises. I refer particularly to the decision of our Supreme Court involving the Denver franchise situation. Instead of having to obtain a specific franchise upon such terms as the City might impose, the rule has been established in this State that the Company cannot be ousted so long as the City deals with and regulates the Company.

(b). The rule that rate contracts may be superseded and abrogated, if, under the circumstances, they are found to be unreasonable and unremunerative. The war has brought about a condition which rendered it impossible for public utilities to continue to furnish service at the rates theretofore stipulated in franchise contracts, and the Legal Department found the way of avoiding the disaster which would have resulted from the continuance of these rate contracts.

(c). The rule as to valuation and rate of return has been established through the efforts of the Legal Department. Of course, the engineers, accountants, and others, have assisted in this matter, but the real basis of valuation involved many legal principles which have now been settled favorably to the public utility under constitutional provisions and in this, the Legal Department, of course, took the lead and constituted the directing hand.

Again, it will probably be admitted that the best executive, without proper legal advice, may pursue a course that might involve the Company in great financial loss, if not disaster.

Let the department which might not readily concede that the Legal Department occupies the most important place in the conduct of the Company's business, stop and consider for a moment the awful consequences of not having such a department as this to which to pass the buck in all doubtful matters!"

Jack Greenawalt, Manager of Publicity says:—"This is an age of publicity. No business enterprise can hope to win a place in the public mind without employing some method or methods of calling itself constantly to the attention of the public. It must tell the superior merits of its wares, of its policies, its ideals and of the peculiar character of its service. Unless that is done its business stagnates by reason of public indifference.

"So the Telephone Company must have a Publicity Department to function as its mouthpiece, proclaiming to the public the things which will evoke public interest and elicit public support, without which the business would fade and die.

"So you see, fair lady, the entire machinery of the Company revolves around the Publicity Department. Obviously it is the most important department of the Company's organization."

* * * * *

Of course, confidentially, (and for obvious reasons) I'm inclined to agree with Mr. Greenawalt, but in truth, it's too big a problem for me—I'll leave it to you—but come to think of it, why not appeal to President Ben S. Read for the final analysis of this all absorbing problem?

Yes, sir, that's just what I'll do.

And President Ben S. Read says:—"You ask me a question that has no answer.

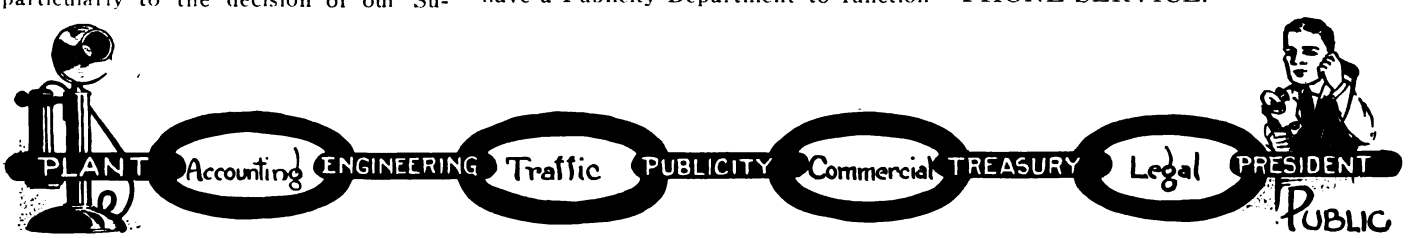
"No department of this business is the MOST important: Every one of them is necessary and indispensable: Without any one of them we would not be a company and the machine would not run.

"You remember the story of the blind men who visited the circus and their impressions of the elephant—it's entirely point of view.

"But let me tell you what IS important.

"The co-operation of these departments is splendid. Each department and every employe in it knows in his heart that his particular branch of the business is the most vital and necessary part of this great industry. That is the spirit of the Bell System.

"Feeling this as they do, each one tries every day to do a little better job than before and, working together in good natured rivalry to try to excel each other finally results in giving to the public, our customers, the thing for which we are all working—BETTER TELEPHONE SERVICE."



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A Handsome Hat For Fall

Instructions by Marie Lederman, Salt Lake City

For this hat we use two balls of tan colored Knitting Worsted Yarn and one ball of very dark brown. Each ball weighs 2 ounces. With tan colored yarn start 3 chain (ch.), join to ring, fill in 6 single (sgl.) crochet (c).

Next row: 2 sgl. c. in each stitch (st.).

Next row: 2 sgl. c. in the next 2 st. and then 2 sgl. c. in the 3rd st., continue to increase in this way till there are 30 st. between ridges or 32 rows. From now on decrease 1 st. each row at the same place where you increased before. When there are 100 st. left, make 8 rows even in sgl. c. for band.

Brim: (Use the dark brown yarn for the brim.) 1 double (dbl.) c., 1 chain (ch.) in each st.

2d, 3d, 4th and 5th row: 1 dbl. c. and 2 ch. in ea. space.

Now join 42 inches stiff wire with a clasp which can be bought for 1 cent in every Millinery Store.

Now crochet over the wire and the brim at the same time: 2 sgl. c. into the spaces and 1 sgl. c. on top of the dbl. c.

Rear and Front View of Hat, Posed by Miss Mildred Schweiger

Two tassels of tan yarn are joined to a simple crocheted cord of dark brown yarn and put around the Hat as is seen on illustration. The illustration shows the ornamental stitches in brown yarn which are put in the 6 spaces of the Hat. These ornamental st. are simple back st.

"O, I Should Worry! What's the Use Anyway!"

1. Never pay attention to any "Safety First" hints or suggestions. If you get hurt nobody suffers but you and your family.

2. Never wear goggles around knife stations or other places where sparks fly. They look funny. Take a chance of losing an eye or two. This might open up bright possibilities for an easy lead-pencil or shoestring job.

3. Never think of the other fellow. This shows a high degree of independence. Of course, you might kill him, but he should have sense enough to refuse to work near you.

4. Do all scuffling and horseplaying near open elevator shafts, stairways or windows. This method opens a way for your wife to get a nice job in a restaurant.

5. Always use weak, rickety scaffolds to work on. Wheel chairs are not so costly as formerly. And if you take Johnny out of high school he can earn enough money in a few months to buy you a wheel chair.

6. If your wife enjoys taking in washing you will be able to indulge her in this whim by disregarding any cut or scratch you may receive. Infection will soon set in, and besides science has developed a very nice artificial limb business since the war.

7. Always wear loose, ragged clothing, especially if you work around belts and revolving shafts. They are your clothes and you can do as you please with them. The only complaint the foreman may have is on the way you may mess up the place with your anatomy.

8. Don't let anybody slip that old bunk to you about sanitation, hygiene or cleanliness. There's nothing to it! Be as dirty as you want to. Look how healthy a hog is.

9. If you happen to have a case of Ford fever, the method to follow is always beat the engine to the crossing. This treatment has been known to cure the worst cases.

10. Never ring the elevator bell. Stick your head over the gate, yell to the operator, and wait. He will locate you presently, and help you out on a stretcher.

11. After knocking down a fellow workman and breaking a couple of ribs, yell, "Look out!" They appreciate these delicate attentions.

Just play the game according to these points and you will live happily—but not long.—Adapted.

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THE MONITOR

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Milton Smith.....Vice-Pres. and Gen'l Counsel
Roderick Reid.....General Auditor
J. E. Macdonald.....Secretary-Treasurer
Frederick H. Reid.....General Manager
G. E. McCarn.....Chief Engineer
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OCTOBER, 1921

Reward for Those Who Rise to Emergency

Just as "it is easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song," so it is easy enough to meet the little ordinary, every-day occurences of life. The thing that troubles us most about that is the monotony of it.

But occasionally the monotony is broken with a crash. An emergency arises, some calamity or disaster, and a telephone operator, or a coterie of telephone operators somewhere, who have said when reading of some particularly fine or brave deed performed by a telephone employe, "Oh I know I could never do that," rise to the occasion in the performance of an equally heroic act that will live forever in telephone annals.

A catastrophe such as fire or flood comes suddenly, and what is the first thought of the telephone man or woman? Service to the public, "our public," as we come to consider the people whom we serve. "To render them good service; to please them, and, if the need arises, to aid and assist them in every possible way to escape threatened danger. All that and more is included in my work."

There is waiting for such Bell System employes these days a Theodore N. Vail Medal in token of appreciation. But in the crisis they do not think of that. They are making the superhuman effort—doing the very best that in them lies, for "our public."

One of the most heroic stories in the telephone history of the mountain states is that of Sallie Rooke, an operator employed by one of our connecting companies, at Folsom, New Mexico. For thirteen years Sallie Rooke has lain in her heroine's grave, but her story is undying. One August afternoon a cloudburst devastated the country around Folsom, and the warning came to Mrs. Rooke in ample time to enable her to escape to a place of safety. But with that idea of "service first" firmly fixed in her mind, backed by grim determination, Sallie Rooke remained at the switchboard, warning her subscribers, until the wall of surging water struck the building in which the exchange was located, dashing it to pieces and claiming the life of the brave woman as a voluntary sacrifice that others might live. The following day her body was found forty miles below Folsom, the headset still in place. Faithful unto death, Sallie Rooke had gone to receive a medal at the hands of One who said, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends."

As ofttimes the back is fitted to the burden, so will the courage and endurance rise to the test. Telephone men and women have in the past proved this, times without number, and the future will repeat the past.

3,000 Years a Year

"How to save 3,000 years a year, ten seconds at a time"—if some efficiency engineer should undertake to demonstrate that proposition he would shortly be in difficulties, if not in an ambulance headed for the nearest insane asylum.

But telephone engineers have actually succeeded in saving the 13,000,000 or more telephone subscribers in the United States enough time in the course of a year to stretch 1,000 years back beyond the Christian era.

The development of the multiple switchboard and the busy test principle, the fundamental idea of which originated in the Bell laboratories and was immediately put into effect throughout the Bell Telephone System, is responsible for this saving.

The estimated average saving in time in making a telephone connection by means of this apparatus is ten seconds a call. Arriving at the 3,000-year result is simply a matter of mathematics.

Creed of Loyalty

T. O. Edwards, Auditor of the Southern Pacific Company, sums up Loyalty as follows:

1. I believe in Loyalty to my employer.
2. In painstaking efforts to deliver the best services that I can, and that one deed well done today is worth two promised for tomorrow.
3. That there is advancement awaiting every man who is fit and prepared for it, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself.
4. In courtesy, kindness and generosity toward my fellow man, and in honest and unhampered competition.

Wires Eliminate Time and Space

More than any other enterprise, the telephone industry in a comparatively short period of existence has outdone all other endeavors to conquer time and distance. Through an extensive and intricate network of wires, reaching in all directions throughout the country and connecting more than 13,450,000 telephones in the United States, the telephone industry provides a means of direct intercommunication that is unequaled in speed by the telegraph, mails, railroads, aeroplanes or any other existing means of intercommunication.

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Common-Sense Financing

Common Sense tells us large industries and public service corporations can only be managed successfully as corporations.

The corporation baiters reach the end of their string and are put out of the running when employes become stockholders.

The largest public utilities are selling their stock directly to thousands of men and women on their payrolls on easy terms.

Ten utility companies operating in the West have sold over $20,000,000 securities to their employes the first half of 1921.

Thus the interest and dividends are distributed to those whose labors are indispensable to the success of the public service corporation.

The great Union Pacific system is acting as agent to sell its common stock to its payrolls on an easy installment.

Out of 13,000 employes of the Standard Oil Co. of California, 11,000 are owners of $30,000,000 stock, bought on a 5-year plan.—The Industrial News Bureau.

□

The Job of a Man

"It isn't the work we intended to do,
Nor the work we've just begun
That puts us right on the ledger sheet;
It's the work we've really done.

"Our credit is built on the things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the one who completes his work.

"Good intentions do not pay bills,
It's easy enough to plan;
To wish is the play of an office boy,
To do is the job of a man."

The "Master's Voice"

The golden-throated tenor's voice has died away into the vast silence, but Caruso has gone on the records as being the greatest singer the world has ever heard.

□

A Handsome Publication

A recent issue of the Mountain States Monitor contained an excellent account of the Pueblo flood, emphasis being placed, of course, on the part taken by telephone employes in the work of rescue and rehabilitation. The Monitor is perhaps Colorado's handsomest publication—one that gives monthly joy to the lover of good printing. While it is confined principally to telephone news, the laymen can find plenty to interest him. Excellent newspaper judgment is shown in the selection of a capable staff to do the work on the Monitor and they are producing something to be proud of.—Craig, Colo., Empire.

Fiddles and Fiddlers

By F. T. Duvall, Salt Lake

The world is made up of a good many types and kinds of fiddlers. In our daily struggle for existence some of the fiddlers pass by unnoticed but at the same time are playing their part in the general scheme of things.

The blind man whom we see on the street fiddles for his meager pittance. He fiddles because he desires to earn his own living. He is blessed with the indomitable spirit of do or die and even though he has been deprived of the sense of sight, will not allow himself to be a ward of the municipality. As a rule the blind man plays his part well, but we know of one case in which a blind men, attracted by a parade of circus bareback riders pulled his black spectacles well down to the tip of his nose until the painted fairies had passed. Most blind men would not be thrilled by the mere passing of bareback beauties, but still there are blind men who will fool the public.

The old fashioned fiddler, upon whom our fathers were dependent for music at their harvest dances, played his part well indeed. He knew that the success or failure of the festival lay in his ability to strum out a few chords loud enough to be heard above the youthful shouts of revelry. The guests at the party also realized that the fiddler's services were indispensable as he was often asked to imbibe in the invigorating drippings from the cider barrel. This type of fiddler has passed into history, but the old folks will tell us that our orchestras today cannot compare with the fiddler's notes of yesteryear.

In the orchestras today one cannot miss seeing the bass fiddler. The fiddle he uses somewhat resembles a woodshed wrapped with a few strands of wire clothesline, and the bow reminds one of a one-man cross cut saw. The bass fiddler has everything before him. While the bass fiddler does not carry the melody, the orchestra sounds unbalanced without him.

Next in line to the bass fiddler comes the second violin—more commonly known as "second fiddler." The second fiddler's position may seem obscure to the onlooker, but his part is absolutely necessary. He plays a combination part and forms a sort of medium between the first violin and the bass fiddler. At times he is called upon to aid the first violin in carrying the solo. Further down in the score he may have to rest for a measure or two, but his part always calls him back into the swing of the music.

Playing second fiddle cannot be regarded distinctly as a virtue, but still it is not a vice. The first violin receives the credit for the success of his section, but the second fiddler is largely responsible for this success. If it were not for the ever-trying efforts of the second fiddler to rise higher the first violin would not realize that his position was in danger and the chances are he would not put forth the effort to give the best there was in him.

The first violin must fiddle, and
From a fall is not immune,
If the lowly second fiddler
Goes ahead and plays his tune.

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Cloudburst in Gila River Valley, Arizona

When the weather man says that the yearly average rainfall for a given section is, say, ten inches, he doesn't usually indicate when or how those inches come. He is just dealing in averages and statistics, and eliminates all romantic and tragic features. One would infer from such a report that a yearly rainfall of ten inches means a nice little drizzle of rain each month of the year and that a country which boasted only ten inches of rain per annum need never fear any inundation. Now that is just where figures lie and statistics fail. An average rainfall of 10 inches per annum may mean one thing and then again it may mean something else. If those ten inches of rain are divided evenly among the twelve months of the year there would be nothing to make a fuss about but when those dear little rain drops get their heads together and make a united assault upon a dry and thirsty land—why, that's something altogether different, and ten inches of rain per annum doesn't mean exactly what it appears to. It becomes more of a quibble than a dignified Weather Bureau Statistic.

Now just to prove that we know what we are talking about, here are some pictures clearly defining "ten inches per annum," after most of the inches have arrived, almost simultaneously, and settled down. But we will let our Phoenix correspondent go into the matter more in detail and explain why is a "Y" job.

Friday evening August 19th, the Salt River Valley of Arizona was visited by a downpour of rain that very much resembled a Rocky Mountain cloudburst.

In the vicinity of Glendale the rain was accompanied by a strong wind which according to its method of destruction had the ear marks of a cyclone.

At six o'clock the toll circuits connecting the northern part of the state with the outside world went out. Immediately steps were taken to assemble a crew of men at Phoenix and they were on their way to the scene of the trouble by seven. Due to the storm, darkness and muddy roads it took two hours to cover the twelve mile distance. Many an automobile stuck in the mud was passed but the telephone company's machines seemed to be possessed with a determination to reach their goal which they did, but not without the assistance of strong arms on more than one occasion.

1—It Was Fun for the Kids; 2—"Pretty Soft"—the Road—but This Didn't Stop Them; 3—Takes to Water Like a Duck; 4—A Street Scene; Center—Some of the Boys Who Helped Clear Away the Wreckage—Glendale, Arizona

About a mile north of the business center of Glendale the road was blocked by fallen trees, broken telephone poles, crossarms and a mass of twisted wire. The lead at this point carried one crossarm of toll circuits and three arms of exchange lines.

Since automobiles were of no further use they were abandoned and the men struck out on foot in a rushing torrent waist deep. There was no hope of restoring service over the old plant so the task of stringing twisted pair was commenced. Imagine, if you can, forcing your way through a body of water from waist to shoulder deep, not knowing whether or not the next step would land you in a hole that was over your head, on a dark rainy night and, if you have a vivid imagination, you will have a fair conception of what these men had to contend with. Every tree and pole was down for a quarter of a mile at which point our lead turns west. For a mile west the wind had literally picked up every pole, crossarm and wire, tossed them into the air and dumped the agglomeration on the far side of the road. This mile also must be spanned with twisted pair with men working under the same conditions as on the first quarter mile.

Due to there being no lights in the town there was no place to procure the midnight meal so a bucket was borrowed, for a coffee pot, and by taking a storekeeper to his place of business a cold lunch was collected. The coffee was made over a blow torch and the men stood waist deep in water around this unique percolator to eat their lunch.

Every man who spent the night on this job was willing to do whatever was necessary to patch up the break and there was not an unkind word spoken. In fact the men went about the work laughing and joking. Whenever some one stepped into a hole and disappeared, even the victim gave vent to laughter.

Other sections of the valley received their portion of damage and every available man was detailed to repair work in an effort to restore service on the local and rural lines. The estimated cost of repairing the damage done throughout the valley is $5000.00 and the work was completed about August 31st.

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Charles F. Long

Who Has Served Our Company Tweny-five Years At Clifton House, Colorado. His Story as Told by Himself

It was not my fortune to have been born into the telephone business, for the telephone was an undreamed of thing when my eyes first opened to the light of day in Cardington, Ohio, in 1863. Neither was it my fortune to have begun my apprenticeship early in life, as practically all telephone careers are begun today, for it was not until 1896, when I was 33 years old, that I strapped on my first pair of telephone hooks—sixteen years after coming to Colorado.

That year ended quite a long stretch of railroading, and found me established on the ranch which is still my home, near Shaffer's crossing, 35 miles from Denver, on what is now and was then the route of the Denver-Leadville toll line over Mosquito Pass. Here I became acquainted with telephone people, and in the fall of that year, 1896, I accepted a job as lineman, with the prime duty of maintaining the then all-important Denver-Leadville line, with my ranch as my station. This line then carried a lonesome little two pin arm, which supported a single pair of iron wires, making up a Denver-Leadville circuit having many intermediate stations.

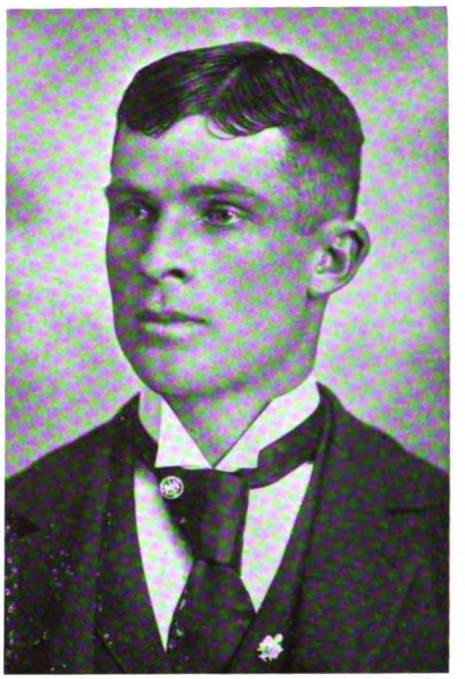
Mr. E. M. Burgess, now your Vice-president, and then Superintendent of the Colorado Telephone Company, furnished me with my first set of tools at the "main office" on Lawrence street in Denver. Mr. C. L. Titus, now Wyoming Manager, and, I believe, as fat and good natured as he was then, was my boss, and he with Louis P. O'Brien, who looked after the toll lines, were about the only ones I came in contact with for a number of years.

It is easy to remember my first repair trip. Lou O'Brien called me early one very cold morning when the snow was unusually deep, and gave me instructions to clear an open and ground which he in some mysterious manner had "located" as being just west of Bailey's, about 15 miles west of my station. I promptly proceeded to saddle the "Buckskin," and strapped on a digging bar, shovel, wire and test set, and then jumped into the saddle. Mr. Buckskin did not fancy the "decorations" I had on him, and rather reluctantly carried me along until we were near the trouble. Here he took a notion to rid himself of both me and the decorations, and unceremoniously dumped me into the snow. I gathered myself and the tools together, caught the horse, and struggled on to the trouble. Then, as I was climbing a pole, ready to splice the broken circuit through, the pole gave way under me, and in falling took with it the next pole, to which the horse was tied. You can guess the rest—I walked eight miles before catching Buckskin and finding the scattered tools, and then had to return to the scene of the trouble to reset two poles in deeply frozen ground. It certainly is easy to remember this—my first case of trouble—which taught me much regarding precaution.

"Buckskin's" saddle gave way to a more comfortable buggy as a conveyance soon after my start as a lineman. But even buggies have their drawbacks, which include a number of ways of turning over on you. Then in later years came the Ford, a vehicle which always behaved well for me, notwithstanding the fact that it traveled only upon mountain roads. My experiences have been many and thrilling, of course, as are the experiences of all repairmen. But in spite of many narrow escapes, I never had but one real accident, and that was when I fell from a pole near Evergreen, breaking an arm. The pole was a red-cedar one, full of steel-hard knots, and in some way my spur happened to hit a knot and I spilled hard.

As the first few years passed, my enthusiasm for my work increased, and I kept chummy with Lou O'Brien, even tho he seemingly was always and forever digging up trouble for me to "shoot"—and the shooting usually meant traveling over many miles of mountain line, often into the face of blizzards.

In 1899 a three-jack "switchboard" was installed at my station, to permit connections with lines to Glen Elk and Buffalo. Then, in 1904, a 10-line switchboard was installed and the "Clifton House" exchange established with 16 stations, at various summer resorts and places of industrial activity in Platte Canon, and at scattered ranches, at distances varying from 5 to 25 miles from "Clifton House." My title was changed with this change in conditions, and I became Clifton House's first and only manager. I must admit that it was necessary for me to come to Mr. Titus very often for advice in connection with my little exchange, but with his kindly help I was able to solve my problems and the number of telephones in my charge grew, slowly of course, for our mountain section grew slowly. I soon learned that the successful manage-



Charles E. Long—Photograph Taken Just Before He Started on a Twenty-five-year Period of Service in the Telephone Industry

ment of even a small exchange meant, first, the keeping of lines and equipment in first class shape at all times, and second but by no means of lesser importance, the giving of the best possible service to the public.

Small as my office was, it was a unit in the vast Bell System, and I always considered my territory as tho it were as big, prosperous and growing as any. It was hard to be patient and courteous sometimes, but I tried to make these never-failing attributes in my service. My collections were always good—a fact that I explain only by the belief that Clifton House service was good always, winter or summer, and that good service is considered cheap at any price by the Public.

When I retired on June 1st of this year, and saw my beloved exchange moved to Bailey's, where it can better meet the present requirements of the territory, it hurt, of course, for Clifton House was **mine.** But I feel now that I can conscientiously sit back and say that while I have given twenty five of the best years of my life to the great Telephone Industry, I have nothing to regret. My conscience is clear, too, for I feel that at all times the interests of the Company came first—and that is as it should be. As long as I live, I will be a telephone man, a member of our great family, altho I am no longer actively in the business. It will be a genuine pleasure for me to have visits from telephone people,—the new ones as well as the old timers, whenever their work or play takes them by Clifton House.

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Lewis and Clark Cavern

E. A. Murphy, Helena.

Readers of the Monitor have no doubt reveled when reading of the scenic beauties in Montana and perchance in fancy thought they were making a trip through the Yellowstone Park in a flivver; camping on the shores of beautiful Lake Flathead; winding through the gorgeous Gate of the Mountains near Helena or tramping over glaciers in the Glacier National Park, but follow me once more, this time into the depths of the earth and I will show you sights so radically different and yet just as almost unbelievably splendrous as any you have seen above ground.

A mile and a half from two transcontinental railroads in Jefferson county, Montana, there lies a cavern originally known as the Morrison Cave, named after the discoverer, but later designated as the Lewis and Clark Cavern in an edict by the National Government in making it a National Monument. This cave is larger than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and second only to a cave in Austria as the largest in the world.

In 1901, D. A. Morrison saw a bird "disappear from the face of the earth" while he and a party were hunting in this locality. Being of an adventurous nature investigation revealed to him an opening in the mountain side which apparently had no bottom. At the end of a rope Mr. Morrison was lowered until he touched bottom. The entrance to the cave is reached after a climb up the side of a mountain to an elevation of 7,000 feet. Closed by an iron door placed by the government park officials the entrance impresses one as a dungeon but it is necessary to protect the adventurous and unwise from their own ambitions in attempting to explore chambers and passageways not yet entered by man, wherein might lie possible chasms and unlimited dangers.

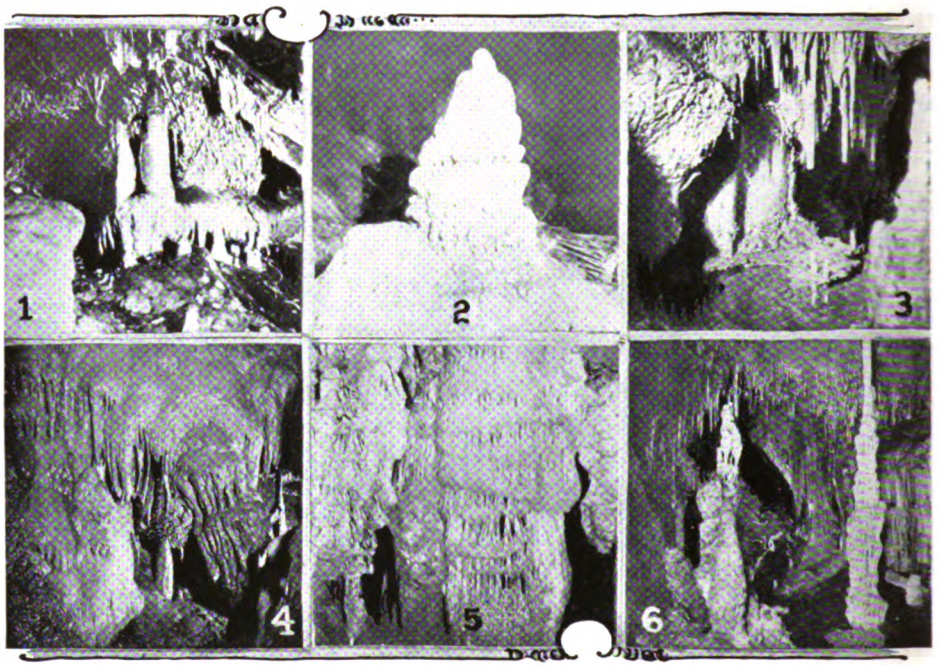
D. A. Morrison

Fashioned by the hands of nature, possibly extending over thousands of years, we find immense pillars of stalactites or stalagmites which resemble totem poles while others are pillars of rare and beautiful carvings. Some resemble trees twisted and gnarled by the winds while others have the color and smoothness of polished ivory. Artificial mosses and vines encrust the walls in places, while in other localities can be found bunches of grapes, bananas, and other tropical fruits. Forms of birds and wild animals perched here and there are readily discernable in the weird formations.

After entering the cavern the sightseer ascends a short flight of stairs and then descends several flights, 300 steps in all. These are wooden steps placed by the original discoverer of the cave. After leaving the stairs we crawl on our hands and knees, several yards and reach the Cathedral, so named because of the vaulted roof with its conveniently arranged pillars which give the impression of a pipe organ. Formations resembling images, shrines and pictures occur at apparently correct positions and when illuminated by candles and flashlights it gives an altogether solemn effect.

Connected by a passageway we enter an alcove containing the Fountain of Youth. Here we find a pool of cold clear and sparkling water with a typical old iron pump with handle, pipe and spout, another masterpiece of nature's making.

Exploring further we enter the Music Room. This is not filled with lime-stone pianos, harps and banjos, and not even formations which resemble a pipe-organ as is found in the Cathedral, but it gets its name from the fact that a tap with a metallic object on one of the pillars will send clear sharp notes resounding through the corridors and auditoriums with a mellow sweetness surpassing even the acoustic properties of the famous Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City.



1—The Giant's Tooth; 2—The Fountain; 3—Spring of Ice Water; 4—The Witch's Den; 5—Sculptured by the Ages; 6—The Art Gallery, Showing the "Twins"

In another chamber we find a fireplace fashioned by the years of time. It is not necessary to use this fireplace as the temperature is comfortable at all seasons of the year. We are now down several hundred feet and find our way into the Cave of the Winds where air currents are continually felt. Far down in one of the unexplored caverns rumbling noises can be heard, thought by many to be an underground river.

Guarded by snowy white pillars is found a chamber known as the "Bridal Chamber." No one has yet broken away the pillars or set foot in it, but through these pillars can be seen a beautiful furnished room with walls, ceiling and floors in perfect harmony.

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How Pete Squared Himself

Morning Wire Report

"Trans-continental circuit No. 2, short, 6:30 a. m. tests 82 miles west Salt Lake—6:40 a. m. Section patrolman Jones of Wendover calls in—"Will start on trouble immediately—by speeder—has 45 Miles to go. 7:05 a. m. Jones calls for test—says he removed crows nest with pieces of wire in it from cross arm—line tests O. K.—trouble found 83.5 M. west of Salt Lake—elapsed time line in trouble 35 minutes."

The Boss read the morning wire report and snorted. He reached for the telephone on his desk and asked for the toll test board. When the test man answered, the following conversation took place.

"Charlie, this case of T. C. trouble out in the desert looks fishy to me. Your wire report seems to be balled up. You show Pete Jones leaving Wendover by speeder at 6:40 a. m. and show trouble cleared over 40 miles this side of there in 25 minutes."

"I knew you would question that," replied Charlie, "but it's just what happened. I don't know how he did it, but the wire report is O. K. I can ask him about it and let you know."

"No, never mind. I am going out into the desert in a few days and I'll get what happened when I see Pete. If it really happened it's a fine piece of work. Old Pete is a faithful and resourceful old cuss, so I think I'll write him a letter giving him a pat on the back anyway. Thanks."

A few days later the boss brought his car to a stop at the end of a new road made of alkali mud with a surface of gravel, near a desert station on the Western Pacific, called Arinosa. His face and clothing as well as the car were covered with a dust as fine as talcum powder. His hair, which was ordinarily dark brown, with traces of gray, was now a uniform alkali dust color.

He had stopped in the middle of the Salt Lake desert, which extends from the west shores of Great Salt Lake to the Nevada line. A large part of this desert consists of old lake bottom and is as level as a floor with no vegetation whatever. In fact, with the exception of an immense salt bed, many miles long, the entire country consists of mud flats, with a surface of dust.

Far to the west, suspended in the air over the railroad tracks was an object which looked like a load of hay. It seemed to be a considerable distance above the tracks and changed form now and again and gradually grew smaller and came down nearer the earth. Off to the right of the tracks at a distance was scattered a shining rippling lake. In the south was a scattered string of box cars at a place where the Boss knew no railroad track existed. He smiled as he noted all this for he was familiar with nature's pranks, played with the dazzling heat distorted desert sunlight.

The load of hay grew smaller and came down closer to the tracks. The almost painful silence of the desert was broken by the sharp crack-crack of a gas engine and in a few minutes it dissolved into old Pete and his speeder .

The meeting had been pre-arranged and the Boss was now going to cover the remaining 20 miles of dust, mud and salt, into Wendover with Pete.

There was nothing unusual in the greeting between them, except Pete seemed to be more gloomy than usual and the boss thought he winced when he gave him the usual hearty western hand shake.

He found later, the reason for this was, that Pete's fist had recently been in violent contact with the jaw bone of what he scornfully termed, a "ladder lineman." The greeting over, the Boss said, "Pete, strange as it may seem, I like this desert. It's big and bright and clean and soothing, and seems to make man's problems look small and unimportant. What's the matter with sitting down here for a while before we start back on that noisy, wracking gasoline grasshopper of yours? Anyway, I want to talk to you a while. This crow's nest case of trouble you shot the other day—did you hire the mail plane to bring you out? You broke all records in clearing that up and I want to know, how come."

"I've been waiting for you to come out to talk to you about that," said Pete, "First, I want to give this back to you." He handed the Boss the letter written a few days before complimenting Pete on breaking the record for speed in clearing up the T. C. Then Pete continued, "I don't deserve that letter and when you hear what I am going to tell you, it's going to be goodbye Pete, and a new patrolman on the desert section of the T. C.

"I am not going to be sore either because I know I've got it coming. I know the rules you have laid down and just why they are necessary and before now I've lived up to them and taken pride in doing it, but now I've slipped up, bad."

"Well, Pete, let's reserve judgment until we hear all the evidence. We have got to wash these insulators again this fall and I would hate to have to break in a new man on that steam cleaning outfit. Go ahead with your yarn."

Pete then continued, "You will remember I have been having a little trouble with the Thompson Company's lineman. I think he has sent several notes to you about it. That all started when I refused to let him have our speeder one day. He has never missed a chance since then to knock me. I haven't paid any attention to him as he is old and sickly. I've just kept out of his way.

"Do you happen to know a scissor-

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bill liner by the name of Smith? He clumb for Thad Mayor on the Richfield job. I met him the other day and he was with the Thompson Company's man. He seemed right glad to see me and because he had been a Bell man I figured he was all right.

"After visiting a while, he said he had to go over to the Blue Goose to see Jensen about some mining property and asked me to walk over with him. I don't hang out there at all but fell for this and we went.

"He pulled a bottle after awhile and said it was B. P. stuff and I broke your rules and tried it. It wasn't anything but moonlight hooch. Did you ever try any of that? Well, don't do it because if you do, the first thing you know, you don't know nothin'.

"About this time an old desert rat, by the name of Gene, came down the road driving an old buckboard without any seat, except a cracker box, spliced on to an old white horse with pink eye lids and with bones sticking out all over.

"He drove right up on the porch and stopped with the horse's face looking in thru the door. The horse had a look of sorrow and reproach like a prohibitionist or maybe because he had to associate with Gene. He stood there with his head thru the door plum unconcerned, blinking his pink eyelids. Gene yelled, 'Jens, I want a quart of wine and a hundred pounds of ice.' Jens said, 'Why the ice?' and Gene said, 'I want to take the wine home to my old lady and it's so darn hot I figure it'll take a hundred of ice to keep it cool that long.'

"He lived only half a mile away, so we all thought it was funny and before the laugh was over this scissor-bill had slipped me another drink.

"Gene asked me if I wanted a ride back to town and as it was getting late I made this an excuse for leaving. Gene finally got his old nag backed off the porch and balanced himself on his cracker box seat, while I sat in the back with my feet hanging over and we started. Up near the freight depot Gene saw several roads that weren't there and took the wrong one. We tipped over, and when I got up, he was down under the wagon. I got him out, he wasn't hurt—and paid a boy who came along, a quarter to take him home.

"About this time, things began to happen to me. I suddenly felt limp and weak and drowsy. I figured I was lit up and decided I better get over it some before showing up at the shack, so I crawled under the freight house platform and without meaning to went to sleep.

"I don't know how long I slept but after awhile I realized that something was bothering me and finally woke up enough to know it was a plumb distressing smell. When I finally got entirely awake I found a full grown pig asleep on each side of me. My head was splitting and I wasn't sure if the pigs were really there so I kicked one and it got up with a grunt and beat it, and I crawled out into the air.

"It wouldn't do to go home smelling like those hogs and I decided to get the speeder and get out into the desert, where there was enough air. After riding for a long time day break came. It was one of these day breaks like you rave about. You know,—sky all crinkly with fleecy clouds and patches of red, and yellow and green in between, like you don't see anywhere else but out here. There was plenty of nice cool air, too, and the speeder was going fast enough so I had got a little ahead of that hog smell. I began to get back to normal and suddenly it hit me that I had fallen down on my job, being off station all night and no other man within a hundred miles, in case of trouble.

"I stopped the speeder and took my test set from the tool box and hit for the line. When I called in the test man said 'Good boy Pete, set tight a minute. Got a case of trouble for you. I'm just testing it.' After a few minutes he gave me the dope and said 'Hop to it' and was gone before I could tell him where I was at.

"I was almost on top of the trouble according to the location he gave me and that's how I was able to break the record.

"Just one more thing, then I'm done. I found out when I got back to Wendover that the whole thing was a frameup, this Thompson Company's man and Smith being old pals and figuring if they got me out Smith might get the job. They knew our rules about being on station and about drinking, so they framed me, and I was fool enough to fall for it.

"Boss, you have been square with me and I always have with you till this time, and I wanted you to know the whole story and—now I am ready for your decision."

"Let's go back to Wendover, Pete," was the boss' only comment.

They lifted the speeder on the track and soon the desert stillness was shattered by the crack-crack of the exhaust and the clickety clack of the wheels crossing the rail joints.

The Boss sat in front with his back to Pete. He gazed thoughtfully at the familiar desert scenes. He vaguely thought that the heat must have warped the great lone mountain standing off to the north, called the Silver Island, as its sides seemed to terminate hundreds of feet in the air instead of on the desert floor. He thought of Pete and the years of faithful service and his loyalty to the old Blue Bell.

After awhile he smiled broadly thinking of poor old Pete sleeping with the pigs under the freight house platform.

Now they stopped while Pete walked the 1,000 feet to the most important of all telephone lines and

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A Salary Solution

A clerk in Cohen's Mammoth department store went to the Boss and asked him for an increase in salary.

"Vy," says Cohen, "diss is no time to ask for more vages; dimes iss too hard, und you do very leetle work. Now I vill show you how leetle work you do for me in a year. Der year hass 365 days in it, und each day iss 24 hours, dwindled in three egg-wall barts; 8 hours for work, 8 hours for sleep, and 8 hours for blay. Now you just leezen. Dake 8 hours what you sleep in each day, vich is 122 days from 365 days, und dat leefs 243 days. Now you blay 8 hours in each day, vich is anudder 122 days from 243, und dat leefs 121 days, SEE? Now der vas 52 Zundays ven you dit not vork, and dake dat from 121 und dat leefs 69 days. Now ven der Zummer gomes, you say, 'Mr. Cohen, I can't vork; I'm all in and I vant a wacation' und I giff you two veeks off; dake 14 days from 69 and dat leefs 55 days. Und you takes one und a haff hours for your lunch each day, which is 54 days from 55 vich leefs 1 day. Und I yust remember now dat dat day vas our retail salesmen's picnic, und you asked off to go to it."—Cherry Circle.

climbed a pole and called the test board, just to keep in touch in case of trouble. A faint and distant hum, gradually increased till it grew into the roar of a Liberty engine and a big U. S. mail plane went sailing by at 100 miles per hour.

The pilot, the direct descendent of old burro-skinners like Gene, waved his hand and was answered by both men; one on the pole and the other on the railroad track. This reminded the Boss of the letter which Pete had returned. He took it from his pocket and wrote a few words on the bottom of the sheet. When they finally arrived in Wendover and Pete was leaving the Boss at Conley's hotel the letter was again produced. The Boss handed it back to Pete and said, "Pete, my decision is Goodnight."

Pete opened the envelope in a puzzled manner and read at the bottom of the typewritten page;

"Good memory has its advantages, but every man should be a good forgetter. We wash those insulators in September."

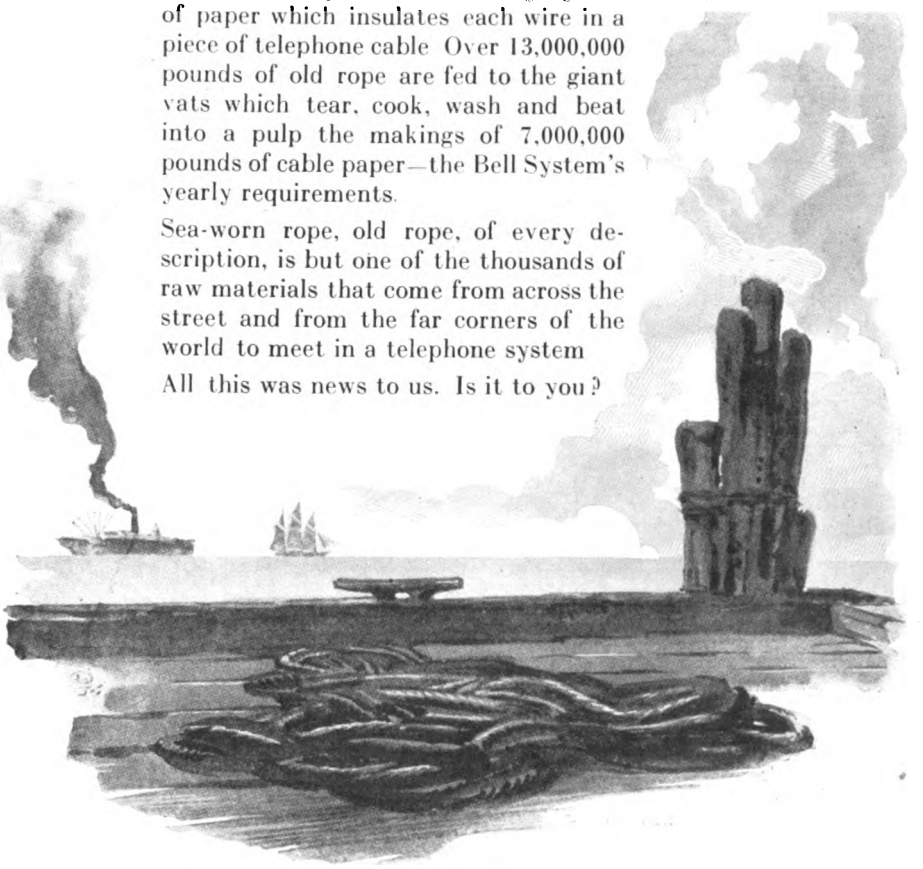
Did You know This One?

ROPE from ships that have sailed the Seven Seas—rope that has tied to every port in the world, ends its career by guarding a nation's telephone conversation.

From junk rope is made the high grade of paper which insulates each wire in a piece of telephone cable Over 13,000,000 pounds of old rope are fed to the giant vats which tear, cook, wash and beat into a pulp the makings of 7,000,000 pounds of cable paper—the Bell System's yearly requirements.

Sea-worn rope, old rope, of every description, is but one of the thousands of raw materials that come from across the street and from the far corners of the world to meet in a telephone system

All this was news to us. Is it to you?



The Monitor, Splendid Magazine

We have before us the July number of The Monitor, the attractive magazine of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, issued in the interests of the employes of the Company in Denver and Colorado. The July issue is devoted in a great measure to the story of the Pueblo Flood, and the Number contains many stories, humorous and pathetic, upon this subject, with some thrilling tales of the experiences of the telephone operators, and their loyalty, during the flood period. There are also vitally interesting and instructive articles on various subjects together with a short story, and one or two items of interest to those domestically inclined. The cover is a colorful likeness of a Navajo Indian Maiden, "Starlight", one time queen of the Navajo tribe of the Southwest, and daughter of the Chief of the noble nation. With this issue we also received the advance cover of the August number, which depicts a beautifully colored portrayal of a Colorado Harvest Field, with our beloved Rockies in the background. This is a publication, taken all in all, which reflects great credit upon its editors.—Community Herald.

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Lizzy Breaks Into Print

She Tells Mom and Pop How Comes Out in Texas Where Long Horns Aint And Courtisee Surely is

At the Offus,
Munday Morn.
El Paso, Texas.

Dere Mom & Pop,

Here I am, working for the Telephone Company, just SIX MONTHS and what you s'pose that blame company's gone and done? Why, just this: they asked me to write a story for their paper—the "Monitor"—imagine: ME write a story! Why I wouldn't even know how to begin, much less know how to wind her up after I got tangled up in the middle of the inside plot with complications! Seems I'm always asked to do the impossible, like that time I was asked to pray for old Jim Scroggins who kept a saloon, on his death-bed.

I must appear more intelligent than I be! I'm not a literal woman by any means. It's like taking a cold plunge—this writin' business—you close your eyes and plunge ahead, with a "do it or die" expreshun. Now, if I wuz like Mr. Joe Kelly or even Mr. E. J. Anderson, the knack for doin' and writin' originalities would come natural-like—whereas all Mr. Cressingham does is just be ornamental. I don't no but I'd just as soon be a scene on the landscape with a scant knowledge of 'rithetick, like him, as one of these know-it-alls, who have it all over the rest of us in being able to akomplish things. That's them two all over. As for Mr. Gamewell, he's our songster and accredit to the office. He appears to be very dignified and all, but he's been known to have jumping jacks and springy snakes hid away in his desk. That's the way of this cruel world—so often men appear to be one thing on the outside only to fool you when you find 'em out. But say, you ought to know Mr. Seddon—he's our dictionary, notebook, encyclopedia, information bureau and Father Confessor, all combined and he still has a sense of humor. He manages us all very nicely, tho some of us are like stubborn mules when we get sot in our way—and pours the oil of peace all over us to calm us down.

We're all a rather musical bunch, until the other fellow hears us and says they'd rather hear a burro bray or some such remark which isn't very complimentary but which is followed up by a state of calm peacefulness.

This telephone bizness is a mighty fine bizness when you come to no about it. Outsiders don't realize this important fact, they only get peevish when central isn't johnny-on-the-spot with her "Number please"—they seem to think they have their own private central—sort of like a room with bath, and no one else can butt in, or keep you waiting. Seems to me the impatient publick orter be made go thru the telephone company once in a while just to get an idea of the running of a few things. Sometimes they orter be jagged at a few times by centrul for not trotting and answering their phone the minute it rings. In other words we orter "remove the lumber from our own eye before we kick about the mote in our brother's eye"—the Bible says "beam"—I believe, but what's in a name, if the meanings' co-ordinative. We are a pretty nice bunch and try to hand out the goods every time, only the publick thinks we're fooling around, chewing gum or the rag instead of answering their calls, so they can talk to their beaux or bawl their better-halves out. I'm not an operator, but they have my deepest simpathy and regrets, and believe me, they're a fine bunch of girls and I'll stand up for them any old time.

But nice as our bosses, and the rest of us is—or are—I've been asked to write this blame-fool story and I can't to save me think of a fit and approprate subject or a chain of incidents to gradually unfold on my gentle and unsuspecting readers. I might prove to be a newly-born genius, if I could only think of a subject!—but there's the pinch of the new shoe. I've thought of sweethearts and lovers going thru fire and water for each other, and tho skarred and burnt their love remains unflamable and steadfastly unalterable, and then thru some unjustability of inevitable destiny they are separated forever, and their love lasts thru eternity, and so forth, and so on—only in real life they'd wonder what unutterable dunces they'd been and why they hadn't found each other out sooner! Life proves to be so different from novels and the movies—and their fusses about her burning the toast, and his tracking in mud, never break into "real romance." But, I wander again from what is my doom. WHERE am I going to find a subject, and what am I going to say about it when said subject is found?

I'd get some ahead in writin' this letter to you if Ed Quinlan didn't come 'round bothering so much. He nos I'm writin you and what's an offus for if not to write letters in without disturbance from others. But, no, Ed's in love, and he wants me to tell him how I'd go about proposing to her. I wouldn't go about it—I'd let HER do it—I think women could sometimes make less of a mess in such matters, as some men do, when they get tongue-tied, and red, and she has to finish it up for him anyway, if they ever get anywhere with said proposal. He knows what he wants to say but can't say it—whereas I never saw a woman but could say anything she took a noshun to. So I told him to do as I wuz going to have to do about this story, namely, close his eyes and say it quick. But seem's he tried that once, and she run to the mirror to see if she looked such a fright he had to close out the sight of her! I'm sure tho, if he'd lead her gently up to the subject, she'd help him out—or rather IN, for he would be "in for it" sure nuff then. It's an exciting life if you don't weaken, but he's weakening, I'm afraid.

I'd like to tell you some more about our offices and the people here, but there are so many, and I can't take the time to discuss their goodness and little peculiarities, because I've got that story haunting me in the background of my mind. You see all the stories these days centers about love—or rather there's always a love "elemental" somewheres in it—if you know what I mean—and bein's I'm not in love (altho I remember how Joshua Shikes used to make eyes at me, behind your backs in church), I ain't able to talk on the subject. Some day there might be a tender sentiment between Josh and me—he's willin' enuff, but I am out in the world now, and fighting it's battles and not ready to settle down yet and just wash dishes and make him put on a clean collar for Sundays.

So's love's out of my line just now, 'bout as far as politicks and such-like. Bizness and bizness results are all I'm after just now. I think Poetry is more in my line than story-writin anyway. I just thot of a peachy poem:

Mr. Kelly had a little desk
He set him down before it,
And if you'd want to ask a thing
Why Mr. Kelly'd know it.

Isn't that beautiful and original? Here's another:

Mrs. Davis. Edith and Dot
All worked down in the Plant.
And when anything had to be did
They never said "I can't."

I'm afraid your daughter is developing some unlooked for and startling talents—but that is the way all great men and women started out—with little stories and poems first; I'd even be able to sing, if the rest of 'em would only stand for my practicing in here. I'll bet, if I keep on, I'll be able to do most anything, if I can only start 'em off, even writin stories might be in my line. I've a great gift of gab anyway, but guess I came

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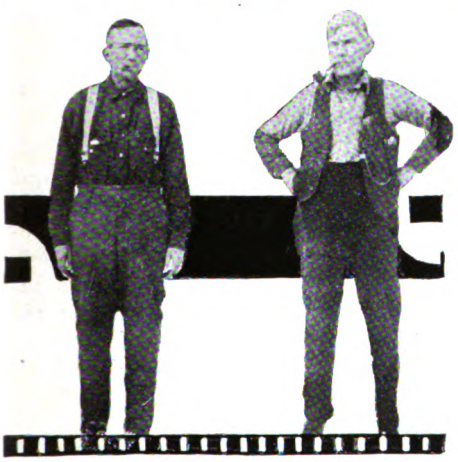
And Others too Numerous to Mention

"Daddy" Clark, for Thirty Years Our Company Carpenter at Salt Lake City.



Right—A. J. Hamilton, Foreman; and F. E. Hoffman, Sub-foreman, Both of Murray, Utah. Two fine, husky looking boys.

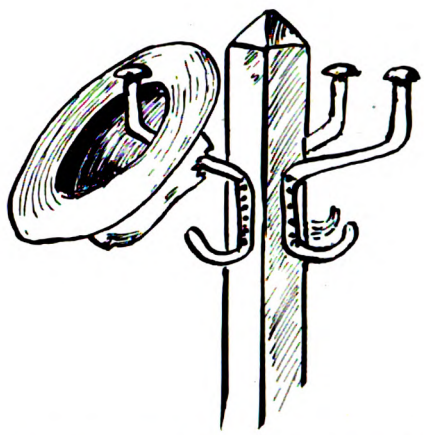
by it honestly, bein' a woman.

So Mom, dear, I'm going to have to wind this letter up and get busy at my story, and will send you a copy of the paper when it's published and you can have it framed and set over the mantelpiece and have the neybors in to see it, and you might have my picture and all about my rising geniality in the "Hopton News" so's people'll no you ain't raized no dunce for a daughter, but one that'll make your gray hairs raise with pride as Byron'd say.

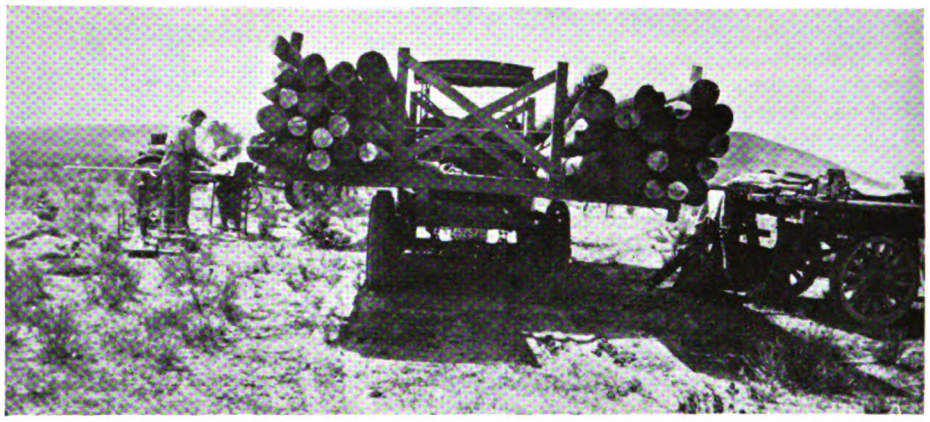
Will write you again soon, when bizness here slackens up a bit and I ain't got so much on my mind. Give my love to everybody, and a little to Josh to. I wonder if he remembers how we used to hold hands in church while the preacher was praying.

Your lovingly affekshunate daughter,
LIZZIE.

Manager E. P. Calph, Pocatello, Idaho, Taken from "Who's Who in Pocatello" Motion Picture, so says Ricey Jones



Said to be Howard T. Vaille's Summer Hat "Hung up for the Winter." For Further Information ask Roderick Reid



One Way of Hauling Telephone Poles in Western Wyoming

New Method of Descending, Patented by John Irvine, Somewhere in Utah. Drawing by Ricey Jones

As Ricey Jones Sees W. A. Shields and His New Auto. We Fear Ricey is Jealous

"Ceaseless" Croke and one of "Hisn," Demonstrating the "Lookout Mountain Shangtoo."

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BUSY BETTY SAYS

I don't know who "She" is, but take it from me she was done brown on all sides when "they" got through roasting her. "They," referring to a couple of very nifty looking young women, who evidently work in the operating department of our company, were on a town-bound Colfax car and I chanced to occupy the seat just ahead of them.

From this vantage point I could overhear their entire conversation, and while I had no intention of eavesdropping, in all honesty I must admit that after a few remarks caught my ear I wouldn't have missed the rest of the conversation if I could.

I gathered that they both work night shift or rather evening hours, getting through somewhere near ten oclock, and that they are a type the company may well be proud of—really high class girls who believe that a high standard should be maintained by all girls who are clever enough to go out into the world as breadwinners and who resent with every fibre in them girls who cheapen the vocation they follow.

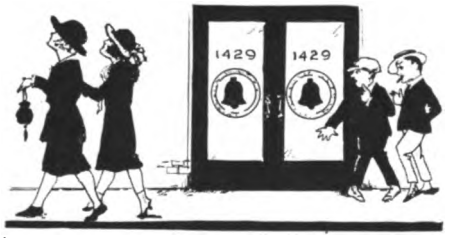
"She" to whom they referred continuously, evidently and unfortunately, does not share their opinions, perhaps because she has not had the opportunity of learning that it is the standard we place upon ourselves that others judge us by, and that cheapening ourselves encourages others to hold us cheaply.

And the poor, foolish girl, from what I could hear concerning her, is flattered by the attentions of simpering, pimply-faced youths who strut around the down town streets of an evening, oozing with conceit and the assurance that **any** girl is flattered by having them speak to her.

But to give some idea of how these two girls feel about her and her lack of dignity I'll quote a few choice bits from their conversation:

"You know it isn't her lack of self-respect that I resent but the lack of respect she shows to the rest of us who work with her and who, just because of such human marshmallows as she—soft and sweet—are placed in the same class by these sieve-brained bunches of bloated nothingness who with no power of discrimination have the nerve to step right up and speak to any girl just because she comes out of the same office where 'she' works."

"Yes, sir, you're just right, she cheapens us all and cheapens the company, picking up with any old soft masher that gurgles up along side her and tips his hat. Another thing, she runs around to cheap dance halls after she gets out of the office at night and advertises herself as a 'telephone girl—she and that friend of her's—you know they are the only two girls with the company that I



know of who do cheap, trashy stunts, and for my part I think the rest of us ought either to complain to Mr. Miller or give her such a cold shoulder that she will look elsewhere for a job."

"And the poor simp didn't know that that sag-kneed imitation of a man she picked up with last night had already tried to flirt with at least eight girls before she landed on the scene at all—it was just a case of takin' the leavin's if she only knew it and some one ought to tell her so." ——

Missing, A Smile!

Not the sort that starts at the teeth, but comes straight up from the HEART!

Seen last on the genial countenance of George Althouse. Information leading to the recovery of said smile and its return to the Denver Commercial department of the Telephone Company will be rewarded by the deep and everlasting gratitude of every member of the Commercial staff.

Rumor has it that Mr. Althouse upon the advice of his physician has decided to take an indefinite leave of absence and sincerest regret is expressed not only by those whose privilege it has been to be closely associated with him in the office but by many who go to make up "the Denver public" and who from time to time have had occasion to contact his ever courteous and kindly nature.

Probably no one with the Company has a larger number of friends not only in the Denver offices but scattered thruout the area of the entire division who will not be more surprised to learn of his sudden leave taking than of the persistent, tho somewhat incredulous report that "George" has decided to devote his time and energy, from now on indefinitely, to the study and pursuit of "chickens."

And he's SUCH a nice man, but in THESE days one can never tell.

"Howsomever" it is stated on the best of authority that "George" is going into the chicken business—O, yez, O, yez—and a COW—he's going to keep a COW tho some of his friends are fearful that he wont know which side to milk it from but we who have watched him handle many intricate problems have faith that he'll solve these as successfully.

Good Luck: God Bless you—and GO TO IT George is echoed by all.

—

OCTOBER here! Christmas will soon be upon us.

Why not think MAGAZINES when we think Christmas and avoid the struggle of shopping, by sending our friends a magazine—for a whole YEAR it will remind them of us and besides we can help Helen Knox beat the handicap of infantile paralysis and earn her way in the world if we'll send our subscriptions (to ANY magazine) care Miss Helen Knox, St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colo. or telephone York 35.

Changes, Promotions, Transfers

Miss Lillian E. Farmer is agent at Johnstown, Colorado.

Miss Helen T. Welch became agent at Garfield, Colorado, on August 31.

Miss Louise Rissoglio was appointed agent at Aguilar, on August 14.

Miss Elizabeth M. Ferguson is agent at Pitkin, Colorado.

Ernest Allen is the new manager at Red Lodge, Montana.

Alex J. MacPherson became manager at Wolf Point, Montana, effective September 1.

Miss Ruth E. Davis has recently been appointed manager and chief operator at Savage, Montana.

At Fromberg, Montana, Mildred B. Pierce, is Chief operator and manager, effective September 1.

Mrs. W. S. Cowles resigned recently, as manager at Carbondale, Colorado, and has been succeeded by Mrs. Merlin

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Kitchenette Cookery

To the "Kitchenetter" the following recipe for boiled salad dressing should be a "find" for it is easily prepared and if kept in an ice chest or where very cool will keep a week or more.

Take a quarter of a cube of butter and drop into top part of double boiler, (of course filling the lower part of the double boiler with hot water).

While butter is melting, take a (cup) measuring cup and squeeze into it the juice of two lemons: Add to this two tablespoonfuls of CIDER vinegar (remember one MUST use CIDER vinegar), then fill measuring cup up with hot water and pour this into double boiler with butter.

In a separate dish or bowl break two eggs (yolks and all), add six tablespoonfuls (rounded) of granulated sugar, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, one tablespoonful (rounded) of cornstarch and four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream.

Take an egg beater and beat all this up well together, then pour into double boiler with butter, lemon juice, etc., and stir constantly until it thickens—which over a good flame should not take longer than three to five minutes.

Remove from stove and let cool sufficiently to pour into a glass dish or pint (glass or crockery) jar, cover over and put where it will keep cool.

When ready to use dressing, take a couple of tablespoonfuls or amount needed out into a dish and thin to proper consistency by adding sweet cream.

The above recipe makes a pint of dressing. One can make just half this amount by reducing ingredients proportionately.

Now that the cooler weather has come, we who like it begin once more to think of pork.

A simple, inexpensive and very palatable meat dish can be prepared by having one's butcher grind up about fifteen cents worth of pork and fifteen cents worth of beef TOGETHER. (Do not accept the ready ground hamburger nor pork sausage as substitutes, be SURE he cuts and grinds the fresh pork and beef together).

Make this into patties, (as one often cooks hamburger steak) and place in a skillet (an iron skillet is best) over fire. Have skillet hot at first in order that meat will brown nicely—turning it to get both sides brown without burning it. Then turn fire down very low and let cook slowly for about ten or fifteen minutes.

Take a can of Campbell's or some other good brand of canned tomato pulp or soup and pour over meat in pan and let simmer for from fifteen to twenty minutes longer when it should be ready to serve (seasoning to taste).

The following simple recipe makes a very palatable chocolate cake—small—just a nice size for two people.

Take four squares of Baker's chocolate.

One-half cup of granulated sugar.

One-half cup of sweet milk.

The yolk of one egg. Boil in double boiler until thick, then set to cool.

While this is cooling take one fourth cup of butter (Crisco may be used, but a pinch of salt should be added). Stir into this (or cream) by blending it together with a spoon, one-half cup of granulated sugar.

Add one egg (whole) well beaten.

One fourth cup of sour milk in which a level teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved: Stir in one and a third cups of flour and then add cooled chocolate.

Bake in two small tins (making two layers to cake) and use white boiled frosting which may be prepared as follows:

Take one cup of granulated sugar and add to it five tablespoonfuls of cold water. Set on stove and let boil (without stirring) until it threads as it drops from spoon. Pour this over the well beaten white of one egg and beat all thoroughly, then spread over cake and between layers.

Can You Blame It?

Hasn't the foot a right to kick now and then, if it's treated the way Doc Lyman described?

Wire Chief at Cheyenne Marries

A wedding of interest in telephone circles was that of Mr. Milton F. Dorough, wire chief with headquarters at Cheyenne, and Miss Della Bentson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bentson, of the Wyoming capital.

Mr. Dorough came to Cheyenne from Alabama about five years ago, and was among the young men of that city who responded early to the call for volunteers in the world war. He was soon overseas where he made a highly creditable record. Mrs. Dorough is a native of Cheyenne and is a young woman of charming personality.

After a visit to Denver the young people returned to Cheyenne where they will make their home.

GOODBYE, MISS MALSTROM!

Miss Ellen Malstrom, for a number of years employed in our Company, recently resigned as principal in the Salt Lake school, and the following is a tribute to her:

Dear Miss Malstrom:
We are told by all the people
That you're going far away,
And we've listened with a sadness
That grows heavier each day.
Dearest teacher, friend, companion,
How we hate to see you go,
How we hate to say good-bye, dear,
For we all have loved you so.
When some times we were unruly
On the board or in the school
You were patient, kind and loving,
For you knew the Golden Rule.
We will think about you, Ellen,
In the many coming years,
And we'll hope they're full of gladness
With never any tears,
And just sometimes, Miss Malstrom,
When you've nothing else to do,
Just remember that we love you,
And we hope you're happy too.

Louise Williams
Emma O'Brien,
Wilma Williams,
Eddie Hoy,
Gladys Pettigrew,
Lillian King.

Wilkie-Hibbard

A recent wedding at Roundup, Montana, is of interest to our telephone people inasmuch as the young bride is the only daughter of W. W. Hibbard, our manager at that place, and has herself been in the business office of the Company at Roundup for the past two years. The groom is John D. Wilkie, formerly of Denver, connected with the Ohio Oil Company, with headquarters at Roundup.

The Hibbard home, where Rev. S. R. McCarthy, pastor of the Congregational church performed the ceremony, was tastefully decorated with flowers. The bride was charming in a gown of navy blue canton crepe. The wedding trip included a visit to the principal cities of Montana and a sojourn in Yellowstone National Park.

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Glen Lewis Will be Shot for This

"Man"

Once upon a time I thought I understood
Man. But alas! I found that—
If you flatter a man it frightens him to death;
If you don't flatter him he is bored to death.
If you permit him to make love to you
He gets tired after a while; if you don't
He gets offended in the beginning. If you
Believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool;
If you don't he thinks you are a cynic. If you
Agree with him in everything you soon cease to charm him.
If you are jealous he can't endure you;
If you are not he can't understand you.
If you are a sweet and old-fashioned clinging vine
He doubts you have any brains, and if
You are modern, advanced and independent he
Doubts you have a heart or a scruple.
If you are cute and boyish he longs for a soul mate;
If you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate.
And all the time he is falling in love with you for what you are
He is spending all his days trying to remodel you into what you are not,
Never can be and never will be.
Such is the animal "Man."

By Glen Lewis

Some time ago Miss Rose Feeney, commercial department, handed Mr. Clark a magazine called System. In it was an article entitled "As I See My Boss When He Dictates." Later on we stumbled across the following poem in blank verse. This stinging rebuke on the Animal called Man prompted an investigation. The evidence turned in seems to point to the conclusion that Man was an unnecessary adjunct to this mundane world of ours. However, we die hard and offer "Our answer" in reply. We don't mean to infer that Miss Feeney thinks this way of the Animal called Man, or that any other girl would dare to think this way. But you never can tell, and so again we say, read "Our Answer."

Our Answer

Once upon a time I thought I understood
Woman. But alas! I found that—
If you flatter her she says, "Where do you get that stuff?"
If you don't flatter her she says, "The hick is dead from his neck up."
If you make love to her she wonders where you peddled your line last;
If you don't make love she thinks you have no eye for beauty.
If you believe all she says you take her out to a big feed;
If you don't believe what she says someone else gets the chance.
If you are jealous she says, "Say, kid, who was your slave last year?"
If you are not jealous she knows you are in love with someone else.
If you tell her you like the clinging-vine type she wears army pants and puttees;
If you like her in army pants she wears low-neck dresses with suspenders over her shoulders.
If you want her to settle down in a comfy flat and fry hoecakes she says, "Not on your life; I need the cash."
So, what can we do about it? As the fellow said, "We can't live with them and we can't live without them."
But God bless them, they certainly do help make life interesting.

Cut Down in His Youth

By Fred R. Tate

Friday, June 10, last, Jonathan Young Read, known to the people of Vandalia, Montana, as J. Y. Read, was almost instantly killed. A Ford in which he and two of his fellow workers and companions were riding went through the side of a bridge over the Yellowstone River but a short distance from Billings. One of the men who sat in the rear seat was able to jump and thus escape being thrown on the rocks below where J. Y. and the other lad fell. No one knows how it happened except that the car just suddenly turned and went through the boards on the side and over onto the rocks.

J. Y. had been in the employment of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company out here for a number of years and was considered one of their most capable men. This merit had been rewarded in that he was, at the time the accident occurred, making the last few hours work on an estimate which was also to be the last work done before going to an advanced position at headquarters in the engineering department.

His mother was at Sheridan, Wyoming, waiting to come to Billings, where she was going to spend Sunday with him before he went to his new position. So the mothers of Vandalia can imagine how she must have felt when she spent it in the same town, but J. Y. prepared for burial and she with her other two sons, Stephen and "Bob" waiting for the burial day.

But I believe that the people of Vandalia and especially those who knew J. Y. should know what kind of man he was out here. They know that he was one of the best young men in Vandalia when he lived there. He never changed friends. He was the same fellow all the time. And if you could have seen the men and women who had known him here, at his funeral and on the street and talked with them you would have said you were extremely proud that one more of Vandalia's boys had not died in vain. His life was one of sacrifice for those he loved and his friends.

There was one of the most magnificent displays of flowers you ever saw. His casket was almost literally buried in them.

Just to give you an idea of how well he was liked I want to cite one instance. I stepped into the telephone office and got to talking with the manager who has known J. Y. for a long time. He told me that after he came back from lunch there was not a dry eye in all of the force at the office, men and women alike, and I know that he felt the loss very keenly.

You know it must be a great encouragement to his friends in Vandalia and his relatives here in the west to know that they had a son, a brother, and a friend like that. One who measured up to all the requirements of a real man and one who when his body was lowered into the earth with great clouds as a mantle and great snow-capped mountains as guards, all the world that knew him wept tears that were prayers for his mother.

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Who Would Have Stuck but Telephone Girls

'Midst the clatter of hail and rain and the flash of lightning and the roar of thunder and the crash of broken glass, the telephone operators and other employes stuck to their jobs in a terrible storm that swooped down upon Idaho Falls one day not so long ago. The following story as told by our correspondent is exceedingly interesting:

The clouds in the west were a deep blue-black color and by 2:30 they had overspread the whole sky. Then little hail stones began to fall, but soon changed to ones as large as a quarter, with some as big as a small hen egg. The large stones were formed of two or three smaller ones and the seam where they were frozen together was black.

The telephone building in Idaho Falls has two sky-lights. One is over the stairs and one directly over the switchboard at positions 6, 7 and 8. The hailstones striking on these two sky-lights made such a noise that one couldn't hear what anyone else was saying even though they were shouting. After ten minutes of this bombardment (which Mr. Anderson, returned soldier, claimed made him think he was in France), the sky-light on the stairs broke and the hailstones came pounding down the stairs.

All this time the operators were certainly having a time. The stones were making such a noise on the sky-light that they could not understand the numbers the subscribers were giving, regardless of the fact that practically every number on our fifteen position switchboard was flashing with two and three parties on some of the lines. Mr. Treseder and Mr. Woolf spread the switchboard tarpaulin in case the skylight over the board broke. Miss Tubbs, Chief Operator, removed the operator who was on position 8 just a second before the skylight broke. Then Mr. Treseder and Miss Tubbs held the tarpaulin out over the switchboard under the broken skylight and the operators sat under the tarpaulin and answered calls. Every girl on local was handling on an average of 400 calls per hour. All the toll lines were ringing in and when the operators answered they got shocks, because of the lightning. The Chief Operator instructed the girls not to answer toll signals for a few minutes during the worst of the storm for fear they would be burned by the lines that were struck by lightning.

The glass in the skylight over the stairs did not all fall but left one painted piece about ten inches wide and two feet long hanging with the point downward. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Woolf climbed to the roof of the adjoining building and removed the glass before it had a chance to fall and injure anyone. The hail continued to fall from 2:30 until five or ten minutes after three, then it eased down a bit and then stopped altogether.

It wouldn't have been quite so bad if the load on traffic had stopped when the hail did, but it continued full force until 6:30. All the girls on duty that day claim that the load was the heaviest we have had since Armistice Day. If the girls were afraid during the storm they did not show it and each one stayed at her position and worked to the best of her ability.

The damage to the town itself consisted mainly of broken windows, signs and street lights. Hardly a house in town that did not have one or more windows on the west side broken, some having all the windows on that side broken. The city office reported that it would take $600 to replace the broken light globes and bulbs.

The storm in Shelley was a combined tornado-hail storm. The roofs of several buildings were torn off, signs were torn from buildings and a general mix-up resulted. On our main base lead south of Shelley six poles were uprooted and set on end and also many poles between Idaho Falls and Shelley on the toll lines and on the rural lines. About forty-one poles were reset and quite a few more straightened.

The Utah-Idaho Sugar Company factory at Shelley had all the windows on the west side of their building blown in.

The Central office at Shelley received no damage and although the girls were badly frightened they did not leave their positions.

Long Distance Calls from El Paso

"Not a thing about us again this month," and the speaker, a pretty little El Paso operator, laid her Monitor down in disappointment. "Moody, why don't we ever have anything about us in the Monitor?"

The question was passed around, but no one answered—but we all felt guilty, as we knew so many nice thing about our Exchange; for instance, there were the lovely big pillows in our rest room, with their bright cretonne covers, lending the needed touch of color to the pretty room; the fine new linoleum in our cafeteria, making it seem so cosy and homelike—to say nothing of our big new refrigerator so well stocked with soda pop, etc., etc.; our fine steam table making it possible for us to have our food served piping hot. How often we have wondered if any other exchange had such a recreation hall as ours, with its polished floor and beautiful Brunswick machine, where we can dance during our relief periods, to the music of the latest records. But be sure, oh, very sure, we do not "toddle." Then there is the new school room, supplied with every new device, to help us to become really good operators, a real switchboard in the school room, relieves the timid student from work in the large operating room, until she is graduated from the school room, and has gained confidence in herself.

How we are growing, too! It surely speaks well for our city that one exchange can no longer handle its telephone work, but a new exchange will open next month to relieve congestion in our main office. It's a nice one, too. Judging from the number of operators and supervisors who are exchanging our Exchange for homes, we must have a reputation for having the right kind of girls in the El Paso office, and,—just between ourselves—we have—but don't let this get out, for we can't spare any more at present. There was Miss Elam, our Chief Supervisor, now Mrs. Waddell, whose loss was keenly felt by all, but we are glad to know of the pretty home and the happiness which are hers. Then our Mr. Hand, tired of eating any and everywhere, and longing for the little home, took unto himself a mate, and judging from those eyes, no one can doubt his happiness, and he has the best wishes of every man, woman and child in the building. Some time since we were forced to lose Mrs. Spivey, Chief Clerk to our Traffic Superintendent, Mr. Bates, on account of her own health and that of her mother. She held an important position, and is greatly missed in our office; she was a loyal and true friend to all. Fortunately for Mr. Bates, Miss Faith Murray was ready to fill the vacancy, and agrees with Mrs. Spivey that it is a pleasure to work for Mr. Bates. Miss Murray was married on Sunday, September 11, in the First Baptist Church, to Mr. Charles Garden of the City National Bank of this city. The wedding was a very pretty one, attended only by relatives and close friends of bride and groom.

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Business by Telephone

"Tell your Friends" is the caption appearing over this cut in the National advertising campaign just getting under way by the manufacturers of what is reported by experts to be the most delightful breakfast food ever offered to the public. It is a chocolate covered combination of wheat and corn with a delicious flavor, and in addition makes equally delicious muffins and hot-cakes. But this is not an advertisement for the "Breakfast Brownies," which is the name of the food, but merely another evidence of proof of the well established fact that the telephone is the most efficient way of putting a message across to the public.

"We have a wonderful product and we know of no factor which has the advertising possibilities that are possible through the agency of the telephone. We have therefore had service established in our Helena office so that our 'Brownies' can 'tell their friends' in distant cities over your long distance lines of the product which is pleasing the palate of so many thousands in the north and middle west where we first introduced the product. Our mills are at Minneapolis and our head office here so that we have occasion to frequently call over your wires and I want to compliment your company on the A No. 1 service which we get at all times. We find talking over long distance the cheapest and best medium known to convey our messages." This is the statement of one of the officers of the Breakfast Brownies Company and speaks well for the employes in Helena and the rest of the Mountain States Territory who have the duties of making the connections for this progressive concern, which hopes some day to make their name a by-word in every household through the country through the medium of the telephone.

Might Be Right, at That

"Maw?"

"Well, Junior—"

"Paw don't know much about music, does he?"

"Not very much, but why do you ask?"

"At the show this afternoon a man told paw the lady on the stage was singing high G, and paw said it sounded like H."—Railroad Worker.

Courting By Telephone

A courageous New York judge has undertaken in a somewhat tentative manner, to settle a question which has perplexed telephone subscribers for something like a quarter of a century, or since about the time the party line was invented for the convenience—or inconvenience—of the public. The case brought before him was a complaint made by certain subscribers on a party line that another subscriber on the same line maintained a considerable family of daughters who were given to receiving the telephone attention of young men during a large part of the evening, thus interfering with the use of the line by the other subscribers.

It was shown that some of these conversations were prolonged for upward of an hour. The judge was not called upon to give an opinion as to the ethical standards of a young man who will put a girl to the trouble of holding a telephone receiver to her ear for an hour when other more direct means of communication are possible. His case had merely to do with the general question of how long it should take for persons to exhaust their needs for conveying such intelligence as may prudently be entrusted to a telephone line which is shared by several persons, a majority of whom are periodically taking down their receivers and trying to call the doctor or inquire about how much yeast to put into it and at what temperature.

The judge decided that five minutes is a reasonable limit, and it appears that this is a fair decision. The action of the judge has been called by one authority "rough on the youngsters." But that is a debatable question. It is probable that if this rule were generally observed the young people would profit. There is something entirely too impersonal about a telephone conversation as a substitute for the element of proximity in the courting formula. The real contenders for a girl's favor use the telephone sparingly, and then for no longer than it takes to ask a question about a dance, picnic, theatre party, call or similar enterprise—and to receive an answer.—Boise, Idaho, News.

Is-a-bell Takes Notice

"Last night I heard a guy-wire dad to come out and splice a pair, so when dad came home he was grounded when ma asked him why he was insulate. But then she forgot dad was a preacher marrying folks all hours of the day and night.

Colorado Springs Calls

Six new positions have been added to the Colorado Springs board, making a total of thirty-four now. We are very proud of our Exchange and are all cooperating to do our best and give only the best kind of service to our subscribers.

We also have a new cafeteria, which now enables us to have warm lunches instead of "just a lunch" as we had to be contented with before.

Old Dan Cupid has been a regular pest. His victims are Helen Peel, Mona Lee Jones, Laura Chase, Marjorie Scott and Miss Doyle. Miss Hazel Doty, our evening Long Distance Supervisor, has left our force to take up new duties. Good luck to you in whatever you undertake to do, Hazel.

Several new girls have been added to our force. They are Norma McLain, Lola Nichols, Matilda Arnold and Dollie Chamberlin.

Our matron, Miss Styers, has left us to go to Denver to take up other work.

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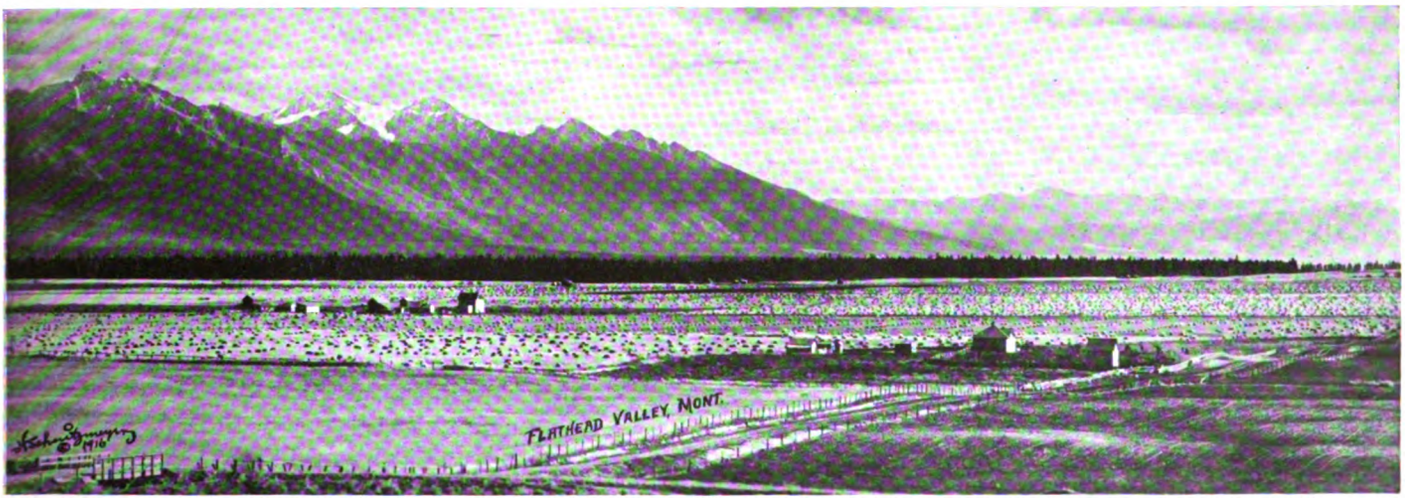
Some More Clothes For "Is-a-bell"

Typical Grain Field Scene in Montana



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(Continued from Page 9)

ing stations and between places where wires are not available. When all of these necessary services are fully provided for, the capacity of the ether for conveying messages simultaneously without interference will be taxed to the limit.

Thus the characteristics of radio messages, causing them to spread out over large areas and enabling radio to be of inestimable service in certain fields, stand in the way of its extensive use on land where it is possible to provide wires which are nothing more nor less than pathways for guiding or directing the electric waves in the ether between any desired points, however numerous they may be or wherever they may be situated. By means of these wire guides, millions upon millions of messages may be carried simultaneously without interference with each other. It has often been said that, had the course of scientific development been reversed, so that radio transmission preceded transmission by wire, the discovery that wires can be used to guide the ether waves would be considered one of the marvels of science. By their use, the otherwise uncontrolled ether waves are caused to follow any predetermined pathways, flashing thousands of messages to and fro under our city streets without the slightest interference, each message following its allotted course, whether up through the intricate structure of a thirty-story office building, or out across the plains, under rivers and over mountains, to the far side of the continent, there to be received by him—and him alone—for whom it is intended.

The natural characteristics of radio and wire transmission are, therefore, fundamentally different. Each, due to its unique capabilities, is performing a service for which the other is unsuited, and each is supplementing the other to the end that all important needs for communication are being provided for as rapidly as they arise.

For the large amounts of traffic on land, both telegraph and telephone, which must be handled with certainty and a minimum of cost, the use of wires is necessary. But as an agency for communicating over wide stretches of water, with moving conveyances generally, for a host of maritime and military purposes, and for the broadcasting of information, radio today is rendering services of the greatest value, and all considerations point to the conclusion that in these fields its use will become of ever greater importance.

Lloyd M. Combs recently became manager at Dillon, Montana, and Olive C. Overby is chief operator and manager at Shelby, Montana.

This is a Real Compliment

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 22, 1921.

Editor, Monitor, Dear Sir:—Like the fall of a blossom, the sheen of the Rockies, the flutter of a snowflake—the smile of a cherub, came to my desk this morning, "The Monitor," born out there, where glorious nature holds one in a spell of joy, and calls and calls until he returns, another year.

Many trade journals, many periodicals—many books fresh from the press, come to my desk, but none—at least a very, very few—that equal in every manner of production—typographically, editorially, pictorially-scenic—The Monitor.

Allow me to congratulate you, and with you, those who so happily contribute to the publication. In a word, it is the best thing in its line I have seen.

Cordially,
SUNDAY EDITOR,
Omaha World-Herald.

Helping Our Good Friends

The following letter was received from the Secretary of the National Association of Letter Carriers:

"The Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.,
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs: "At a regular meeting of Branch No. 47 National Association of Letter Carriers, a motion was passed instructing the Secretary to send a letter of commendation to you upon the use of the new window envelope in mailing your monthly statements.

"Accept our thanks for this change which not only helps to more efficient work on the part of the Letter Carriers, but reacts in a better service.

Very truly yours,
J. C. Alderman, Secretary.

This letter has reference to the new mailing envelope, which does not have the transparent paper pasted to the window as formerly. The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company uses about 265,000 of these envelopes a month.

Speaking of postal matters, the following is taken from a monthly bulletin addressed by our Company to all of its managers:

"In order to cooperate with the Post Office Departments and do our part in helping to facilitate the prompt delivery of mails, it is recommended that all envelopes be addressed as follows:

Mr. John Doe, Assistant Treasurer,
The American Electric Company,
1950 Broadway,
New York City,
New York.

and not this way:

Mr. John Doe, Assistant Treasurer,
The American Electric Company,
New York City, New York.

Let all of us do our part to help our good friends in the Post Office Departments. Our Company is a big user of the mails, and it helps all of us to cooperate thus with the Government.

Another thing we can do is to spread the mail out and not let it pile up for one delivery to the Post Office at the close of the day.

Educational Department

Certificates issued from August 21st to September 20th, 1921:

PLANT COURSE NO. 2, SUBSTATION PRACTICE:

Hawley C. Taylor, Manager, Rigby, Idaho.

Care of Phone

Once every so often give the telephone a thorough washing in alcohol. Take off the mouth-piece and pour alcohol through the little holes into a saucer. Wash the receiver with a cloth wet with alcohol. Do not wipe the parts dry, but let the alcohol evaporate. Alcohol is one of the most effective antiseptics known.

Over-Indulgence

It was a slovenly but kind-hearted household.

"What shall we give the baby for his birthday present?" asked Ma.

"Oh," returned Pa, not bothering to take his feet from the dinner table, "we might wash the window and let him see the street car go by."—Service.

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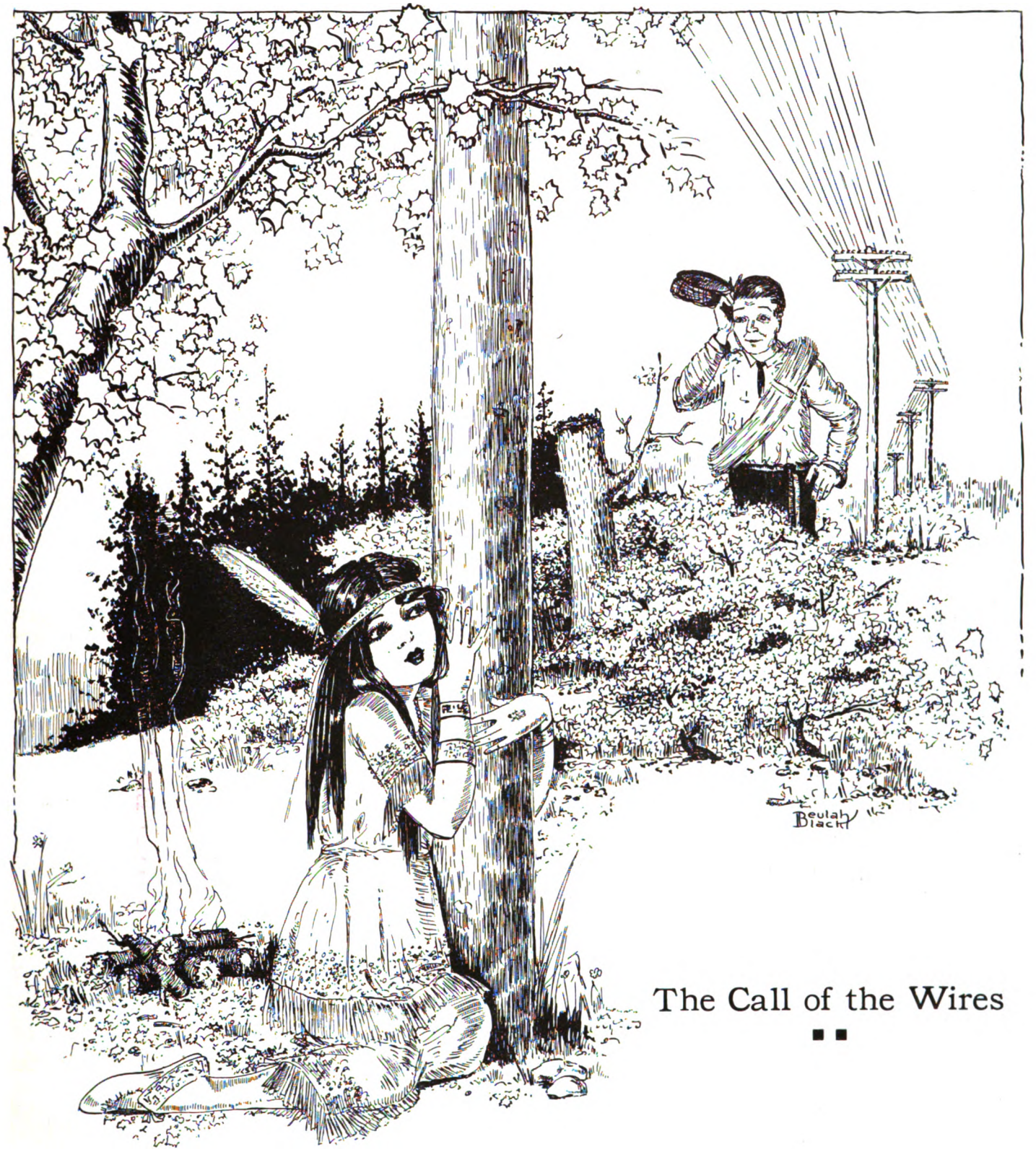

The Call of the Wires

■ ■

SHE

O, strange sweet sound from world unknown
That makes my heart respond;
I wonder what this world can be,
O'er mountains far beyond:
I'd like to leave my wooded haunt
And go to lands away---
For there, I'm told, I'd be content
Forever and a day.

HE

O, strange sweet nymph of fairyland,
You've set my heart awhirl---
I'd like to pitch my tepee here,
Far from the city's swirl;
For here I know I'd be content,
And here I'd ever stay---
That is, fair maid, if you were here---
Forever and a day.

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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The MONITOR

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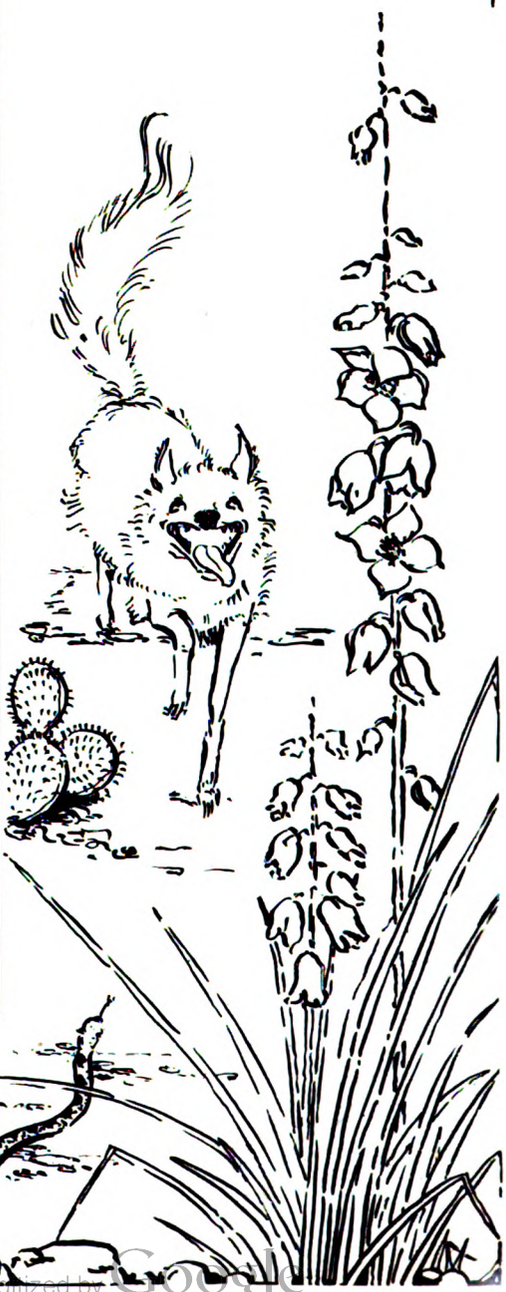

November 1921

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Telephone Surveyor At Work

THE telephone surveyor with his "tripod" and "plumb" is shown in the front cover photograph---the "hub stake" as his guiding point. How typical---how genuinely characteristic the poise and pose of this experienced "line-runner"---giving the "high sign" to the "stake driver." Across the bleak plains of the desert and over the mountain heights this sturdy and cautious path-finder directs the course of the wires that are to carry the "spoken word" and draw the human family closer together.

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Unknown by Name, Enshrined in Our Hearts

A FEW WEEKS ago an American sergeant in France looked through tear-dimmed eyes at four flag-draped caskets, and then laid a bouquet of roses on one of them. That one has been brought home—the "unknown" American soldier who on Armistice Day, 1921, will be laid to rest upon a hill overlooking the Potomac river opposite the City of Washington. The location and view have been called by travelers, one of the most beautiful in the world.

Here under the fine old forest trees of Arlington the brave unknown will be in illustrious company. On a grassy slope near the colonial mansion built by the Lee family of Virginia, is the grave of General Philip H. Sheridan, and the graves of other distinguished officers of the civil war. Further back from the river rest the bodies of two thousand unknown dead taken from the battlefields of that war. All about are rows upon rows of white stones, each marking the last resting place of a patriot and a hero. In a plot by themselves, together in death as in life, are the bodies of the men who went down with the Maine that dark night into the murky waters of Havana harbor. The beautiful river winds its way down among the Virginia hills, past Mount Vernon, the home and burial place of Washington, to the sea—and all is quiet along the Potomac where, after the shock of explosion and roar of battle, they sleep well.

Among those who will pay homage to the illustrious dead will be the most illustrious among the living. The day will be marked by appropriate ceremonies, and by means of the great advancement in the art of telephony and the Bell loud speaker. President Harding's funeral oration will be heard by hundreds of thousands of people in Arlington, New York, and San Francisco. For the entire country it will be a day of solemnity and serious thought. We will think of the mothers in our country whose hearts are filled with thankfulness that their boys came home; we will think tenderly and sympathetically of those other mothers whose sons did not come back, and especially of those whose boys were not identified even in death, and who will ponder the thought: "Is it my boy they are burying at Arlington today?" It will be a day of thankfulness, too, for the victory of our arms in 1918, and a day given to consideration of what we owe to the boys who contributed so largely to that victory. Also it will be a day of hope and prayer that the nations of the world will agree upon a plan for the limitation of armaments that will greatly minimize the danger of a powder magazine again being touched off, as it was in 1914. There are those who say this cannot be done, but has it ever been seriously and honestly tried? There are millions who believe it can and will be done; among them the mothers of our land and other lands—the mothers in France who said, when that nation paid tribute to the "unknown," "Is it my boy?" The mothers of the British Isles who, when the "unknown" was laid in Westminster Abbey, queried, "Is it my boy?" And the gold star mothers of our country, some of whom, on Armistice Day, will ponder sadly: "Is it my boy they are burying at Arlington?"

Make it Fifty-two No Accident Weeks

Are you tired of hearing about safety? Well, at any rate, we shall likely never hear the last of it, for we have safety clutches, safety razors, safety matches, and safety devices are being multiplied.

Every industrial and commercial concern, every railroad and steamship company, and what not, all over the world, would be glad to have fifty-two no accident weeks in the year. But, like the millennium, that time hasn't arrived yet. However, we can all think precaution—and that will help materially.

The season of snow and ice is approaching, and with it potentialities for accidents. It will be a time for extra precaution on slippery sidewalks. A time to watch the step—on the level, climbing a hill or climbing a pole.

We should think "Safety First" every day, and make it as near a no accident year as possible.

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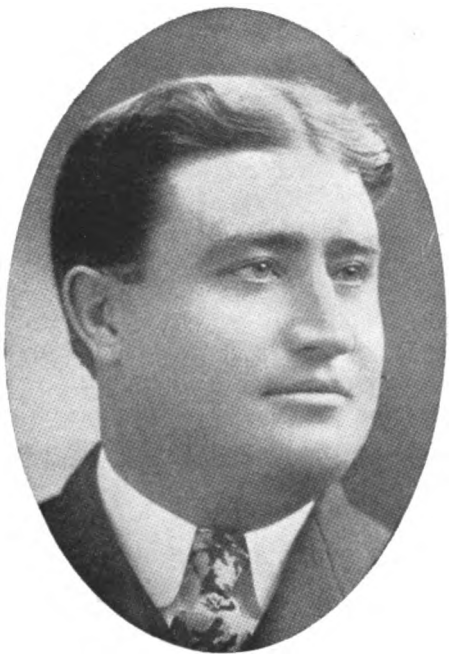
Look Who's Here, Right on the First Page



Murray MacNeill.

To be sure most of you have met Murray MacNeill, outside plant engineer, because he has been "on the road" for lo these many years, and is still a-goin'. Likewise you have met Ray M. Morris, general commercial engineer, because he has been around some. But, on the other hand, it wont hurt any to introduce them to you again—fine fellows, both of them—and every inch of them Bell Telephone men.

Murray MacNeill has been with this Company more than 24 years. He began in the construction department in 1897 as groundman, then lineman, and in 1901 was made a foreman. In 1903 he was promoted to the position of general foreman, and in 1906 was made construction engineer, which position he held until 1919, when the title was changed to that of outside plant engineer and rights-of-way man. The latter includes induction interference, construction engineering and fundamental plan work—all reporting to him.

Mr. MacNeill, during his long career as outside man, has practically been upon every foot of ground covered by our telephone lines in the seven states—he knows every nook and cranny—where every pole is set and, in the vernacular of the groundman, can "call them all by name." To use his own expression, "he grew up with the system," and either had to do with the construction or rebuilding of every line in the territory.

"In early days," said Mr. MacNeill, "long before automobiles were in use, we moved about with horses or on foot. I recall that at one stretch of time I constantly lived in a tent for three years and a half. Our horses were stabled under canvas, our men lived in the open, and as I look back today it seems to me that those years were among the happiest, healthiest and most prosperous of my life. We worked in snowstorms, rains, sleet, muck and dust—but we were all contented and willing to do our share in building a solid foundation for the great Company we now love so well. We ate wild meat—deer, antelope, grouse, sagehens and plenty of mountain trout. It was real pioneering. And there is considerable satisfaction and pride in knowing that of all the lines we built there has never been found cause to change any one of them, except to move over to public highways and section lines, here and there, where farming and irrigation have appeared and our poles were found to be in the way. You see, we used to run across country quite a little in the early days."

When The Monitor asked Ray Morris for a little insight to his telephone career he at first balked, because of his innate modesty; but when we asked him to lay his modesty on ice and "write it out himself," he consented, and this is what happened:

"It affords me no small amount of pleasure to know that my history is of sufficient value to be considered a good filler for The Monitor, with the understanding, of course, that if someone tells you a good joke between now and the date of issue preference will be given to the joke.

"The following is a brief apology for my career. When Ambition became master, like all others, I looked about for an opening and decided to get at the root of the telephone business; therefore, I started digging post holes in Kansas soil. After monopolizing all of the jobs in a small exchange of that state I went to Denver and timidly inquired at 1421 Champa Street if there was any work lying idle which they desired to have cleaned up. There was; and after working with a line gang helping to clean up a storm damage, I became stock man. That was in 1905. For some reason, probably a surplus of supplies, I was given the opportunity of taking a wire chief's job at Cripple Creek. The lure of gold was too strong and I succumbed. I spent a couple of years getting acquainted with the mines and miners, and when an opening as exchange manager in Cripple Creek

Ray M. Morris.

showed up I banked on the cordial relations which I had established among the people of this district to carry me through and decided to investigate the many mysteries hidden in the commercial department. In 1911 I was transferred to Durango as district manager, and for this transfer I can never thank the telephone company enough, because I found there the one little girl who has since reconstructed my life.

"Nothing more eventful occurred until February, 1916, when I went to Denver and worked for sixteen months on the Colorado rate case in the Commercial Engineer's office; during which time the company discovered that they did not need a district manager at Durango, which made it look bad for me. When the Colorado case was cleaned up, the only thing open for me was located in Montana. Naturally I grabbed this last straw and went to Helena, as division commercial superintendent. There I became involved with rate controversies and rate questions of a character similar to those I had just left in Colorado. I presume this accounts for the reason that at the present time I am open to suggestions as to proper rates, rules and regulations—the three R's—like those of Ben Read, Roderick Reid and Frederick Reid, that make our business possible.

"In closing I want to say for your information that I asked for work in the first instance, and since have never found it absent—in fact, in the telephone business it is always urgently present."

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"Circuits of Victory"

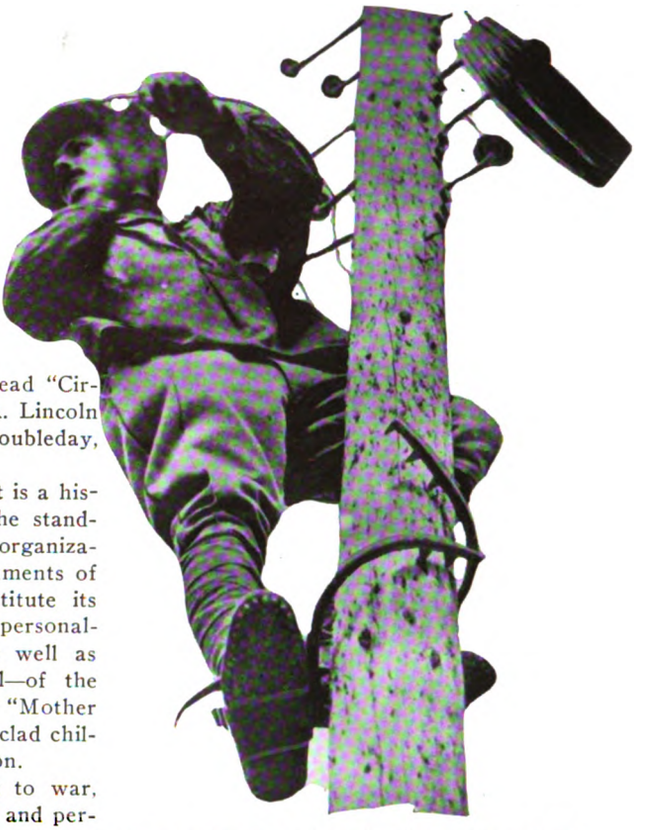
Bell Employes are Proud to Know this Story is a Part of American History.

Hanging in thousands of telephone offices throughout the United States is a framed copy of the War Department's citation of the Bell Telephone System.

Among the expressions used in this treasured document are "splendid personnel," "loyal support," "technical ability," "superb qualities," "phenomenal results," and "efficient and satisfactory manner in which it assisted in providing and maintaining the communication service at home."

No man or woman in the Bell System has more than an inkling of the details of war service that brought forth such an official testimonial. None of the 21,000 employees who, on a furlough basis, wore the service uniform at home and abroad, had the opportunity to comprehend more than a few of the plans, problems and achievements of those who engineered built and operated the systems of communications made necessary by the war emergency. Some 200,000 more have only vague impressions.

That is why every member of the Bell family will want to own and read "Circuits of Victory," by Captain A. Lincoln Lavine, just published by Doubleday, Page and Company.



French Pole Climber, Wearing "Crab Claws"

As its alluring title suggests, it is a history of the world war from the standpoint of communications. The organization and astonishing accomplishments of the U. S. Signal Corps constitute its broad subject. The character, personality, ideals—spiritual forces, as well as those intellectual and physical—of the institution affectionately called "Mother Bell" by thousands of her khaki-clad children in France, are its inspiration.

When the Bell System went to war, there was more than equipment and personnel in the mobilization. "How many of your people," an official of the A. T. & T. Company was asked, "are in the service?" "Over 200,000," was the answer. "Isn't that rather a large percentage?" asked the questioner. "It is exactly 100%," was the proud reply. But Captain Lavine writes with an acute consciousness that Bell methods, Bell standards, Bell devotion to duty were enlisted as well. He feels the institution's soul, besides seeing its substance. No telephone worker can read his tribute without a thrill of pride that such a story is part of American history.

1—Underground Switchboard Men of Company B, Ninth Field Signal Battalion, Commanded by Major D. B. Small, New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. 2—American Operators on Duty at St. Mihiel.

"Circuits of Victory" contains 51 chapters besides an introduction. No other conclusion can be reached after reading it than that had the telephone system in America not reached its present stage of development until some future date, the history of the World War might have been a different one indeed.

The first of the three main sections is called "Fingers of Destiny." It is a brilliantly written analysis of the situation in America from a communication standpoint during the period of America's neutrality. Contrasted with the years of preparation for war on Germany's part that made the conflict inevitable, is America's military unpreparedness, but with the telephone as an institution unifying the nation, abolishing sectionalism, and mobilizing public opinion. While Europe raged, the Bell System kept at its task of making American a nation of neighbors. The transcontinental line between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts was opened in January, 1915. Experiments in wireless telephony in transmitting human speech to such distant points as Paris and the Hawaiian Islands, had been successfully conducted by Bell engineers in October of that same year. A few months later, Secretary Daniels mobilized the Navy by utilizing the wires of the Bell System and its wireless telephony adjuncts. It was gradually realized by American military leaders that the United States was possessed of a system of electrical communication, the first line of offense and defense, whose strategic value

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"Back Yard Farming" in Denver

According to G. R. Armstrong, Denver plant, one does not necessarily have to live in the country, "far removed from the maddening throng" in order to do a little farming. Mr. Armstrong has just threshed his wheat crop for 1921, and the Monitor doesn't know how much he got per bushel for his product, but it is a fact that he "shelled out" 614 bushels from a small tract of 23 acres—an average of 27 bushels to the acre. And, mind you, his farm is located at 1500 South Steele street. That's his house number, and the farm lies adjacent. This is in the southeastern part of the city.

Farmer Armstrong Threshing His Backyard Wheat Crop.

In addition to the wheat yield Mr. Armstrong fed a goodly number of Governor Shoup's chickens (Chinese Pheasants) so he says. The wheat was Marquis, the king of hard wheats, and this year the mills paid a bonus for it. He also raised three and one-half acres of corn to feed the bacon and the cows; also such vegetables as will be needed for the winter—sweet potatoes, spuds, squash, onions, celery, kohl-rabi, beans, pumpkins, carrots, parsnips, egg plants, oyster plants, beets, endive, peppers, cabbage—and a lot of other good things—including a barrel of sauerkraut.

And, be it known that Farmer Armstrong lost no time at the telephone office on account of his backyard farming.

Circuits of Victory---A History Full of War Time Thrills

overwhelmingly surpassed anything of that kind any nation had to offer.

"In Part 2, "From Fingers to Fist," America goes to war. The part played by the telephone in mobilizing American industry and man-power is described with understanding and appreciation. The Bell System is shown in uniform, building telephone facilities for army camp, naval station and war communities with amazing speed, lending trained executive personnel for the government posts of tremendous responsibility, recruiting from its ranks under Colonel Carty's direction, the twelve famous Bell Battalions, and two Radio Companies, comprising specialists in every branch of the telephone business, whose exploits in construction, maintenance and operation soon amazed all France, and made the A. E. F. a cohesive fighting force.

Yankee Lineman on a French Pole Near Royaumeix, Meurthe et Moselle, France

Part 3, called "Fist," describes the mighty blow that turned back the Hun. It will give telephone workers a new and broader vision of America's contribution to the success of the Allies, for it particularly deals with the functioning of the communication systems of the American Army as it made its sensational advances at Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and at the Battle of the Meuse-Argonne. Captain Lavine, himself an overseas veteran, has some remarkable word-pictures in these chapters. His sense of dramatic values is acute. His knowledge of the problems of communication during these critical days is thorough. He lifts the curtain upon scenes of war in its naked hideousness, and in the foreground are telephone men stringing wire along roads clogged with trucks and marching soldiers, or operating the underground switchboards, or defying bullet and shell as they mend the open wire breaks, or joining the combat troops in the rush over the top, reeling out the twisted pair that will carry the news of objectives gained or help needed,—telephone men where the fight is fiercest, but armed with a test set instead of a rifle, or a pair of pliers instead of a pistol. These will be thrilling chapters to telephone workers, for they show the Bell "gang," as they call it at home, true to its creed as it fights the greatest sleet storm in history.

In "Circuits of Victory" Captain Lavine proves himself to be a fascinating story-teller as well as an historian. Woven into his narrative is the story of the wonderful accomplishments of the Western Electric Company in invention and manufacture. With appealing sincerity he narrates the fortunes of the devoted band of operators who went to France for special duty, whose first "Number, please?" after arrival evoked from some startled officer the fervent exclamation, "Thank God, you're here at last!" More than facts are imposingly marshalled in his pages. Hundreds of personalities walk across the screen. There are intimate touches that lighten every chapter. It is these touches, gleaned from a close study of government reports, the official historian of the Bell Battalions, and from personal accounts, that help so much toward making the book a vivid, swiftly moving story of the lives, struggles and accomplishments of telephone men and women, who undertook a task calling for almost superhuman effort, and who accomplished that task nobly.

Special arrangements have been made whereby this book, which will be sold at the book stores at $3.00, can be sold to any Bell employe for $1.75, delivered postage paid. You may order through the head of your department.

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REPORT OF NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF AWARD THEODORE N. VAIL MEDALS, 1920.

September 16, 1921.

To the Trustees, Theodore N. Vail Memorial Fund:

In the performance of its duty, the Committee of Award has been impressed by the fine spirit which prevails among the men and women of the Bell System. It has been clearly shown from the reports which the Committee has had the opportunity of examining, that loyalty and devotion to public service and disregard of self are the rule rather than the exception.

The Theodore N. Vail medals are intended to give some special recognition of noteworthy examples of public service which typify the most outstanding and inspiring acts of Bell System employees. Not all such acts can be recognized by medals, but awards have been made to emphasize in the minds of all the spirit of public service which is most inspiring.

In the award of gold and silver medals, the Committee has endeavored to designate, from among a large number of praiseworthy acts, a few of the most conspicuous instances in which this universal spirit is exemplified.

Naturally, the task has been a difficult one because comparison has been necessary between actions based on the highest intention but performed under a great variety of circumstances. We have endeavored to take into consideration, not only all the facts, but all the difficulties involved and the results achieved, drawing the line between instances of almost equal merit. In the awards which we have made, we believe that the highest ideals of the public service of telephone people has been exemplified.

Numerous acts of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of telephone people while not engaged in telephone service have been reported, but in the awarding of medals which are commemorative of Theodore N. Vail, it seems peculiarly fitting that acts of noteworthy public service in the performance of telephone duty should be specially considered. Mr. Vail's ideal was the development of the telephone for the highest possible public service and these medals are appropriate means for the perpetuation of that high ideal. The awards are as follows:

A gold medal, with the special cash award of $1,000 provided for presentation for a very exceptional act or service if and when the Committee deems an occasion deserves such recognition, to Mrs. Mildred Lothrop, Chief Operator, Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, Homer, Nebraska.

Citation.—For noteworthy public service, in the face of increasing personal danger and public disaster, displaying the highest courage, loyalty and devotion in saving human life.

After midnight on May 31, 1920, receiving word of an approaching flood she took her place at the switchboard, warning the people to flee for safety and calling for help from the surrounding country, continuing her efforts until the rising water disabled the switchboard, when she barely escaped from the flooded building.

Mrs. Kate Day, Matron Southwestern Bell Co., Dallas, Texas. Mrs. Mildred Lothrop, Chief Operator, Northwestern Bell Co., Homer, Nebraska. Miss Katherine Lund, Operator - in - Charge, Bell of Penna., Mahaffey, Pa.

John E. Moran, Section Lineman, Syracuse, N. Y.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Fred J. L. Bayha, Combination Man, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, East Providence, R. I.

Citation.—For intelligent initiative and prompt action in an emergency.

On January 29, 1920, while in the discharge of his duty, he entered a burning house, rescued a small child from a smoke-filled room, called for medical assistance, gave aid and comfort to a fatally burned woman, and alone put out the fire.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Charles N. Cox, Manager-Repairman, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, Harlingen, Texas.

Citation.—For prompt and intelligent action in the service of the public.

On December 16, 1920, while locating toll line trouble near a railroad, he found a broken rail, climbed a pole and by means of his test set notified the train dispatcher, then remained on guard until railroad employees arrived, thus preventing the wreck of a heavily loaded passenger train.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Mrs. Kate Day, Matron, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, Dallas, Texas.

Citation.—For coolness and courage in behalf of others in a time of danger.

At 1:45 A. M. on April 15, 1920, during a fire which destroyed the Blue Bell Lodge, an operators' home in Dallas, she promptly marshalled the forty-five occupants, so that a panic was impossible, directed them in an orderly manner from the burning building and did not leave until, at personal risk, she had made sure that all were safe.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Frank H. Forrest, Manager, Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, Dakota City, Nebraska.

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Left to Right—Frank C. Well, Lineman, Pittsburgh, Bell of Penna.; P. W. Oldfield, Cable Splicer, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., New York Tel. Co.; Fred J. L. Bayha, Combination man, East Providence, R. I., New England Co.; Charles N. Cox, Manager-Repairman, Southwestern Bell, Harlingen, Texas.

Citation.—For courage and devotion to duty in the service of an isolated and threatened community.

On June 1, 1920, at the risk of his life, he fought his way for miles through a flooded valley, to reach the stricken town of Homer, where he reestablished, by telephone, communication with the outside world, summoned aid and assisted in the work of restoration.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Harold E. LaBelle, Manager, The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Tooele, Utah.

Citation.—For his fortitude and devoted service in behalf of a fellow employee.

On December 12, 1920, after being out nearly all night in a blizzard, locating line trouble, and although suffering from exposure, he sought and rescued from freezing an injured and helpless companion, carrying him in the darkness for more than a mile over rough swamp, and driving with him twenty-four miles for medical attention.

Frank H. Forrest, Manager, Dakota City, Nebraska, Northwestern Bell Co.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Miss Katharine Lind, Operator-in-Charge, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, Mahaffey, Pennsylvania.

Citation.—For devotion to duty and unfailing courage in an emergency.

On June 26, 1920, when the town of Mahaffey was swept by a conflagration, she hastened to the threatened telephone building, where she remained alone at the switchboard, notifying the anxious townspeople of the progress of the fire apparatus which had been summoned from other towns; maintaining service despite the rapid spread of the fire around her.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to John E. Moran, Section Lineman, American Telephone and Telegraph Company (Long Lines Department), Syracuse, New York.

Citation.—For a fine act of service in an emergency.

On October 6, 1920, while working on the telephone lines in the neighborhood of Eagle Village, New York, he witnessed a serious automobile accident, with promptness and foresight utilized his equipment to rescue two persons from the overturned car, summoned medical and other aid, and by first-aid treatment saved the life of one of the victims.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to P. W. Oldfield, Cable Splicer, New York Telephone Company, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Citation.—For intelligent initiative and prompt action in the saving of human life.

On August 21, 1920, while testing lines at Wappingers Falls, N. Y., receiving a cry on the wire that an electric light employee was in contact with a dangerous current, he at once had the power shut off, summoned a doctor and, driving rapidly to the scene, rescued the unconscious man from the pole where he was hanging by a safety belt.

A silver medal, with a cash award of $250, to Frank C. Wells, Lineman, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Harold E. LaBelle, Manager, Tooele, Utah, Mountain States Co.

Citation.—For prompt and fearless action in saving the life of a fellow employee.

On July 8, 1920, when another lineman by accident came in contact with a circuit carrying a dangerous electric current, at the risk of his own life he cut the heavily charged wire and released his already unconscious companion, whom he then resuscitated.

J. J. CARTY,
J. D. ELLSWORTH,
MARY T. REUSE,
H. B. THAYER,
Committee.

Nothing venture, nothing have.—French.

Follow the river and you will get to the sea.—Gaelic.

Two eyes see more than one.—Portuguese.

Remember: As we think, so will we act. Thoughts become actions, actions become habits, habits form your character. Character is what you are, it is immortal.—Contributed.

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Betty Devine "Covers" Denver Commercial Department

By Betty Devine

Now Miss Betty, said the editor to me "tother" day, and there was something in his tone of voice I didn't just like; it was serious and when the editor gets serious, it's time to reach for your favorite sofa pillow or something equally soft to light upon when the blow falls.

Yes, his first few words impressed me that he was "vurra, vurra" serious but I later determined that his sense of humor was having full play when he added: "I want a story on this office over here at 1429 Champa street."

"Wh----what?----F--fourteen twenty-nine Champa street—wh-why that's the Commercial office," I gasped incredulously.

"I don't care what it is—I want a story on it for the next Monitor," replied his August Majesty with a note of finality in his voice and an attitude which said plainly "This is my busy day—don't park here," and which had the effect of pushing me out thru the door with the same sort of sickening, sinky sensation the cub reporter feels when he suspects the editor has steered him against an assignment which is sure to wreck all his literary hopes and ambitions by skidding him clear off the paper.

In other words, an assignment which is bound to make one's downfall so complete and unmistakable as to permit of no defense thereby automatically removing one from the staff—and even the crowded ranks of aspirants.

Mary E. Doran, at the Rotary File.

So much for the case of your little friend "Betty" for confidentially I rather like Dean Clark—and you know he's in charge of the office over there at 1429 Champa street—and you may also know it's next to impossible to write a story which in any way touches or centers about the activities of one in whose favor you're a bit prejudiced without letting a little sentimentalism filter thru to say nothing of smearing it all over the story. I hate to brag but you see I'm just smart enough to suspect that the editor knew I was a bit partial to the man in charge of that office and that it was with malice aforethought he handed me the assignment.

"Well," I thought, "at least I'll die a hero—facing the gun" so pulling the crimps out of my spine and trying to assume a detached, purely "impussonal" air I made straight for the Commercial office where for some days I stuck as closely as poor relatives to the rich uncle hovering close to a halo.

Top to Bottom—Elsie Nadine Thorieke, Genevieve M. Stratton, Ruth Ellis Glenn.

If there's one thing I always like better than any other—it's a parade, whether it's the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Ku Klux Clams and there's one continuous parade in that Commercial office.

Honestly after a couple of days there, one decides definitely that no species is extinct: All types and nationalities and all the various stages of the evolution of man are contacted in this office. Needless to state it's an interesting place. Fact is I don't believe that I ever quite appreciated the saying "It's a great life if you don't weaken" until I played a few one day stands in the Commercial office.

And my, my, isnt it amazing how reckless some folks are with the family skeleton? Why they come in and dangle it right across the counter—spilling all their troubles and neighborhood differences into the ears of those fellows until

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Inside the Counter, Contract Department.

I wasn't surprised at the number of bachelors in that department. Why if business keeps up as it did during my brief career on the counter it will take more than an expert angler to land Bridges Read, Paul Andrew and Frank Chittenden in a matrimonial net.

There's the poor little hen-pecked chap who timidly approaches the counter man and gently confides in his ear the fact that his wife is very active in club and suffrage circles which necessitates her going out and giving talks of an evening while he stays at home to look after the kiddies and that they simply must have a telephone so she can "ring in" every hour or so to make sure he is on the job.

Then approaches the irate wife (nope not of the meek and lowly husband aforementioned) but of an all around good fellow whose business interests demand that he gets out and circulates about a bit at night with friends at the various clubs and who tho loath (?) to do so is obliged to leave his wife alone often until the wee sma' hours. She confides with equal frankness, her plight to the long suffering young man at the counter in a heart-rending appeal for a telephone—as a means of protection in lonely hours and incidentally checking on husband.

Suddenly the air seems charged with electricity and the counter man accustomed to sudden changes in temperature scents a storm—trouble—as a big blustery fellow looking as if he could snap at and swallow you with one mouthful rips out a few words that would have to be printed on an asbestos mat and demands to know why he can't get a telephone when he has had an order in for one for six months and the party just moving in next door to him got one immediately.

With considerable difficulty the counter man explains that the party next door did not get new service, but merely had his service moved, having been a subscriber for many years with his telephone located in another part of the city.

As the smoke clears away with the departure of the pacified applicant a sweetly simple young creature all fluffed up and beruffled appears upon the scene to explain how she was deliberately cut off in the midst of her conversation by an impudent operator who flatly refused to connect her again unless she deposited another nickel. Of c-o-u-r-s-e, she explains bestowing all the wiles of a dimpled baby-doll smile on the young bachelor (who feels himself skidding and hastily puts on his chains) that it isn't the nickel she cares for—but the principle of the thing." The young bachelor behind the counter proceeds to draw from her the fact that she was talking from a public pay station and that she had only been talking six or eight minutes at the most when she was rudely interrupted by the operator. Then he explains, as patiently as tho he hadn't gone thru the same line a hundred or more times, that calls from public pay stations are all limited to five minutes in order to protect the public from the annoyance and inconvenience of waiting fifteen to thirty minutes for perhaps emergency use of a public telephone while a couple of sweet young girls gossip and giggle over events of the evening before.

Brr—! another cold wave heralds the approach of the thin-lipped, cadaverous looking chap who wants his telephone moved—rush—right now, as he's moving his offices this afternoon and will suffer great business loss unless his telephone is moved along with him. He's a man of big business—he admits it—and since there is no law against thinking, the counter man can't help wondering how he can be such an important factor in the business world when tho having arranged more than two weeks ago to move his business he will completely overlook what he insists is of most vital interest to the success of his business—the moving of his telephone—until a few hours before his departure for the new offices.

The fact that the Plant department has 900 orders ahead of his is of no interest to him, what he wants is his own telephone regardless.

After a few moments coaching by the counter man, he suddenly steps out of his own light long enough to get a slant on the situation from the other man's corner and while still arguing the urgent need of quick action in his case admits quite freely that it's his own fault, an oversight on his part not to have considered the company and the physical impossibility in a city the size of Denver of moving everyone's telephone on a few hours notice.

And so he leaves—disappointed to be sure—but with a kindly understanding of the trials of the telephone Company and the counter man checks off to his credit, another convert while he musters a smile of greeting for the little lady who looms on the horizon equipped with a bill and a firm resolve to have justice meted out to her in the matter of an alleged overcharge for calls which she never used. She had a piece of paper right by the telephone and jotted down every call she made so that her account was

(Continued on page 37)

Outside the Counter in Contract Department.

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Public Switchboard Demonstration Makes Hit

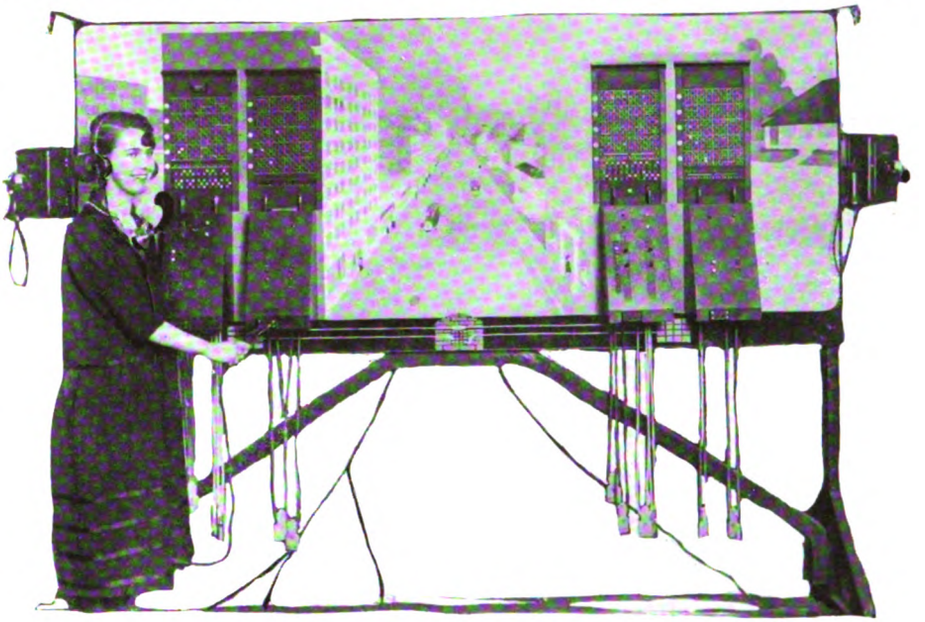
"Telephone Switchboard Demonstration," is the stage title of a performance recently arranged for public entertainment, and its first appearance was before a meeting of the American Bell club, in the cafeteria room at the Main building, Denver, on the night of October 20. In addition to the switchboard demonstration a highly entertaining program was rendered by telephone employes, winding up with cider, doughnuts and pumpkin pie. About 200 were present.

The prime object of the switchboard demonstration is to give it before public audiences in Denver. The telephone demonstration is made on four panels of an actual switchboard, embracing the A and B boards. Explanations of just how a telephone call is made from one subscriber to another, how the connections are made by the operator, and something of the intricate mechanism and manipulations of the switchboard are given the audience in a very entertaining and instructive manner by one of the Company's operators. Information is also given as to the number of calls made in a day, the number of miles of wire strung overhead and underground in Denver and other items of general interest to the public.

In addition to the switchboard demonstration a full evening's entertainment is given, if desired, entirely by telephone employes. This consists of solos, duets, character dancing, comedy reading, jazz and classic orchestra, moving pictures, etc. Lodges, churches, community clubs, schools, business enterprises or any place where the show can be given may secure this performance on application, free of charge.

The first appearance given before the A. B. club was a success, and proved highly entertaining. On the following night, October 21, the same demonstration and performance was given at the Masonic Temple in South Denver, on invitation of the local Eastern Star, and further popularity of the entertainment is shown in several other invitations, one of them coming from the Gates Rubber Company for the evening of November 2, where the entire evening's entertainment was given.

The Publicity Department is responsible for the inauguration of this unique innovation in Denver—that of taking the telephone switchboard to the public, rather than inconvenience the public to come to some of the exchanges to witness the operations of a switchboard. In this the Traffic Department, the Commercial, the Plant, the Personnel—in fact every part of the telephone system is interested and is asked to contribute to the program. So far the entire program has been made up by volunteer talent.



Demonstration Board, and Miss Edabelle Nissen, Demonstrator.

"The Best in the World"

If all of my fellow-employes could get the same impression that I have in mind about the management of this Bell System and its service, I think they would all feel like the young fellow in the battery factory. I have a friend who sells automobile batteries. He was at my house the other evening and he told me of an incident which occurred during a recent visit to the factory in Louisville, Kentucky. He was to have an interview with the general manager of the concern, but being early for his appointment, it was suggested that he take a look through the factory for half an hour. As he walked along, he asked questions of the men at the machines. Finally he came to a red-headed, freckle-faced lad who was working at a lathe. "Young man, what are you doing; what is your particular job?" inquired my friend. Quick as a flash the lad replied, "I am helping to make the best damn battery in the world." Now, you see what I mean. When all of us feel that way about our product, and about our Company, won't the public be forced into feeling the same way?—Mountain States Publicity Manager.

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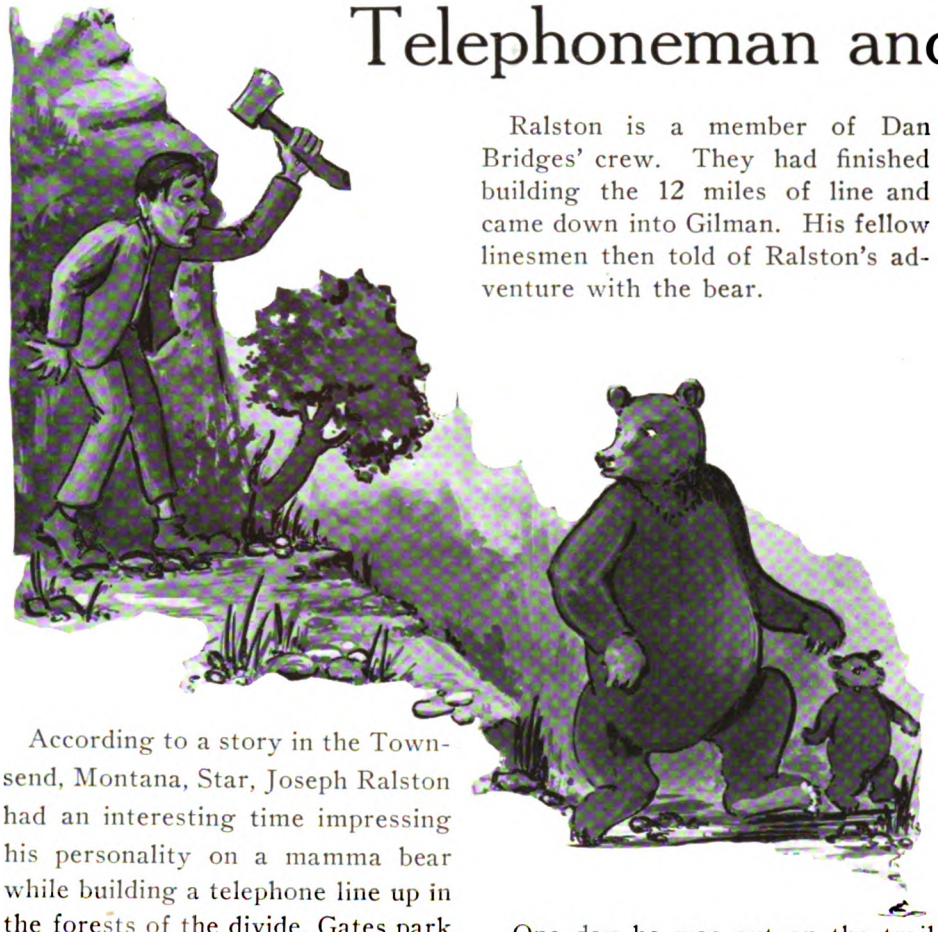
Telephoneman and a Real Bear



According to a story in the Townsend, Montana, Star, Joseph Ralston had an interesting time impressing his personality on a mamma bear while building a telephone line up in the forests of the divide, Gates park and Spotted Bear pass, one day recently. Ralston finally impressed enough respect upon the beast to be left alone when the encounter had reached the critical stage where he had his back up against a steep bank and no other weapon to defend himself but an axe.

Ralston is a member of Dan Bridges' crew. They had finished building the 12 miles of line and came down into Gilman. His fellow linesmen then told of Ralston's adventure with the bear.

One day he was out on the trail of the telephone line where his work required the use of the axe. Just over a little windfall, he ran across the bear and her cubs.

It was impossible for him to run and the other men were some distance away and he had to face the music. The old bear made for him and when within striking distance rose up on her hind legs to finish him.

Ralston stood facing her, and swung his axe in front of her, carefully refraining from striking her, and backing up all the time. When outside of striking distance the bear would come down on all fours and make for him again, and then when close up would rise on her hind legs to strike. These maneuvers were repeated a number of times until finally Ralston had his back up against a steep bank, and he could go back no further.

All this time the bear was making a great noise and Ralston was not entirely silent himself, and it attracted the attention of the rest of the party, who were coming to the rescue.

Just at this time, when the bear had Ralston in a corner and he could not move, she decided to call the scrap off and turned around and went back to her cubs.

Whether she had decided that Ralston was far enough away from her cubs, or had smelled the other men coming to the rescue or after her young ones, and decided to quit is not known, but it let Ralston out of a tight place.

In One Man's Life

A year and a half ago the great captain of the telephone industry passed to his rest. He had made history for his country, and had fought a good fight and a long one.

The thought of anything so set and formal as a cut and dried biography of his life was distasteful to Theodore N. Vail, and he so expressed himself shortly before he died. However, a very interesting and human narrative of Mr. Vail's life and achievements has been compiled by Albert Bigelow Paine, and this book, entitled "One Man's Life," is just off the press. It is a splendid book to be in the hands of telephone men and women. In a simple, intimate way it tells how Mr. Vail succeeded in making "neighbors of one hundred million people," and of his early but unconscious preparation for his great work. It is a very complete story of the telephone development of our country, as captained by Theodore N. Vail.

The book contains 376 pages of text and eight illustrations, and is bound in full cloth. The maroon covers are lettered in gold and the front is stamped with an embossed facsimile of the portrait medallion struck off in honor of Mr. Vail's achievements.

"In One Man's Life" may be procured by any of our Mountain States people by filling out an application blank which may be obtained from the employee's immediate supervisor. A special price of $2.50 has been made to Bell System employees.

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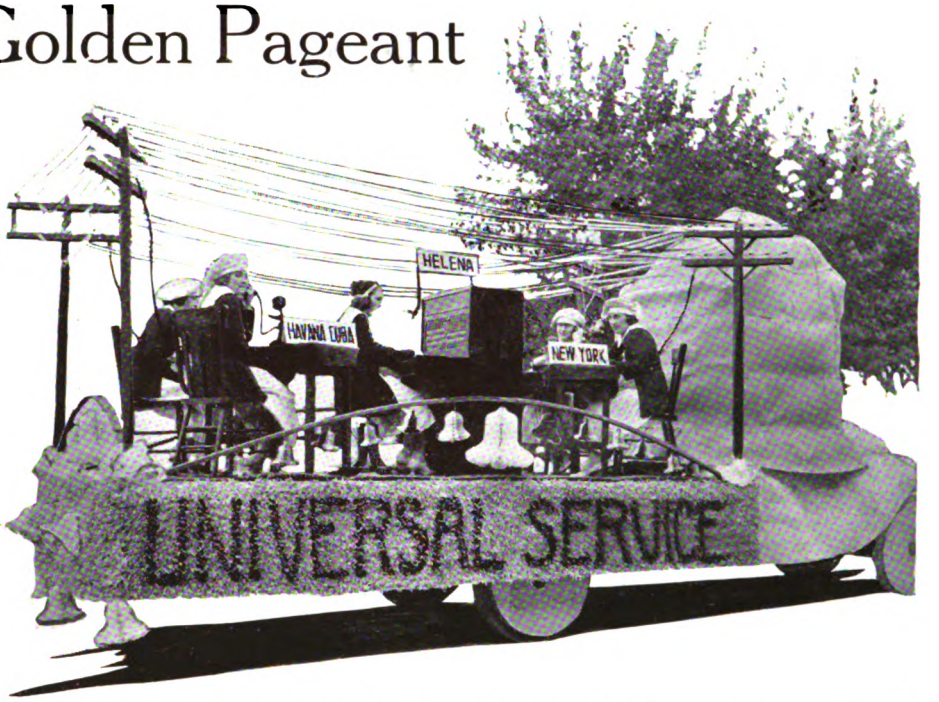
Helena Holds Golden Pageant



The second annual Golden Glow Pageant and coronation of "Miss Helena II, Queen of the Golden Glow," held during State Fair week at Helena was the most beautiful witnessed in this section of the country according to the dispatches of the Associated Press sent broadcast through the length and breadth of the United States, and rivalled in beauty and splendor, if not in length the annual Rose Festivals of Portland and Pasadena.

Silver loving cups were the trophies awarded to the victors in the various classes and The Mountain States Company with its float depicting universal service was awarded first prize in the public utilities division amongst a large field of contenders, with the State Capitol entry a close second. This is what might be termed "turning the tables," as last year the Capitol was awarded first prize, while we had to be content with the second.

The float which was designed and decorated by W. T. Hummell, R. J. Conrad, O. F. Benson, G. F. Lewis, E. L. Holden, W. R. Dressler, E. A. Murphy, Miss Edna McCreanor and Miss Lillian Van Wart was the occasion of many comments from the spectators lining the route of the procession.

The center of the platform held a switchboard with an operator representing Helena, connected with the four corners of the country, represented by the cities of New York, Seattle, Los Angeles and Havana, Cuba. Four miniature poles and cross-arms were placed at each corner of the platform with golden strands running between. A young lady was seated in each corner with a desk stand on a table in front of her, and during the time the pageant was in progress they were busy talking over the telephone to each other. Over the hood of the automobile was placed a huge blue bell and suspended from the platform to the ground was a panel of blue with the words "Universal Service" worked in Golden Glows. The young ladies on the float were the Misses Edna McCreanor, Margaret Hodge, Treva Durkee, Hazel Duncan and Beatrice Scholz.

The citizens of Helena are to be congratulated on the public spiritedness which annually prompts them to give freely of their time and money for the pleasure and enjoyment of the thousands of visitors who flock to its portals during this pageant. The staging of such a spectacle as this was is sufficient to dispel the gloom of the proverbial hard times. People who can and will undertake such a gigantic and stupendous affair representing the expenditure of thousands of dollars during these times of unsettled conditions are doing much toward bringing back normal conditions.

The line of march led to the State Fair where Governor Dixon of Montana crowned the Queen and announced the winners of the trophies. The same evening the Coronation Ball was held in the new spacious Shrine Temple. This event is the premier social event of the year in the state and was attended by throngs of dancers and spectators who gathered to pay their respects to the Queen of "The City of the Golden Glow."

In passing it might be of interest to the readers of the Monitor to know that the idea of the selection of a queen of the Golden Glow, each year in Helena, culminating in the coronation, pageant and coronation ball was the idea of E. A. Murphy of the Division office in Helena, who as Chairman of the Publicity Committee of the local Chamber of Commerce worked out the idea and details, which has done much toward making Helena nationally known on account of this annual floral pageant.

Briefs From Helena

The sympathy of the entire Helena exchange and the Division office is extended to Miss Kelley in the loss of her mother and to Miss Barclay in the loss of her father. Both young ladies are greatly admired by their friends who sympathize with them in their sorrow.

The Misses Langley and Julia Anderson were elected by the Helena operators to represent them on the Welfare Committee which meets each month to discuss ways and means for bettering service, social relations and friendships. They replace Miss Oppel and Miss Margaret Kelly. Miss Scheewe is the third member of the committee.

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O Say Can You See

Wot you doin' chile?

Nothin', mammy.

My, but you is gittin' like yoh fatheh!

Please Pass the Butter

After a girl gets on the shady side of twenty-five, she drops the affinity business and begins to hustle around for an ordinary bread-winner.—Selected.

One Is a-Plenty

Boss—"What do you mean by such language? Are you the manager here, or am I?"

Jones—"I know I'm not the manager."

Boss—"Very well then; if you're not the manager, why do you talk like a blamed idiot?"

Safety First

They were standing at the front gate.

"Won't you come in and sit down a little while, George, dear?"

"N-no, I guess not," said George, hesitatingly.

"I wish you would," the girl went on. "It's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is upstairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs."

"Both legs?" asked George.

"Yes, both legs."

"Then I'll come in a little while."

Up and Down

Hubby—"Are you going to dress up for the party tonight?"

Wifey—"No; down."

And He Got It

He had not been long demobilized and was anxious to get his telephone call to Earling exchange through quickly and without mistake. This is the way he did it:

"E for 'Enry. A wot 'orses eat, L where yer goes to, I wot ye see wiv, N as lays an egg, and G whiz."

He got it right away.—Exchange.

On the Roundup

Editor Monitor:—One of the stenographers on the Eighth floor of the Main building in Denver certainly missed her calling. Judge for yourself from the following bit of clever verse which she wrote recently. She says she got the inspiration from watching one of the girls in the office. Here it is:

"Mary had a little calf,
So shapely, don't you see.
They tell me that's the reason why
Her dress comes to her knee."

Mona Liza.

Synonymally Speaking

A colored lady who had been riding on the street car for several blocks approached the conductor and said:

"Mistah Con-ductah, will you all please pospone me at the next street?"

"Pospone you?" exclaimed the conductor; "what do you mean, pospone?"

"Ah, gwan, you white ignoramosity, you all cant flushcate me—Ah knows what pospone means—hit means put off, and you all bettah pospone me gently, too."

Moving Pictures

A Denver Commercial employe says his wife is such a moving picture fiend that she makes him get a stepladder once a week and change them all around.

Among the Dead

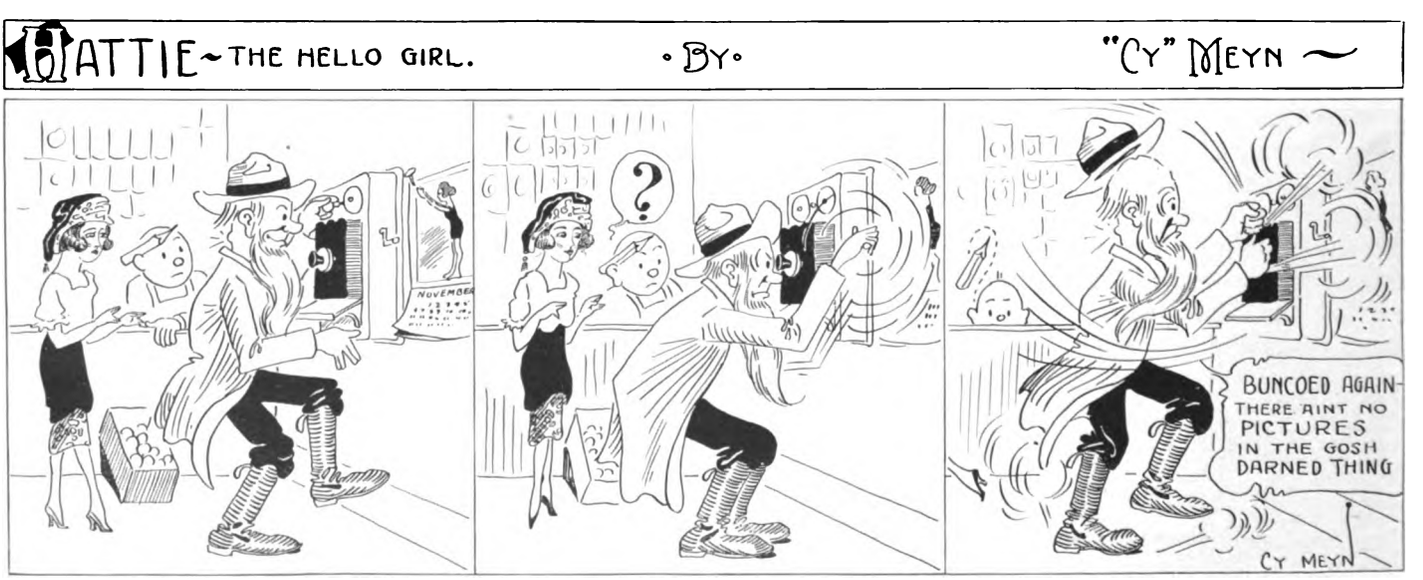
A Phoenix toll operator, trying to follow the routine of using codes as far as possible in entering reports on the back of toll tickets, made the following entry: "35 ux fc dead - (36)," which means, "Not expected today; he can be located among the dead."

Telephone Cake

A Denver bride has named her first cake the "Telephone Cake," because she made it according to directions given her over the telephone, by her kind auntie.

An Ode to Home Brew

When the world seems dark and dreary,
And the sun forgets to shine,
When there's no one calls you "dearie,"
No one says that "you are mine,"
When your cigarette is tasteless,
And you can't find any fun,
'Tis then you say "it's lucky,
That my home brew is done."
When the sun is singing brightly,
And the birds begin to shine,
When the bees are blooming sweetly,
And the leaves begin to dine,
When the flowers in the morning,
With speech become imbued,
'Tis then I know it's time for me,
To cut out "hooch" home brewed.



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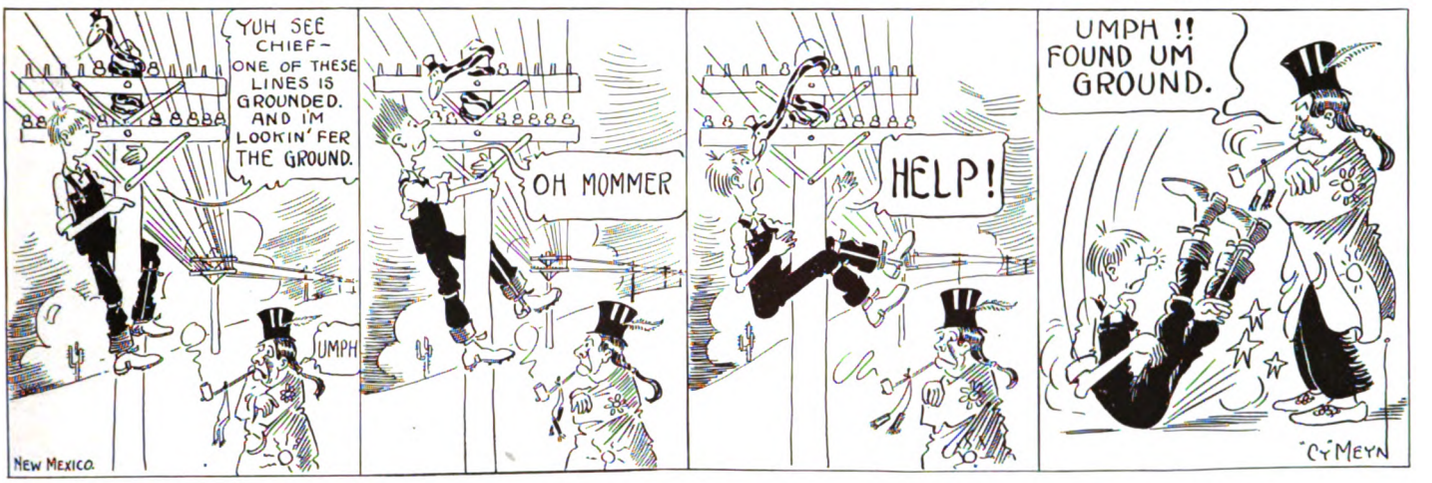
Careless Cal By Cy Meyn



Adam's Advantage

Whatever troubles Adam had,
This must have made him sore,
When he and Mother Eve fell out
He couldn't slam the door.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
And he had some, I 'spose,
He never sat behind a hat
At moving picture shows.
—Houston Post.

Whatever troubles Adam had
He always had a chance,
For sure he never had to fear
That Eve would wear the pants.
—New Oleans Item.

Whatever troubles Adam had
He didn't have to shiver
Out upon a mountain road
Patching tires for a flivver.
—La Jolla, Cal., Journal.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
(We know he must a-had 'em)—
His mother never spanked his pants
Before he'd time to pad 'em.
—The Office Boy.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
They cannot equal mine,
For I am up against a wag
Who shares my party line.

What Mary Had

Mary had a swarm of bees,
She loved their buzzing lives;
They, too, loved their Mary, 'cause
Their Mary had the hives.
—Washington Times.

Mary wore two silken sox,
Rolled down below her knee;
But Mary once had chicken pox,
Which spoiled the scenery.
—Carnegie Puppet.

Mary had a little lamp,
She had it trained, no doubt,
For every time I call on her
The little lamp goes out.
—Ohio Sun Dial

Mary had a little waist
Where nature made it grow,
But everywhere the fashion went
The waist was sure to go.
—Tennessee Mugwump.

Mary had a little hair
She wound around her ear;
She lost a chance to win a home
Because she couldn't hear.

Excuse It, Please

The electrician had arrived home at 1 a. m. and was preparing to undress when his wife glared at him and said:

"Watts the matter? Wire you insulate?"

But the shock was too great. The electrician dropped dead.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

My Window-Box

I've a wee box in my window,
Where a tiny garden grows;
A pansy plant and some mignonette—
A beautiful, fragrant rose.
Last night, a great, gaudy spider
Arrived there to spin her web,
Just as the stars hung their lanterns,
And weary, I sought my bed.
I dreamed that the spider fashioned
Wee, silken telephone wires
Because 'twas ordered to do so
(One of my tenant's desires—
My garden's wee tenant so fair)
And while in slumber I lay
I eavesdropt, for I was eager
To hear what she had to say.
First came a faint jingle, jangle,
From the blue-bell at the switch;
Then came the softest of voices
(That hardest heart might bewitch);
And the pansy said: "I've been keeping
Your face each hour in my thoughts!"
A pause—then sweetest of answers
Was o'er the silken wire caught.
In perfumed breath's low, clear whisper
Came dearest words that one knows—
All vibrant, tingling with music;
"I love you, dear!" said the rose.
I awoke and thought in darkness
Of you—away off somewhere,
I wondered how you were faring,
(You know how deeply I care!)
And if "thoughts are things," I'm knowing
You'll get a message from me;
For I have sent you a wireless—
My fingers still on the key.
Swift to your heart I have sent it—
One pansy thought to disclose
And I'm wondering whether you'll answer;
"I love you!" as did the rose.

Telephone Sonnets

Wouldst thou learn how to use the phone? Take heed,
The key is simply this—raise the receiver
From off the nickeled hook, when presently
The operator questions, "Number Please?"
Speak, not too fast, but slowly and with ease,
And if perchance wrong number you are given,
Say not that "with such service you'll be driven
To hardened beverages." Make this your creed:
"I will not flash upon receiver hook,
And, waiting for an answer, will not swear
That I have waited patiently and long,
But to the girl will plainly speak, and look
For service that is quite beyond compare.
In this way I will help the game along.
F. T. D. SALT LAKE.

It Can't Be Done

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a butcher shop.

"How much will you give me," he said.

"Three dollars a week, but what can you do to make yourself useful around a butcher shop?"

"Anything."

"Well, be specific. Can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on three dollars a week," said the boy.—Louisville Trolley Topics.

He that would look before him must look behind him.—Gaelic.

Some favorite expressions and pastimes of the General Manager's Department

	Expression	Pastime
Miss Bair	"Man, I'll kill you"	Eating Peanuts
Mr. Porter	"Treat 'em rough"	"Kidding" Miss Hierman
Miss Hierman	"See the pretty mountains...	Taming Mr. Porter
Mr. Hutchison	'How Come"	Hunting Mistakes
Mr. Croke	"Say, Mac"	Prize Fights & Moustaches
Mr. McCarthy	'This thing is Kapookmacken"	Making estimates
Mr. Gilland	"Something's wrong"	Driving his Ford
Mr. Morris	"That can't be"	Smiling
Mr. Trask	"D *****"	Working like H——
Miss Porter	"O, Lady"	Riding in Fords
Mr. Miller	"Have you got a moment?"	Matching Nickels
Mr. Albert	"Say mistah!"	The Dutch Mill
Miss Braun	"Could you ever stand it?"...	Magazines
Miss Lynch	"Of all the simps"	Fighting with Mr. Hutchison
Miss Murray	"You know me"	Robbing her bank
Miss Schweiger	'Doesn't my hair look awful?"	Hunting patterns
Miss McInerney	"Lend me your pencil	Teaching Sunday School
Miss Waskey	'He's class"	"Dishing" scandal
Miss Erb	"I'm Hungry"	Drawing ladies' heads

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President H. B. Thayer Pays us A Visit

President H. B. Thayer.

President H. B. Thayer and Vice-president W. S. Gifford, of New York City, recently made a visiting trip across the continent, stopping at several points along the line of the Bell System, including Denver and Salt Lake City, in the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company territory. While in Denver, as guests of President Ben S. Read, they were given a dinner at the Brown Palace hotel October 1, to which supervisory heads of the various departments in this city were invited, about seventy-five being present.

Mr. Read presided and in turn introduced heads of the various departments, beginning with Vice-president E. M. Burgess, General Manager F. H. Reid, and so on, until each one had been given an opportunity of explaining, in brief, the organization of their several departments. This was done that Mr. Thayer and Mr. Gifford might have a picture of the Company's plan of organization. Following this phase

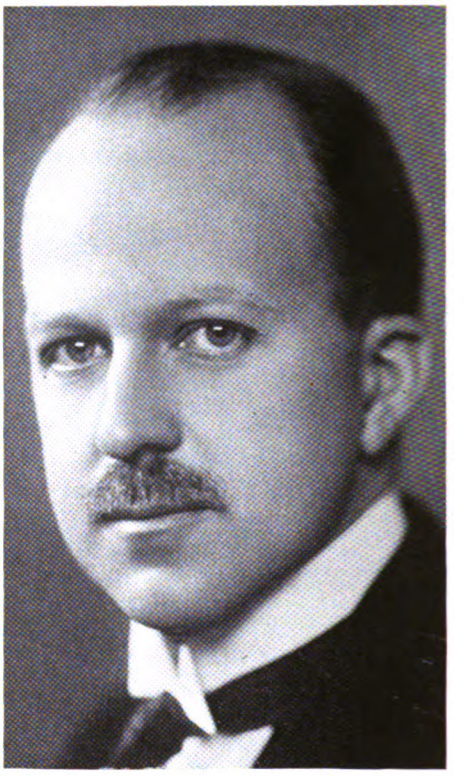
If Mr. Thayer Found Time to Sleep while in the West it Must Have Been Between Stations

of the program Mr. Read introduced Mr. Gifford, who made a very pleasing talk, touching upon the financial status of the A. T. & T. Company.

One of the interesting facts brought out in these talks was a statement that the average period of service in our Company by the seventy-five employes present, was twenty years.

"There are more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock," said Mr. Gifford, "and the average number of shares per stockholder is about 29, and, do you know, the majority of stockholders are women! These stockholders are scattered through every State in the Union—neighbors of the people who are telephone users. There are more than 24,000 employes of record who have fully paid for stock and hold their certificates; and some 24,000 have been purchasing stock by deductions from salary for more than a year and a half. These do not include the subscriptions received since May 1st this year. To be sure there are many large institutions—banks, saving funds and insurance companies—who share in the ownership of the Bell System—all of which goes to show that they have confidence in the stability and policies of our Company."

In introducing Mr. Thayer, Mr. Read said: "I don't know how better to make you know Mr. Thayer as I know him, and have known him for quite a number of years—than to tell of a little incident that happened some time ago down in New York. Some of the employes expressed a desire to meet President Thayer. They had heard considerable about him, but just wanted an opportunity to 'look in on him,' as they expressed it. One day three



Vice-President W. S. Gifford.

employes—all of them women—were ushered into the presence of the president 'with fear and trembling.' Mr. Thayer received them in his customary affable manner, and together they talked for half an hour or more; and when they came out one of the women paid Mr. Thayer one of the finest and truest compliments that could be paid to any man. She simply said:

"'Why, he's just like my old dad!'

"So, gentlemen of the Mountain States Telephone Company, in introducing you to Mr. Thayer tonight I feel just like that woman did—he's just like my old dad, and I know you will feel like I do after you have heard him talk to you." Mr. Thayer was greeted with an ovation.

"I have listened with a great deal of interest to what each of you have said in reference to the particular work you are doing," said President Thayer, "and I am going to tell you something of the problems we are constantly working on at 195 Broad-

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way. Whether we are successful in the solution or not you are better capable of determining than we are. About all we can do is to plant the seed, and it falls to you folks out in the field to do the hoeing and keep the weeds from choking them out. We are all coworkers in the greatest industrial institution in the world, and I am proud to be president of such an institution, and proud to be connected up with such capable and loyal members of the Bell System."

Mr. Thayer talked for twenty minutes "just as a father would talk to his sons," and all who heard him were willing to agree with the operator who had said that he is "just like her dad."

"Whenever a Company, or any unit in that Company, declares that it is 100 per cent efficient," said Mr. Thayer, "just that minute deterioration has set in. Absolute perfection in any line of business is impossible—especially in the telephone business, where new ideas, new developments, new devices are constantly coming up. We can all do the best we can today, and still do better tomorrow. So I say, the line of perfection is always just ahead of us."

Mr. Thayer was a very busy man while in Denver, and "got over a great deal of ground." He arrived on the evening of October 1, attended a jubilee given by the American Bell Club at Elitch's Gardens which lasted until 11 o'clock; next morning, bright and early, he was up and ready for the day. In company with Mr. Gifford, President Ben S. Read, General Manager F. H. Reid, General Auditor Roderick Reid and Chief Engineer G. E. McCarn, Mr. Thayer motored into the northern part of the state, a distance of about 150 miles, taking in Greeley, where the girl employes served one of those famous "Greeley Wonder Melon" luncheons, much appreciated by the distinguished guests. "Never tasted anything like it—nor so good," said Mr. Thayer. Fort Collins, Boulder, Longmont and other points were visited. Returning to Denver that evening, President Thayer attended the dinner given at the Brown Palace hotel, personally meeting and shaking hands and chatting with the seventy-five guests present, rounding out a full sixteen hour day of continual activities.

On October 2 Mr. Thayer was escorted through the Main telephone building in Denver, visiting many of the offices and meeting a large number of employes. At 10 o'clock he attended the regular monthly chart conference with the general staff, and later in the forenoon he attended a meeting of the board of directors. At 1:30 in the afternoon Mr. Thayer and Mr. Gifford departed for Salt Lake City, accompanied by Mr. Ben S. Read and Mr. F. H. Reid, and from all accounts President Thayer did not slack his pace while in that city. He made a visit of inspection through the Salt Lake City headquarters building, called at the exchanges and met the supervisory heads and many of the employes. At noon on October 4, he lunched at the Alta Club with state heads, after which the guests were taken on a trip into Bingham Canyon by auto, visiting the famous Utah Copper Company's workings and enjoying the wonderful scenic attractions of the canyon. In the evening a dinner was given at which Mr. Thayer met the supervisory heads, and a program similar to that given in Denver was enjoyed. Fred B. Jones, Utah Manager, presided. There were about thirty present and it was of much interest to Mr. Thayer to learn that the average period of service of those present was fifteen years, there being less than one-half as many at the meeting as there were at the Denver meeting, which brought the average years of service up to a level with the Denver record. At the close of this meeting, President Read expressed the pleasure of all of us in the visit of our distinguished guests.

On the following day Mr. Thayer and Mr. Gifford departed for the Pacific Coast and other points where the Bell lines carry the spoken word.

Mr. Thayer met many of our employes while on his trip West, and everyone is willing to attest the statement made by Mr. Read that "he's just one of us."

Two Spliced Pairs

Wiswall-Warner—At Littleton, Colorado, on October 15, 1921, Mr. Clay A. Wiswall, who has a service record of many years with the Mountain States Company, was married to Miss Harriet A. Warner, of Burlington, Vermont. The wedding came as a complete surprise to Mr. Wiswall's many friends, who all wish him and his bride a long and happy married life. Mr. and Mrs. Wiswall will be at home at the West Hotel in Denver during the winter.

Elliott-Hills—Congratulations have been pouring in upon Mr. John Franklin Elliott, Denver Construction Superintendent, who, on October 5th, was married to Miss Helen Blanche Hills. The Elliott home will be at 1934 West Thirty-fourth Avenue, Denver.

The branch is seldom better than the stem.—Danish.

Correction is good when administered in time.—Danish.

Steady Growth of Lines

The cumulative effect of improvements and inventions in telephone apparatus and equipment is shown in the progressive advances in long distance transmission which have been made

In 1882 the Boston-Providence line, 45 miles long, was opened; in 1884 the New York-Boston line, 235 miles; in 1892 the New York-Chicago line, 900 miles; in 1911 New York-Denver line, 2,100 miles; in 1915 the New York-San Francisco line, 3,400 miles; and in 1921 the world's longest submarine telephone cable was laid between Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba, connecting with the Bell System in the United States.

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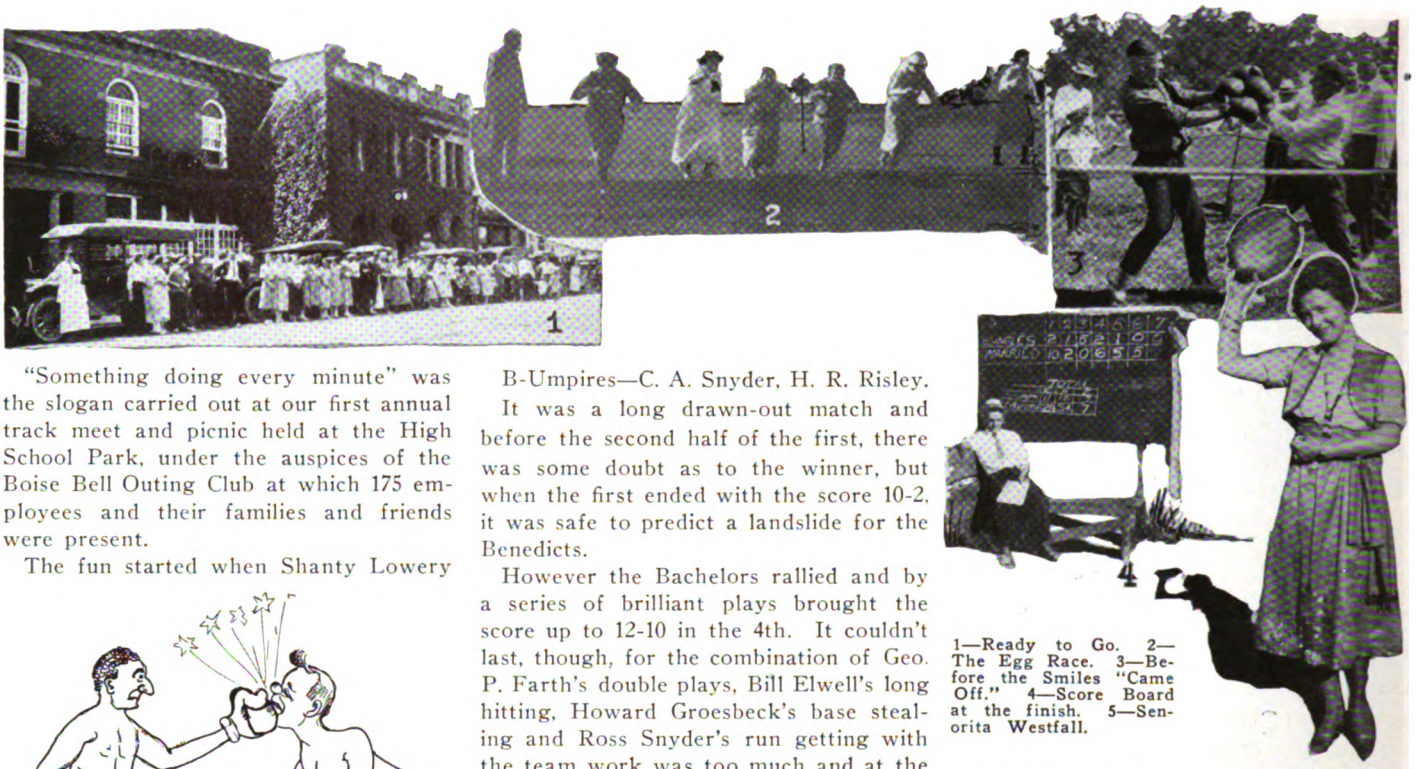
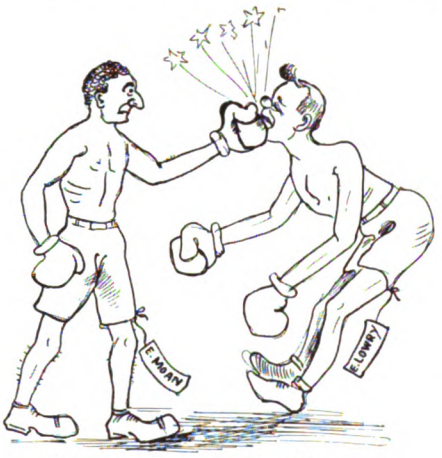
First Annual Track Meet and Picnic—Boise



1—Ready to Go. 2—The Egg Race. 3—Before the Smiles "Came Off." 4—Score Board at the finish. 5—Senorita Westfall.

"Something doing every minute" was the slogan carried out at our first annual track meet and picnic held at the High School Park, under the auspices of the Boise Bell Outing Club at which 175 employees and their families and friends were present.

The fun started when Shanty Lowery



Thanks to E. L. Holden, Cartoonist.

and Rabbi Moan began the settlement of the feud between the Irish and the Jews in a four round boxing match. The first round was an exhibition of fast foot work but in the second, they commenced to mix and Reggie Spore, referee, emerged from the scrap rubbing a red ear. Moan took the count of nine, but was saved from defeat by the timely aid of the gong.

In the third, Moan again took the count of 6 and a few seconds later they were all stretched out on the grass in a complete knockout, the referee included.

In the baseball game between the married and single men, the married men won. The lineup:

Married		Single
Monk Cline	c	Rabbi Moan
Geo. P. Farth	p	Herpicide Conners
Bill Elwell	1b	Verne Clyne
R. Snyder	2b	Reggie Spore
H. Groesbeck	3b	O. K. Barton
A. Clark	rf	Gerty Trehearne
Willie Williams	lf	Joe Clark
C. Robertson	cf	Cutie Baker
T. Higby	ss	Violet Rae

B-Umpires—C. A. Snyder, H. R. Risley.

It was a long drawn-out match and before the second half of the first, there was some doubt as to the winner, but when the first ended with the score 10-2, it was safe to predict a landslide for the Benedicts.

However the Bachelors rallied and by a series of brilliant plays brought the score up to 12-10 in the 4th. It couldn't last, though, for the combination of Geo. P. Farth's double plays, Bill Elwell's long hitting, Howard Groesbeck's base stealing and Ross Snyder's run getting with the team work was too much and at the end, the scorekeeper chalked the following:

	R	H	E
Married	28	34	7
Single	11	12	17

It will be noted that the Umpires were both married men but the real reason for losing was generally regarded as late hours and poor cooking.

Holden Also Did This One.

In the quarter mile relay race for men the white team composed of A. Dolling, T. Higby, and C. Bragunier were the winners.

Miss Brassfield and Miss Freauf tied for first place in the low hurdles for women and Mrs. Geo. P. Farth finished a close second.

Miss Veva Gish set a record of 9 ft. 3 in. in the broad jump for women and far outjumped all her competitors.

Miss Robinson won first in the walking race by a fluke, since Miss Murray failed to enter the contest. Mrs. Harris is a good walker, too, and finished second.

Mrs. Byrd Gish managed to keep the lead in the egg race with Mrs. Ross Snyder second, but we later heard that the price of chewing gum advanced about the same time.

The first in the sack race went to Miss Veva Gish. Miss Gray was second and Miss Robinson and Mrs. Harris tied for last, finishing after they found they couldn't roll successfully.

Miss Gish also took first in the potato race with Mrs. Geo. P. Farth second and we are anxious to find out from Miss Campbell what happened to the potatoes in Miss Freauf's row.

In the women's relay race, the team composed of Miss Bentz, Miss Soderman and Miss Stevens was first.

Miss Nora Westfall danced the Spanish Bolero in costume and responded to an encore with the Irish Lilt.

And then Mr. Snyder said it was time to eat and that a picnic supper was ready to be served. Everyone adjourned to the tables and found that it was all true. Such a spread! This was one picnic where nothing was forgotten from the sandwiches to the ice cream. The main question was "How large is a night?"

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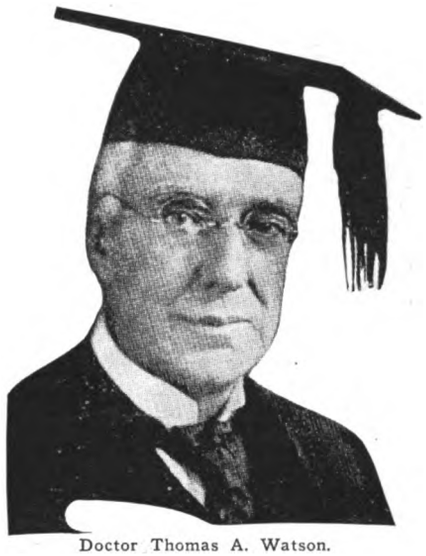
Thomas A. Watson Honored by Degree

THOMAS AUGUSTUS WATSON, associate of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell in the invention of the telephone in 1875, was given an honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering by the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken at its 1921 commencement exercises.

This honor to the "first telephone engineer" is reflected on every telephone worker today and the courtesy was returned to the Institute by H. B. Thayer, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, in offering the use of the Bell loud speaker at the commencement exercises, thus marking a revolutionary change in the manner of conducting outdoor college commencement festivities. The loud speaking apparatus was installed under the personal direction of Col. J. J. Carty, himself an honorary alumnus of Stevens Institute.

The use of this apparatus provided an unusual contrast between the old and the new—for the man who was honored for making the first telephone instrument and who heard the first words sent over the telephone, heard at Stevens the newest development in the telephone art.



Doctor Thomas A. Watson.

When the degree was conferred on Dr. Watson by Dr. Alexander C. Humphries, President of the Stevens Institute, the following citation was read:

"Thomas Augustus Watson, telephone pioneer associate of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, whom he assisted in the numberless experiments which culminated in the electrical transmission of speech. Acting under the instructions of Dr. Bell, he constructed with his own hands the first electric speaking telephone. He ran the first telephone wire. It was his keen ear which heard the first words ever transmitted by electricity. A leader among those who first introduced the telephone to the public he was the first telephone engineer and made fundamental contributions to the art of telephony, which are employed wherever the telephone is used."

Use of the loud speaker at the commencement was not confined to carrying the human voice above the din of river and freight yards traffic along the Hudson, below the brink of Castle Point, the administration seat of the college. In the three-day celebration, the apparatus came into play for concerts as well. Instrumental music was played directly into the loud speaking transmitter and at other times phonograph reproductions, most impressive of which was "America," played on bells, which gave the impression of a massive cathedral chime reverberating throughout the air for miles around.

Misfortunes of John Mair

John Mair, lineman for our Company, would have some justification for belief in a hoodoo. In May of this year he and an assistant were engaged in removing a dead and dry cottonwood tree that had broken off and lodged against the wires of the Pueblo-Holly toll lead. Mr. Mair was about fifteen feet up the tree, to which a line was attached, when suddenly it turned over, throwing him under it.

Mr. Mair had recovered in good shape from this accident when along came another of quite different character. Recently, while he was at work near Holly he was bitten by a rattlesnake. He was rushed to Holly for first aid treatment and later removed to the hospital at Lamar, where he made a rapid recovery.

Mr. Mair is back at work, hoping that the hoodoo is now content to pass him by, and feeling that he is very lucky to be alive.

"THE LAND OF TOMORROW"

(By Donald S. Johnstone, Accounting Department, Denver.)

Far out in the mist lies the land of tomorrow.
Peopled by fairies, this mythical land,
With its rivers of tears, its cares and its sorrow,
On its shore of mirages we never shall stand.

The seas 'round this land are foaming with troubles,
And pilot Despair guards the harbor gate.
He sits at the pierhead blowing beautiful bubbles
And waits for the mortals, deserted by fate.

Oh! this land of destruction and its name that is curs'd;
With its unfinished deeds and fabled pay,
Where promises made are like bubbles that burst,
This land of tomorrow, we speak of today.

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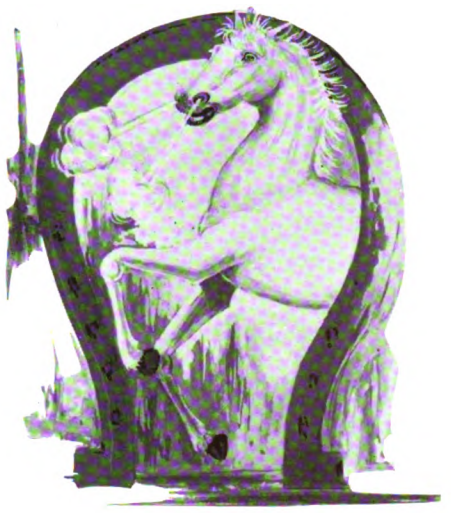

Praises for Miles City, Montana

Out Where the Tongue River Flows Into the Yellowstone

By E. E. Miller

In Eastern Montana, where the winding, turbulent Tongue River flows into the broad Yellowstone, there lies a city of 8,000 population —Miles City, the county seat and principal town of Custer County.

Miles City is a division point for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway which maintains the largest shops there between the Twin Cities and the Coast. In normal times, these shops employ about 800 men with a pay roll of approximately $75,000. The transcontinental line of the Northern Pacific also runs through Miles City giving the town an excellent passenger service of eight fast trains and two locals daily. In addition to the shops, other industries are, an oil refinery which will have a 2,000 barrel capacity when completed, a brick plant capable of turning out 60,000 bricks a week, a flour mill with a capacity of 1,200 barrels a week, a creamery, two elevators and two saddleries.

Washington School, Miles City, Montana.

Miles City is the distributing center for a vast territory extending from the Missouri River on the North to the Wyoming line on the South, as well as East and West.

The name of Miles City has long been synonymous with cowboys, great cattle outfits, big herds, open ranges and all that goes with plains life of the west. When the Northern Pacific built into Miles City in the early eighties, the town—then a real cow town—was the end of the long trail from the Texas ranges. There was no more picturesque or typically western outpost west of the Mississippi than old Milestown. The cayuse, the cowboy and the gun, they were all there.

View of Miles City, Heart of the Yellowstone Valley.

Those days, however, are now long past. Since 1910, when Miles City had a population of 5,000 she has grown and developed along lines unknown to the cowtown of other days. Custer County has undergone a great change since the days when the cattlemen were supreme. The County is now a well organized, well populated, farming district devoted to all kinds of crops that flourish on dry land and irrigated sections. Twenty-five thousand acres are under irrigation in Custer County, which is a real diversified farming area. Wheat, corn, oats, flax and various forage and root crops thrive in abundance. High grade dairy herds and small bands of pure bred stock are taking the place of the poor quality range stock of yesteryears.

Famous among Miles City's institutions is the Miles City horse market where thousands of head are sold each year. The largest primary horse market in the world is located at Miles City. Buyers from all the leading allied countries attended these sales during the war and paid good prices for the thousands of

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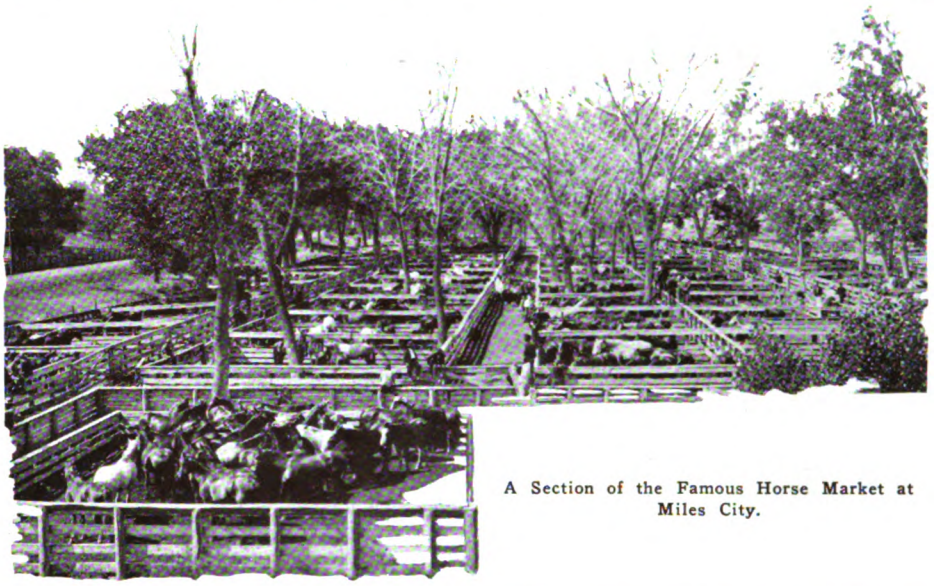
horses put over the block. Today, these sales are still attracting much attention, buyers attending from all parts of the United States and from Mexico.

Miles City has unusual educational and recreational facilities and is well provided with institutions for the moral and spiritual uplift of the community. A new high school costing approximately $250,000 will be completed before the holidays and the city has already excellent grade schools.

Other educational institutions include a Catholic academy, a business college and the Eastern Montana summer school for normal instruction. The State Industrial school for boys is also located there. There is a large number of churches, several clubs and a Y. M. C. A. home with a dormitory. The local hospital is well equipped and is considered one of the best in the state. The theatres of the city provide high class entertainment of that type.

Fort Keogh, famous throughout the frontier days and Indian wars as a government outpost, is located at Miles City. The Fort is now one of the government's best equipped remount stations and farms and is one of the city's chief attractions to the tourist or visitor to Miles City.

Keeping from falling is better than helping up.—Italian.



A Section of the Famous Horse Market at Miles City.

Discoveries that Marked Growth of Telephone Art

In the two score and more years of telephone history the telephone engineers have overcome one by one the barriers of speech transmission. From the very beginning the progress of the art has been marked by epoch-making advances due to inventions and improvement in apparatus and equipment. Some of the more notable achievements are as follows:

The development of the switchboard without which no interconnecting group of telephones would be possible, which was the beginning of the telephone exchange system.

The discovery of the process of hardening copper wire and its application to telephone circuits, improving transmission and making long distance telephone circuits possible.

The substitution of a pair of wires for a single wire with a grounded circuit, greatly improving transmission by contact with the earth.

The multiple switchboard, making possible the expansion of the exchange system by providing positions at the switchboard for a large number of operators, eliminating the disturbances caused by each answering the calls on a certain number of subscribers' lines, and because of the duplication of all the subscribers' line terminals at each section of the switchboard, each operator able to connect the calling subscriber with any other subscriber in the same central office, be they one thousand or ten thousand.

The development of the underground cable, enabling the removal of pole lines from the main thoroughfares of the large cities, and the aerial cable reducing the number of cross-arms and the size of the poles.

The transposition of telephone circuits, thereby minimizing the interference with other telephone circuits and of high power electric light and feed wires.

The loading coil, which placed at regular intervals in the long distance circuit, greatly reduces the energy losses and permits much longer talking distance.

The phantom circuit, utilizing two telephone circuits to create a third independent circuit.

Long distance cable of a new type having a range of one thousand miles has been installed and experiments have shown that speech may be transmitted as well through two thousand miles of new-type cables with circuits weighing only 80 pounds to the mile as over the heaviest gage open wire which weighs 870 pounds to the mile.

First National Bank; Established 1883.

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

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NOVEMBER, 1921

Thanksgiving Thought

The sheaves—and they are very abundant in this year of 1921—have been brought in. The harvest was great and the laborers were on hand to take care of it. There is enough and to spare to feed our own people and our flocks and our herds, and in a material way we have much to be thankful for on the last Thursday of November, and every day.

It is generally agreed now that we have passed through the hardest part of the readjustment period following war inflation. We all knew that this was inevitable and we can be very thankful that the ship of state rode the tossing waves without springing a leak or breaking a propeller. We may occasionally be inclined to cavil or criticise, but in the main we have abiding faith in the men whom we elect to represent us, and in the main that faith has been justified.

To us of the present day remains the duty of guarding and keeping the heritage left to us. Through fair and prosperous days, through days of darkness and gloom, and through war and strife it has been guarded and held in the past and so handed on to us as keepers. When danger threatened, our people have never hesitated, from the days when Miles Standish and his men went out to clear up a little misunderstanding with the aborigines, down through the great world war, to spring to the defense of their homes and their rights and to keep our country the land of the free and the home of the brave. Good Americans will always do this, and good Americans will permit no unpatriotic or seditious language in their presence, and good Americans will think of America first. Ours is now as always the land of opportunity. The good workman of today stands an excellent chance of being the employer of tomorrow.

Thanksgiving is a good time, too, to think of others who are not so fortunately placed as we are. The Good Book says if we prepare a feast for those from whom we expect a recompense we shall have no credit, but that if we invite to share it those whom we know cannot return it, credit will be given us. It is a good time to remember the lonely, the homesick, the discouraged—and with all the bounty that is bestowed upon our people we still have that kind with us.

□

Wasting Time

How many of us put to good use the time allotted us in which to make good? Are we giving our best efforts to the job that is placed to our trust? Do we jump in and clean it up, or do we bob up and down in one spot and never get anywhere?

Once there was a colored man who was given the job of hoeing the weeds from a certain field. Every morning he would sharpen his hoe, adjust his suspenders, lay in a supply of long twist tobacco, light his pipe and saunter forth. On the way to the field he would meet up with Sambo or Rastus and they'd sit down by the roadside and talk over times "befor' de wah." Noon would come and it was then too late to go on to the field—"dinnah was ready." After dinner he would again sharpen his hoe, lay in another roll of twist, fill his pipe and start out for the field. Again he'd meet Rastus and together they would talk over the very great importance of their jobs. Day after day he repeated this performance. He was always telling how great his job was, but he never got to it. Meanwhile the weeds kept right on growing and the corn became yellow and finally was choked to death.

□

Democracy

People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

If this great body of people clasped hands they would form a line more than 150 miles long. Marching by your door, it would take more than 48 hours of ceaseless tramping for the line to pass.

This democracy of Bell telephone owners is greater in number than the entire population of one of our states; and more than half of its owners are women.

There is one Bell telephone shareholder for every 34 telephone subscribers. No other great industry has so democratic a distribution of its shares; no other industry is so completely owned by the people it serves. In the truest sense, the Bell System is an organization "of the people, by the people, for the people."

It is, therefore, not surprising that the Bell System gives the best and cheapest telephone service to be found anywhere in the world.

□

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but to enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—Ruskin.

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Stand Out of the Crowd

By George Mathew Adams

No man ever counts until he assumes responsibility. Responsibility demands the work of the mind and the heart. These two, working together, breed ideas. Then results begin to show. And results make you count.

Stand out of the crowd. Count!

People who are useful always count. So if you want to count—if you want to be singled out and justly praised—think of the most useful service possible for you to render. Then do it. The man at his job, doing it the best he can, is sure to count.

If you're just a little kinder, and more thoughtful, it will make folks happy to have you around. You'll count.

If you do your work just a little better than the last one, the chief will need you. You'll count.

If you think and study just a little harder, you'll learn, and the world will need you. You'll count.

If you work just a little longer, you'll succeed. And then you will stand out of the crowd—

You'll count!

□

Sets a Good Example

"Old Reliable" Otho Allen, colored janitor at Helena, Montana, "shore do have faith in his telefome company," according to information from C. J. Eaton, Mountain States telephone state manager for Montana.

"Old Reliable's" four sons were in France, three with United States and one with the Princess Pats, the famous Canadian troop.

He has put away somewhere about 500 dollars in $20 gold pieces. One morning he came down and wanted Mr. Eaton to give him $500 in currency and hold his gold for him until he could redeem it—he didn't want "any old bank to grab his gold." Eaton took him to a friend who took his gold and held it and in a couple of weeks Otho redeemed it.

When the stock game started Eaton talked to Otho, explaining carefully the plan. He listened with great attention and then said, "Mistah Eaton, no foolin,' is that all true?" After assuring him of its being true he took two shares and has now asked for the third.

Perhaps Eaton telling him later that his stock was worth, on the world's market, $108.00 influenced his further purchase.

We carry our neighbor's failings in sight; we throw our own over our shoulders.—French.

A blemish may be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing, but if your words have the least blemish there is no way to efface it.—Chinese.

THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY

In a recent talk before a gathering of telephone employes on the subject of Public Relations, John F. Greenawalt, publicity manager, drove home some very pointed suggestions, among them being a story of two incidents that came under his personal observation. In relating these incidents Mr. Greenawalt refers to them as the "proper and the improper treatment of the public." He said:

The Right Way

"About two years ago I visited a town in New Mexico where I had some business with the manager of our exchange. His office was the public office and his desk was not far from the counter and so situated that seated at it he could see the front door. We talked some little time, but every time that door opened this manager of ours jumped up and was at the counter by the time the subscriber was there. He greeted every one with pleasant words and a smile of cordiality. He apparently knew every one who entered and called him by name. He inquired about the family. If it was a lady, he asked her about her husband and what he was doing, and about the children. He asked what kind of telephone service they were getting. Meanwhile he was taking the money and making out a receipt. He did not have all the facilities for making change and receipts that we have here, so there was more time for conversation. He told them if they had difficulty with the service to let him know, thanked them and bade them a pleasant good-bye. There was the finest sort of relationship between him and every one that came in."

The Wrong Way

"After I got through at our office, I called on another man in the same town who was also manager of a public utility. His office arrangement was similar to that of ours. Now this manager sat talking to me with his back to the counter. The door would open, someone would enter, and he would keep right on talking to me. He was telling me about a fishing trip. Finally, hearing the rattle of money on the counter, he would get up, still talking to me, take the money, write out the receipt, and hand it to his patron, all the time talking to me. He never said good morning, good-bye, thank you, or anything else to a single caller.

"In a short time after that we needed a franchise in that town and we got it. The other utility wanted a franchise and it did not get it. Now the city owns the other plant. I am convinced that it was just the treatment that the public was getting in our office and in that other office that made the difference. I think that these are rather remarkable and striking examples of how to treat the public and how not to treat them."

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El Paso, Texas, and Helena, Montana, Revel

Blue Bell Girls of the "Far North" vie with Southern Belles in Vacation Romps

El Paso must have some news for the November Monitor, so let's get busy. First, then we will mention several visitors to our office during the month, among them Mr. Horace A. Lay, prominent insurance man of our city, who was pleasantly surprised at the large, beautifully furnished rest room, the recreation room and fine cafeteria enjoyed by our girls when off duty, and expressed the wish that more of our citizens knew of the accommodations afforded their "Hello girls" by the Telephone Company. Also a pleasant visit from Mr. Barney Hughes, wholesale coal merchant of our city, who also expressed himself as greatly pleased with our office and its equipments.

In the last issue of the Monitor we expressed our sorrow at losing Mrs. Ethel Spivey from our office. and in this issue we are glad to welcome her back. It's the same old story, once an employee of our Mountain States Telephone Company in El Paso, nothing else seems worth while.

Also we have welcomed back Mrs. Chas. Gardner (nee Miss Faith Murray.) Strange what a world of happiness can radiate from one little girl after a three weeks' wedding trip. It does us all good to look into her eyes.

Everybody is reporting a gain in weight; surely reflects on our cafeteria meals; some rejoice, while other take the gain very seriously, and resolve to eat less and save more, but from the appearance of dining-room between eleven-thirty and one P. M., these resolutions are all forgotten.

Vacation days are over, and everyone is wearing that rested and contented expression which speaks well for their vacation period, and should indicate good service and pleasant days ahead for us all.

We are glad to welcome as operators the fine group of students which our school is turning out this Fall; they reflect great credit on their teacher.

One of our operators, Miss Avilda Allen, has been in Hotel Dieu for appendicitis operation. We have missed her, and are glad to hear of her recovery, and hope to have her with us again soon. Judging from the profusion of beautiful flowers in her room at the hospital, she has a world of good friends in the city.

Our Supervisors look quite dressed up lately, in the little black sateen aprons provided for their convenience by the Company.

By G. F. Lewis

Vacations are over in the Helena Exchange. But many pleasant memories cling around the thoughts of summer trips. Some were fortunate to journey to the Pacific coast, others to Salt Lake and the great Salt Lake region, some went through the famous Yellowstone Park and Glacier National Park, while a few remained in and around Helena to rest up and take in the state fair. But where they went, who they saw, what they did was partially portrayed through the medium of kodak and film. The few pictures shown here indicate how our Helena operators look in mountain rig, in fishing and hunting garb, and in the delicate touches as outlined by the snug fitting bathing suit which has achieved such wide spread fame the past bathing season.

(1)—Indicates Miss Rebecca Gillis is the wilds of Montana at an elevation of 'steen thousand feet. Miss Gillis wears an original sombrero brought back from the land of Villa and Mexican sands. The little verse was suggested by Mrs. Anderson, chief operator.

"I wish I were a little rock
A-sittin' on a hill
Without a single thing to do
But just a sittin' still.
I'd never eat, I'd never sleep,
I'd never even wash,
But just sit still a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!"

(2)—Miss Marie Oppel and Miss Eva Rummel, assistant chief operator, stopped long enough from duck hunting to pose for this one. A brace of ducks can be sees hanging from the limb of a tree.

(3)—Miss Ruth Ernst is seen here in a pastoral scene entitled "Touching Bottom." Miss Ernst rolls her own as you can see and looks fetching. This is typical of Montana. Pretty girls, running brooks, and over-hanging trees along trout streams. As the ancient Omar says on his first trip to the Treasure State:

A tree, a brook and thou,
The wilderness were Paradise enough.

(4)—When Minnie Holdaway goes camping she goes right. Here she is spotting fish in the lake while her small brother and sister lure them onto the hook. She and her sister Listie (No. 5) spent their vacation with their father and mother and report splendid catches.

(5)—There are some advantages in being Monitor correspondent, claims Edward Murphy. Passing upon the charms of pictures is his long suit. Here he passed favorable judgment on a bathing suit, not a long suit. This unique picture shows Miss Scheewe, toll operator, in the dead of winter—during the past summer—playing in her back yard. The fall of snow was staged specially for this event. We understand Max Sennett has sent a contract along to Miss Scheewe.

(7)—What the combined weight is in this group we do not know. But it seems to be enough to bend the lower pole of this lucky fence. This scene is entitled "Five of Montana's Best" and we claim the three in the middle, Miss Oppel, Miss Ernst and Miss Fitzgerald. Miss Fitzgerald is Montana's rival to Miss Black of Denver, not so experienced but coming to the front.

(8)—During a recent swimming carnival staged at the Broadwater Pool these four young ladies won all four prizes in the race for telephone operators. In years gone by this plunge was the mecca of tourists and in the days of Jim Hill was famed far and wide. Miss Rummel, Miss Scheewe, Miss Oppel and Miss Margaret Kelly chaperoned by the lad in the pool, who is pouring water from his boot, were easily the hit of the afternoon.

El Paso—Lower Corner Opposite Page—Helen Jane and Ernest, Children of Supervisor Stover; 2—Miss Ellen Mahlstrom; 3—Traffic Clerks at Cloudcroft; 4—Verne Hammond, Chief Supervisor; 5—Minnie Garland, Operator; 6—Mrs. Make, Chief Traffic Clerk; 7—Mrs. Gardner, Chief Clerk to Mr. Bates; 8—Dorothy Menger and Violet Deal; 9—Mrs. Moody, Head Matron.

—

Miss Julia Anderson spent her two weeks on a ranch and came back freckled and tanned. Jessie Woods had hard luck. Just as she started on her trip she fell ill and spent the entire time in bed. Albina Bennett followed suit and came back looking somewhat pale and wan but still smiling as usual. Susie Hildebrand, with fifteen years' service behind her, took what was probably the most extensive trip of the office. She visited Southern California, went over into Mexico, saw a bull fight, watched the races at Tiajuana and brought back many interesting curios and pieces of pottery and woodwork. Margaret Crowley took care of her garden on her vacation. She spends a good deal of her time in her garden and is ably assisted by several small brothers, who are just at the age when work seems to delight. May Sherman ranched it in Helena Valley and helped put in the hay and other crops. A trip to Marysville to see her old friends did for Margaret Kockler. Marysville, once a booming mining town, is now sleeping peacefully amid the hills and is an ideal place for poets and authors.

Levina Reynold went to Dillon and—to bed. Another casualty for the Helena office. Just why we should have this epidemic of invalids is a puzzle. Mary Kiley went to Butte and met a Professor of Something and has since been quoting some "high brow" stuff around the office. She spent two days looking in the dictionary for this word Pzronexuvichosky. Florence Langley went to Great Falls and visited the Langley ranch. She knew all the chicks by name and even tried to milk old Betsy, but got on the wrong side and they bought milk that morning for breakfast. Marjorie Brack donned her coveralls and worked with her dad in a sawmill for two weeks. Having worked as relief toll supervisor she made a rattling good boss and is signed up for next season. Bessie and Mollie Hegman went camping with the family. Of course others were along and a good time—as they say—was had by all. Bessie struggled for half an hour in the Dearborn trying to land a large fish which

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Everybody's Up in the Air

"SAY! What's getting into that Boise Branch of the M. S. T. & T. Co.?"

"They are getting high-minded, I tell you. They don't know enough to keep down where two-legged mortals belong. They are a fine flock of birds, I'll tell the world."

It was one Sparrow telling Friend Sparrow what he had seen—as sparrows have a way of carrying tails—or tales.

"I saw," continued Jack Sparrow, "C. A. Snyder, the Idaho Plant Superintendent, and Eddie Moan do a marathon out to where Tex Rankin parks his Skylark. Then, when the two were hidden behind goggles, they climbed into the giant bird and were strapped in tight—and it was some squeeze.

"Then Tex gave the plane the 'gun' ZOOM-M-M! The propeller whirled and the bird, singing, sped up into the sky. It was windy and the air was like a choppy sea but the bumps didn't seem to feaze those two. By the time they had arrived at Nampa they were 4,000 feet above where they should have been, and kept that height all the way to Weiser—their destination.

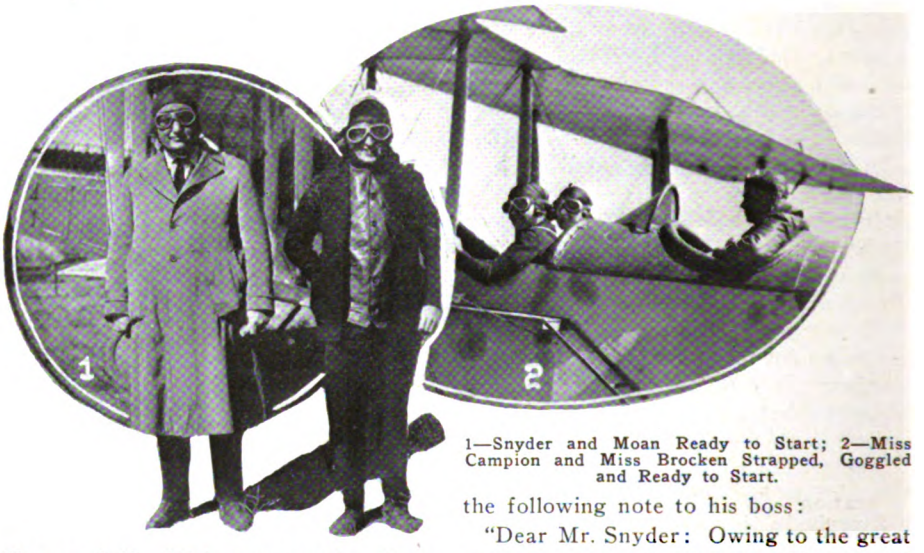
"The ride through the sky took just one hour and ten minutes and all along the way the telephone kept in touch with the location of the plane. Although passing over the mountains, the two passengers felt that they were looking down on level ground. And again, although seeming to make no speed, they passed all passenger trains and automobiles on the way.

"But of course, people always have to talk and what do you think they did? Brought forth paper and pencil and passed notes, since the force of the wind carried their voices into space. Eddie's foot had gone to sleep. It started at his toes and was traveling northward at the rate of a mile a minute. It had reached the hip-hip-hurrah state and Mr. Snyder started to worry about it reaching the head at any moment. Snoring along with the noise of the propeller was too horrible to contemplate. Eddie got more and more uncomfortable until the pilot passed forward a little note: 'What is the matter? If you want that jug (no! it only contained gasoline) removed, I'll take it back here.' After he heard of Eddie's predicament he wrote a nice little note saying that the strap holding the two could be unbuckled. From that moment Eddie started to wake up.

"It was 2:40. Weiser was under them but Tex did not know where to land. He was surely 'up in the air.' Down they glided only to have a wheat field come up and almost meet them. A newly cut alfalfa field was discovered and gaily they flew down. But it wasn't quite so gay as they bumped across the stubble up and down over some irrigation ridges. Then the end—and out on solid earth again. But how they had enjoyed the ride! Queer birds, these mortals!"

Now Friend Sparrow wasn't to be outdone so he told of G. H. Baker, the Wire Chief, and Miss Nora Westfall going up for a little spin. It started this way. Miss Westfall was talking about the high cost of living. "Everything is going up" said she.

"Yes," said Mr. Baker, "so we might as well do the same." Which they did. Strapped together they arose, feeling very much above everyone in Boise. But they got over that—when they landed. Miss Westfall came to the conclusion that the earth was small and the air was large, while Mr. Baker concluded to write the following note to his boss:



1—Snyder and Moan Ready to Start; 2—Miss Campion and Miss Brocken Strapped, Goggled and Ready to Start.

"Dear Mr. Snyder: Owing to the great amount and rush of work this year, I have been unable to take my vacation, as I could not take any time until after the rural lines and cable plant had been inspected. Yesterday I inspected the cable plant and all aerial lines and found them all in excellent condition. This work was accomplished in twelve minutes from a distance of 2,000 feet above the capitol dome. Will you kindly give this matter your earliest consideration, and advise when I may take this vacation."

To this Mr. Snyder answered like this: "Dear Mr. Baker: Referring to your request for vacation, during these distressed times, it is hard for us to provide sufficent money to take care of the work required to put our plant in first class condition. Therefore, we have to take care of the most urgent cases, and keep the others to be taken care of incidental to other work in the vicinity. I note that you have completed the inspection of the aerial plant of the Boise Exchange, and now ask permission to take your vacation. However, I believe in view of the above, that it will be necessary for me to have a detailed account of this inspection

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proved to be a water-soaked log. But what's the difference on a camping trip? Miss Hazel Davis took her vacation to rest up after an attack of appendicitis. Her convalescence was brightened up by "Smoky" Joe Ryan, who pitched the Telephone team to first place in the Commercial League. Joe may not like this to be made public. Wanda Haegle, local supervisor, was at Melrose and Winnett for two weeks. After two weeks in the oil field she is trying to float an oil company to develope Helena Valley. Telephone people will have a chance to get preferred stock—whatever that is. Mary Brady was the most disappointed girl in Montana on her trip. After going through Yellowstone Park someone either dropped her suitcase down a geyser and lost it or a bear ate it up. At any rate a lot of interesting pictures were lost that told the story of the trip. Miss Hofstad took in Wolf Creek. Wolf Creek has the distinction of having more Hudson cars pass through it than any place except the Hudson factory itself. We mention this fact because it afforded many a chase after bootleggers and it is just like going to the movies to live there.

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Some Real Tricks in the Trick of Saving

Vice-President E. M. Burgess was asked by The Monitor the other day what he knew about "the trick of saving money."

"Well," replied Mr. Burgess, "I hadn't thought of it in just that way, but come to think it over, I guess there is somewhat of a trick in it, after all."

"That just reminds me," continued the vice-president, "of how I started out to save money some years ago—yes, quite a number of years ago—when I was just a young man. Let's see—well, no matter how long ago it was, but this is how I did it:

"I decided I'd save $10 a month out of my wages, no matter how small the wages, or how much it might cramp me at times. For several months it went pretty hard, it seemed, but I stuck to it. After awhile it became habitual with me and I never failed a single month. At the end of ten years I had piled up $1,200.00 principal, and the interest on bonds and gilt-edge securities in which I had invested the money, brought my total capital up to about $2,000.00. At the end of the ten years I stopped paying the $10 per month into the fund, but I began to invest the $2,000.00 in substantial securities. This I did for a period of 25 years, at the end of which time the total sum arising out of the small monthly savings had reached the sum of $12,000.00; and, mind you, I saved that first ten years' starter when my salary, during all that time averaged less than $75 a month.

"This, of course, covered a period of 35 years, but I don't think I ever missed the $10 I put into it the first ten years, and now I can see that it was a profitable and splendid investment—one that most any young man today is in a position to make.

"So, if this is what you mean by 'a trick in saving' I guess I have been 'up to tricks,' but today with A. T. & T. stock available under the saving plan I don't think it would be so much of a 'trick' as it used to be."

Right along this line we find an article in The Long Lines Magazine of New York, written by H. S. Farnham, of the A. T. & T. Company accounting department, as follows:

"Most of us probably are saving money in different ways. Some are depositing small amounts at irregular intervals in savings banks where the rate of interest is small. We withdraw some of our savings whenever we feel so disposed, often for luxuries rather than necessities. The result is that our savings fund does not grow very fast.

No. of Shares	Monthly Saving	End of 2 years	End of 5 years	End of 10 years	End of 15 years
1	$ 3	$ 78 02	$ 220 87	$ 549 11	$ 1036 81
2	6	156 04	441 73	1098 22	2073 62
3	9	234 06	662 60	1647 33	3110 43
4	12	312 08	883 46	2196 44	4147 24
5	15	390 09	1104 33	2745 54	5184 06
6	18	468 11	1325 20	3294 65	6220 86
7	21	546 13	1546 07	3843 76	7257 67
8	24	624 17	1766 93	4392 87	8294 49
9	27	702 17	1987 82	4941 99	9331 30
10	30	780 18	2208 66	5491 08	10368 12

"Some are members of savings clubs and similar organizations, many of which pay no interest whatever. When we have saved a certain amount we withdraw it and spend it. Likewise this savings fund does not grow any too fast.

"The savings plan offered by our Company, and fully described in the booklet of May 1st represents a remarkable opportunity. It enables us to save a definite amount regularly and receive interest of eight per cent compounded quarterly. We are far less likely to withdraw money saved in this way than from a regular savings bank.

"The secret of success of any savings plan is to save the interest or dividend. If we spend our interest we lose about half the benefits from the plan. A little study of the table and diagrams will show what a small saving monthly will amount to in a few years if we save that interest.

"By saving only $3.00 a week, which nearly everyone might do, it will require only about nine years to have saved $2,000, provided we save that interest. If we spend our interest as fast as it is earned, it will require more than fifteen years to save that same $2,000. Many who are saving $3.00 should save $6.00.

"Think it over! Study the table and diagrams and realize how quickly a little fortune can be accumulated by starting now to save systematically, remembering to save your interest and dividends.

"It has been deemed advisable to base the table and diagrams entirely on eight per cent interest compounded quarterly. As the dividend rate on our stock is now nine per cent, the actual savings on the full paid stock will amount to slightly more than the table or diagrams indicate.

"An employee can be paying at one time for only one share for each $300 of his annual salary. It must, therefore, be realized that when the dividends on his paid-up stock, together with his regular savings reach an amount in excess of the payments on his allotted number of shares, in order to reinvest this excess amount he must do so by buying stock in the open market, or in some other way keep his entire dividends invested in eight per cent securities.

"The purpose of this article is to induce our employees to participate, on as large a scale as possible, in this systematic savings plan of the Company. The writer feels that any person having started and saved by this plan for several years, even until his dividends exceed the amount which the Company will allow him to reinvest in stock, will by that time own a fair little block of stock representing the first milestones on the road to success. He will also have learned the trick of saving which will carry him over the rest of the road."

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so that I can pick out the urgent cases for completion this year. This, probably, should be accomplished before you undertake the vacation on account of getting late in the year and bad weather will probably retard this work if allowed to be postponed much longer."

These notes were directed to Miss Miriam Campion, which was most appropriate, inasmuch as she had been up in the aeroplane the day before. It had come about in this manner: There was a Miss Marie Bracken of New York visiting her. Now, when Miriam visited Marie, in New York, Marie took her up in the Woolworth building tower and had her look down upon Hendrick Hudson's Hamlet. Miriam had no 5 and 10 cent tower but, not to be outdone, got goggled and strapped into the Skylark with Marie and travelled faster than any elevator up into the deep blue.

"There," says she, pointing downward, "is a birdseye view of Boise." Then, for blood will tell, she added, "It also gives you a comprehensive idea of the number of feet of wire used by the M. S. T. & T. Co."

He is safe from danger who is on his guard even when safe.—Syrus.

Deliberate before you begin, then execute with vigor.—Sallust.

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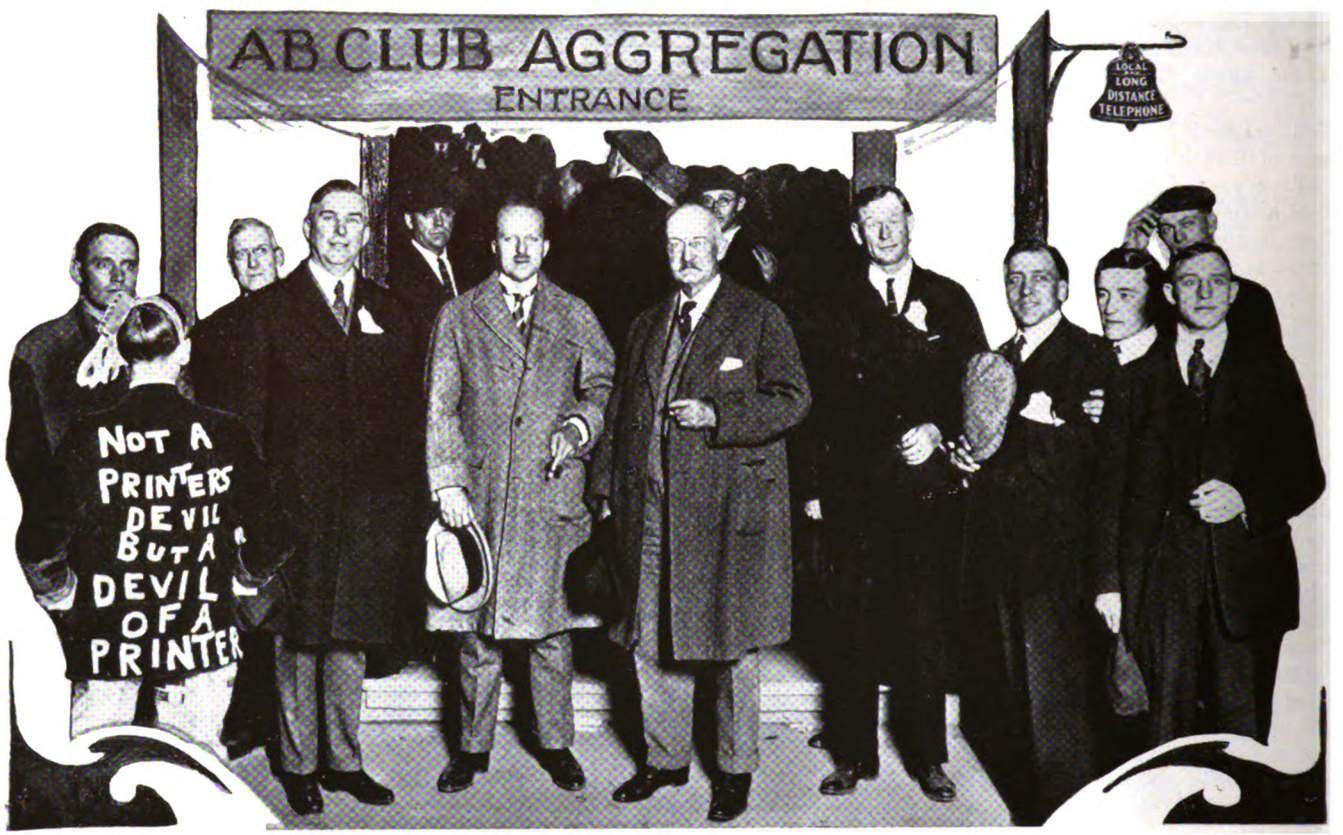
When the American Bell Club put on a Show



Center foreground—President H. B. Thayer and Vice-President Gifford, A. T. & T. Co., President Read, Mountain States Co., and Other Telephone Employes at Entrance of the Big Show, Given by A. B. Club.

Oh Boy!! Oh Boy!! Oh Boy!! Wotta time! Wotta time!! Wotta time!!!

Such were the expressed and unexpressed feelings of four hundred Denver telephone men along about the midnight hour of Saturday, September 24th, as they started homeward from the American Bell Club's Carnival, jubilee and general joy-fest, which inaugurated the 1921-1922 club season.

Emerging from a summer of inactivity, the Club opened up this season's activities with a bang which broke to smithereens its record of last season. Perhaps the major share of the credit for the great success of the Carnival belongs to President Grosheider and the eight club directors, who formulated the big idea, but no small share goes to those who carried out the idea. Club members in each department "put on" their own show, and each show was advertised by amateur press agents who did their work so effectively that there were none among the Denver telephone men who did not eagerly await the Big Night. Elitch's Gardens, one of Denver's favorite summer amusement parks, was almost entirely taken over for the show. The Monitor's office cat and another mouse-chaser named Jim were assigned to "cover the show," and following is the copy just as they turned it in. The editor has been too busy getting over the "night out" to make corrections, so "she goes as she's writ:"

By Me'n Jim.

Me 'n Jim read the ads about the show so much that we was plumb down hearted 'cause we didn't belong and wouldn't get a chance to go. Then, a couple of days before the doings, some member guy sent us Blue Bells with our names on them, and tickets. Boy!—did we go! We sure did. We hit old Elitch's about 7:30 that night and gosh, it'll be a hard job to tell about all we saw.

First off, we blows into the main hall, the old cafe building, and we bumps into Mr. Tucker. Like usual he has phone book on his brain. Had a show case full of dope about directories. Lot of stuff to prove that they don't just happen, but have to be made. Mr. Tucker made friends out of Me'n Jim right off by dealing us a pack that held three regular ten-center smokes. We lit one apiece, figured his show was OK and told him so.

After that, me'n Jim mosied over and took in the show the Installation Department pulled off. Called it a Box'en Match. Had a cannibal, I think it was, out front and a tough looking mug undressed like a prize fighter, drumming up a little business. Inside you could hear a bell, like at a ring. One of the guys out front was Hansen, I knew that even if he didn't have regular clothes on. So me'n Jim went in. No fight at all. A lot of signs and junk on the walls, and over in a corner they had a box with a slot in it and a label that said for old and feeble installation men. There were three pennies and a 1914 beer check in it. Me'n Jim didn't donate, let them take care of their own bums, we said.

When we got out of that joint, we heard a lot of jabbering over in the other corner, like a bum stick-walker telling how he used to do things before there was any safety first heard of. So we rambled over and saw it was the General Engineering Department's show. They had a rube sitting up on a pole that wasn't fitted out accordin' to specs. We saw right off that it wasn't a real rube, only straw and stuff dressed up like one. They made him talk and smoke and crack jokes about the accounting department. Jim said they had a lot of vacuum tubes and junk hid

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"These Be Some of Them What Give the Sideshows What Me'n Jim Seen."

and that's how they made the rube talk so good.

Takes Engineers to get efficiency out of rubes.

After a while Jim said let's go win some candy and I said all right. Vic Maymon was running a candy wheel—a dime a throw. Lost sixty cents. Then we blew over to where Dick Morris and a duke from Arizona named McCandless had a candy race track. I bet on a nag named Nellie S and lost another dime. Mc-candy-less is right. Whole works was crooked.

After that Jim says let's go see the Accounting Department's Vaudeville show, and I said no its a swell doings, and I only got old clothes on. Anyway

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we went. They had Carl Lytle out front beating a drum and some fellow we didn't know playing a bagpipe and wearing Harry Lauder clothes. Their works was in a separate building and they must have had some of their girls to fix it up, it was so slick. All blue and white. A poster out front said don't fail to see the floating figures and it had a lot of swell dames near the ocean whose mother said don't go near the water. You know what I mean. And so I said lets hurry in. When you got about a foot in, Berggren handed you a nifty little book labeled General Ledger, and it had some good dope about six million smiles which balanced most anything. Then you got another foot and they handed you a all day sucker compliments of the management. Then we wound around a lot of nifty looking booths and stuff that was so flossy that the Plant department must have made them. One place they had some stuff about expense accounts that I hope a lot of people saw. A sign said R. R. fare $1.27, Pullman fare $9.62, and a lot more stuff about as crude. Gosh, if accounting guys has to look that kind of stuff in the face all day long no wonder they ain't human. Then there was a hard earned dollar on a wheel that went 'round and 'round, and some signs that said how much a dollar would be worth if it was spent for A. T. & T. stock. Jim said Gosh I never thought of that and so did I and darned if Jim didn't turn around and buy three more shares a day or two after the show. Next we gave the floating figures the O-O. They weren't according to advertisements at all—just a bunch of wooden numbers floating around in a bucket of water. Finally we squeezed into the main part of the show where there was a stage and seats and a real show. A couple of niggers who were really Carl Kinney and Jim Gibson were up on the stage talking and singing and cracking jokes they got out of the Archives, but anyway it was sure good. They had a piano player and a banjo tickler and about everything the Empress has. The decorations were class, too. They had cartoons of Roderick Reid which showed Expense chasing Revenue and almost caught up with her, and another one that showed a farmer milking a cow named Utility and the cow was dry. Finally we had to get out to make room for the next show but we sure would have liked to stick around twice it was so good.

When we got out what did we see but a sign over the place that said Last Gurgle Bar. We made a bee line for it and went in thru blind doors, and there was a regular bar. Sawdust on the floor, brass rail and everything. Guy named Argabrite run the place, but the barkeep said that the Western Electric Company was back of it. Every body's credit was good except Dexter's and Greenawalt's, and they didn't keep track of what you got. Free lunch, too. Me'n Jim took on a couple of neer biers and grabbed a little free lunch. We came out feeling happy and singing the W. E.'s all right, and they are.

Then we steered back to the main hall. The General Commercial's show was on, and they had everybody in there. We couldn't see a thing from where we stood, but we could hear a lot, and we guessed whatever their show was it was good. Charley Nitchske sneaked in the back way where he could see more. They called it the Shivering Shagtoo or something like that After it was going on for about ten minutes, a bunch of cops came in and locked all the doors and hollered the place is pinched.

Me'n Jim saw they were real cops and about all they are in Denver, and we got pretty scared. So did Dexter. A cop grabbed him and says are you P. H. Dexter and he said N-N-No, M-M-M-y N-N-N-ame's P-P-P-P-eterson. But they had the goods on him and grabbed him and A. R. Grosheider and a lot of others who had something to do with running the show and dragged them out. Gosh, me'n Jim thought now the show is spoiled. So did Dexter. When they all got to the gate where the hoodlum wagon was supposed to be, they laughed and said the drinks are on you. And they took the cops to The Last Gurgle Bar and fixed them up. And the show went on. Me'n Jim was sure glad it was only a frameup. So was Dexter.

After that we rambled back to the main hall and took in the Tragical Root-tatoot, which was being put on by the Executive Department. It was supposed to be a he, she, or it, but me'n Jim figured it out that it was a couple of he's commonly known as Flynn and Butcher. It was about a foot and a half high and had long arms and big feet and danced some. It was supposed to be worked by wireless. They had a wireless thing-a-mading that crashed fire and stuff. It was keen, but we know that's why they had Butcher in their show. Borrowed him from the Educational Director so as to have some one who knew all about everything, including wireless.

A dude with white pants, red coat, and fuzzy plug hat come out on the platform and started spieling about Odee and Odius, which was supposed to give a shocking dance inside. Anybody could tell from the spiel that it was Jack Coffey giving it, and that Bob Thorne and Bart Miller and the rest of the Colorado Traffic guys was in on it. So we went in to see a shocking dance, as our wives was home. Inside was a glass box in the middle of the floor with black cloth around it, and around the cloth was a rail. Two waltzing mice were in the box going round and round like the Traffic Department and there was about a million volts connected to the rail and a wet carpet on the floor. That's where the shock came in. Me'n Jim got the deuce kicked out of us. About this time the lights went out and somebody hollered come on out and see the Bull Fight.

Outside there was a big ring roped off with a tent in it, and a big sign that said BULL general plant. George Armstrong and A. R. Crosse were on a big platform all dolled up like a circus and beating pans and introducing everybody in the terrible fight to the crowd. Then two birds that looked like they just sneaked in town on a cattle train came tearing thru the crowd hollering a lot of Mexican lingo they learned from Joe Carr at El-Paso, and dragging a little cloth bull with a two inch rope. Another fellow who had a fierce mustach and who was supposed to be General Planto, superintendent of bull who really was Ray Gow was beating the little toy bull and hollering too. The crowd thought they were going to fight that bull. Ha, Ha. Then R. B. Bonney came out with a whip and some A-I-E-E meeting clothes and a big speech. He said, "Gentlemen, the bull is very wild, etc." And after a while the lights went out, and when they come back on there was the worst looking Bull you ever saw in the ring. The bull's name was John George Ewen-Matheson. Pretty soon the battle was on, the big bull fight being fought nobly by Frank Teschner who was the Mattewan or something like that in loud red clothes. Finally the bull got good and sore at being monkeyed with and chased Teschner up a pole. Tesch had climbers on, and when he got up aways he threw away his sword and pulled out a feather and tickled the bull to death right there in front of everybody. That sure was a good show.

Next after that we went back to the hall and saw Denver Plant's show. It was named Mossowah, and outside was a lot of cannibals and stuff that looked terrifying. A man would go in and out would come his clothes, piece by piece, but the man never came out. The ads about Massowah said seventeen butcher shops did nothing but furnish pigs feet for it to eat. Me'n Jim got up our nerve anyway and went in with the crowd. We figured out it was Charley Nitchske and Ray Hiester and Tom Carey and Joe Miller who was so fierce and so we wasn't leary. And then when we got inside and what do you think Massowah was. It was us, and everybody else who went in. They handed you a looking glass with a

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Wasatch Supervisors Go to Canyon

"Jump in! All ready? Let's go!"

What is it all about? Just a few remarks heard at 7:00 a. m., one morning not so long ago, when several supervisors from the Wasatch Exchange of Salt Lake City, hied themselves to the Canyon for the day. The happy crowd included Miss Johnson, Miss Whipple, Miss Mitchell, Miss Muir, Miss Watson, Miss Kilburn and cousin, Miss Hill, Mrs. Mayme Sjostedt Best and Mr. Best.

After everyone had made sure that everyone else was there, and that all the "eats", coffee pot, and frying pans were on board, we actually started. Where? To Big Cottonwood Canyon, one of Utah's beauty spots.

For the next two hours we bounced and bumped over the road in our "Fierce Arrow," but even if it was "rough riding" Miss Johnson expressed the sentiments of everyone present every few minutes, when she would burst forth with "Ain't we got fun."

Then someone suggested breakfast. Hurrah! Someone else had expressed the sentiments of everyone, Mr. Best, I think it was, who had the bright idea. Incidently, I might mention here that Mr. Best was the chauffeur, cook, guide and only fellow on the party.

A camping spot was chosen and Mr. Best had us all "on the job" preparing breakfast in less time than it takes to tell it. And it tasted good? Not a scrap was left. We all voted Mr. Best the "best" coffee maker. If you doubt our word, ask Miss Whipple. She was consuming the sixth cupful when we lost count.

After breakfast we all looked so happy, Miss Kilburn insisted upon taking our picture. We were all posed, when horrors!—what was that shriek? Miss Johnson, of course. There she was in a heap on a rock pile. No, she didn't have a hammer, but a bicycle. She had borrowed a bicycle to go for a "joy ride." After joy riding a few yards she could plainly see that her next stop would take place either on the rock pile or in the creek, so she chose the rocks.

Order was restored, the picture taken and we started on a hike. During the rest of the afternoon we hiked, miles it seemed; climbed, and had a general good time until hunger forced us to return. We were just in time. Our cook, Mr. Best, and some of the girls had a dandy meal ready. Baked ham, potato salad, tomatoes, pickles, olives, bread and butter, pork and beans, fruit and coffee were on the menu.

Wasatch Operators Out for a Good Time.

We ate and drank like people always do on a picnic and finally finished for lack of more room. Besides, we all had visions of red, juicy watermelon that we were to enjoy before going home.

But it was beginning to get dark. The day had not been half long enough. Into the Fierce Arrow we all piled, watermelon 'neverything.

Down the canyon our Fierce Arrow rambled until we reached the old paper mill. Here we stopped and had a regular watermelon bust. We all intended to use discretion, but the way some of those girls kept a "Watch on the Rhine" was nothing slow.

Once more we said farewell to the canyon and started to sing "Home, Sweet Home." That is, everyone sang except Miss Johnson, and when the happy crowd separated, she was still singing, "I ain't got weary yet." Thus endeth the canyon party, with everyone looking forward to the next one.

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leather back with Massowah on it, and you turned it over and saw yourself. Ha. Ha.

Then we went out and saw some kind of a Oracle that answered funny questions. It was the General Traffic's stunt, and they had Wilford Taylor and Jimmie Yelton and all that gang up on a platform where they was a white blackboard that if you rubbed it with cloth it would answer questions. Jim said somebody might ask it if we really earned our paycheck and the answer might get us canned so we beat it over to see the Sultan of Fatima.

She was Bill Lamping, and no one had anything to do with her but the Denver Commercial gang. We got a lot of more laughs here and then we mosied out. There was four rubes a meandering around singing, and we knew from the quality they were putting out it was Harold Ferris, Malcolm Jones, Al Kyffin and a fellow named Davis. Believe us, them fellows can get a job in any barber shop that makes a specialty of harmony.

After all of that we was about all in and was wondering what our wives would say so we started to go home. Then Jimmy Montrose came along with his camera and we got our pictures took and then we went home and laughed all night and all the next day. Believe me, Me'n Jim are going to join up with the American Bell Club and find out how it feels to be a real live wire.

P. S.—Me'n Jim seen two or three distinguished looking spectators mixing around at all the side shows and when Jim fronted up to the neer bier bar and called for another gurgle he bumped into one gentleman and asked him to "please shove over." Then when Jim heard the barkeep say to the gentleman, "won't you have another on the house, Mr. Thayer," Jim slunk down into the cuspidore and the janitor carried him out with the rest of the butts. Then when he come up for air I said Jim you've lost us both our jobs—that man was Mr. H. B. Thayer, the big president, and the other men was Mr. W. S. Gifford, vice-president, and Mr. Ben S. Read, president of the Mountain States. Jim said he wasn't so much scared up over Ben, but he shore was some agitated about them big'uns from Noo Yawk! I told Jim a fellow never knowed just who to run his elbow into, so's its best to don't shove no one, an' he won't no more. Me'n Jim found out later there was a lot of other extinguished guests out there, but we didn't know it—everybody looked alike to us an' nobody seemed to be stuck up a tall—except the human pincushion over in the corner.

That's all I know about the show—that I dare tell.

Appreciate Good Service

Following is copy of a letter of appreciation from M. Max Goodsill, secretary of the Commercial Club of Helena, Montana:

"Gentlemen: We wish to congratulate you on the service given to the public during the Montana State Fair. Our rooming bureau, which handled most of the out-of-town lodging business, was able to secure prompt connections at all times with our rooms which were scattered throughout the entire city.

"We were greatly pleased also with the connections and service on the State Fair Grounds, where the people of the state found courteous attention and rapid service both on local and long distance calls."

A man does not seek his luck, luck seeks its man.—Turkish.

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BUSY BETTY SAYS

Just being human is the greatest thing in the world.

It buys more for a fellow himself and for every one he meets going thru life than all the wealth of kingdoms.

Yet have you ever noticed how many people go about the earth occupying space and using up oxygen, who are only human in form—haven't a spark of real human kindness in their whole makeup and are so in their own light that they can't possibly get the other fellow's slant on anything.

It's fine to be able to understand other people's problems—their struggles, hopes and ambitions and occasionally to lend a hand to help them on their way

Don't hate the fellow who isn't human. Just feel sorry for him—he's missing a lot. Let's be glad, though, when we find the really human ones, especially right in our midst.

Apropos of this I've thot so many times how dreadful it would be to have a selfish, unfeeling soul at the head of our benefit department.

As often I've thot how splendid it is that it is presided over by a man who is one hundred per cent human.

Not so long ago I chanced upon rather an interesting story, which has to do with our benefit department and the very human Howard T. Vaille.

Since it did not come to my ears via that estimable gentleman himself surely it cannot be considered a breach of trust to tell it, and I'm quite sure it will be appreciated by many.

It seems that in accordance with the benefit regulations concerning death by accident, a certain rather goodly sum of money was coming to the mother of a young man whose life was suddenly snuffed out in an unfortunate and unavoidable accident, after he had been several years with the Company—his service record being perfectly clear.

The story also goes that the mother's life had been one continuous struggle from the time she was left a widow with several small children to feed and educate, in so far as was possible on her meager earnings. These were gleaned from draping herself with great regularity over the washtub, this being the only way she could figure out to stay at home with her kiddies and at the same time earn money to put food into their mouths.

Years went by and the children grew into young men and women, and being accustomed always to seeing their mother take in washing and ironing they were little impressed with its hardship, took it as a matter of course and one by one without stopping to consider their possible duty to "mother," each, excepting one, stepped across the matrimonial chalk mark into a home of his own with its responsibilities, while mother continued to maintain a certain independence by taking in a few bundles of washing now and then tho the one son—the one with the Telephone Company—was faithful in sending her a regular allowance until the final curtain was rung down on his life so unexpectedly.

There was no denying the tragedy of the situation, but as is usually true—it might have been worse if the snowy haired old lady had not been entitled to a death benefit, which was large enough if properly invested, to provide for her comfortably the rest of her life.

But what could a little old soul whose daily view for years and years had been of the bottom of a washtub, who had never been out of the small town in which she lived, know of safe investments?

Howard T. Vaille with his keen power of perception was quick to see this, especially since he had chanced on more than one occasion to be in that town and see the old lady playing her favorite tune on the washboard. He also knew that some unscrupulous person might be selfish and grasping enough to get his hands on that little windfall and use it to his advantage rather than that of the mother.

And so, they say, (they being in a position to know), that he sent for one of the daughters and acquainted with her the conditions, the amount of money which was coming to her mother and what could be done with it thru proper investment, suggesting quite naturally and sincerely, the purchase of A. T. & T. stock with the greater portion of it—this being one of the safest stocks on the market and paying 9 per cent dividends.

His main idea was to tie up that money where the old lady would have a steady income from it and where it could not be, bit by bit, wheedled away from her.

The daughter agreed—was, in fact, very grateful for his interest and left the matter of deciding just how much should be so invested, to his judgment.

And this is where the real human side of H. T. Vaille manifested itself.

I know you think he told her to put it all into A. T. & T.—but he didn't. No, sir; he told her he thought it would be nice to hold out enough for the old lady to take a trip to the western coast to visit a couple of other married daughters whom she had not seen for years. Said that he thought the mother needed a rest and change—a trip would lift the weight of her burden—and then what do you suppose he suggested? That with some of the money she buy the mother some new clothes—specifying particularly a silk dress.

The mention of that silk dress brought tears to my eyes, for I could just picture that dear old lady bending over the washtub day after day in an old dark blue calico dress, while down thru the years she sacrificed all her own desires—even that for a silk dress.

Just stop and imagine a man having such an understanding of human nature, especially a woman's nature, with its eternal feminine longing for pretty things—as to think of buying the old lady a silk dress.

To prove that he sensed it rightly, not long after that two women entered his office one afternoon. One he recognized instantly as the daughter, but the other—where had he seen that sweet old face before? Then his thoughts quickly sped to a washtub, and he realized that standing before him was "Mother"—in a black silk dress and neat little "bunnet" and wearing a smile that warmed the cockles of his heart.

She was on her way to the coast, and just stopped in to thank him, to say goodbye and to ask when she might look for her dividends.

Now I leave it to you, isn't that a sweet little story? And isn't H. T. Vaille the "humanist" human?

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News that Mae Chaney, who was taken ill about the same time as Miss Helen Knox and in a similar manner, is making strides in recovery will be welcomed by a host of warm friends Miss Chaney has with the Company, where she was extremely popular.

I'm told that after more than a year of patient suffering, Miss Chaney now is

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Kitchenette Cookery

The average "kitchenetter" finds time only on Sundays to cook a roast and even then the thot of how to use up the left-over meat is a problem which often causes us to give up buying one rather than waste a lot of good meat.

There is nothing better than good hash and as it is an excellent way to use up bits of cold meat, and can be prepared one evening and put away in the ice chest ready to slip right into the oven when we get home from the office the next evening, the following recipe is given:

Baked Hash: Take two cupfuls of cold roast beef chopped up or ground thru meat grinder, boiled beef or bits of ham and other meats may be used along with them.

One cup of cold potatoes.

One small onion.

Mix all together, seasoning with pepper and salt, and place in a buttered baking dish.

When ready to place in oven pour over this enough water or left over cold gravy to cover nicely, put into oven and let bake until nicely browned, which will probably take close to an hour.

Speaking of Sunday reminds us that waffles make a good Sunday morning breakfast and are not as difficult to make as some folks imagine.

The following quickly prepared recipe makes very light and tasty waffles:

One pint sour cream.

One teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tiny bit of water and added to sour milk.

Three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, yolks added to milk at once and well beaten whites added the very last.

Also a pinch of salt and enough sifted flour to make a stiff batter—just so it will leave the spoon easily.

A teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with the flour makes them a bit lighter.

After adding whites of eggs, beat batter well with spoon.

Have waffle iron good and hot.

—

Mocha Cake is easily prepared, economical and very palatable.

Take one egg.

One cup of flour.

One scant cup of sweet milk.

One cup of sugar.

One level teaspoonful of baking powder.

Two tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

Two squares of Bakers chocolate, also melted.

Place all ingredients in mixing bowl and stir thoroly. Bake in two layers, about twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Then spread over top and fill in between layers the following icing:

One cup powdered sugar.

Two tablespoonfuls hot coffee.

Two tablespoonfuls melted butter.

Three tablespoonfuls cocoa.

Stir until smooth and creamy, then spread on cake.

The Most Useful Person

The Cheyenne Tribune-Leader is asking its subscribers in various towns in Wyoming the question, "Who is the most useful person in your community?" and it is quite natural, and very pleasing to know that among the answers the telephone girl is not considered the least by any means. The following communication is published in the Tribune-Leader:

"Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 17.—To the Editor of the Tribune-Leader: The weaver of speech, or the telephone operator, is the most useful person in our fair community. Courtesy and loyalty are her standards—ever loyal to her post and courteous to the people. Loyal because she travels through snow and rain to serve us and ever ready to warn us in case of fire or flood. Courteous because she never loses her patience with persons who abuse her. Just think of all the small inconveniences she saves you and me. Why not be thankful that we have such a useful person in our community?

"Michael Smith,"
"710 West Twenty-first Street."

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taking a few steps daily and there is every indication that she will be walking about again before many more months

Speaking of Helen Knox—don't forget that she is in the magazine business at her same stand—the little white bed out in St. Joseph's hospital, where she has lain for more than a year awaiting recovery from an attack of infantile paralysis.

And these weary pain-laden months have not dimmed her courage nor her determination to be independent and earn her own way—neither have they robbed her of her smile. So let's help her to keep on smiling, by remembering to send all our magazine renewals for the coming year and some new subscriptions to her. It will help her and if we send one or two magazine subscriptions to friends as Christmas presents, we can help by sending the orders thru her.

Telephone or write Helen Knox, St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver. Telephone number York 35.

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The Traffic Department's Red Cross First Aid classes are proving a source of real interest and pleasure to the young women of that department.

They are under the able direction of Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Williams, both registered Red Cross nurses, who pass out the information and instruction in such a palatable (if you'll pardon the use of the word so applied) manner that the girls can hardly wait from one class until time for another.

The instruction is accompanied by practical demonstrations and it's safe to say that at the close of the series of lessons most of the girls in the Traffic Department will be well equipped to meet any and all emergencies requiring first aid treatment.

The classes were inspired by the capability shown by certain young girls on occasions when accident or sudden illness of employes called for emergency treatment, courage and cool heads.

Heads of the Traffic Department, quick to observe the poise and adaptability shown by these young women on such occasions, figured that there were doubtless many more in the ranks who would, with a little training, prove equally valuable in emergencies, and that it was well worth while to offer them the opportunity of equipping themselves to meet such conditions as are apt to arise any moment or any place we chance to be at any time in our lives.

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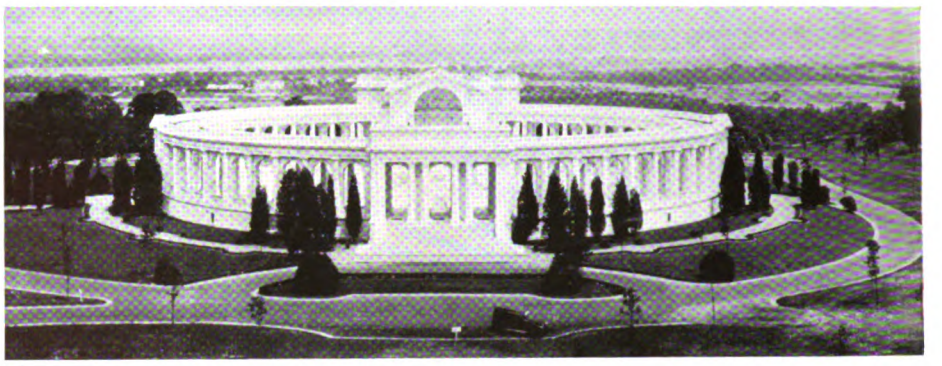
ARMISTICE DAY



Memorial Amphitheatre at Arlington Cemetery, from Which President Harding's Funeral Oration Will Be Transmitted.

When on the stroke of twelve on Armistice Day, November 11th, President Harding begins his funeral oration over the body of "an unknown soldier" in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., his voice will be heard by hushed multitudes in New York, and San Francisco, as well as by the thousands gathered in and around the huge Arlington amphitheatre.

Every prayer and address uttered on that solemn occasion will be transmitted to these distant cities by long distance telephone wires, and then, by means of loud speakers, carried to the ears of the reverent throngs that will have gathered to pay homage to America's illustrious dead.

The ceremonies at Arlington will be in charge of the U. S. Army. The coordinated ceremonies at noon in Madison Square Garden, New York, at eleven o'clock and at nine o'clock in the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, will be conducted by the American Legion posts of these cities.

As soon as President Thayer's offer to President Harding of the Bell System's transcontinental circuits and loud speaker apparatus was accepted, engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company undertook the extraordinarily difficult task involved in the plan to bring, in effect, these distant audiences to the Arlington ceremonies. No other cities could be included because the methods of achieving such an epoch-making result have only just been perfected, and the complicated apparatus required could not be manufactured in necessary quantities.

The undertaking is a gigantic one, involving countless difficulties of installation and operation, but the splendid results already attained give every assurance of success. One of the tests, early in October, made Colonel Carty and his assistants feel sure that they could rely on the facilities they were providing. A speaker on the roof of the Bush Street Exchange, in San Francisco, spoke into a special transmitter, three feet distant, that was connected by suitable apparatus with a transcontinental circuit that extended to Olympic Park, Newark, where loud speaking apparatus was installed. His remarks were heard distinctly and with ample volume, by Bell Engineers and others standing more than a thousand feet from the projectors. Other remarkable tests of a similar character have been made, and have fortified the confidence of the engineers in charge in the performance of the Bell apparatus on Armistice Day.

The simultaneous transmission of the historic words that will be spoken on November 11th will mark the beginning of another epoch in the development of communication. No such impressive demonstration of the telephone's potentialities has ever been attempted. The event will not only add immeasurably to the solemnity and National significance of the ceremonies in Arlington but will call the world's attention anew to the triumphs of Bell Engineers in speeding the spoken word.

The Bell Loud Speaker is a fundamental contribution to human effort, whereby a speaker's voice, or the sound of music can, at the very moment of delivery, reach distant audiences in number and size heretofore never dreamed of. Colonel Carty, who is head of the Bell System Department of Development and Research, which has developed the apparatus and brought it to its present high state of perfection, was recently asked by an interviewer what he considered the most important feature of the loud speaker develop-

Around This Marble Amphitheatre in the National Cemetery the Exercises Over the Unidentified Body of an American Soldier Will Be Held.

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BOWLING

Rise, you of the Mere Man tribe, and give three cheers for the Denver Telephone girls!—peppy, progressive girls who have organized a bowling league.

Toppling ten-pins is no new pastime to the men folks of the Telephone family—they have had their leagues and tournaments year after year. But the girls—it remained for thirty-five young ladies of the General and State offices in Denver to prove that bowling is a form of exercise and recreation for women as well as for men.

The first bowling session of the ladies' league was held Friday, October 7th, at the alleys of the Recreation Company, a block from our buildings. And, according to the neat "Official Schedule" which has been issued by the league, games will be bowled every Friday evening at six o'clock between now and January 27th.

Thirty-five young ladies merrily assembling once each week, after a day's grind in the office, for an hour or two of good sport and exercise!

Auditors.
Esther Farrel (Capt.)
Anna Vreeland
Isabelle McCarthy
Mayme Mulligan
Mollie Stember
Ruth Almquist

Denver Accounting
Isabelle Kinney (Capt.)
Helen Flack
Lumina Miller
Margaret Brennan
Grace Titus
Loretta Collins

Plant and Engineers
Lena Jones (Capt.)
Leefe Bright
Ada Garding
Lillian Hirzel
Cecelia Fitzpatrick
Sophia Probst

State Accounting
Mary McClyman (Capt.)
Alice Collins
Katherine Bradley
Mercedes Gleason
Pearl Roof

Traffic Engineers
Margaret Taylor (Capt.)
Katherine Flannery
Mabel Anderson
Marie Lynch
Josephine Braun
Grace Hierman

Traffic
Mary Smith (Capt.)
Beatrice Vincent
Eunice Hunter
Agnes Kurth
Ruth Howard
Blanche McFann

President, Sophie Probst; Vice-President, Blanche McFann; Secretary, Marie Lynch; Treasurer, Leefe Bright.

Giant Cable Spans River

A new telephone cable across the Detroit river, connecting that city with Windsor, Ont., recently put in operation, is said to be the largest in the world. It contains 408 pairs of wires, is three and five-eighths inches in diameter, 3,000 feet long and weighs 50,870 pounds.

The use of this cable will permit direct trunk line connection between sixteen central offices. It will also carry 600 conversations simultaneously.

The laying of the cable is in anticipation of Detroit's telephone needs up to 2,000,000 population.

ment. "The change that it is bound to create in the art of oratory," he said in reply. "Heretofore orators have been chosen largely for their loud voices, their capacity to reach the ears of those at the back of the hall. We will make it possible for any ordinary man with common sense, possessing the average speaking voice, to get his thoughts into the minds of as many auditors as he may want to reach. Effective addresses by our plan can be made by men speaking no louder than a chairman does when he reports to his board of directors.

Organization Changes, Transfers, Promotion

A. G. Hill, for some time manager at Sterling, Colorado, has transferred to Salida. William H. Barcus, formerly with our company at Greeley, Colorado, has succeeded Mr. Hill as manager at Sterling.

George M. Jarvis became manager at Silverton, in September.

Mary J. Shaft has received an appointment at Nederland, Colorado.

W. L. Cunningham, combination manager at Garland, Utah, has resigned and gone to California with his family, to make their home in that state.

Miss Kathryn Tressel is the new manager and chief operator at Geraldine, Montana.

Miss Kate Griffith recently became chief operator and cashier at Conrad, Montana.

E. W. Underwood was recently appointed manager at Cody, Wyoming.

George W. Trehearne, well known in Mountain States telephone circles, late local traffic chief at Boise, Idaho, has been transferred to traffic work at Salt Lake City. H. B. Anderson, formerly of Pocatello, is the new traffic chief at Boise.

Selfishness is the greatest of sins. It is the cause of more misery than any other human quality.

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HAVRE

The Havre, Montana, Daily Prompter, had a pleasant little write-up of a picnic which was enjoyed by our telephone people at that place. The girls forgot all about "Number, please," as they relaxed and rested and stowed away the good eats. They had to take the dog along to keep the boys away.

Those who participated were, left to right: Miss Fox, Miss Steck, Mrs. Frank, chief operator, Miss Ryel, Mrs. Wood, Miss Olsen and Miss Janikola.

"Dad" McPherson, chaperon, is on the extreme left.

Destructive Fire at Bingham Canon, Utah

On the morning of September 12th, a fire broke out at Bingham, Utah, in a wooden structure occupied by a pool hall just two doors from the telephone office. It looked for awhile as if the entire town would be destroyed and only the united efforts of the volunteer and Utah Copper Company's fire forces, saved the town.

The Copper Company's department let down lines of hose from the side of the mountain behind the burning building while the Bingham City Department attacked the flames from the front of the block. This method of fighting the fire proved very effective and within an hour and twenty minutes the fire had been checked.

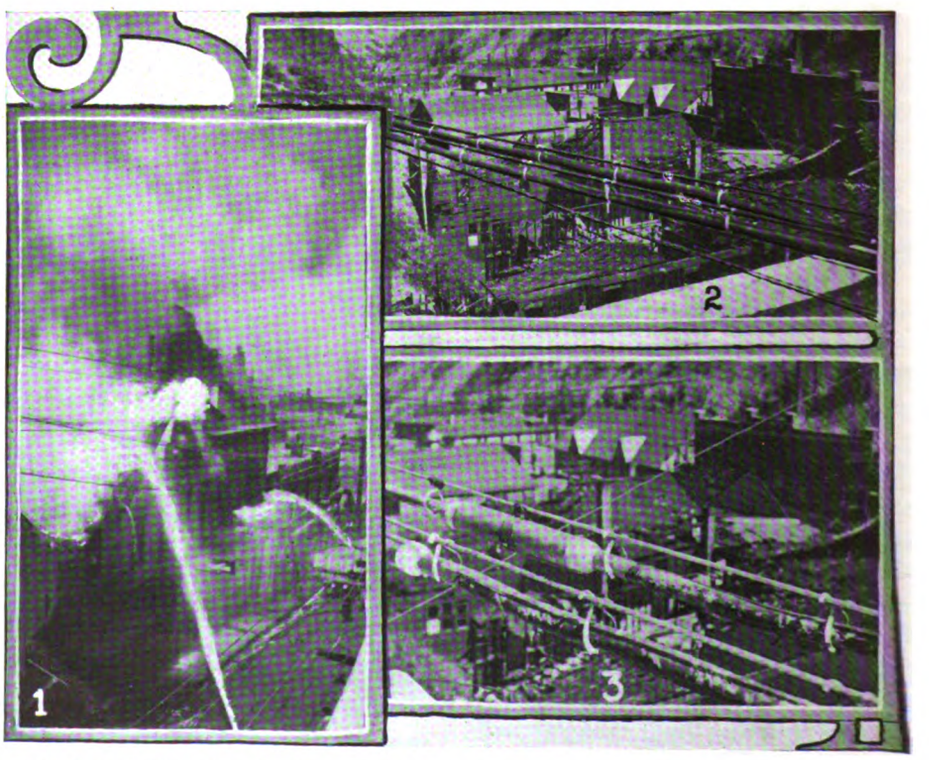
The damage to the telephone plant consisted of the burning of one 45 foot pole and about 100 feet of two 100 pair cables which fed all of Lower Bingham.

The first report of the fire to reach the office of the Salt Lake City Plant Department was a telephone message from Carl Powell, manager at Bingham, who reported the seriousness of the fire and stated that the telephone office was in grave danger. Immediately upon receiving this information, T. A. Osborne, Salt Lake Plant Chief, and Foreman, F. B. Utter, started for Bingham, with a sufficient number of magneto sets and enough twisted pair to give the town temporary service in the event that the exchange was destroyed. When Tattersall's men who were working at Murray received the call to go they were eating their lunches, but they jumped on the truck and finished eating on the way out to the burning village.

Just an hour and fifteen minutes after Manager Powell had called Salt Lake City, and before the fire was out, Mr. Osborne and the gang were on the job ready to build up what telephone plant the flames had destroyed.

While the burned wood was still smoking, our boys jumped into the ruins and began cutting everything into "the clear." Temporary service was restored throughout the town that afternoon, and by noon of the next day new cable was in place and permanent repairs had been made.

The efficient methods and good judgment of Mr. Osborne, together with the whole-hearted support of the entire gang of Plant men were responsible for the lightning-like repairs and again the spirit of "Service First" manifested itself among this loyal bunch of telephone men.



1—Fire at Its Height When the Whole Town Was Endangered; 2—Showing the New Cables Strung After the Fire; 3—Where New Cables Were Spliced Onto the Old Ones.

Figure It Yourself

He's teaching her arithmetic,
He said that was his mission,
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said: "Now that's addition."
And as he added smack by smack
In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave his kisses back,
And said: "Now, that's subtraction."
Then he kissed her and she kissed him,
Without any exclamation,
Then both together smiled and said,
"Now, that is multiplication."
But dad appeared upon the scene
And made a quick decision;
He kicked the lad three blocks away,
And said, "That's long division."

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(Continued from page 10.)

quite accurate and she never by any chance permitted herself to go over her monthly allowance of calls.

With unquestionable interest and desire to please, yet with a knowledge born of long experience in such matters the counter man inquires if there is any one else in the house who might have access to the telephone—suggesting—perhaps a maid who in her Mistress' absence might seize the opportunity of visiting with some of her friends. The light bursts slowly on the countenance of the complainant who steps to a nearby telephone, calls up her home and getting the maid on the wire asks sweetly "Frieda, about how many times do you suppose you used the telephone last month?" and promptly receives the admission from Frieda, "Vell, maybe yet bout twelve times."

Which naturally dismissed the case then pending in the court of reason and with apologies from the complainant the arbitrator made ready for the next attack which chanced to be registered by a genial chap who in a very pleasant tho convincing manner declared that he had been charged for a six minute toll call when in reality he talked only three.

In the course of conversation it developed that he had been talking to his fiancee—in Iowa, whom he was to marry the following week—just called her long distance to arrange a few last details of the approaching great event. Now what fellow at that stage of the love game has any comprehension of how long a conversation is between him and his "sweetie"? Why the only way to convince him of how long they billed and cooed over the wire would be to make him talk with a meter on his mouth. After a few moments however he conceded that she did talk quite a little and that perhaps it was longer than it seemed; thus that matter was amicably adjusted.

So it is, a steady flow of trials and tribulations poured out over the long counter at which six men officiate constantly from eight o'clock every morning until six at night, in the Commercial office.

While sitting behind the counter my gaze from time to time followed the stream of humanity constantly filing up to the two huge cages directly across the aisle where three attractive young women, representing three distinct types, blonde, titian and brunette, each equally pretty, officiated in the most pleasing and gracious manner.

Finally I decided to turn my interest into this channel, to ascertain just what was going on over there where the girls were so pretty as to necessitate caging them to avoid possibility of kidnaping.

Over I went and applied for admittance to one of the cages not possessing any qualifications entitling me to protection from kidnappers—save the mark—no—but merely on tour of inspection and imagine my disillusionment at discovering the cages were not to protect the girls at all but the money they were taking in.

They were the cashier's cages—where people called to pay their bills and it was certainly interesting to note what a painful operation it is for the average person to separate himself from a bit of "filthy lucre"—money.

I've often thought that there is a message in each of life's experiences if we will but take it and apply it. So it was that during my "shift" in the cashiers cage I resolved thereafter to smile when I paid a bill no matter how great the effort.

Once in a while a man would venture a smile as he passed his money thru the window, but a woman—never.

And as I sat there watching that steady stream of persons come and go I marvelled at the ever gracious manner of those young women cashiers—whose smile and "Thank you" were passed out impartially to vinegar faces and all who came within their range.

And isn't it funny that most women—I hate to knock my own sex but this is rather in the spirit of humor than criticism—starting out with perhaps the sole purpose of paying a bill will tuck it clear down in the bottom of their purse, along with dozens of other papers and then spend at least ten minutes looking for it while they interrupt "traffic" in front of the cashier's window? After they have gone over and over everything in the purse, dragging it all out onto the window shelf they'll finally find the bill and then poke it thru the window accompanied by a bit of currency all rolled up in a hard knot that takes the cashier another five minutes to unwrap. It's all right, we aren't criticising, it just strikes us as funny.

Sitting around on the sidelines of an office such as the Commercial department one quickly "pegs" as it were, the various influences and so it was that I was particularly impressed with the sweet and kindly influence Miss Della Stone lends to the entire office.

Miss Stone has been with the company eleven years and is a living contradiction of the theory expressed by some, that women in business become cold blooded, hardened and bitter. One just feels better for breathing the same air with Miss Stone.

Then there is Miss O'Brien.—"Frances" as she is familiarly known by most everyone in the office. "Frances" doubtless by right of many years faithful service with the company assumes the role of "Big Sister" to the rest of the girls in the office, tho one can hardly apply that adjective to so diminutive a person—unless with regard to her heart. If one of the girls is sick, worried, or unhappy she usually searches out "Frances" and unloads before the day is over and the fact that this continues is evidence that there must be a certain satisfaction in talking things out with her—getting a bit of sympathy and kindly advice.

Miss O'Brien and Miss Augusta Lewis are suburban girls. Aw! No not that way, they're both city broke and up to date as can be, but referred to as suburban girls because they deal with the suburban exchanges and judging by the suburban exchange managers and operators who run in to pay them a visit they are handling the work with marked success.

You know I could just write a volume on the Commercial office, now that I've got into it, but visions of the Editor's "blue pencil" deter me from expatiating at length on the office force individually and collectively for I'm powerfully strong for them both ways.

There is W. A. Tremmel, Unit Supervisor, M. E. Gantz, Unit Supervisor, with assistants A. E. Taylor and William Morgan, a bunch of conscientious capable chaps who think telephone business in every waking moment.

Among the counter men aside from the bachelors referred to earlier in the story are, T. E. Brownson, E. F. Hennesy and A. Wagman, untiring in their efforts to please the subscriber.

Six coin collectors who handle over 4,000 pay stations and coin sets each month and who, to quote Dean Clark, are a "bully lot of boys."

Bert Towne, guardian of the ex-chequer and the three pretty cashiers.

J. C. Wallace, private branch exchange salesman, W. A. Carpenter, special collector of government and railroad accounts, William O. Lamping, happy bridegroom, and Long Distance salesman, and Lorin Rogers, adjuster Unit No. 1.

Add to this a clerical force including Misses: Cliola Stone, Sheehan, Wolf, Doran, Sharp, Taylor, Schirk, Green, Rayen, Moylan, Karwal, Kessler, Conner, Rowbotham, and Bushey, who are not the sort that weep every time anything goes wrong but keep their shoulders to the wheel every minute and you have the entire Commercial staff with the exception of that most subtle, elusive and vital force—the operator of the Branch exchange—Mrs. Wilkerson whose cheery voice coupled with a sweet and gracious manner is far reaching in the success of the department.

Oh, I almost forgot Dean Clark, Denver Commercial manager—boss of the office, who so far as I could learn holds the

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When Bill Lamping Stepped Off

On the Right—Bill Lamping.

Confirmed bachelor? Shucks! There "ain't no such animal!" Just when they begin singing that "No Wedding Bells for Me" tune and telling you how matrimony is all right for others but never for them—keep your eyes on them.

There's a dove-eyed damsel hovering somewhere in the shadows just waiting to look up into his eyes with that helpless, innocent baby stare that is sure to tip the bachelor beam and start him figuring on bungalows.

Take Billy Lamping, for instance, who after lo, these many dart-proof years shattered the ideals of dozens of Denver bachelors by falling a victim to little Dan—and the charms of a petite Kansas City girl.

To quote one of his pals, on hearing of "Bill's" marriage: "To think that Bill would fall for anyone, after lamping them all for years—why do you know I'd have played Bill clear across the board—Time, Place and Show—in the bachelor class any minute."

But "Bill," like many another "confirmed bachelor," fell hard when he did fall, going clear to New York to get her and he's so in love that the sun could go on a strike any minute and we'd never miss it, for "Bill's" face is radiant enough to make up for it.

His marriage to Miss Billie Shelton took place October 6th at the home of the bride's brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Pettigrew, Bronxville, New York, the wedding, according to all reports, being a very pretty affair.

After a brief trip thru the east Mr. and Mrs. Lamping arrived in Denver October 16th, and when "Bill" returned to his desk in the Commercial Office the following morning he found that his co-workers not only had his goat but had been parading it and then with a huge rope had tied it to his desk to await his arrival.

And that wasn't all: Four standards had been attached to his desk and festoons of paper ropes were suspended from these while numerous signs contributed by various members of the organization and other suggestions a bit disconcerting to one who after long years of caution had taken such a serious step, were much in evidence.

For instance, a tiny broom bearing the inscription "Get Busy, Bill."

A rolling pin labeled "To Mrs. Bill from Mrs. Jiggs."

A dishpan holding the cheery greeting "Many Happy Days."

A manuscript entitled "Safety First—Helpful Hints from the Benedict Committee," signed by A. E. Taylor, W. A. Tremmel and M. E. Gantz, and which in part read: "We, the undersigned, acting as a committee representing the Benedicts of this department, being duly qualified thru long and suffering married life, do hereby give you a few hints which may help you over a rough, strange and uncharted road."

In conclusion it read:

"What is Matrimony?
Secret Sorrow—
Midnight lights—
Crying babies—
Sleepless nights."

To Mr. Mix was credited the following poetic effusion:

"We'll grieve for you, Bill,
When in deepest distress
You answer the summons—
Please hook up my dress."
—(Signed) Order of Fat Bachelors.

There was a clever organization chart, demonstrating beyond a doubt just who is who in "Bill's" family.

Other placards read:

"No Lodge Tonight, Fellers."

"God Bless Our Home."

"You Can Use Me for An Alibi."

"Bill you were good to us while you were single—so during your double life sentence we're sure going to be good to you.—(Signed) The Girls."

"His First Offense" and "Wanted a Cook—Commercial Department."

Did any of those suggestions dampen "Bill's" ardor?

Well, not so you could notice it. He gave vent to an old-time Lamping laugh and proceeded to carefully gather up all the decorations, which he carried home to Mrs. 'Bill," as mementos of the most auspicious occasion.

Blue Bell Wedding Bells

Married—Ray G. Spore, traffic manager at Boise, Idaho to Miss Zina Moshisky, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, at the home of the bride's relatives in Sidney, Nebraska, on October 12, 1921. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Spore spent a few days in Denver, Grand Junction, Salt Lake City and then went to Boise, Idaho, where they will reside.

Mr. Spore has been with the Mountain States Telephone Company a number of years and has many warm friends who will be pleased to know he has taken unto himself a life companion. The bride comes from a splendid family and has always enjoyed a large circle of friends.

Wilful waste brings woful want.—Spanish.

The way to rise is to obey and please.—Ben Jonson.

Good ware easily finds a buyer.—Plautus.

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure.—Chinese.

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confidence and good will of every employe in his department. I admitted in the start of my story that I was prejudiced in his favor and I thought I had reason to suspect he felt some interest in me so picture if you can my chagrin at discovering that the thing he's most interested in, in all the wide world is—the Unit System!

Mr. Clark installed the Unit System in the Denver office, the first of June and says that it has proved a far greater success than he had dared hope for.

In fact he's what might be called a "bug" on it.

The Unit System which divides the accounts into two units, promotes a closer and more personal touch with the subscriber thereby, naturally bringing about better public relations.

As H. E. McAfee, General Commercial Manager says—The Commercial office contacts the general public more directly than any other department with the company, therefore each member of this office force is responsible for the impression the subscriber gets, as to the real character of the Company.

If, as Elbert Hubbard once said "A Company is judged by the people it keeps," surely in my opinion, judging by the Commercial department, the impression of our Company should be good.

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Salt Lake City Traffic Department Party

Gee, folks! Salt Lake had a party!! A real one at that!!

Some bright being had an idea. She passed it along and the first thing they knew a committee was appointed including Misses B. Service, H. McCluskey, E. Gleason, and I. Reed from Wasatch, and Miss G. Laver from Hyland, and Miss Dickerson from Toli.

Oh, Boy! At last the big day came. A special train left for Saltair laden with operators. Shortly after the arrival at the Beach they found themselves tossing among the waves of the Great Inland Sea. Talk about Bathing Reviews! Those girls would put Ziegfield's "Follie Dolls" to shame. The prize suit was worn by Miss Jones, being orange and black, a—er—well—a sort of "double connection."

Joy reigned supreme when above the roar of the waves there arose the voice of a great Chief. "Who will race through the wilds of the waves with me?" No answer. A mighty Chief challenging a mere woman! What could one do? The crowd stood breathless when penetrating the silence came the clear voice of Miss Johnson, Chief Operator, "Give me victory or give me death!"

In a moment she was beside him. "On your mark! get set! go!!" They were off, each powerful stroke bringing the challenged closer to victory.

The spectators—cruel fate—stood there with mouths agape, displaying the art of dentistry.

At last the goal was reached. To the amazement of the onlookers, the woman won.

Recovering from the shock of the outcome of the race, they made their way to the beach, where childhood pastimes were revived by playing "Leap Frog" and building castles in the sand.

Then for the eats! Several tables were covered with appetizing food. Oh, what a temptation. Who on earth could resist it? Eat? Why one would imagine there had been a famine in the land. Our seemingly shy Traffic Superintendent had considerable difficulty in finding a suitable location at the table. He, however, succeeded in surrounding himself with girls.

Misses M. Riser and M. Johansen accompanied by Miss V. Gould, favored the merrymakers with vocal solos and Miss O. Gould with interpretative dancing.

After eating to their hearts content the majority could not resist the temptation of King Jazz. They left, leaving Mr. Yegge, Mr. Ogden and Mr. Bingham, guests of honor, to display their ability at housekeeping.

No mention is made of the hour at which they left the beach, but this can be said. All who could not find sufficent accommodation in Mr. Ogden's roadster were obliged to take the train.

Utah Plant Notes

Ever since December, 1920, John R. Frankland of the Salt Lake City Plant Department has been confined to his home with a long serious illness. He is making a brave hard fight to regain his health and we hope that before long he will be well on the road to recovery.

J. Harold Mullen of the Salt Lake Toll Test Room tells us he is soon to be married. When he stops smoking—because he has to—we will know that he has "gone and done it."

W. E. Benedict formerly chief toll Testboardman at Salt Lake has accepted a like position with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company at Seattle, Washington. Our best wishes go with "Ben." He has been succeeded by H. M. Johnson, formerly of the General Plant department of Denver.

The prospects for a cracker-jack bowling season in Salt Lake this year are very bright. Most of the members of last year's team will be back in the harness, and judging from early season appearances another hotly contested tournament will be put on this year.

Upon completing the job of restoring telephone service to the town of Bingham after a recent fire, the bunch of Salt Lake plant men were standing on the street discussing whether or not they should take on a little pool game. About this time the Salt Lake Plant Chief joined the crowd and began to explain to the boys that his grandfather owned a factory where were manufactured the little round ivories and the hardwood sticks. The Plant Chief went on to state that he himself was a past master in the art of rolling these balls around the table until they would disappear, and he invited the gang into the hall for a demonstration. As usual this fighting telephone bunch went where the balls were the thickest, but after the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was quietly whispered that the Plant Chief was not as proficient in the game with the ivory balls as he was in the telephone game.

"When Do We Eat?"

A call for volunteers was made recently from the Plant Department to all male employees of Salt Lake to make a raid on Saratoga Springs, on Utah Lake.

This call was answered by about twenty of the stalwart soldiers of the Plant Department with orders to mobilize at the Company Garage, and at 6:00 p. m. the Brigade started over the top.

Gigadier Brindle T. A. Osborne and Messy Sergeant F. B. Utter, formed the advance guard and left ahead of the main brigade to arrange with the enemy for the capture.

The trip from Salt Lake to the Springs was made in fast time and the only explosions heard were those emanating from the exhausts of the "Rear Ammunition Trucks." At 9:30 p. m. we went over the top and took the enemy camp by surprise, throwing down a smoke barrage and a War Cry of "When Do We Eat?"

Shortly after arrival, the mess call was sounded and all good soldiers did justice to the eats prepared by "Cook" Utter and "K. P." Osborne. Music was furnished by the Royal Hawaiian "One-tett" consisting of Fat Grames.

After mess the tent was pitched and taps were sounded but the Soldiers "Mutined" and from then until 6:00 a. m. a Two-Ring Circus was staged with Don Gee, Ring Master of the "Bones" performance and Alf Green of the "Threes beat two-pairs" ring.

Gigadier Brindle Osborne finally threw a bomb into the crowd and gave the mess call for breakfast but "Mutt" Kilgore said he didn't have any appetite and only ate 9 eggs, 2 pounds of bacon, 4 plates of spuds and 6 cups of coffee.

The return trip was not so pleasant as the trip down. After getting about three miles out of camp we ran into one of the worst rain storms we have ever experienced.

Salt Lake City Bowling League

The Telephone Bowling League has been reorganized in Salt Lake City this year and now the season is on in full swing. Six teams have been entered in the race and a twenty-week schedule has been outlined.

No one team has thus far set the league afire, but judging from early season form, some lively little race will be run for the pennant.

A list of prizes to be awarded will be published later.

The standing of the teams on October 19th follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Construction	5	1	.833
Engineers	5	1	.833
Installers	4	2	.667
Suburbans	2	4	.333
Maintenance	1	5	.167
Telegraph-Traffic	1	5	.167

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From out of the East

1—Reception Committee at Rexburg; 2—Main Street, Rexburg, Showing Scott's Caravan; 3—Close-up of Scott's Caravan.

Piloting a caravan of homeseekers across the great plains in pioneer days, when the snail-like ox trains wound their way in and out, leaving a cloud of lazy dust hanging low in the sultry sky, was not an undertaking that was in any way easy. In those days their faces were set toward the hard storms of the barren waste—their goal was the Great Westland, where the azure skies touch in mellow harmony the brown and purple shades of the horizon. Quite different in manner of conveyance and matter of convenience there was recently gotten together a party of men, women and children—families of good repute—in the city of Brooklyn, New York, under the guidance of W. D. Scott, of Buhl, Idaho, who signified their desire to get away from the congested East and build a new home in the glorious West. These homeseekers traveled in well appointed automobiles, and the trip was made in eight weeks.

The Scott caravan left Brooklyn on July 28, through a cheering crowd of over 50,000 people. Over the famous Brooklyn bridge they went into New York City where Mayor Hylan bade them godspeed and the New York motor cycle police conducted them up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to Yonkers. All along the way representative citizens of different towns were planning to entertain them.

At Schenectady, New York, they were entertained with a band concert and movie, "It Pays to Advertise." They journeyed through Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and to Cleveland and Toledo. At Vermilion, Ohio, owing to bad roads, some articles were shaken out of the trailers, among them a bag of valuable papers. Mr. Scott gave this story to the associated press at Toledo, and six weeks later, at Buhl, a postal card advised that the papers had been recovered.

The Chicago Motor Club, 3,500 strong, entertained the caravan, telephone operators having previously spent much time in arranging appointments with members to meet the travelers.

There was a "No Toll" order for them to cross the Mississippi, likewise the Missouri. Telephone service proved not only exceptional, but was a necessary factor in making advance arrangements for the caravan each day. They passed through Yellowstone Park on their way to Idaho.

Through the medium of telephone service, especially long distance, locations and plans of travel of the caravan were known practically all over Idaho. Ashton entertained the voyageurs and presented them with souvenirs, and Sugar City banqueted them in the town hall, about four hundred being present. The following noon they were entertained at Luncheon in the new Mormon tabernacle at Rexburg, and in the evening Idaho Falls entertained at dinner in the Hotel Idaho. Next day Blackfoot and Pocatello took their turn at luncheon and dinner for the caravaners who spent the night at Pocatello, in luxurious quarters. The cars were parked under the protection of twelve of the State Guard, who permitted no one to touch a car without an order from the owner.

American Falls served luncheon for the party and took them to the falls and the proposed site for the new dam. At Burley, that evening, the state fair was visited.

Buhl, the last leg of the journey, was reached at two o'clock next day. The pavement beginning at the city limits was lined with school children waving American flags and pelting their new brothers with wheat, confetti and paper ribbons. Reaching the city proper, the new Westerners from the East passed under an arch of flags, bearing the words, "Welcome Home." Stores and places of business were decorated and bore banners reading "Welcome Caravaners," "We are from Iowa"—or whatever the name of the state from which they came. This brought a realization to the newcomers that they were making the same move into the West that others had made from every state in the union.

Following dinner at Buhl speeches of welcome were made in the park by Mayor McClusky, ex-Governor Hawley, J. H. Barker, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Mayor Sherman, of Boise, and Jesse O. Eastman, the latter having been designated by the Buhl Chamber of Commerce to go to Brooklyn a month before the caravan departed and assist in every way possible. Mr. Eastman accompanied the travelers across country, keeping one day in advance and arranging for food supplies, firewood, sanitary requirements and suitable location. A large number of people came from Boise in automobiles and extended an invitation to the caravan to be the guests of Boise at the state fair, which, unfortunately could not be accepted, as the homeseekers wished to begin work on their land as soon as possible.

Following dinner at Buhl came an entertainment at the Chamber of Commerce and a dance. Shoshone Falls were visited next day, the autos driving over Hansen Bridge over Snake River, through Blue Lakes and into Twin Falls, to a banquet at Hotel Rogerson.

Next morning the caravan left for Roseworth Ranch, and camped under the trees of the orchard. Here it passed into modern history, and the members of Scott's caravan entered upon the establishment of homes on their ranches.

They All Like The Monitor

C. J. Eaton, state auditor for the Mountain States Company at Helena, Montana, sends in the following extracts from a recent letter:

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 26.

Friend C. J.:—Received my "Monitor" today and have scanned most every page, through and through.

I extend my mitt to folks that put out such an interesting and descriptive piece of literature. Why, the covers on the "Monitor" are beautiful enough to be ornamented by a rustic frame, any time and any place.

Well C. J., I wanted to take this opportunity to thank you for the "Monitor." You know, I look forward to it monthly as I did some fascinating, mysterious, exciting and death gripping detective story in my grammar school days.

Sincerely yours,
P. E. ELVIS.
Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

Nothing makes men sharper than want. —Addison.

Take everybody's advice—then use your own.—Scotch.

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IDAHO

Caldwell, Idaho

It has been six months or more,
Since Caldwell has been in The Monitor,
So now we are going to try our best,
To keep up with Boise and the rest.

The Telephone force of the Caldwell Exchange enjoyed a picnic breakfast, Sunday, September 25, at Curtis Park.

Twenty-four of our force met at the office at eight o'clock, and from there motored out.

When we reached the park, we all helped to unload, except Miss Hanson, who pleaded a broken arm, which we cannot account for.

Mr. Groesbeck, exchange manager, and Edd League, one of our exchange men, served as chief cooks and cooked us a hearty breakfast which we all enjoyed, except Miss Hustead, chief operator, who was on a diet to—reduce.

After breakfast we enjoyed such sports as eating watermelon, foot racing and sliding the slide. Miss Hustead won the foot race and Ella Sutherland, our assistant chief operator, won the watermelon race. Oh, Ella, you must have come from Kentucky!

We are sorry, Mr. Reed, that you couldn't go, but don't worry—there will be another time.

That the breakfast was a success can never ge doubted and everyone is saying, "When will we go again?"

Mrs. McClusky has resigned her position as toll operator and is taking an extended trip to Denver.

We are glad to welcome Miss Almsquist, who has been added to our local force this month.

Misses Louise Boehringer, Dorothy Nitchman and Ione Hanson, three of our operators, have yielded to Dan Cupid's plea. The fatal sign—the ring. Girls, we hate to lose you, but we wish you good luck.

All the employees of the Caldwell exchange were excited on October 3, when we discovered Mr. Howard Groesbeck, exchange manager on top of the Telephone building. We thought at first that he was about to commit suicide, but we were not alarmed when finding he was up there only to get a look at Mr. Snyder, who was making a trip from Boise to Weiser in an aeroplane.

Curtis Neyman's construction crew, who are building a toll line from Boise to Weiser, are now with us. Mr. Neyman is on his vacation, so Mr. Gish is taking his place as construction foreman.

Mr. Rea, from the Engineer's office, has been with us for a few days.

Frank Anderson (Duke), manager of Montpelier, has been with us for a few days. He was former wire chief of Caldwell.

A Bad One Found Among the Hard Boiled

The Helena, Montana, chapter of the Royal and Amalgamated Society of Hard-Boiled Bachelors lost an esteemed member in the recent marriage of Mister Andy Hattrick. Mister Hattrick, who hails from the bonnie glens and vales of Scotland, attended the last meeting of the society and amid a riot of protests announced his intention of following the paths that lead in "double harness." After a prolonged debate in which the rebel was closeted with the sergeant-at-arms in the ante-room probably renewing his acquaintance with the Scotch, permission was granted and his name stricken from the ledger. The secretary read from the minutes of the previous meeting in which Andy had expressed himself on the subject of "double harness." The sudden and strange reversal of form was noticed by all. The subject of the debate grew red behind the ears, and pink beneath the gills and replied to the accusation in quaking voice as follows:

"Mr. President and fellow freemen: It is with deep regret that I withdraw my name from the roster of this society. Many times I have enoyed your meetings. Many times I have conversed with the spirits that pervade our sacred halls. Many times I have helped the erring brother home from his last party as a free man. I admit all that the secretary has read. I tried to get possession of the minutes at the last session of the Hard-Boiled Bachelors. In closing I would ask that my name not be stricken fully from the roster but left on the table 'as it were,' so that in case some future time permitted I could return for an evening. May the society prosper long, may your brow grow wrinkled and furrowed, may your hair whiten as the driven snow before you follow my footsteps. I have erred. I am penitent. Your action is just. Mr. President, it gives me deep sorrow to turn in my badge. I leave your halls with downcast head. As King Solomon, organizer of the Hard-Boiled. says, 'I fold my tent and silently steal away.'"

A linen shower was tendered the departing brother and best wishes were tendered his future wife.

False in one thing, false in all.—Legal Maxim.

Facts are stubborn things.—Smollett.

Crows Call Out Trouble-Shooter

It is only too true that the old fashioned trouble shooter is no more. We cannot quite regret his passing, as time only brings more advanced ideas in regard to this favorite in and out door sport.

The most exclusive item now featured in the trouble shooter's tool kit is an automatic shotgun, which is only used in extreme cases, or where the Bug has reached the size of a full grown crow.

It is rumored that B. A. Robinson, Blackfoot, Idaho, had received reports from other telephone men that sage hens were using our lines as a roosting place and so when he was called out the second night at 7:30 and given the location of a short on the "eights," as Circuit 440 is familiarly called, he remembered that it was only the day before that he had made this same trip, and accordingly, he collected all his tools before starting.

Can you imagine how he planned to creep up on this enemy of telephone service? How the engine of car number 116A, guided by the firm intention of the driver to make this trip no more, throbbed quietly but with sure purpose? At last the robber was sighted at pole number 551, fifteen miles west of Blackfoot. B O O M-M-M! BooM-M-M! And on the ground were three dead crows, a sure evidence of the deadly shooting ability of the trouble shooter, while the air was filled with the whir-r-r-r of rushing wings and the face of the moon was covered with darkness as the balance of the flock moved on, resolved to find a good old hickory tree for their next night's rest.

The imagination governs the universe.—Bonaparte.

Easy to look at—difficult to imitate.—Chinese.

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Helena Baseball Wins City Championship

By Glen F. Lewis

The Telephone Company in Helena helped to bring back to its former standing the honorable and interesting game of baseball. The closing of the Commercial League finds the Telephone Company in first place with a percentage of 650 while the team representing the East Helena Smelter is in second place, just one game behind us. The trophy which is in the form of a silver loving cup presented by Reach & Company will be placed in a conspicious position along with the cup won by our float in the Golden Glow Pageant.

Too much praise cannot be given to C. J. Eaton, Montana auditor, for his capable work as President of the Commercial League. He was ably assisted in the work of organization by Bob Hill, physical director of the Y. M. C. A. Between the two they put the league across to the satisfaction of everyone.

The telephone team was led by George Burley, The Capitol-Courthouse team by Jimmie Currie, The State Nursery-Helena Market team by Captain Morgan, the East Helena team by Manager Winney, the Federal Reserve by Dave Eckberg and the Bankers-Y by Andy Rummell.

The opening game was played late in May before several thousand enthusiastic fans. The governor of the state tossed the first ball and the Mayor of the city caught it,—at least the papers said he did. From that date on until the first week in September the patter of coaches, the roar of the fans, the cries of the umpire and the alibis of the players were heard. Through the courtesy of the Mt. St. Charles College faculty the college grounds were donated free of charge to the league. Other games were played at East Helena and at Fort Harrison for the benefit of the ex-service men receiving treatment.

At the close of the season a banquet and smoker was held at the Eddy Cafe at which over 100 assembled and pledged themselves to carry forward the good work and support a league of four teams in 1922. Carl Eaton was again elected President.

Naturally you want to learn something about each of the boys who helped carry us to first place. "Smoky" Joe Ryan of Irish descent hails from Boston and was all that his nick-name implies. Joe was one of the leading pitchers in the race and played any position on the team when not working in the box.

"Sipe" who relieved Ryan in the box and alternated at first and short.

Ewart Burley opened the season playing short and made a wonderful showing. His work next season will be worth watching.

"Buddy" Ferratt came to the team about the middle of the summer and helped out until the last game. Buddy took care of second base and was a whale at the bat.

Dick Manley playing third base and catcher proved himself one of the strongest players in the city. His work behind the bat was considered the equal of any while his batting easily led the Telephone team and contended for city honors. Dick was well liked and had a baseball way about him that pleased the stands.

Ralph Conrad was a star of the older generation. "Connie" was there like a Babe Ruth in right and nailed them all. His batting was good. He had a wicked arm when he threw from field to home. This is the same arm that defeated the crack Denver bowling team last winter.

"Speed" Benson, a bowling mate of Conrad played second, third and the field. "Speed" was there in practice but suffered a slight slump during the playing season.

Harry Moore who led the league in batting several years ago cavorted in centerfield for us and had them all guessing. Nothing went past him.

Lou Briese was another one of our stars.

Top Row—Left to Right—G. Burley, Dajenias, Ferratt, Moore, Conrad.
Bottom Row—Sipe, E. Burley, Briese, Manley and Ryan.

Dajenias, the fielding Frenchman, took care of left field. There is little doubt but that his fielding average will equal that of any player in the league. At the bat he held his own as lead off man for several weeks and was always ready with the willow in a pinch.

Lou played any place he was put, his principal positions being in the box and in one of the outer guards.

Bill Jobb who came to us rather late in the season, was a tower of strength to us on the first sack, his hitting and fielding being above the average for the league.

George Hardin Dies From Injuries

On September 24th, Mr. George Hardin came in contact with a 66,000 volt power line, while trimming trees for the Idaho Power Company at Emmett, Idaho. In spite of the fact that one leg and one arm were burned off and he was severely burned about the breast and on the other hand and suffering intensely from the shock, Mr. Hardin lived for several days in the St. Alphonsus Hospital at Boise where he was taken immediately after the accident.

During this time, he was unable to give any information regarding his relatives, but it was learned through friends that he had a sister living and the last they had heard from her, she was in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

As Mr. Hardin had worked for our Company, Mr. Crow of the Power Company asked Mr. Snyder to assist in locating his sister. A telegram was sent over the company lines to the toll room at Oklahoma City with the request that they try and locate this party in Tulsa.

During the night, Mr. Hardin died and a little scrap of paper was found in one pocket with his sister's name and address at Sapulpa, Oklahoma. However, before this information could be wired, word was received from the test room at Oklahoma City that the sister had been located and was on her way to Boise.

We think that a great deal of credit is due to our brothers in the Southwestern Bell Company for the efficient manner in which they handled our request.

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And We Are Still Building.

Our stock is like old Plymouth Rock,
It stands the test of time.
It's tried and true and safe for you---
We'll back it down the line.

Our corporation serves the nation
The pilgrims founded well,
And Boston town on Pilgrim ground
First heard the old Blue Bell.

E. C. K.

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

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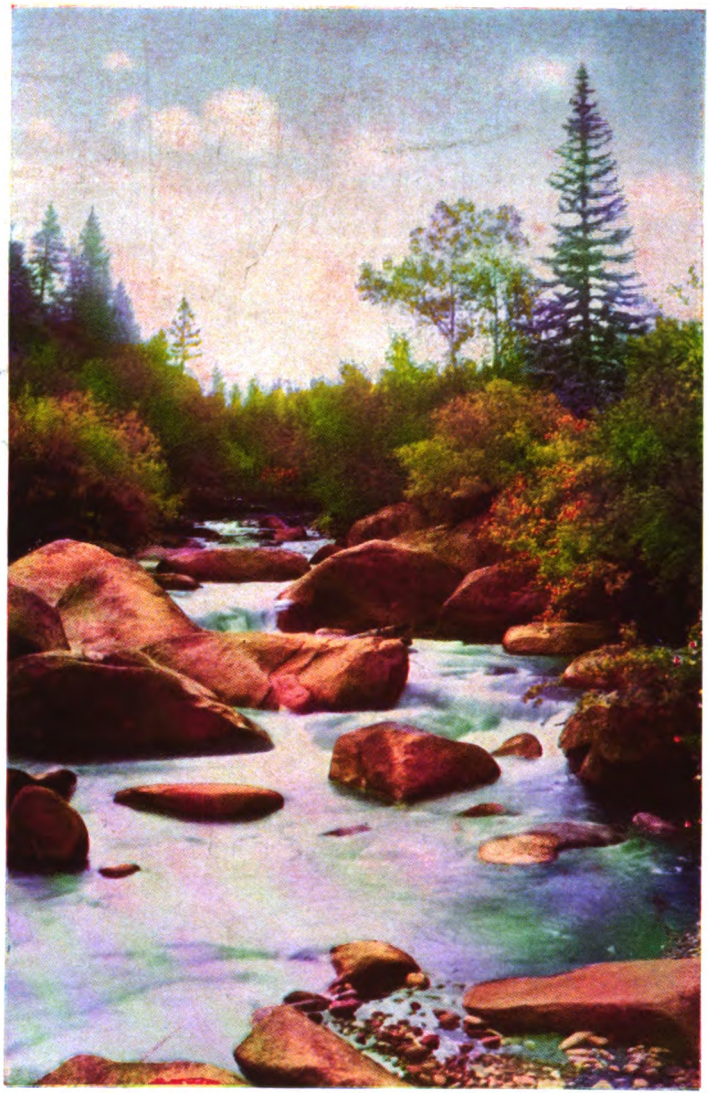

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UNIVERSITY
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The Monitor

DECEMBER
1921

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Christmas Time in the Rocky Mountains

IT is Christmas time. The snow lies deep in the mountains and the crisp air is pure and invigorating. The soft winds whisper a merry tune as they play through the pinon boughs. All about are beautiful pine trees laden with gauzy flakes of snow, glistening in the winter sun. Nature, in the mountains, is never more beautifully adorned than when she wears her garb of white.

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The Tree of Love

I
Am
T h e
T r e e
O f L o v e
I am the light
That Christmas-tide
Brings. I am ever green
My limbs are yearning to
Bear the burden of gifts of
Noel. I live in the high, open
Spaces where God smiles bright-
est on the world, where his light
Keeps the memory of Christ's birth
Refreshed. Years ago men fought and
Knew no time to think of the Gentle
One who spoke of Love. And then one
Night a star beamed in the east and filled
Me with a sweet grace. My soul quivered,
And I was born again. And now I come
With the Christmas time to remind you of
Love—Love, that fades, but lives again. I am
But a dream unless you know me. I wish
To ache under the burden of love gifts.
Yes, I am ever green; I live forever, but
You do not know me always. I ask
You to remember the little ones
Whom Love has passed when some
Forget me. I pray the light that
Never dies shall flame out again
In your heart. For this I live.
For this I ask. I wish
To live and serve.
I am
Love
Hope
L i f e
I am the Tree of Love.

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When Pioneers Meet

When pioneers meet and old friends greet
There's always a touch of kin;
It brings back cheer of the dear old year,
When the ice was not so thin.

The word "pioneer" doesn't necessarily mean that the course of life has been worn threadbare, nor that the ice of human activities has melted away to the danger point. Men and women may be pioneers in the development and advancement of any enterprise and yet be young in years and stout of heart, with many a long mile of usefulness ahead of them.

This thought was manifested in the recent gathering of the pioneer telephone folks who assembled in the tenth annual convention of the Telephone Pioneers of America, at St. Louis, October 24 and 25. More than 700 members of the organization were in attendance, all guests of the Southwestern Telephone Company folks, and our Mountain States members who attended speak in the highest terms of the warm hospitality accorded them, and of the excellent program which kept the visitors "on the jump" every minute.

Sixteen "pioneers" from the Mountain States left Denver in a special car on the Union Pacific, and from all accounts every one of them reached St. Louis, despite the fact that there was a "lay-over" at Kansas City, where they were met by Vice-President P. H. Hopkins, and a number of other members of the Kansas City Telephone Company, who gave them a rousing welcome.

St. Louis was reached at 7.45 Monday morning, and if the greeting at Kansas City had been "warm" this one at St. Louis was "sizzling hot." The great big open hand of hospitality was there to greet them and "show" them. In this greeting the Western Electric was right on the job along side the Southwestern.

A few little sidelights on the local contingency sifted through the barrage after "our boys came home," and we're going to take a chance of being boiled in oil by referring to a few of them:

In the first place, on the way down, Pioneer Ben S. Read developed a great idea that he could play high-five. The idea is as far as he got, if we are to believe Pioneer Bellard.

Pioneer Crapo carried a little black box with him all the time and it was a source of quite a good deal of speculation as to just what he had in it. Pioneer Brown was so sure that he knew the contents that he flaunted an ancient instrument of joy, labeled cork-screw, in Crapo's face, but it availed him naught. It was later learned that the little box was a kodak, but as he had forgotten to take along any films it wouldn't produce.

They tell one on Pioneer Howard Vaille. When he stepped off the train at Kansas City he exclaimed: "Good gracious, how St. Louis has grown."

The only casualty on the trip was when Pioneer Roderick Reid lost his hat. Pioneer George Spalding also lost his hat. That's why it became so casual. Pioneer Spalding dispatched a bellboy after his lid and he returned with a man-sized hat and gave it to him. It dropped over his ears. Pioneer Reid ferreted out a golf cap and was apparently content until he saw Pioneer Spalding groping around under his lost hat. And then—well, you know what you would do under the circumstances.

Pioneer McCarn tried to stop the train as it ran through Abilene, Kansas, so he could get out and beat a golfer who was swinging the clubs along the roadside, but Pioneer Pierce told him a funny story and pacified him.

And there was Pioneer Lansing of Sheridan, Wyoming, with broad-brimmed hat, chaps and a coil of horse-hair rope at his side. Pioneer Cannon says that he had all he could do to prevent Lansing from lassoing a telephone pole and dragging the whole Bell System into St. Louis.

Pioneer Bellard took a canvas of the Pioneers on the special and found that the average age of the fifteen telephone company representatives was slightly under fifty years, while the average record of telephone service was thirty-one years, showing that all had entered the business at very tender ages.

The party was composed of Ben S. Read, President; E. M. Burgess, Vice-President; J. E. McDonald, Secretary; Roderick Reid, General Auditor; H. T. Vaille, Secretary of the Benefit Fund; H. W. Bellard, Chief Accountant; N. O. Pierce, General Plant Manager; W. F. Brown, General Traffic Manager; G. E. McCarn, Chief Engineer; George Spalding, Tax Commissioner; F. A. Cannon, Superintendent of Rights-of-Way; and C. A. Crapo, Engineer of Equipment and Buildings, all of the Denver General Offices. They had been joined at Denver by Mrs. Josephine Pryor, Chief Operator, Pueblo; Miss Etta Robson, of the Traffic Department, Salt Lake City, and G. W. Lansing, Manager at Sheridan, Wyoming, all Pioneers who came to make the pilgrimage with the Denver party. Mr. E.

"Following the Transcontinental Line to the Municipal Theater." Miniature Pole Line Erected for the Event.

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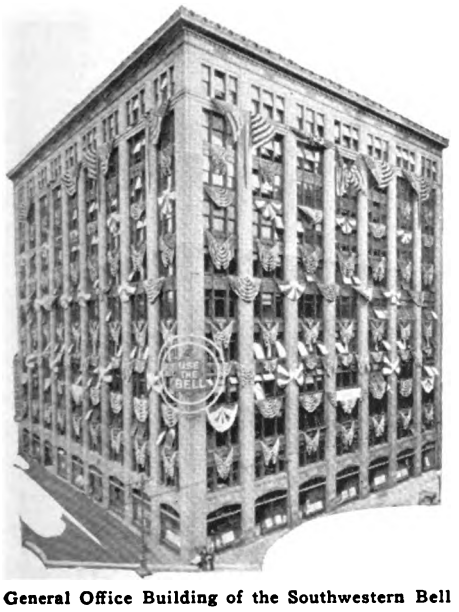
V. Adams of New York, connected with the Western Electric Company, Railway Department, happened to be in Denver and also en route for the convention, hence he joined the party and journeyed to St. Louis with them.

The business session was held Monday morning, October 24, followed by a demonstration of the Bell "Loud Speaker" in the afternoon, then an evening of fun and frolic put on by the hosts. A long automobile ride was the program for Tuesday, with a luncheon given by the Western Electric Company at a famous country club near the city, and finally, the big annual banquet given by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for the Pioneers Tuesday evening.

President H. B. Thayer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, elected head of the Pioneers last year, was greeted by cheers and applause as he opened the St. Louis convention. In his opening address he pictured the part the telephone has played in the struggle of humanity to better the conditions of life, and the part the Pioneers have played in developing the telephone, the most important factor in making this a nation of neighbors.

President Thayer drew a vivid word picture of the relation of the telephone pioneers' work in the general scheme of world progress. "Commerce is the exchange of the products of industry which has made possible the betterment of conditions of life," he explained. "Without it the conditions of life could not be much better than those of the savage. The day laborer today has conveniences and luxuries greater than were known to the rich 100 years ago and this has been brought about by commerce and the industries which commerce has developed."

He then traced the development of a people from the savage state through the various steps of progress until they became civilized. Among other important epochs in the development of the people he spoke of the coming of the electric telegraph, and then the telephone.



General Office Building of the Southwestern Bell Company, St. Louis.

"There are yearly 350 million more toll messages than telegrams and six billions more communications by telephone than by letter," he said, showing the importance of the telephone today. "Imagination does not suggest any better form of communication."

The matter of making some changes in the constitution was taken up by E. K. Hall, Vice-President of the A. T. & T. Company. Mr. Hall said that under the proposed change, which was finally adopted, there are two important qualifications for membership. "In the first section," he said, "any man or woman who has had twenty-one years' service in the telephone industry and who, at the time of making the application is actually in the service, is eligible. In order that there may be no person excluded by that provision and who is otherwise qualified for membership, we have added that any person, regardless of the time of service or length of service, regardless also of whether they are now in the service of any company or not, may be elected to membership upon the unanimous approval of the executive committee. That leaves the door wide open for anyone who, in the opinion of the executive committee, has rendered special service beneficial to the telephone industry."

Where Rod Found His Hat

Provision was also made that local chapters may be formed, and that delegates from the chapters may attend the annual assembly, and that the annual convention may be held following adjournment of the assembly.

The new constitution places the dues at $3 the first year and $2 a year thereafter. Under the new plan, also, one-half of the dues will be returned to the local chapter, and one-half will be retained by the national association.

The Midnight Quartet

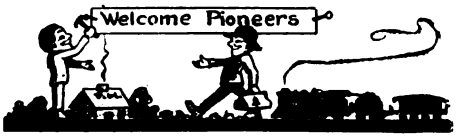
Col. J. J. Carty, for many years chief engineer for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, prominent in the signal corps of the United States army at home and abroad during the war, and now vice-president of the A. T. & T. Company, in charge of development and research work, was elected president.

Senior Vice-President, Frederic A. Stevenson, who entered the Long Lines Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in 1893, who has always served in that department and is now its head.

Three Vice-Presidents: Bayard L. Kilgour, president and general manager of the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company; C. H. Rottger, president of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company, and J. J. Robinson, general superintendent of plant, Southwestern Bell Company.

The members of the executive committee are as follows: T. P. Sylvan, vice-president, New York Telephone Company; John H. Passman, Western Electric Company, Chicago; Miss Mary T. Reuse, assistant to the vice-president, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; B. A. Kaiser, representative on railway relations, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, New York; and J. E. Warren, assistant to the president, Southern Bell Telephone Company.

Following the business sessions the guests were highly entertained, among the interesting features being a demonstration on the "Loud Speaker" telephone in the municipal amphitheatre in Forest Park. Hiram W. Lloyd, lieutenant governor of Missouri, in welcoming the Pioneers, spoke through the "Loud Speaker"



Von Hoffman Welcomes Denverites

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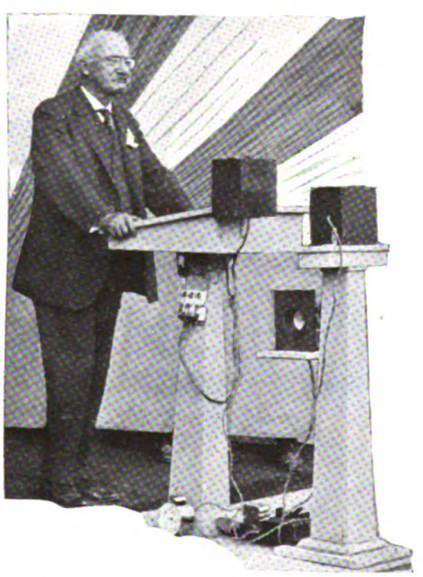
and said that St. Louis is far enough south to have the traditional southern hospitality; far enough north to boast the perseverance of the northerner; far enough west to have the robust energy of the plains, and far enough east to be thoroughly modern in every respect.

Mayor Henry W. Kiel of St. Louis, in a brief welcome, said it was the first time he could recall when the farthest seats in the big outdoor theatre were the best. "This only indicates the lines of progress that we as a nation are working on," he said, referring to the "Loud Speaker." "This will revolutionize public speaking and entertainment."

Responding to the welcome extended to the Pioneers, President Ben S. Read of the Mountain States Company, said:

"Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Your Honor, and Mr. Nims: The Telephone



President Thayer Makes Address

Pioneers of America are indeed grateful for the cordial welcome you have extended to us, and for the sentiments you have expressed regarding the industry we represent. Many of us have known from personal experience the splendid quality of Missouri hospitality and you are now in every possible way showing us the heartiness and graciousness of a Missouri welcome.

"It is fitting that any body of people calling themselves pioneers should meet in Missouri and in the City of St. Louis. We are in the land of pioneers when we stand on Missouri soil; in a city rich in its history of the development of this great country of ours. We pay reverent tribute to the sturdy pioneers of the past whose names are forever associated with Missouri and with St. Louis.

"The Telephone Pioneers have been privileged to have part in the development of a toy of forty-five years ago into the magnificent utility of today. In the graphic words of one writer, 'they have seen telephone service wrapped like a garment around the habits of a hundred million people.'

"Again we thank you for your most cordial welcome, and permit me to say to you that I am now speaking the language of sincere gratitude, and that is essentially the language of very few words."

The whole affair was one round of pleasure and good cheer, and the next annual convention—well, why not make it a Mile High?

The Mt. States Contingents—Back Row: W. F. Brown, J. E. Macdonald, Ben S. Read, E. M. Burgess, G. W. Lansing, H. T. Vaille, C. A. Crapo. Front Row: George Spalding, F. A. Cannon, H. W. Bellard, Mrs. Josephine Pryor, Miss Etta Robson, N. O. Pierce, G. E. McCarn, Roderick Reid

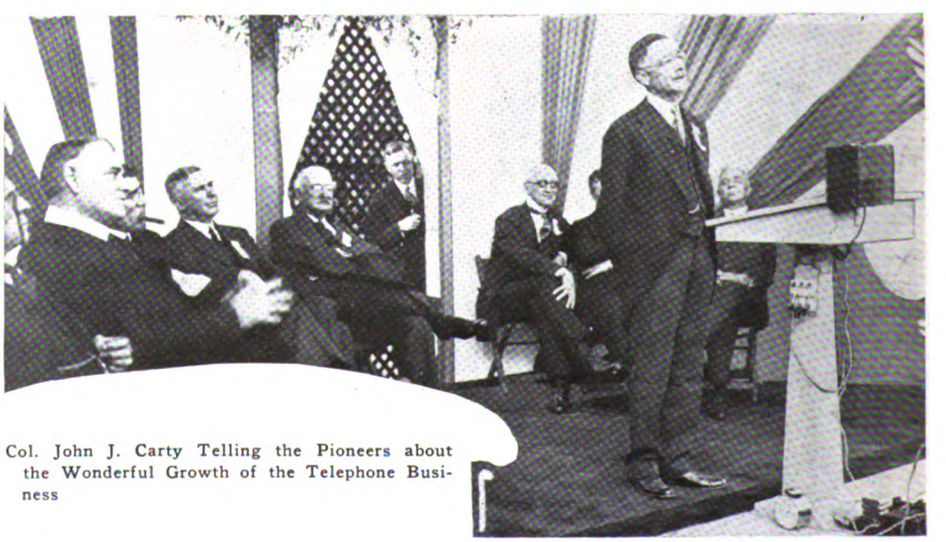
Pioneer Tells of Trip to St. Louis

By Etta Robson, Salt Lake City, Utah

Since I was fortunate enough to attend the convention of the Telephone Pioneers of America, held in St. Louis, in October of this year, The Monitor representative has asked me to write a few words for The Monitor, giving my own impression.

This was the first of these conventions I had attended and to me it was wonderful to meet hundreds of people who had been in the telephone service over twenty-one years, and such happy, intelligent people. I was indeed proud of being a "telephone pioneer." Everyone had come prepared to have a good time and no one was disappointed. Those in charge had made that impossible. Each committee seemed to be made up of just the right kind of people. Not the smallest detail that could add to our convenience or pleasure was overlooked.

It was much more like a large family reunion than a convention. Entertainment was planned for each minute of the two days, and just the right kind of entertainment. They were the two happiest days I have ever spent. I did not think it possible one could have so much pleasure in so short a time. Those responsible must have been pleased at the results of their efforts. The atmosphere was full of welcome, one could feel it. Then we all had the same interests and were all equally proud of the achievements of the Telephone Company, for each one of us had played our little part



Col. John J. Carty Telling the Pioneers about the Wonderful Growth of the Telephone Business

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in its development. What impressed me was the friendly good fellowship of the men holding the high offices. They mingled freely with us and I think enjoyed it as much as any of us. I had an opportunity of saying a few words to President Thayer and he remembered meeting me in Salt Lake City. That pleased me. I also had an opportunity of talking with Mr. E. K. Hall. He has a way of making you feel at home—full of friendly interest in you and your company. I think the Golden Rule is his motto, carried out to the letter. Then attentions paid to me by officials of the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company I will never forget, both on the journey from Denver and while in St. Louis, they were most attentive, not forgetting the smallest detail.

Arriving at the hotel, Mr. W. F. Brown took us to breakfast. At the meeting held in the hotel. Mr. R. Reid found a seat for me in the second row immediately opposite the speaker. As I do not hear well I considered this a very delicate attention, and surely enjoyed it. I heard all that was said. Then when Mr. E. M. Burgess heard our room would not be ready for a few hours, he insisted on giving us his. Then Mr. Brown, who knew I would remain two days after the convention, asked about my plans, having heard I wanted to go on to Chicago, telling me if I wanted to go he would arrange it. I felt pleased to think that so busy a man would still have my personal wants in his mind. From this you will see that I could not possibly fail to enjoy every minute and these two thoughts often came to me. One was that if each one of us was as carefully considerate of those working under us or with us as our officials were to me, we would be doing just what these officials expected of us and the results would be good service, and pleasure in our work. Another thought was that aside from their splendid business ability it was their consideration and interest in their employees that made these men so desirable for the high offices they occupy. Let us all try to imitate them.

I must tell you about my journey to Denver. When I left Salt Lake, Mr. Bingham. Mr. Leonard. and six girls from

(Continued on page 38)

Employes of the Southwestern Give a Demonstration of the Use of the Switchboard. They Call It the "Smile Exchange."

Partial View of the Business Meeting in Hotel Statler, at Pioneers' Convention, St. Louis

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Christmastime in Phoneland

By Betty Devine

Time—Present.

Place—Operating room of a large city telephone exchange.

Cast of Characters—Chief operators, supervisors, operators busily engaged answering calls, switchboard men going to and fro fixing cords, etc., and in a far corner, on what appears to be an elevated platform, a rotund form slumped down in a big easy chair, one hand hanging limply over the arm of the chair, booted feet stretched forth in abandon, while a happy old face fringed with long white whiskers topped with a fur cap rests heavily on a broad chest and registers from time to time the various emotions caused by scenes thru which he is passing in the land of dreams and reminiscence.

Santa Claus—himself—of course you have guessed it!

Strange isn't it (he muses while a smile spreads over his face) that none of these good aids of mine seem to notice me or be aware of my presence—yet they are a wonderful help to me each year in the spreading of Christmas cheer.

Many times since I've taken up my headquarters in telephone exchanges, I've wondered how I ever managed at all without this great vital Central force which stretches out into the mountain fastness, over hills and valleys carrying alike into humble home and stately mansion the joyous sound of the voices of friends and loved ones.

What an army of aids I have in these fine young women whose duties in the various telephone exchanges thruout the country are doubled and tripled during the Yuletide season.

Tho tired and weary from weeks of overwork, weeks of helping others do Christmas shopping—via the telephone—weeks of helping hostesses invite great lists of guests to gay holiday parties, weeks of lengthy confabs comparing Christmas lists and suitable remembrances, and the attendant strain of handling tactfully and courteously hundreds of overwrought persons worn to a state of chronic irritability, these patient young women stick to the gun until the last volley bursts in a final furore of New Year Greeting Calls.

What would I do without them? And bless their hearts, despite everything, they all seem able to make a few purchases and to smuggle a goodly portion of Christmas cheer into their own family hearths.

Ah, me! I should be tempted to follow the signs of the times and go on a strike myself were we suddenly deprived of the use of the telephone. And what of others?

What of the burden of acknowledging all Christmas gifts without the aid of the telephone?

What of the little informal "Aw, put on your hats and come on over to our house" parties that add such joy to the holiday season?

Left—Edna Becker, Clerk in Traffic Department; Vinenne Jackson, clerk on Main Exchange

What of the old folks who count the days for a whole year, waiting to hear the voice of a far away son or daughter who calls over the long distance telephone to wish them happiness on Christmas day?

But most of all, what of the "shut-ins?" Those loving souls who thru some trick of Fate are shut in from the great busy world and would have slight touch with its joys and gladness even at Christmas were it not for the telephone which makes it possible for hundreds of friends to search them out and remind them that they are thinking of them and loving them on this day of days?

How well I remember the little crippled chap sitting in a wheel chair by the window of his home last Christmas morning watching some boys about his own age tobogganing down a nearby hill on their Christmas sleds. And well also I remember the light that came into his eyes as the telephone rang and answering it, mother turned to tell him the call was from Daddy, who having learned of a world-famous surgeon spending the holidays with relatives in town, was bringing him over to see the lad and that the great surgeon felt confident another year would find him out tobogganing like other boys. I've got him down for the finest sled in town this year—and he's ready for it, too, God love him.

And that poor homesick fellow stranded in a little hotel in a one-horse town up in Montana. You'd have thought someone had handed him a small corner of Heaven when he came out of the telephone booth and announced that he'd just talked to his home and learned that "Santa Claus" (that's me) had presented him with a son and heir, for Christmas—and that mother and "Junior" were doing nicely.

Ha! 'Spose I oughtn't to chuckle over a fellow cashing in on Christmas eve, but someway the one I'm thinking about was—as far as my judgment goes—one of the meanest white men that ever breathed. Just never did anything for anyone in his life, was a regular miser, too stingy to even eat enough to oil his own human engine, and as to giving a dime to a beggar—well, it isn't on record he was ever that reckless.

I used to hear folks criticising me for bringing him any presents on Christmas but I knew those presents never brought him any happiness—they only served to remind him of how mean and undeserving he really was. Christmas spirit and Christmas joy were minus quantities in that old boy's life. For a fact, the only decent thing he ever did was to die on Christmas eve, and I've always suspected that was due to a sense of humor in the Almighty, for he died without a will, his entire fortune going to a poor old sister way out West taking in washing in order to support herself and six children.

Some Christmas in that little home when the telephone rang and a Western Union operator read a telegram saying there'd be no more wolves prowling

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around the doors of that little shack—or words to that effect.

And I'm just thinking about that little girl up there in the Rocky Mountains who wrote me the long letter that fell into the hands of President Ben S. Read, who played he was me and sent her everything she asked for. Humph! You couldn't tell her I'm not some Santa.

But about the prettiest piece of work the telephone did for me last year in the matter of cheer dispensing was with that dear old couple in a small village down east.

Their marriage had been blest by only one child—a son, sort of inclined to be wild—never did anything really bad, but just high-roller stock with a love of adventure which led him away from the home farm just when the old man was figuring on turning things over to him.

Perhaps he was ashamed of pulling out just when he was needed or maybe it was the old story of gay lights of the city. Whatever the cause, years had settled over the heads of the old folks with nary a word of any sort coming from son to gladden their hearts.

I can see them now as they sat there before the old log fire in the sere and yellow of their lives on Christmas eve. The leaves of the Bible had closed over Mother's wrinkled hands as she sat with bowed head peering into the fire and living over again Christmas when she filled a tiny stocking hanging near that same grate where she also scattered toy animals, horns, guns, wagons and trains of cars to vie for favor in the eyes of the household idol.

Father puffed away at his pipe, thru the rings of smoke following largely the same trend of thought, speculating now and then on what fate may have befallen their baby—for babies never grow up in the minds of parents.

Thus they sat for hours—hearts linked by a bond of sorrow too deep for words.

Startled suddenly as if by a shot both straightened in their chairs and stared wildly at the window where a light had been placed every Christmas in the hope that its rays might in some miraculous manner reach out into the world and straight to the heart of their boy with a message of love and longing for his return.

It was at least two or three minutes before the vibrant tones of the telephone bell, still ringing, penetrated their consciousness and the old gentleman ambled over and removed the receiver from the hook.

Dazed from the shock of being so rudely aroused from his reveries, he failed to quite get what the operator said and an instant later the word "Father" echoed into his ear in rich, full tones that in no way resembled those of the lad who had gone away.

"S-o-n?" came from the old man in uncertain tones with rising inflection as if he feared the work of some practical joker.

But by this time mother's arms were around him and she pushed closer to the transmitter, saying in a voice broken with sobs, "Merry Christmas, son—so you're home for Christmas dinner."

"Nope, not this year, Mumsy; can't make it by Christmas, but if you say so I'll start the New Year there in the little old home with you and dad."

My, but didn't he have a time making her understand that he wasn't really in town at all but actually talking to her from away out on the Western coast, having only that day learned it was possible to talk over the long distance telephone at half rates after midnight, so he just thought he'd give them a surprise.

And what a New Year in that little home. The whole town made it an occasion for celebration and I've had a tip from some of my aids in the post office that he's coming for Christmas this year.

Ah, surely the Christ spirit touches many a wayfaring heart and turns it toward home on Christmas and it's great the way the custom of talking to the home folks on this day is growing.

Why, it's almost impossible for the operators to handle the long distance calls placed between the hours of six Christmas eve and midnight the following night.

The wits of the cleverest conjurer the world ever has known could not devise anything that would bring more thrills of joy than come with hearing the far-away loved one's voice on these family days.

'Pon my word, I believe if I hadn't been given this Santa Clausing as a life job, I'd long since have resigned in favor of Alexander Graham Bell or some of his followers.

Anyway, the longer I hang around these telephone headquarters of mine, the more I'm inclined to think telephone folks have nearer the right idea of Christmas than most of the rest of us.

They just seem to spread Christmas—or its spirit of brotherly love and good will toward man over the whole year.

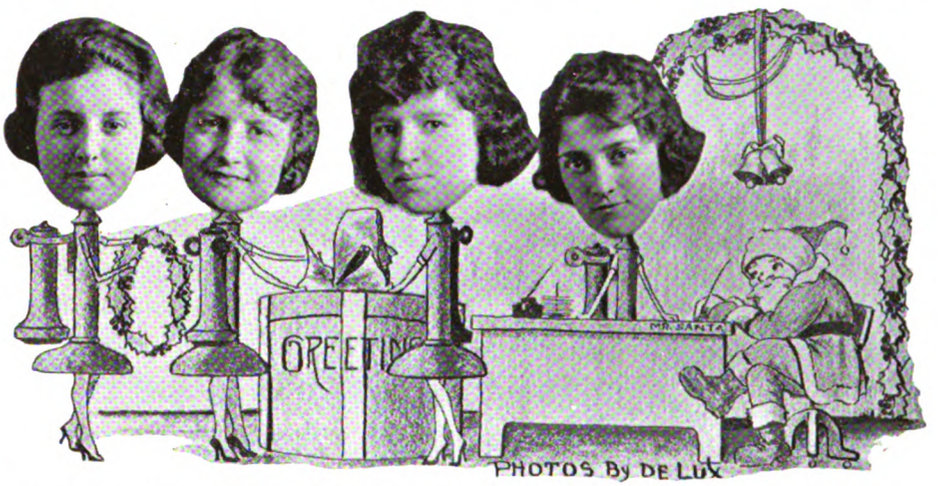
Yes, sir, that case that came up a few weeks ago in one of the large exchanges, where one of the operators—she was young, too, and pretty—got word one day that her mother had died suddenly in another city.

My, but I felt sorry for that little gal, and if it had been Christmas I certainly would have arranged to do something nice for her, but getting only one inning a year puts a damper on a lot of my ambitions.

Anyway, she knew it would take a nice bit of money to carry her back to the little home, where she could picture four lonely, helpless kiddies grouped around the still white form of "mother."

She was too young to have to work out such a problem, and that's evidently the way the telephone folks where she worked felt about it, for a few hours after the death message had reached her she was being piloted around to get her railroad ticket, Pullman and all, get her clothes packed and be ready for the evening train which sped her and a well-filled purse to the scene of tragedy.

It was just downright pretty the way those folks, from the president of the company and a number of the higher-ups to the girls who worked along side her, rallied to her assistance, each contributing his bit joyfully that their little friend whom sorrow had caught up with, might be able to handle her burden with as little real hardship as possible.



Left to Right—Ermie Marchant, South Operator; Annie Trask, Champa Operator; May Jones, Gallup Operator; Flora Bruner, Operator.

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"Mother, Mother, Pin a Rose on Me"

"Mawnin', Al."

"'Lo, Strat."

"Seen Brink this mawnin'?"

"'Nope, but I guess he'll be 'Long."

"Let's climb the Whittinghill tonight?"

That's the way they got together in a pre-Christmas seance and outlined a familiar reunion for holidays. At least that's what The Monitor artist saw in a vision while dreaming over her bread board trying to cook up something different for this page. The only reason we are laying this onto the artist is the fact that no gentleman would dare push in the perfectly good face of a lady. The artist says that these are "only a few of the beauties overlooked by Mr. Ziegfeld while picking his chorus for 1922."

Left to Right—C. E. Stratton, R. Brink, C. E. Long, A. W. Young, J. N. Whittinghill

Just Around the Corner We May Find It

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," for man is built that way, fortunately. After a hard blow the average fellow has the comeback of a jack-in-the-box, for just around the corner there is something better, and he'll be right on hand to grin back at Dame Fortune when she smiles again!

The voyage of discovery which we call life wouldn't have half the thrills if the future were even partly revealed to us. It is the lure of the unknown that makes it interesting. If Columbus had known that he was going to find a great continent peopled by strange tribes he wouldn't have been on tip-toe every minute as he was when his caravels were sailing uncharted seas toward unknown shores. Just the fact that for many long weeks he could "sight naught but seas" each dawn made it thrilling.

The last days of the old year are passing into history. Mankind in the mass is groping and hoping for better things, and individually we are all convinced that just around the corner something better is waiting for us if we trudge along bravely and cheerfully.

Let's see—why, she must have had enough money outside her railroad fare to keep herself and the other kiddies a month or more and to bury the mother, too.

And at that the money was the least of it. The way those Telephone men got behind her, long distancing their manager in her home town to meet the train, look after her and render all possible aid in her struggle. And he stepped right in and seemed to anticipate everything, making all necessary arrangements for the funeral and sensing the fact that with "Mother" gone, she might want a woman to talk things over with, sent his chief operator and her assistant over to her. They in turn got some of the church people interested in the case and it looks as if three of the kiddies are going to be well cared for while our little friend will doubtless step into the role of mother to the eldest one, taking her back where her position and a lot of big-hearted, understanding friends await her.

That beats Santa Clausing once each year.

Still, I really like my job. It's great hustling around over the house-tops, slipping first down one chimney and then another fixing things up for the kiddies—and a lot of grown-up kiddies, too.

N-o-p-e—guess I won't try it this year. Guess I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks, besides I'm kind o' skeered o' them airplanes—may take up with 'em after a few years if the old world keeps on growing, but I can make it with my sleigh and reindeer yet awhile.

Funny how the telephone is the only new fangled cheer spreading arrangement I've gone in for for years. It's such a time saver, tho, and anyway I just like these Christmas-all-the-year-round telephone people.

My, my, but it's getting busy here. Guess I'll have to stop my day dreaming and see what's going on. My aids are hustling calls thru as if the holidays were near.

Well, as I live! Just got in on a conversation and heard them talking about Christmas dinner. Can the year have rolled by already? Have I lost track of time? Am I getting so old that I'm living in retrospection?

Ah, no—one is never too old to spread Christmas cheer.

Here goes for another year.

Let the telephone join with the sleigh in the merriest Christmas bells and may 1922 bring us saner, kinder, better thoughts that make for a happier world.

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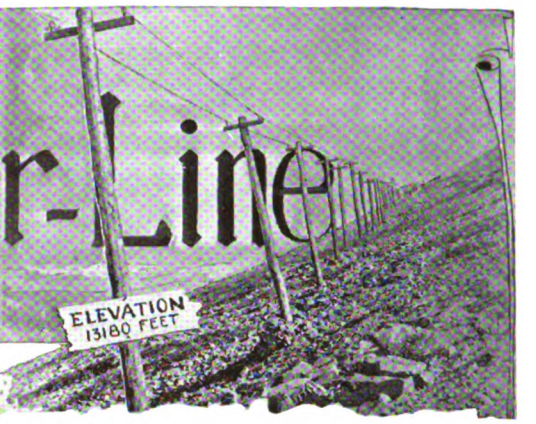
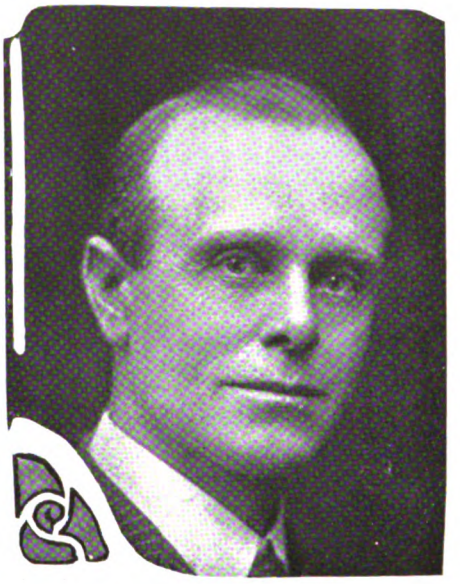
Above Timber-Line



By F. A. Cannon

In August, 1888, the construction of the Denver-Leadville toll line was commenced. Tom A. Gamewell, who was then General Foreman, and who engineered the construction of this wonderful undertaking, had personal charge of the work. He realized that crossing a range with an elevation of 13,180 feet, was no easy task. He also knew that this was the first attempt to construct a telephone line over a range of this elevation.

The original line was constructed of twenty-five foot native poles set thirty-five to the mile, with the exception of Mosquito Pass, where twenty foot poles were used and spaced 64 feet apart. On account of the steep grades and short curves it was necessary in transporting the poles to the top of the Pass to use six-horse teams. These horses were the best obtainable. Only four poles could be hauled at a load. All of the poles necessary to be used on the east side of the Pass were hauled to the top from the west side, then



F. A. Cannon, a Pioneer

reloaded and distributed down the east side. On account of the steep grades it was necessary to tie a pole or two to the wagon and drag them on the ground in order to hold the wagon back.

As there is very little soil on the Pass, it was necessary in many cases to set poles on top of the rocks and pile rocks around them instead of digging holes. This method of setting poles proved very substantial and I believe that many of these poles are standing today.

When the pole line work was completed over the Pass, two No. 12 B. & S. copper wires were strung on a two-pin crossarm. A few days later, due to a severe snow storm, we found the wires broken at nearly all the poles, many crossarms broken, while others were pulled from the poles. This wire was replaced only to again be torn to pieces. No. 6 bare iron wire was then used, with almost the same result. Thinking that perhaps the ice would not accumulate as much as on bare wire, we used No. 8 insulated iron wire.

Left—Old Colorado Telephone Company's Poles on East Slope of Mosquito Pass; Foot of East Slope, F. A. Cannon in the Wagon; the Old Line on West Slope of Mosquito Pass

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The Other Christmas Tree

By R.T. Barrett

Two trees, a fir and a cedar, stood at the edge of a piece of woodland, just where a range of rocky hills sloped downward into low, marshy ground. They had grown up together from the day when a wind, snatching two seeds from two cones, had carried them playfully for a distance and then dropped them in the warm, moist earth of the swamp, where they had taken root. Now they had reached almost their full size. They raised their heads proudly to the sky and tried the strength of their branches, as boys test the muscles of their arms.

A light breeze was blowing down the valley and all the trees were whispering softly to their nearest neighbors. Up on the hill, which caught the full force of the wind, a knotted, gnarled old oak was grumbling in an undertone to himself. His summer suit had been stolen in the night by Jack Frost and he made no effort to hide his resentment as he looked down at his two neighbors in their coats of green.

"Hear him mutter, the old bear," said the fir tree. "I shouldn't like to be an oak, if you have to be so cross and unreasonable when you grow old. I'd rather do something to make others happy. I'd rather have nice, thick branches where birds can build their nests. I'd just like to do that forever. I wouldn't get surly and grumble all the time. And if I had to be cut down, I'd like to be—"

"A Christmas tree," said the cedar, without giving him time to finish.

"Yes, a Christmas tree!" said the fir. "I'd like to be one of those tall Christmas trees that they set up in the parks of little villages, with red and blue and green lights hung on my branches. I'd like to be the center of a crowd of children, standing out under the stars on Christmas Eve, and listen to their voices singing carols of the Christ Child. I'd like to have old people, and sick little children who could not get out of doors, go to their windows and look out at me.

"And I," said the cedar softly, "I should like to be a Christmas tree, too. But I suppose I cannot. My boughs are almost as green as yours, and it is not my fault that they stick stiffly up into the air, instead of bending gracefully outward like yours, but they do and I am afraid I shall never be a Christmas tree."

"No, perhaps not," said the fir. "Perhaps neither of us ever shall. But we can at least practice making others happy, and then we shall know how to do it if we are ever chosen for Christmas trees."

The cedar said nothing for some time. "And so long as we live here," he said softly, when he did speak, "we can grow as straight and true and tall as we know how, so that when the wind sweeps through our branches on Christmas nights we, too, may sing carols to the Child of Bethlehem."

Then the wind sank to rest and the two trees were silent. Many nights they talked together of bright lights, of joyous Yuletide carols, of happy, childish faces—and then fell asleep, as the wind died down, to dreams of some day becoming Christmas trees.

* * * * *

One day a band of men with saws and axes came down the path that led from the wood road into the swamp. They stopped at the cedar tree and soon the big crosscut saw began to bite into his bark, as strong arms swung it back and forth. And as it cut deeper and deeper, it sang a song which seemed to the cedar to be the dirge of the Christmas dreams he had dreamed so many times.

Finally, he fell with a crash headlong to the earth. With sharp, ringing strokes the men attacked his limbs with axes, stripping away the beautiful, green boughs until only the bare, unsightly trunk lay on the ground.

"Poor friend," sighed the fir tree. "His dreams of making others happy are ended. He will never be a Christmas tree."

"And I suppose I shall not, either," he thought sadly, after a moment. "It must be my turn next."

But the men left the fir tree standing there alone while they pulled the cedar to the road, placed him upon a truck and hauled him over the hill out of sight.

Strange things happened to the cedar tree—things very different from those of which the two neighbors had talked as the wind had swept through their branches on silent nights. He was carried for many miles on the truck and finally thrown, not too gently, upon a pile of other trees that had been stripped

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This also proved unsuccessful. It was then decided to shorten span lengths by adding an additional pole in each span, reducing the span lengths to thirty-two feet. This, however, was a very slight improvement over the previous experiments. We were, therefore, compelled to use insulated wire strung on the ground during the winter of 1888-1889. We experienced considerable difficulty and expense in maintaining the insulated wire on the ground on account of loose rock and snow slides.

It must be remembered that in those days the wire used had very low tensile strength as compared with the present wire used, and stranded guy wire had not been introduced.

In the summer of 1890 a one-pair unarmored cable was installed which gave fair service until the present construction was installed. However, considerable maintenance trouble was experienced with this cable on account of gophers and the like destroying the insulation. It was not unusual to find the pole line over the Pass buried in from ten to thirty feet of snow during the winter.

The line into Denver was completed in the summer of 1889.

A single fact is worth a shipload of argument.—Old English.

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of their branches as he had, where he lay for months until the sap that had climbed up his trunk-veins had dried away. His coat of bark had been torn away and the skin beneath, at first a clear, yellow-white, had been bleached gray by the rain and sun.

And then he was picked up one day, and his butt was thrust into a big tank filled with hot, sticky, foul-smelling oil—creosote, he heard a man say it was—where he remained several hours and then was hurried out and laid once more in the sun to dry. "Not much like being a Christmas tree!" he thought, as he lay there, wondering what was coming next.

He did not have long to wonder. Some more men came one day and, loading him on a big automobile truck, carried him away, bumping over the rough places in the road, until he came to a little village.

More men came and fastened heavy pieces of timber near his top, like new arms to take the place of those that had been chopped away. They dug a hole and planted his butt firmly in the earth so that he once more stood upright, a pathetic picture of his former self as he had stood in the beautiful valley far away.

Still other workmen came and, driving sharp spurs into the cedar's sides, climbed up and fastened to his strange, new arms, rounded glass bulbs; but these were not at all like the gorgeous electric lights he and his neighbor, the fir tree, had pictured in their dreams.

Then, one day, a boy and a girl passed the cedar tree as he stood there by the side of the village street. They were just the kind of children he had dreamed of seeing standing beneath his branches singing carols on Christmas night.

"Oh, look at the new telephone pole," said the boy.

* * * * *

Late in the afternoon on the day before Christmas another truck arrived, bearing a beautiful, tall, evergreen tree. Men unloaded it, dug a deep hole in the ground and planted it in the earth. Only when it stood upright, with its branches thrown out over the little park in which it had been set, did the telephone pole recognize his old friend, the fir tree. But he said nothing, through shame and sorrow that he had been stripped of his beauty, while his neighbor's dreams were about to come true.

All the afternoon, while festoons of lights were being placed on the fir tree's green branches, the bare, unattractive cedar pole kept silent. Even in the evening, when the lights were turned on and children began to gather for the singing he said nothing. Once or twice, when the wind swept through the wires, there was a soft, sobbing moan, but that was all.

* * * * *

And then—the miracle happened, as it always does in Christmas stories. Somewhere, away off, a man turned a switch and the wires on the telephone pole, which had never been used before, came to life. As the pole listened, he heard voices talking over them.

"Hello, Mother!" he heard a man's voice say, off in a distant city. "I can't get home tomorrow as I planned to do, but I thought I would call you up to wish you a Merry Christmas!" And then there was a happy little laugh as the old woman talked to her son, calling him by the funny, little pet names he had gone by as a boy, before he went away to make a name for himself in business.

"Mrs. Roberts, I'm sorry Tom can't get out to our Christmas party," said another voice. "The children are coming over to show him some of their presents and to bring him a few things from our Christmas dinner. Tell him they'll be over about three o'clock tomorrow afternoon." And a little boy, who had broken his leg while coasting a few days before, found that Christmas is Christmas, after all.

"This is the telephone company, Mrs. Jennings," said another voice. "We have installed the special wires in the church and will be ready to use them tonight. We hurried up because we knew you hadn't been able to get out of the house for years and we wanted you to hear the Christmas exercises."

A little later the pole heard the sound of children's voices singing. He looked to see if they had come back to the park where the fir tree stood. There was nobody there. Even the lights had been turned off. Then he knew that poor, crippled Mrs. Jennings was listening to the exercises up in the church on the hill—listening to the Christmas carols that were speeding on their mission of peace and joy over one of the wires that he carried on his bare, unsightly shoulders.

"Oh, little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie," he heard the children sing.

"Well, perhaps we are both Christmas trees," said the pole happily, to the fir tree over in the little park.

"Anyway, we both helped to make people happy, as we dreamed of doing, and I guess that's what Christmas is for, no matter how it is done."

Lewiston, Montana, Telephone Employes' Party

After considerable preparation and some nerve-racking planning on the part of our committee and a little sweat on the part of some of our plant department boys, everything was set for the big party and dance at Dugert's barn, one and a half miles from the city, on Saturday night, October 29.

All the ladies were dressed in Hallowe'en costumes, and each employe invited their best friends. Agnes Crosser and Mrs. Proctor, of Moore; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Vonstein, of Moccasin; Mr. and Mrs. Marks, of Harlowton, and C. J. Herman, of Helena, were present as guests from out of town.

At midnight refreshments consisting of fruit salad, sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake were served, then the dance was continued with renewed zest until 3 o'clock a. m.

Left—Miss Munz and Mrs. Livingston, Lewiston Employes at the Party

Every one of the sixty people present enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

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Not a Fisher-Woman

"Did the fisherman have frog legs, Bridget?"

"Sure, I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

Gun a la Voice

The Utah Plant Superintendent is a mighty good shot with a shot gun and can usually pick 'em off at almost any angle. He is very considerate of his firearms, tho. because he says the high shots strain his gun.

Overtime

"I say," said the office boy to the cashier, "I think the guv'ner ought to give me a dollar extra this week, but I suppose he won't."

"What for?" asked the cashier.

"For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about my work last night."—Service.

Something Broke Loose

He—Did you tell your father over the 'phone that we were engaged?

She—Yes.

He—What did he reply?

She—I don't know whether he replied or whether it was a breakdown on the line.—Korsaren (Christiania).

Twelve Million Telephones

With only one-sixteenth of the world's population, the United States has two-thirds of the total number of telephones in the world. There are more than 12,600,000 telephones in the Bell system, alone, 8,300 000 of which are Bell owned.

Phoenix

A garden resplendent with flowers,
With fruits of all lands and all climes;
Where the mocking bird, hid in its bowers,
With his mimicry, charms; where the times
Span quickly the pioneer hardships,—
As blue range 'gainst rose-tint skies seems
A background for huge, birdlike airships,—
To fulfillment of glorious dreams.

—L. MYRTLE MCVAY.

Candidly Considered

"They're talking about a raise in telephone rates."

"Well," commented Farmer Corntassel, "judgin' from the entertainment our folks get from listenin' in on a party wire, I shouldn't be surprised if the service was worth it."—Washington Star.

The Telephone Smile

"Do you always keep you temper when you telephone?"

"Sure! The other day a man called me and said, 'You don't know who this is talking, do you?'"

"Didn't that heat you up?"

"Yes. But I simply said, 'No, and I don't care,' and hung up the receiver."—Spectator, Portland, Ore.

Time to Quit

A French officer was trying to learn the English language. The following is his rather elaborate version of our mother tongue:

"When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, that if I was tied I was fast, and if I spent too freely I was fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence 'The first shall be last and the last shall be first,' I gave it up."

Odd Facts

The Romans used to send one another sprigs of holly as emblems of good luck. Immortality is denoted by the yew. For this reason it is used to decorate European churches at Christmas time.

Quite Right

She was a very stout, jolly-looking woman, and was standing at the corset counter, holding in her hand the article she was returning. Evidently her attention was suddenly drawn to the legend on the label, for she was overheard to murmur, "Made expressly for Leon Dreyfus. Well, no wonder it didn't fit me."

Wanted—A Man

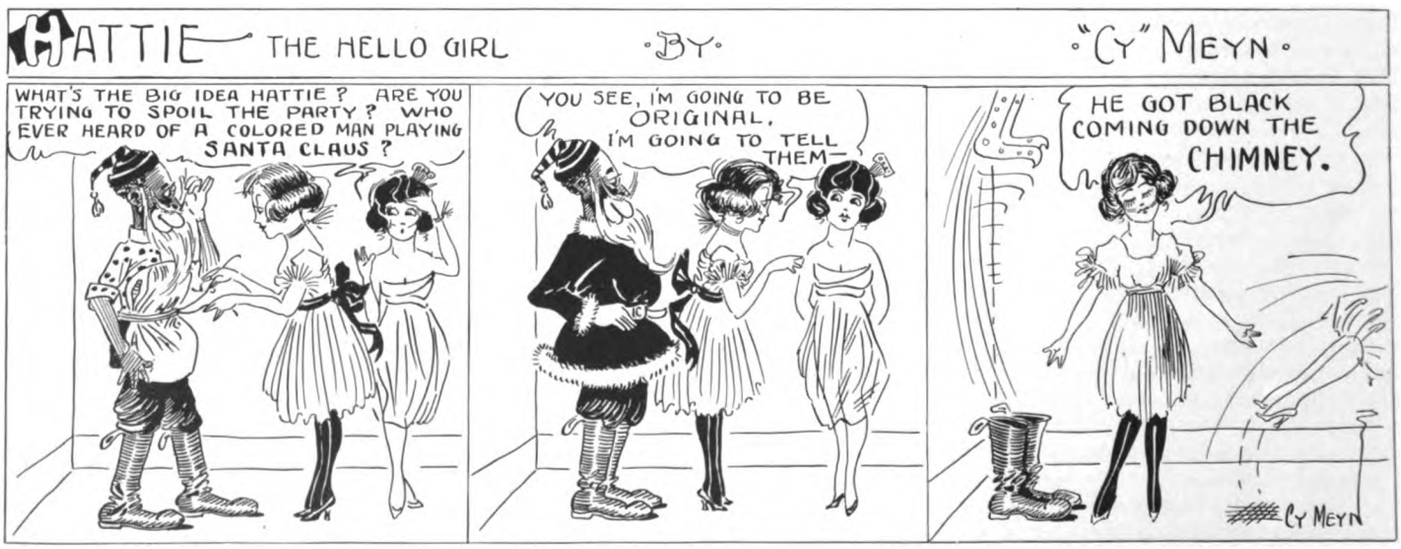
'Tween Mary and her little lamb
The question has arisen,
Which of the two is most of all
In papers advertisen.

For over fifty years or more
Our Mary's had a lamb—
It seems to me it's nearly time
That Mary has a man.

—H. V. H.

Hike Across Continent

Undaunted by the sandstorms of Montana or the forest fires of Washington, Miss Bertha Hanson, 18-year-old Buffalo telephone operator, arrived in Tacoma recently after a two-month hike across six states. She was accompanied by Miss Olivia Howard of Oshkosh, Wis., 19 years old. The two claim they covered 2,000 miles at a total cost of $30.



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Careless Cal By "Cy" Meyn

Business As Usual

A Hebrew and an Irishman were fishing in separate boats some distance apart. The Irishman got a bite, and was so nervous that he fell out of his boat. He sank twice, and as he came up the second time, the Hebrew rowed over and called out: "Mister, can I have your boat if you don't come up again?"—Service.

Airplane Poultry

"Say," said the woman customer over the telephone, "the next time I order a chicken don't you go sending me none of the airplane fowls."

"What do you mean?" asked the butcher.

"You know what I mean. All wings and machinery and no body."—The Transmitter.

Why, of Course

Miles Cahoon, Jr., Utah cashier, and Mrs. Cahoon are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a daughter, born November 1.

Upon asking their small son Lyle what his new little sister's name was, he replied, "I don't know yet; we can't understand a word she says."

Dead Right

"Why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the missus rather crossly. "The right-of-way is ours, isn't it?" "Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he, calmly. "As for our turning out, the reason is plainly suggested in this epitaph which appeared in a newspaper recently:

"Here lies the body of William Jay
Who died maintaining his right-of-way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."
—Boston Transcript.

A Few Hints On Dress

A miller should wear a sack coat.
A toper—a swallow tail.
A woodsman—a cutaway.
A pedestrian—leggins.
A snake charmer—a boa.
A chimney sweep—a black soot.
Sailors—white caps.
Circus men—rings.
Brokers—stocks.
Horsemen—four-in-hands.
Horsewomen—pony coats.
Milkmen's wives—watered silks.
—Selected.

An Information Operator—as Some Imagine Her to Be

"Nobody Home"

Nurse—Hello, Professor Bizzy; a new baby has just arrived at your house!

Prof. Biz—Well, why are you bothering me about it? Isn't my wife home?

Standard Telephone Phrases in Terms of Popular Songs

"Number, please"—The Vamp.

"Right connection"—Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here.

"Wrong number"—You're a Million Miles from Nowhere.

"One moment, please"—I am Waiting for Tomorrow to Come.

"Cut off"—Oh, by Jingo.

"Here is your party"—Pack Up Your Troubles in the Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile.

"Will you refer to the directory for the number, please"—Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven.

"The line is busy"—Good Night, Ladies.

"The line is out of order"—Wang Wang Blues.

"Number 55 does not answer"—Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me.

"I will give you information"—I Want a Great Big Beautiful Doll.

"Is this an emergency call"—Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl.

"Will you speak to the repair department, please"—You've Left Me with a Broken Heart.

"You were called by mistake, will you excuse it, please"—You're Always Teasing Me.

"There is no one on the line now"—When a Feller Needs a Friend.

"Waiting, waiting, waiting"—So Long, OO Long.

"I'm sorry but we do not give out the time"—Wedding Bells, When Will You Ring for Me?

"Will you hang up, please—Let Me Call You Sweetheart.

Wise Words of Wise Men

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.

Truth is a mighty instrument, whatsoever hand may wield it.

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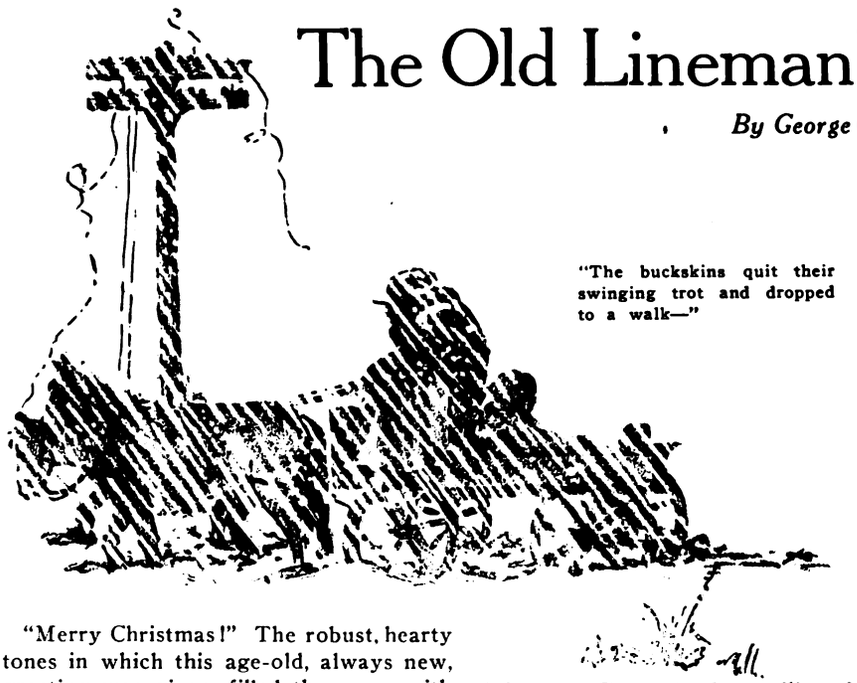
The Old Lineman's Christmas Story

By George C. Quillian



"The buckskins quit their swinging trot and dropped to a walk—"

"Merry Christmas!" The robust, hearty tones in which this age-old, always new, greeting was given, filled the room with cheer and good fellowship. The Wire Chief and his Clerk turned from their desks toward the open door.

"Merry Christmas, ole timer! When did you blow in?" the Wire Chief exclaimed in pleased accents as he hurried with smiling face and outstretched hands to meet the visitor. The Clerk started to follow, but fell back into his chair, the smile on his face frozen into a witless grin, his eyes almost staring from their sockets in attempting to register their surprise at the sight they beheld.

Still holding the great hand of the new comer, the Wire Chief half turned and glanced towards his assistant, then nearly overcome with amusement at the expression on his clerk's face, he said, "Johnny, this is the Old Lineman of whom you have so often heard."

As in a daze, the young man quickly acknowledged the "Howd'y, Son! Glad to know you," and with eyes still fixed upon the new comer he backed away from the older man.

"Say, Dad, you're sure on eye full," the Wire Chief continued, "all dolled up in that fancy scenery."

Proudly the old man straightened his broad shoulders, and as a soldier at attention, posed for inspection. The ruddy, close-shaven face, long since tanned to a dark red-brown shade by storm and sun, to which the barber's art had added a shiny polish, lit up with keen delight. The unruly thatch of streaked gray hair was neatly trimmed and brushed, but still proclaimed its independence by refusing to be covered by a narrow-brimmed, square-topped derby, now many years out of date, but still new, which perched perilously over a very prominent left ear. Beneath the smiling face his ox-like neck was encircled by one of those "gates ajar" celluloid collars. From this dangled a ready-made tie, held in place by a wire attachment that was too good to be hidden, or perhaps, it was having a hard time to fill its mission, for the red and green color scheme, embellished with an immense horseshoe of brilliants, proclaimed the tie to be of sporting propensities and hard to hold. Beneath the tie could be caught glimpses of a pink striped shirt peeping from behind a vest that was the glory of his costume, fashioned from the spotted hide of a young fawn, made up with the hair side out, double-breasted, and trimmed with pearl buttons the size of a half dollar. It was, indeed, a wonderful souvenir of those days when trouble-shooting and game hunting were often carried on simultaneously. Over the vest was a black broadcloth coat, swallow-tail, with velvet collar and braided edges. Below, a pair of dark grey trousers which began to bell out just below the knees as tho they were attempting, with uncertain success, to hide the checker-board socks, which in their turn were trying to lend tone to a pair of congress gaiters whose generous dimensions bespoke they were built for comfort—and style be hanged.

Slowly the old man revolved before the amused eyes of his audience.

The Wire Chief clapped the old man on the shoulder. "You'll do, ole timer! I'll tell the world—have a seat," and the Wire Chief turned to answer a telephone call.

Seating himself, the old man lighted his half-burned cigar and fumbling in the upper region of his spotted hide vest produced two dark brown objects, each encircled by a red and gold band of beautiful design.

"Have one on me," he said, and passed them on. "How's every little thing, anyway?" he asked, after all three cigars were going good.

Before he could be enlightened on this point the Superintendent came in on his way to the office upstairs. After exchanging conventional seasonal greetings and laughing over what the Wire Chief's only baby had said about Santa Claus, he laid his hand on the Old Lineman's shoulder, saying: "It reminds me of another Christmas we can remember, hey, old timer? Just hang around a few minutes and I'll be ready. You might tell the boys about that other Christmas, while you're waiting," he added, as he passed out.

The Wire Chief, wise in his knowledge of the ways of his old friend, remained silent, as he worked, while the older man sat puffing at his now cold cigar, gazing with half-closed eyes out of the window.

After a few moments he struck a light, elevated his feet to the top of the desk, pulled up his trouser legs a few inches, altho there was no discernable crease to preserve, set his hat a little further back and to the right and began.

"Yep, it was just such a mornin' as this, clear and warm, with a little west wind. You could go around in your shirt sleeves as long as you stayed in the sun. These here days are not uncommon in this 'ere country, but I don't trust 'em, believe me,—always take my overcoat and fan wherever I go, winter or summer.

"I was shootin' trouble out of this very burg, them days, and some burg she was then—just a bunch of shacks and most of them saloons; but we sure lived those days, boy, we sure lived! But when we wanted a real spree we all went to the big town just like you kids do yet, I expect.

"Well, as I was saying, she sure was some Christmas mornin' and I was all fixed for a real old 'he-time.' Drew down all I had comin' and a little over, I guess, and laid off to go help them celebrate in the city. Had a system all figured out that would beat any square roulette game that ever was, and I was just crazy to give it a try, when bingo, here comes word that Tom Evans, who was Wire Chief then, had burned himself pretty bad trying to play Santa Claus for his kids, and would I please stay and hold down the job?

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"Of course, I says yes, but what I was thinkin' couldn't be said with flowers, you bet. So Christmas mornin' I shows up, sober, with money in my pocket, and mean as 'ell.

"All the toll lines tested clear; no trouble tickets in the box; old 'mag' board working as well as she could; absolutely nothing stirring nowhere to keep a fella's mind off his troubles.

"Long about 10 o'clock in drifts the 'cub' we had working as handy man around here then, and him and me was a settin' there a grouchin' away, or at least I was. He didn't say much, but I knowed from the looks of him where his mind was. It was up the line with a little girl we both knew. Her folks had a toll station we called Hope's Ranch, about twenty miles out on the main lead north, where a couple of ranch lines came in that gave service to some farmers off east about ten miles, where they had started an irrigation project, and a private line which ran over west about forty miles to a Mining Camp that was boomin' big at that time.

"We had these lines hooked up on a little home-made board a hangin' on the wall, and old man Hope's girl took care of it, and a mighty good job she made of it, too—as proud of that little old board and the service she gave as if she owned it herself.

"Well, as I was saying, me and the cub was a sittin' there having' a social quarrel when in came a drop on the desk and the Chief Operator imparts the glad tidings that she can't get out north, all circuits out.

"This was long before these here new fangled measuring machines came out, that's supposed to tell you just where, what, and how your trouble is. We just guessed where it was in those days, and sometimes, I think you guys arn't such awful much better guessers than we were with all your funny boxes and do-hickeys. But we'll let that be as it may. All we knew them days was 'line out.' All the orders we got was 'Go clear it up, and don't come back till you have.'

"So, I tells the cub to go over to the livery stable and get a team while I rustled up the stuff we would need. In a few minutes here he came around the corner on one wheel a hanging' onto a pair of long-legged buckskin bronks that Bill, the livery man, had just bought off the range. Hadn't been driven more than a dozen times. They were just as gentle as a couple of timber wolves, but they were all he had left acocunt it bein' a holiday.

"The youngster heads them into the back fence and holds them, while I piles in our tools and wire and other junk, and off we goes. I was drivin', and believe me, those willow-tails give me all I wanted to do for the first few miles. Boy! how they could go! But pretty soon they quieted down to a trot and I had time to look around a bit.

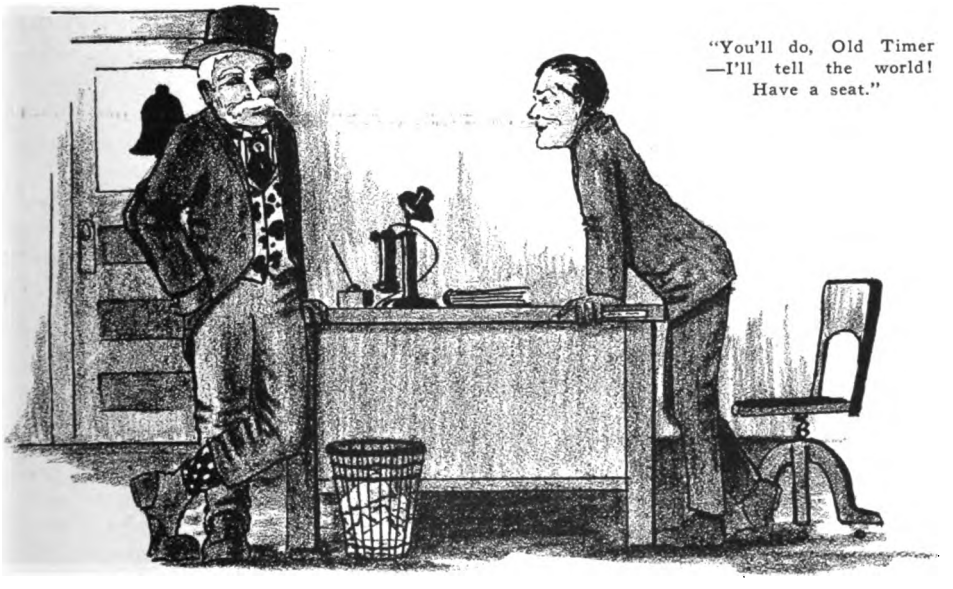
"We were out on the Mesa where you could see as far as your eyes would let you. It was still warm, but there was a haze over the sun and way low, off north, was a bank of dark clouds.

"'Well, kid,' I says, 'I hope that break ain't very far now; I don't like the looks of the weather.'

"He kinder laughs, and says he 'hopes it ain't too close.'

"I says, 'I know what you mean; you're a-wishin' it's near a certain Ranch,' and he don't deny it none.

"In about an hour and a half we came to the Hope Ranch. It looks all deserted until we gets up to the door, but there stood the little girl I was tellin' you about.



"You'll do, Old Timer —I'll tell the world! Have a seat."

"The Girl"

"After she and the cub gets thru 'Merry Christmasing' and a holdin' hands, and all the rest of that soft stuff, I gets to put in a question or two and finds out the break is still north of here, and also that the girl's all alone on the Ranch as the rest of the family had gone over to the settlement to spend the day and night, and she had stayed to hold the ranch down, so she said.

"Well, after me and the cub had wrapped ourselves around a couple of pounds of fruit cake and drunk a gallon or so of coffee, we beats it.

"It was about a mile from the ranch house to the top of the hill that makes the divide out on the north mesa, and we just tops it, when—Zowie! here she came, straight out of the north. Dust, sand, rocks, sage brush and tumble weeds —all goin' south in a solid mass a hundred miles an hour. And cold! I'll bet if a fella' had a thermometer out there the mercury would have broke the bottom, it would have fell so fast.

"The buckskins quit their swingin' trot and dropped to a walk, tried to turn around, which I lets 'em do. The kid gets out and holds their heads while I puts on my overcoat and gets out the blanket. Then I tells him to get down in the bottom of the rig and to cover up as it ain't no use for two to face the storm when only one could drive.

"Then I cuts the bronks around and starts on a walk now. The worst of the dust and sand had passed, but now we had the snow—not regular snowflakes, but little sharp-edged knives of ice, filling the air so completely you could hardly breathe, and driven by the wind, they cut to the blood wherever your skin was uncovered. The wind now was a hurricane, often stoppin' the team as they strained against it. But we hadn't found the trouble yet, so, of course, we went on.

"I couldn't see the team half the time; the road not at all; so I pulled over close

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to the poles. Remember this was before any of this country was fenced; then I pulled the kid up and told him to drive while I got out and led the way. I'd find one pole, then take a sight for the next one, and somehow, God only knows, I'd find it.

"We kept this up fer hours, it seems to me, but I guess it wasn't so long, maybe, when all of a sudden I finds a pole down, with the wires broken. I pushed on and found the next one half down with the wires all twisted; then the next pole was O. K. So I figured that maybe here was our trouble, and if I could get the iron free from the poles we might have it in the clear enough to last until after the storm. So I goes back to the team and helps the kid to tie them to the next pole below the break, the only thing there was to anchor them to,—and we starts in to clear things up.

"It was slow work, with the wind, the blinding snow, and the cold. Everything was frozen tight, and the wind would sometimes whip the wire right out of our hands. But at last we got it untangled enough for me to test. Faintly I got an answer from both north and south, so I knew this was all that was down at that time.

"I says to the boy, 'Let's hurry! I bet that little Miss Hope has another boiler of coffee on the stove for us.' So we pulled in a couple of new spans and started to splice her up. I was on the pole farthest north and the kid went up the one at the south. With the two poles out between us, it was a long old span, but it was the best bet we had just then, I figured.

"You couldn't hear a thing for the howl of the wind and the air was so filled with flying snow I couldn't see from one pole to the other, so I told the cub when he had them spliced to give one of the wires a long hard pull, if he could, as a signal for me to pull the slack. I waited, one leg over the crossarm, holding on with both hands, thinking every minute I would be blown off.

"The air cleared for a second and I could see him on his pole. Then the snow curtain cut me off. A violent, more vicious blast of wind hit the pole I was on, making it reel and twist beneath me. Still no sign from the boy.

"I waits a few minutes longer and then climbed down, mad, cussing every cub lineman I ever knew, and started back. Twice I had to stop and brace myself against the wind as it tried to sweep me off my feet. Then I found him, down on the frozen ground, all in a heap, the pole across his chest, his head under the one side of the crossarm, lifeless as a bundle of rags. My cussing sure changed to a word of prayer when I saw that mess, you can bet. I pulled the pole off him as quick as I could and reached in to feel of his heart. It was still working, slow and skippy, but still going, and believe me, my own heart was doin' the same stunt. I straightened him out and tried to get him to speak, but no use—he was out for fair. Then I thought about the team and the blankets in the rig, and I started on the run. My God, they were gone!

"The pole they were tied to had gone down with the one the kid was on, and the ends of two broken halters was all there was to show that a team had ever been there.

"'Well, ole man,' I says to myself, 'this is what you get for being a bull-headed old fool of a hiker. Better get busy or it will be all off with both you and the kid.' So I went back to the boy. He was still lying there; the only sign of life a weak, gasping moan once in awhile.

"I pulled him around on the lee side of the pole and grabs my hand axe and begins to cut some sage brush to make a wnd-break and a fire. I sure thought we both would freeze to death long before I could get a fire started. I had to tear part of the sleeve off my shirt to get something dry to start from; but finally I got a little blaze going with splinters from the pole and the brush.

"I takes off my overcoat and rigs up a kinda shelter for the kid out of it. Then I saw I was gainin' a little as he was still warm and alive. How I wished I had some of the whisky I'd drunk when I didn't need it, right then, but I kept cuttin' wood and rubbin' the kid's hands and legs while I was a wishin'.

"Night came, but the darkness brought no relief from the wind. I don't know how long that night was, for you live days in hours at a time like that. About all I remember was that I got to the point where I couldn't think of anything, not even a new cuss word.

"After awhile the wind began to go down a little, and the snow wasn't fallin' quite so fast. I could see a star, just for an instant sometimes, as a lull came in the storm. The boy would come to once in awhile and murmur a word or two, something about sweetheart and Christmas mostly—then he'd go off again and lay so quiet I just knew he was dead.

"Day began to break, sullen and gray, when suddenly I felt someone near. Laugh if you want to, but I tell you I felt the presence of someone besides the kid and I, long before I could see something moving towards us out of the gloom. A bulk, now white, now dark, slowly, uncertainly, it came on, until I could make out the shape of a horse pullin' a little two-wheeled cart in which sat a muffled figure. It left the road and came bumping across the sage brush toward the fire and stopped. The figure quickly threw off the heavy covering and sprang out—the girl from Hope's Ranch!

"There was a frightened, questioning look in her eyes, as she faced me. I pointed to the figure under the overcoat. With a stifled cry she stumbled to him, threw herself down in the snow at his side; both strong arms went around his neck as she held his face to her's, covering it with kisses. I watched until I saw one of his arms raise up and circle her neck, then I knew it was time for me to butt in, so I says, 'cut it out, kids; that stuff will look a whole lot better in front of a regular fireplace. But tell me, girl—how did you come to know about this smash-up?'

"'I was listening in when you tested with the city and knew about where you were, so when the line went out again, and about midnight those buckskin ponies showed up at our corral gate with nothing on but their collars, I knew something was wrong, so I just hitched up and come out.'

"Just like that she said it, just as if she was pulling this blizzard rescue stuff as a every day job. 'Good!' I says. 'I'm glad you did.'

"So we fills the boy up with the booze she brought and I took a little myself then, and lifts him into the cart, and with her drivin' and me walkin' behind we limps back to the ranch.

"The kid only had a leg broke and two ribs caved in, but with the nursing he got he'd got well if he'd been busted plumb in two. Sure, they got married just as soon as he could stand up, and somehow those fool kids thought I had something to do with his getting out from that fracas alive, so I was best man at the weddin' and I've been eatin' Christmas dinner with them every year since."

The old lineman had not noticed the door open, nor had he seen the Superintendent enter the room. "Get a move on, Dad," the Chief said, "the wife just called me up to say that the turkey is done and if we want any we'd better hurry."

Hastily the old man arose, pulled down the spotted vest, tilted the derby over the left eye again. "Out of my way, boy! Out of my way! That lady never has to call me but once."

We are grieved to hear of the death of the aged mother of Lon Acord, Utah Monitor photographer. Mrs. Acord passed away at the ripe old age of 82 years. Our sympathies go out to Lon and the family.

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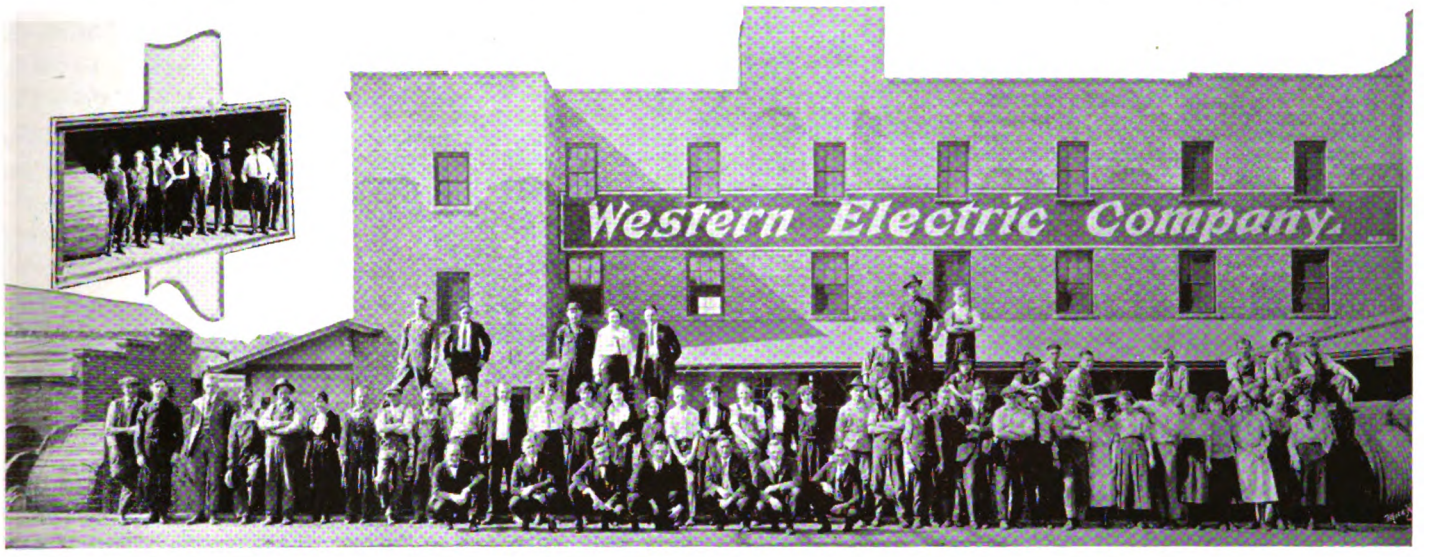
Telephone and Western Electric Companies



Employes of the Western Electric Company, Denver. Insert at top left-hand corner: Employes at Salt Lake City

The separation by the Western Electric Company, between their Telephone Department, which serves the Bell Telephone Companies under standard contracts, and their Supply Department, jobbing electrical supplies, is announced as practically completed.

In the territory of The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company the Western Electric Company have their Telephone Distributing organization at No. 1175 Osage Street, Denver, with Harry H. Argabrite, manager, and a branch at No. 445 South Third West Street, Salt Lake City, with E. U. Taylor in charge. The Supply Distributing organization is located at No. 1425 Curtis Street, Denver, with A. C. Cornell, manager, and a branch at No. 41 West Broadway, Salt Lake City, with A. J. Callaway in charge.

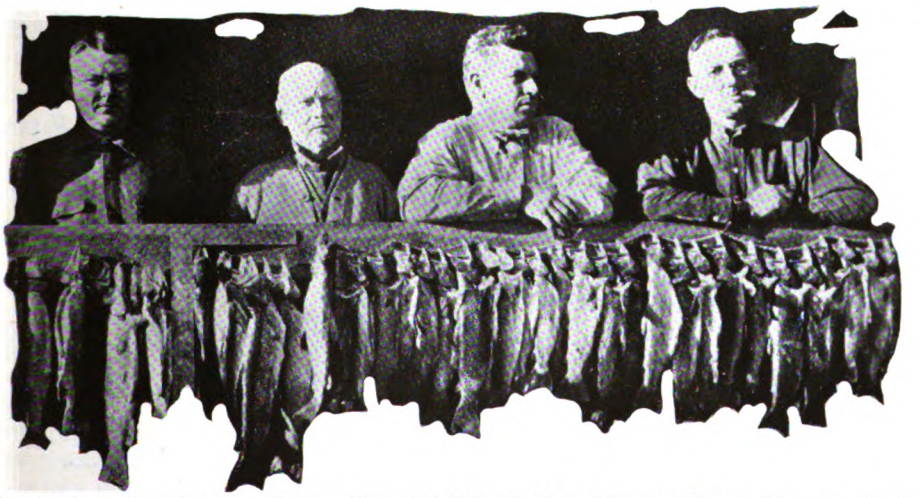
Retires from Western Electric

Fred B. Uhrig, for the past forty years an employee of the Western Electric Company, and known in practically every sector of America's electrical circle, has retired from active service. In bidding adieu to Mr. Uhrig, Charles G. DuBois, president of the big manufacturing concern, said: "You have seen the Company grow from a small localized business to one of the great industrial institutions of the country. The foundations of this achievement were character, courage and skill. You have been one of those who built steadily and continuously on those foundations. You have helped make the Company what it is."

Fred Uhrig's career has been a romantic one. He joined the Western Electric Company as an office boy in Chicago in 1881. The spirit of application and the sincerity of purpose which have marked his whole life showed themselves even then, and promotion came rapidly. By 1883 he had become Editor and Service Man, and in 1895, Credit Man of the Chicago office.

When the Denver branch was opened in January, 1903, Mr. Uhrig was chosen as its manager. The office boy of 1881 had become an executive. The following year he went to Kansas City as manager of the distributing branch there; and with the exception of a short period in 1909 in St. Louis, Uhrig and Kansas City have been in Western circles synonymous. His title has changed. He has been manager of Kansas City and Western District Manager, but his influence, centering in Kansas City, has been through the years increasingly broad. He contributed more than any other man to the development of his Company's business in the Southwest between the Mississippi and the Rockies.

In the Good Old Summer Time



One Day's Catch of Trout on Madison River, 107 Miles South and West of Helena, Montana. In the Picture—Dr. Snyder, Charles Pratt, A. Grant, citizens of Helena, Montana; C. J. Eaton, Mountain States Company State Auditor.

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THE MONITOR

DENVER, COLORADO

Published monthly in the interest of the Employes of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Denver, Colorado

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DECEMBER, 1921

Throwing Wealth Into Vesuvius

If all the men, women and children in the United States could hurry by the seething crater of Mount Vesuvius at the rate of three persons a second, and if each cast into its all-destroying depths a five-dollar gold piece, and continued to do so day and night for a year, the money thus destroyed would nearly equal our 1920 fire waste of over $500,000,000. If, in addition, about every half hour, one of this rushing throng—usually a woman or child—should fall into that sea of molten lava, the 15,000 lives lost annually in this manner would approximate America's estimated fatalities by fire each year. Does it not seem incredible that any nation should allow such devastation to continue unchecked?

Every effort must be made, therefore, to acquaint the public with the magnitude of the fire destruction and the necessity for guarding against the common fire hazards. While carelessness is considered to be the chief cause of our huge fire waste, ignorance is also a large factor and consequently the importance of education in fire prevention cannot be over-emphasized.—Safeguarding America Against Fire.

The Spirit of Christmas

I am the Spirit of Christmas.

Each succeeding year I steal into the hearts of men and inspire living thoughts, tender impulses, kind deeds.

Into the souls of men I breathe the song of Peace and Good Will which the shepherds heard one glorious night on the hills of Judea.

Like the star which led the Magi to the manger, I direct men's thoughts to that lowly shelter from which the Light of the World shone forth upon the first glad Christmas morn.

I am welcomed by prattling childhood and doddering age; by those who sit in high places and those who humbly serve; by Dives in the palace and Lazarus at the gate.

I am hailed by saint and sinner; even those who deny the One whose birth I celebrate catch the inspiration of my presence and are made glad.

They are few who rejoice not at my coming—few who seek to avoid me—and God pity the embittered few who successfully bar their shriveled souls against me.

I am the Spirit of Christmas.

—From The Monitor, December, 1915, by J. F. Greenawalt.

Monitor a "Humdinger"

(Intermountain Press and Printer)

The September issue of the Monitor, house organ of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company, was, in the language of the profession, a humdinger. Forty-six pages of heavy book paper and a handsome cover comprised the number and every page was filled with matter of interest not only to telephone employes but to the general public. The number was a credit to the ingenuity of its editor as well as to the art and typographical departments.

Making and Building

We are on the make all through life. We make friends, possibly a few enemies, for it is said that no strong personality ever fails to make an enemy now and then. We make money—if we can, and we make good—if possible. We are never made, always in the process of making until the "Master of all good workmen shall put us to work anew."

But there is only one thing we make that we can take with us when we go hence, and that is character. It is not made in a day or a year, or ten years; it is a slow process, the building of character. It requires that we bridle our tongues, that we practice the Golden Rule day by day as we go. It requires that we be broad-minded, charitable, forgiving. Most of us must go through temptations and trials before we even lay the superstructure of the great building of character, but with each temptation or difficulty that we overcome or pass bravely through we gain more strength for the next.

We have all heard it said of some particularly fine man: "His word is as good as his bond." That man may be constitutionally honest, but at that he must have gone through severe tests in the building of character, and he has proved that character to all who know him.

A public utility as well as the individual is making and building character. The public comes to recognize that a very earnest effort is being made to serve it well. The employe feels the influence and grasps the ideals of the utility to which he is devoting his service, and, in turn, the composite character of the officials and heads and employes of the utility make and build its character.

It lies within our power to build well for ourselves and for the company to which we give our endeavors.

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"Our Company"

Shortly following the distribution of copies of "Public Relations," an address made by J. F. Greenawalt, our publicity manager, employes at Billings were asked to write something on "What I Got Out of It," or their impressions of the address. Nineteen employes submitted an article on "Public Relations," all of them plainly showing that the important points in the address had found the desired mark.

W. A. Connally, the Manager at Billings, who had asked for these "impressions," submitted them to our State Manager at Helena, and without knowing who the authors were, chose the one he thought to be the best. It was written by Miss Amy Dunnigan. It is so full of good thought that The Monitor prints it below:

"Were the telephone service of the entire world shut off for one hour. the public would have a better understanding of the term "public utility" than it could get from four or five columns written upon the subject by some utility expert. In the United States alone there are many enterprises which come in the group of public utilities, foremost among which is the Bell Telephone System, of which you and I, with thousands of others, are co-workers. Without individual workers the system would be a negative concern. We can readily see that as the parts are, so will the whole be, and as a public utility is operated for the public it is up to us, the workers, as individuals, to make Our Company one of which to be proud. Let each individual say to himself, 'What would the Bell System be like were each employe such a person as I am?'

"'Can the public depend upon me in time of need?'

"You are always remembered when courteous and sincere, thus gaining the respect of the public for 'my company.'

"'Am I on the alert when it comes to knowing my company? Do I make a study of it, or am I merely holding down a job? Is it possible for me to enlighten the public as to the working of the System, or do I say, 'I don't know?'"

"Opportunities present themselves almost every day for each of us to study Our Company, and make the public have faith in Our Company.

"Let us, therefore, reflect our ideal in the greatest of all public utilities, The Bell Telephone System."

☐

If you don't give anything, how do you expect to get anything back?

☐

The more prosperous the man is you are working for the better chance you have of getting somewhere.

Report of President H. B. Thayer

To the Stockholders: The business of the Bell System as a whole continues to show a healthy growth in spite of the fact that business in general has been comparatively quiet. There has been no abatement in the receipt of requests for telephone service, and notwithstanding the installation of new telephones at more than the normal rate, unfilled applications for service are still largely in excess of the normal amount. The net earnings of the Bell System show substantial improvement over last year.

The Company on May 10, 1921, offered to its stockholders of record on May 20, 1921, shares of new stock for cash at par. Subscriptions amounting to $83,775,000 were received under this offer, thus putting the Company in funds for profitable investment in extensions to the business.

It will be noted from the statement below that the earnings of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which do not include the Company's interest in the undivided earnings of the Associated Companies, show an increase for nine months of this year over the same months last year of $1,600,000 in the amount available for dividends. Approximately $4,000,000 more have been disbursed in dividends through the increased dividend rate and upon the larger capital, leaving undivided earnings for the period of more than $10,000,000.

H. B. THAYER,
President.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

	9 Months Ending Sept. 30, 1920	9 Months Ending Sept. 30, 1921*
Earnings:		
Dividends	$26,079,475.82	$28,345,757.01
Interest	9,369,580.35	10,056,913.46
Telephone Operating Revenues	41,788,954.53	43,002 227.88
Miscellaneous Revenues	127,795.83	69,709.76
Total	$77,365,806.53	$81,474,608.11
Expenses, including provision for Federal and other taxes	24,056,229.35	25,921,776.13
Net Earnings	$53,309,577.18	$55.552,831.98
Deduct Interest	14,150,855.74	14,765,219.97
Balance	$39,158,721.44	$40,787,612.01
Deduct Dividends	26,527,290.66	†30,496,479.21
Balance	$12,631,430.78	$10,291,132.80

* Subject to minor changes when final figures for September are available.
† Includes dividends at 9% for second and third quarters.

C. A. HEISS,
Comptroller

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My House and My Residence

A Successful Business Man Soliloquizes

I saw a picture of it the other day —my residence, not my house. The Civic Club had some views of it, exterior and interior, in a special edition of their publication. I read, with some degree of pride, a description of the decorations, the woolflax paper on the walls, the handmade filet curtains, chandeliers of gold with mulberry shades, and the dining room mantel of carved mahogany and Italian marble. I read on, and had reached the "most completely equipped private garage in the city," when—

Like a fade-away in a cinema it all vanished and a much less gorgeous picture took its place. Down through the years of toil and endeavor, disappointments and successes, came the memory of a little house in an unfashionable part of the city. My wife and I bought the paper we put on its walls at one of the first five and ten cent stores that was opened in the West. To us that small dwelling was bright on the darkest day, for it was the abode of youth and hope and it was lighted with love and made warm and comfortable with contentment. In summer birds nested in the trees outside the windows, and the fresh muslin curtains fluttered in the breezes. I thought of the days when my wife came smiling to the door and a small boy toddled down the gravel path between the borders of pinks and zinnias to meet his daddy and take a ride on my shoulder into the house.

Memories came rushing down upon me of winter evenings before the grate fire. The mantel was uncarved except for one crude pattern that son tried out with an old jackknife that he managed to procure surreptitiously; after a spanking he discontinued the wood-carving business, but he would try to blow out the fire as he did that of a match, and we laughed at the frown on his baby features when his repeated attempts were unsuccessful.

And then the boy's sister came and it seemed that the little house would scarcely hold all the joy within its four walls. Was it not Victor Hugo who said he thought that heaven must be a place where the parents are always young and the children always small?

The years went on, and I became more and more ambitious to "get ahead" for the sake of the children. They must be educated and fitted for their places in business and society and have all the advantages that their parents had been obliged to forego. In time I came to leave the house and family more and more to my wife while I plunged determinedly into the big game. She was glad to relieve me as much as possible of these cares, for we both had our minds on the great goal called Success. After a few years we were able to leave the little house and move into a more commodious one where we could entertain friends and the children could have their school-mates in for a party. There we had our first telephone, and how we thrilled with pride when we called up friends for an informal game of cards and refreshments. And the evolution and progress in business and home life went on until I was able to build and maintain the residence.

Son drives into and out of that enameled-brick garage in a high-powered motor of the latest model. My wife and daughter give dinners and luncheons and dances and teas, and seem to have a stand-in with the society editors, and to enjoy the publicity of their columns. I draw the checks and look on as complacently as may be. But occasionally I wander down to an unfashionable part of the city and look at a little old house, rented now to a young workingman who has a wife and baby. I generally steal away to go there in the late afternoon about the time that young chap comes home to his supper, and I see a chubby boy toddle down the gravel path to meet his dad and be swung up on his shoulder for a ride into the house. A bright-faced girl-woman stands on the porch, smiling at father and son, and I quote Victor Hugo to myself and saunter on with my memories.

Daughter, who has quite a head for business along with her social leanings, said the other day that she couldn't understand why dad didn't sell that old shack down on Front Street, or wreck it and put up a business building; that the lot is quite valuable and the taxes must be out of all proportion to the rent he is getting for it. She supposed it must be sentiment, and I smiled and said that she had guessed it; it was sentiment. Her mother and I hung the crane in that old cottage and she and her brother were born there. She gave me a pitying look which expressed something like this: "Poor dad, he's getting old. Living in the past, I suppose, as most of them do."

Well, it's the way of the world and I'm glad to have made a success, or what goes by that name, and there is no complaint. I wouldn't want to move back on Front Street —not as things are now. But I've been over the road, and agree that Victor Hugo knew what he was talking about, so I sometimes feel a bit sorry for people who are losing

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These are Telephone Sisters at El Paso, Texas

1—Dorothy and Esther Smith; 2—Pearl Cook and Martha Stover; 3—Cinnine and Jewell M. Bennett; 4—Agatha and Felecie Boudreaux; 5—Hilah and Hilda Gray; 6—Cleara Higgins and Jennie Brooks; 7—Lelia, Gladys and Jessie Sommers; 8—Wilma, Grace and Lillian King; 9—Maxine Yencer, Maude Hammonds and Verne Hammonds; 10—Margene and Inez Love; 11—Loue and May Tucker

El Paso Telephone Sisters

El Paso, Texas, comes to the front with a group of sisters in the telephone family that is hard to beat—a sort of family within a family—sisters in reality.

These girls all work for the Mountain States Telephone Company in the El Paso office. There are twenty-five of them—eight pairs and three trios. Count 'em—look 'em over and then rejoice that you, too, are a member of this great family of fine people. The city of El Paso may justly feel proud that it has such a splendid representation of its excellent citizenry in the telephone industry. Of course, there are others—many others, in fact—engaged in the telephone business in El Paso but these represent a sisterhood that brings the home just a little bit closer to the people who are served at the hands of this public utility.

El Paso, greetings! These are mighty fine girls you have.

---

so much out of life in the mad, sad, scramble for money, and who are in such haste to exchange a house and a home for a residence. If I started anything they would say: "That old lad has rounded up all the shekels he could coax into his corral and now he professes to believe that the game isn't worth the effort. But wouldn't he do it all over again quick enough, if he had the chance?"

And maybe I would. And then again—maybe it wouldn't seem quite so well worth while as once it did.

Here is Some Real Practical Advice

"Prepare to Meet Thy God." "Where Will You Spend Eternity?" These and several other illuminating quotations are used to mark the dangerous curves and grades in Pennsylvania auto roads. "Life Is Sweet —Blow Your Horn," and "Drive Slow and See Our City—Drive Fast and See Our Jail" are others that attract unusual attention. It is claimed these signs are much more effective than the formal wording usually used.

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Risley and Titus Hold the Boards Today

H. R. Risley

It's about as hard to get C. L. Titus and H. R. Risley into the publicity limelight as it is to make a college orator stop when he has said it all. After three months mental persuasion we prevailed upon these fine telephone gentlemen to send in their photographs. And this is not to their discredit, either. Titus and Risley are both men who "bring home the bacon" rather than lose time in telling the world they intend to "go after" it. Many of our folks have met these men, and we want others to know something about them.

One of the old-timers in the telephone business of the Mountain States territory is C. L. Titus, our Wyoming manager. When approached on the subject, however, he came back with this: "Fortunately, the old employees all remember my telephone record, and it would be uninteresting to the new employees, for the slogan of today is: 'Look ahead! What does the future hold for us?'"

Look ahead is all right, but the future is a closed book that will unfold leaf by leaf. The past is there to stay, and we are not so sure that it is uninteresting to new employees. They are sometimes inquisitive—as they should be, and some of them might say, "I wonder how long Mr. Titus has been with the Company, and where was he and what did he do before coming to Cheyenne?"

"Tite," as some of the old boys knew him, started young, in 1882, to be exact, as relief operator and general handy boy after school hours. This was in Denver, and he says he found much satisfaction in serving the Company and general public in his small way. In 1893 he again took up telephone work for keeps, in what was called at that time the Company's shops, later graduating to the cable room. About the first of the year 1906 Mr. Titus was appointed Denver district manager, serving in that capacity until 1917, when he went to Wyoming as manager of the Cheyenne district. When state management became the thing Mr. Titus' Cheyenne district was very naturally extended to include the state of Wyoming, which he knows so thoroughly. A "Powder River! Let 'er Buck!" yell sets his blood dancing, and his old friends who blow into Cheyenne (no reference to Wyoming zephyrs) for a little real, informal Western entertainment during a Frontier Days celebration don't have to look him up—he finds 'em and gives 'em a smile and a grip that they remember long after the last wild steer has felt the lariat tighten, and the chaps and sombreros have been dusted and laid away for next year.

The old Spirit of Service has grown with the years, and is stronger in C. L. Titus today than when he found pleasure and satisfaction in serving the Company and the public way back in 1882. And he wouldn't take a Wyoming oil gusher for his happy memories.

—

In the Empire State of New York H. R. Risley received his initiation into the telephone business, about nineteen years ago, starting with the Home Telephone Company at Jamestown. In 1905 he stepped up to the managership of the Meadville Telephone Company, at Meadville,

C. L. Titus

Pennsylvania, remaining there for three years, when he answered the call of the West, and 1908 found him connected with the Montana Independent Telephone Company, at Butte. During the construction of the automatic system in Helena, Mr. Risley was located in that city, and in 1910 he was appointed manager of all the independent properties in the state of Montana, with headquarters at Butte.

Having acquired a thorough knowledge of independent properties in Montana, Northern Idaho, and Spokane, Washington, Mr. Risley in 1913 became general manager of those properties, with headquarters at Spokane. About 1915 these companies were merged into and became a part of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Mr. Risley came along with them into the Bell family, of which he is a very active and loyal member.

Mr. Risley's first service with our Company was in the capacity of district manager of the former Grand Junction, Colorado, district, where he remained for about five years. In 1920 he went to Boise, Idaho, in a similar capacity, and on May 1, 1921, his district was extended to include all that part of Idaho operated by the Mountain States Company, and his title changed to Idaho Manager.

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This Puts Real Joy Into Life

(From Telephone Topics, New England Group)

(Editorial Note.—The following appreciative letter was written by Spencer J. Steinmetz, a member of the firm of John Steinmetz Sons, a business man who has occasion to do a great deal of traveling. It was addressed to District Plant Chief Luther at Providence, and is printed not only because of its interesting narration of telephone use but also because of the friendly personal reactions it expresses. Doubtless, many other busy men of business feel the same way on the subject. It is worth while to remember this when sometimes a querulous and, perhaps, unjust criticism comes in. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and we are glad to believe there are many of the kind typified by the writer of this letter.)

I am wondering if you understand how important you are to the business men of the world and that without your assistance they couldn't do one-tenth of the business they do; and that they owe you a great deal for your kindness in overlooking their many saucy, worried and bothered remarks. Probably not once in a hundred times do they realize that if there is any interruption in the service it is beyond the control of the Company. I confess I have often said things I am sorry for, but have been shamed immediately afterward by the patience and kind reply of the young lady operator at the other end of the wire.

It may be of interest to you to know that all the countries of the world today use the telephone and I only wish it were possible to get up a splendid big steamship load of the American Bell operators and take them through the seven seas, as the writer travels on his many business trips, and then change to a comfortable Pullman train and go shooting over the forty-eight states of America and have you all stop with him at the different big cities, mountain resorts, and seaside places, and not only enjoy the different scenes, but understand by such a trip how important is the telephone.

The writer is just back from an 18,000-mile trip, and used the telephone to the extent that when he added up the money spent he fairly gasped, and yet there is no investment he ever made that pays anything like the profit of the intelligent use of the telephone.

Last winter, in January, there was a terrific blizzard in Colorado and Wyoming and all thru the Rocky Mountain States. The writer lived there in Denver with his son and family all through the winter and determined to make a test of the telephone for business purposes that would go down, as far as he was concerned, as the most gigantic he had ever attempted; and this is what he did.

In the telephone office of the Brown Palace Hotel of Denver, he devoted two days, from 7 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, to cover the whole United States of America, Canada and Mexico on the telephone. The very first call he made the reply came back, "Wire ready in two minutes." This was Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Then as the wind howled, and the very building shook, I asked if there was very much danger of not getting these many calls on account of wires being down, and they said, "No wires down as far as the division inspectors in all directions reported," and so I put in the following calls:

Cheyenne, Wyoming; Bismark, North Dakota; Pierre, South Dakota; St. Paul, Minnesota; Sacramento, California; Portland, Oregon; Winnepeg, Manitoba, Canada; New York City, New York; Chicago, Illinois; St. Louis, Missouri; Kansas City, Missouri; Cincinnati, Ohio; San Diego, California; Seattle, Washington State; Olympia, Washington State; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Jefferson City, Missouri; Atlanta, Georgia; Keokuk, Iowa; and some twenty more very far distant points.

Now glance at your map and see what this meant, the wires extending clear across the United States, to Canada, and deep into Mexico to Vera Cruz. It meant that thousands of linemen had been out all through the blizzards to keep the lines in order. It meant that tens of thousands of hard-working brilliant young ladies had braved this storm to go to their telephone centers. It further meant that an accumulation of thirty years of patents and inventions, piled one on top of the other, made it possible to do this.

Then the fun began. As I told the operators, three skilled ladies, it made no difference in what order the calls came in. They started to come.

Five hundred miles south of Denver came in. One thousand miles northeast from Colorado came in. Way down on the sunny shores of the Pacific Ocean a call was open. Way up in cold Manitoba where the snow was twenty feet deep, they said "All ready."

Chicago, with its grime and smoke blinked at me through the fog and smoke. St. Louis, where you could almost hear the rumbles of the great big paddle-wheel boats on the Mississippi, said "All ready." Little Pueblo, way up on top of the Rocky Mountains, came in. The great flour mill city of Minneapolis shouted "Here I am." Kansas City, way down on the Kaw river, with its tens of thousands of cattle in the stock yards, bellowed back "Here we are." The great railroad terminal in Washington, D. C., said "All ready." Way down at Atlanta, Georgia, in the cotton fields, a girl's voice, with that delightful southern accent which is so charming to a man's ears, said she was ready, and I feel that if you would close your eyes and follow me as I told you that each of these talks was as clear as a bell and in many cases where I knew the people very well they sounded just as natural as if they were sitting opposite me in the room, you would realize what it meant to me.

Of course you realize that in using a telephone a business man has got to know his man pretty well, because if he is sent for on top of a factory half a mile and after reaching the telephone finds a man who wants to sell him some kind of merchandise, it is sort of a boomerang. But if you notify your man that you are going to call him up at a certain hour, and if you know him very well, he will respond with that sense of fair play that all us grown up boys, called men, have. He will be only too glad to push the wheel of trade for you, and they always do.

I oftentimes wonder, as the Overland Express sweeps across the prairies and up the side of the mountains and down the river beds, as with a rush and a roar it whirls through the small town or a big city, what the people think of us who have to travel for a living, flying like midnight demons past their homes. But people of the telephone service, I'll tell you what I think of you when I see the lights in the telephone offices way up into midnight, up to 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and

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WITCHES

That Salt Lake City Hallowe'en Party

On Thursday evening, October 27, 1921, the girls of the Accounting Department, Salt Lake City, entertained at a masquerade Hallowe'en party. The affair was held in the assembly room in the Division Building, and true to the spirit of Hallowe'en, the entire color scheme was carried out in orange and black. Streamers of these colors were draped across the room, hanging at their lowest point about seven feet from the floor. Silhouettes of the time-honored witch riding on her coarse broom, and black cats, bats and hoot owls were hung on the walls at various points about the room, and the dim orange light given off from the covered bowls gave the entire setting the spooky and uncanny feeling that fills the air only at Hallowe'en time.

In one corner a cozy crepe-paper fortune telling booth, resembling a corner of the side-show fakir's tent, was set up where the Fortune Teller, Madam Tempest, assured the feminine hearts all the good things that are in store for them. Punch, candy and wafers were served and the music for dancing was furnished by a professional player-piano. Balloons, serpentine and confetti were in evidence.

It was strictly a girls' party and 80 of them, including guests from the Commercial, Plant and Traffic Departments, came garbed in costumes picked from every imaginable corner of the globe. The proverbial black cat, the Fifth Avenue dude, the ballet dancer, the bathing beauty, the little gingham-girl, the farmer and cow-shed Katie were all there, and even the old crap-shootin' Wildcat let his presence be known in the center of the "ruckus."

The costume prize was awarded to Miss Lulu Heath, who was dressed as a Hula-Hula dancer, and she certainly looked the part. From all appearances she had stepped right off the Islands into the ball room.

It was the unanimous opinion of those present that this was the most successful girls' party ever staged in the Bell Family in Salt Lake City. The success of the party, of course, was largely due to the efforts of the committees in charge. The Committee on Arrangements was composed of Ruth Treweek, Elsie Thomey, Carol Hutchins and Arline Ridges, and the Finance Committee of Irene Hawkins, Laurel Bennion, Lottie Leeman, and Helen McQuarrie.

We know of a telephone employe who has worked in the same office four years and doesn't know there is a clock in the room.

6:00 o'clock in the morning and, in some cases, seeing the faces of fine, intelligent girls busy at the instruments, answering all calls of love, hate, business, pleasure, life and death, and hear the great heart throbs of the people on the wire. And you ladies of the phone service stand all this. Quick as a flash you use your brains to get in touch with doctors, firemen or police, and seem to be walking dictionaries to find out what particular John Smith that Mary Ella Jones wants in Sandusky, Ohio, and when poor Mary Jones seems hurt that you do not know John Smith very well, you tell her in a heavenly voice that there are only eleven pages of them in the telephone book. Even then your sense of dignity is such that I often wonder you do not laugh right out over the wire at the 57 different varieties of people to whom you listen twenty-four hours a day and 365 days a year.

Just one word more and that is this: I wish our imaginative train of which I spoke, or our fairy steamer which I mentioned, were really a fact and that we could sail into Hong Kong, China, and ring up on a Chinese telephone, or go to Calcutta and talk over the Sanskrit telephone, or drop into Paris and listen to Monsieur and Mademoiselle wave their hot air fans at each other in French, or hear Johnny Bull talk stern stuff to his wife and daughters from London down to Bournemouth where they probably are staying.

We will never meet and I am only a voice to you of the 10,000 you have heard over the telephone. I wish to put one word in and that is that there is no class of people I know today, in any business in any part of the world, where the average of brains, quick wit, pride and dignity is so deeply imbedded as it is in the case of the telephone companies in the United States of America. The companies cannot do anything without this loyalty and you can do nothing without their backing and it seems to me wonderful the great millions that go into the Bell Companies of America and the splendid manhood and womanhood that stand at their elbow, saying "Here, present, always present, always here."

And may this voice speaking to you on pen and paper wish you Godspeed and if sometimes you feel that you are not quite understood, he wants to voice the feelings of all the great thousands who use the telephone that you are understood and appreciated; and men like myself would go many miles in the snow barefooted to strangle some of the yellow dogs and purple puppies who give you back talk on the telephone. Don't mind them; they sink to their own level. You know just as well as I know that so long as telephone booths are open and two legs can go to them, there will be just so many dregs. But put this against all the joy you have in helping America and it will seem nothing to you.

SPENCER J. STEINMETZ.

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Prize Winners in the Garden Contest Announced

Photographs of Garden Raised by Lauron I. Myers, at Glendive, Montana, Winner of Second Prize.

Lauron I. Myers, wire chief at Glendive, Montana, wins The Monitor $5 prize for second best photographs of a garden raised in the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company territory in 1921.

These prizes were the result of an offer made by The Monitor in May, so that everyone had the same opportunity to try for one of them. The cost of living may be greatly reduced by employes who have ground upon which to plant a garden. We know of quite a number of employes who raised all the garden truck they could use in the summer, and have filled their cellars and caves with a winter supply.

The Smedley Garden

Photographs of Garden Raised by A. Smedley, Manager at Bountiful, Utah, Winner of First Prize.

A. Smedley, manager at Bountiful, Utah, wins the $10 prize for the best photographs of a garden raised in 1921 by a telephone employe. Mr. Smedley had a wonderful garden,

In this contest there were many competitors, and many fine gardens were no doubt raised, pictures of which the owners failed to send to this office.

What Mr. Myers says: — "We raised practically everything that grows in a garden. In the front of the garden we had a lot about 18x90 feet planted to flowers. My father, Rev. H. I. Myers, of Denver, was here visiting us and he tended garden most of the time. We lived almost entirely off this garden from June until October 14, and now have our cellar filled for the winter."

This From El Paso

Concerning that garden contest The Monitor is offering prizes for, all we've got to say is, that if raising hay has anything to do with a garden, then these girls win the prize. And it is rumored that they raised a lot of racket and sun blisters too, as well as an unquenchable thirst, when it was discovered that the hostess was well supplied with cold lemonade. The two young ladies with neatly folded hands represent two of El Paso's most efficient teachers. Reading from left to right they are: Miss Ora Epperson and Mrs. Bretz. The other two girls,

A Few of El Paso's Maud Mullers at Work. Misses Meadows and Hannley, acted their part of hostess to perfection. And we would like to remind you again of that garden contest.

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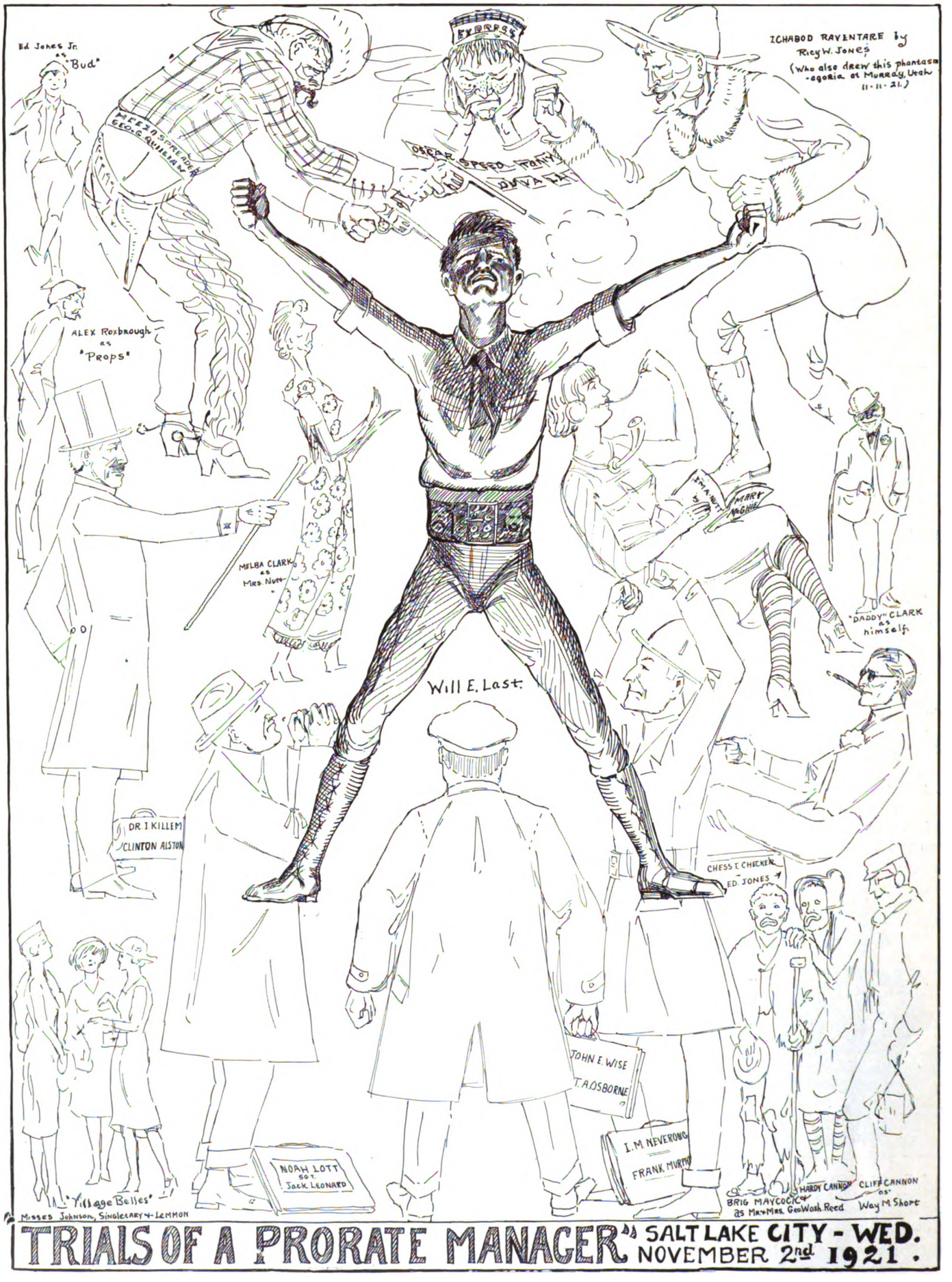

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The Trials of a Prorate Manager

November 2, 1921, will be a long-remembered date by the employes of the Company in Salt Lake City and vicinity. On the evening of that day, the telephone comedy, "The Trials of a Prorate Manager," was presented before an audience of over five hundred employes, members of their families and friends.

As C. C. Croke, author and producer of this unique travesty on the telephone game as played in the average small exchange, was called to Salt Lake in connection with his work as Development Engineer, we of Utah grasped the opportunity to have him put on the show for us, which he had presented twice before for the Denver employes.

After a week of strenuous training the following cast put over the show in great style.

Mr. Croke, as Will E. Last, the leading character, was splendid. His ability to bring out the big points in the dialogue instantly won the enthusiastic favor of his audience.

Miss Mary McGhie, as Ima Nutt, the operator, was a very close second to Mr. Croke. Her natural ability as a comedy actress stood her in good stead and her "business" in a long and rather trying part was perfect, keeping her audience in an almost continuous gale of laughter.

Miss Melba Clark, as Mrs. Nutt, Ima's mother, interpreted a rather difficult part in a splendid manner. The fainting scene by her and Ima, when the switch board blew up, was a bit of acting of which many professional actors would have been proud, and brought down the house for ten minutes in side-splitting laughter.

Ricy Jones played the character of I. Raventare in a very convincing manner. His makeup and mannerisms were perfect. Tony Duvall as Oscar Speed, the lovelorn swain, was a scream.

Jack Leonard as Noah Lott, the traffic supervisor; Tommy Osborne, as John E. Wise, the plant chief; Frank Murphy, as I. M. Neverwrong, the commercial man, and Edward Jones, as the traveling auditor, all entered into the spirit of their parts in a splendid way, getting their lines over big, giving evidence of theatrical ability far above the ordinary.

Hardy Cannon as Pansy, the darktown washwoman, got it across in a manner that could not be beat and was one of the biggest laughs of the evening.

Clint Alston, Dr. Ike Hillem, was as fine a bit of character work as one could wish to see and was intensely enjoyed, especially by members of the Commercial Department.

Cliff Cannon did Way M. Short, the ice man, as though he had delivered ice all his life.

Geo. C. Quillian, as Heeza Spreader, proved himself to be a real bad actor.

Brig Maycock, as Geo. Washington Reid, Pansy's husband, got a well-deserved laugh; and Misses Johnson, Lemmon and Singletary, as the Village Queens, lent real class to the small town setting.

Alex Roxbrough, the property man, did a one hundred per cent job. His switchboard and complete setting could not have been improved upon, and was the subject of more favorable comment than any one part of the show.

The progressive advertising campaign engineered by Ricy Jones and Tony Duvall was a hum-dinger, arousing interest to the boiling point long before the time set for the show.

That the entire audience thoroughly enjoyed the evening entertainment was amply evidenced by the many fine compliments received by those who had it in charge.

After the curtain went down, the crowd danced and had a real get-acquainted meeting, and all went home happy.

Salt Lake Plant Notes

The new Morse and Toll Test room on the first floor of the Wasatch Exchange Building is rapidly nearing completion. The installation of the new equipment has been handled by Foreman R. A. Rogers. A brief history of the installation and the cutover will be published later in The Monitor.

On the night of November 15th, burglars entered the City Bank at Heber, Utah. The telephone office is located next door to the bank building and the robbers cut off all possible means of communication by cutting out a piece of cable on the cable rack between the office pole and the building. The following morning an S. O. S. call was sent to Salt Lake City for a splicer and Earl B. Pinkley was sent to Heber to repair the damage. As soon as Pinkley reached the town he flew to the task of splicing in a new piece of cable and worked the balance of the day and all that night in order that service might be restored. Just another example of "willingness to serve."

Clarence Wilkes, evening switchboard man at the Wasatch Exchange, Salt Lake City, is the proud father of a baby girl born October 31st. Mother and babe doing nicely.

Since November 2nd, the night the Salt Lake Plant bunch presented "The Trials of a Prorate Manager," Hardie Cannon has had a hard time convincing his wife that he should not do the family washing. Hardie took the role of "Pansy," the darky washerwoman.

Carl Powell has recently been transferred from Bingham Canyon to Park City, Utah, as manager. Robert Kehl succeeds Powell in Bingham, having been transferred from the Salt Lake City Plant Department.

J. Allen Ansley, for a number of years an employee of the Company in Salt Lake City, and who about four years ago was transferred to the Equipment Engineer's office in Denver, has been in Salt Lake City again working in connection with the completion of the new Morse and Toll Test Room. The Denver climate evidently agrees with "Al," as he is slightly heavier than he was before going there.

Brig Maycock built a hunting boat
To ride upon the water,
When asked if he thought it would float
He answered, "Sure, it 'oughter."
As a builder of rare pleasure yachts
He surely wins the crown,
For on the small craft's maiden cruise
It floated—upside down.

"This is the information operator."

"Say, central, can you give me the telephone number of J. E. Pants?" (subscriber).

"What was the name, please?" (operator).

"Pants."

"Mantz?" (operator).

"Pants, central, Pants" (subscriber).

"Is the name Vantz? I don't understand you" (operator).

"No, central, PANTS—just plain every-day TROUSERS."

And central understood.

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"'TEN-SHUN!"

With a snap and precision that reminded one of the old days in 1918, the Ex-Service Men's Unit, employees of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company in Denver, moved forward into line with the great Armistice day parade of November 11th, headed by our own Major A. W. Young, veteran commanding officer of the 405th Signal Battalion, and Miss Lenora Chance, overseas telephone operator, who saw extensive service with the A. E. F.

The Colors and Standard originally issued to the 405th Telegraph Battalion at Camp Lewis, Washington, and carried throughout their entire campaign in France and Germany, were proudly presented and properly guarded by Messrs. G. E. Berggren, Fred Sutton, M. S. Sullivan and L. McCarthy.

Lieut. M. V. Griffin, one of the members of the famous "Lost Battalion," commanded the entire unit in regular "army style" and made all of the boys feel perfectly at home as regards "lieutenants."

The former privates and officers who marched side by side without distinction as to rank, represented all branches of the Army, Marine Corps and Navy, and was made up of R. L. Burgess, Miss Lenora Chance, H. L. Hackstaff, F. H. Kennedy, C. C. Johnson, D. M. Livingston, G. B. Ringbauer, and many others well known throughout the organization, but too numerous to mention.

Left to Right—World War Veterans—D. Cameron, A. Wells, L. T. Cecil, J. H. George, W. W. Stewart, R. Loeb, George Berggren, A. S. Stein, C. A. Sellman, V. H. Maymon, H. P. Forrest, A. J. Darling, T. Gleason, E. George, F. H. Kennedy, N. Winsom, A. W. Young

One of the greatest tributes ever paid to any of America's dead was exemplified during the parade when the entire line of march halted and stood at almost breathless attention, for two minutes, while the huge bell in D. & F.'s tower tolled solemnly the stroke of twelve, and from far up Seventeenth street came the distant bugle call of Taps. Such a solemn demonstration of respect was never before witnessed in the West; heads were bared, voices and bands hushed, and not a living soul among the thousands who participated in or witnessed the parade, moved from his place.

The committee in charge of organizing the telephone unit consisted of V. H. Maymon, F. S. Beatty and J. F. Whyte.

We would like to air the fact that "Gob" W. C. Taylor, connected in some capacity with one of the American Legion Posts, persuaded, abducted or stole all the "gobs" who were lined up to appear with the telephone unit, which further proves the fact that it took the Army and Marines to put the "big fight" over.

"Good Morning, Pueblo!"

My, such a busy place the Pueblo office is! So much cleaning, painting, varnishing and repairing being done everywhere until we look like a brand new office except for the outside of the building, where the high water mark will always remain to remind us of that awful night.

We are at present enjoying the use of the first new directories since the March issue, and maybe you think we don't know how to appreciate a new directory once more.

Mrs. Pryor, chief operator, entertained all the lady employees of the Pueblo exchange, who had been with the Company ten years or more, with a lovely turkey dinner at her home Saturday evening, November 5th. There were nine from the traffic department and two from the commercial department present. After the delicious eats were consumed, Mrs. Pryor told of her trip to St. Louis and all about the Telephone Pioneers' convention held there in October. Say, she must have had a good time. She left us all with a desire to become a Pioneer also.

Miss Louderback also related her adventures in sunny California, from where she had just recently returned. Having made the trip by auto, she saw all there was to see.

Miss Johnston added her bit, having spent her vacation in California earlier in the summer.

Miss Gladys Yakel has returned from her vacation, spent in Denver, and reports a very enjoyable time, as does Miss Rose Kaiser, who spent her vacation "farming it" on her father's ranch at Goodpasture.

We are sorry to report the loss of one of our matrons, Mrs. East, who has resigned to take up her home duties. We must mention here that she was one of our summer brides. She has been succeeded by Mrs. West. Case of East going, West coming."

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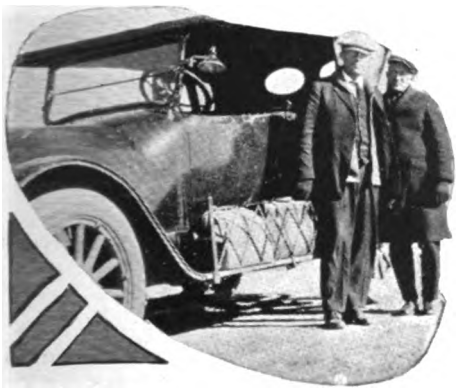
IDAHO

Boise, Idaho

On the evening of November 15th, the Boise Branch of the Telephone Family enjoyed a delightful evening, when about ninety members gathered on the first floor of the Telephone Building to get acquainted with Mr. H. T. Vaille, Secretary of the Employes' Benefit Fund, the humanest human, and through him with his work.

Mr. Vaille was introduced by Mr. Risley, Idaho manager, in a few well chosen remarks. Mr. Vaille talked in a very interesting manner on the Benefit Plan and its administration, the liberal offer made



Hess and Clark on Road Between Mountain Home and Boise

by the A. T. & T. Co. to sell stock to Bell employes for less than the market price, the plan to provide service buttons for employes, designating the number of years' service they have had and the importance of preserving this record, the heroism displayed by the telephone employes for which Vail Medals have been awarded, and concluded by assuring us that the co-operation of the employes of the three departments in Idaho had produced results and that Idaho has made rapid strides in bringing the expenses and revenue into more than a speaking acquaintanceship.

Mr. Risley next introduced Dr. L. P. McCalla, the Company Physician and Surgeon for Boise. Dr. McCalla made a short talk in which he paid a graceful tribute to Dr. Lyman, who, with Mr. Vaille, takes such a personal interest in the health and welfare of each employe, especially those brought to his attention through accident or sickness reports.

Then the party became the guests of the Traffic Department in their parlors and enjoyed a social hour, after which a delightful lunch was served cafeteria style.

C. A. Snyder, L. N. Hess, C. L. Rea and G. H. Baker recently inspected the toll lead between Boise and Mountain Home and it is rumored that they enjoyed a little extra excitement on the way. The story goes that Mr. Rea narrowly escaped death at the jaws of a rabid coyote, the only thing saving him being the very good use he made of his legs in getting close enough to Mr. Hess that that gentleman was able to hit him (the coyote, not Mr. Rea) over the head with the handle of a mattock he was using. There seems to be a little controversy over the use to which the skin is to be put. Mr. Hess thinks he should have a new cap made out of it so that he can attract other coyotes on his frequent trips into the desert, while Mr. Rea thinks it should be used to decorate the new office of the Plant Engineers.

Ward Shields, G. B. Conners, Ed Lowery and Ross Snyder of the local Plant force at Boise, and Bob Irwin, the manager at Nampa, recently returned from a five-day hunting trip with two deer to their credit, Mr. Shields and Mr. Irwin being the lucky shots. Venison is good meat and this was enjoyed very much by all those in the friendly circle who were permitted a sample.

C. A. Snyder, L. N. Hess, G. H. Baker and Ed Moan, of Boise, and Mel Dolling, of Payette, also enjoyed a hunt in the snow in the mountains but were not so successful in bagging a deer.

Caldwell, Idaho

Mr. Ackroyd, equipment installer, who has been with us for a few days, has just finished installing 100 new lines, which we expect to use soon.

Curtis Neyman has returned from his vacation and has taken up his work again, as construction foreman, relieving Mr. Gish, who has been acting in his place.

On November 10th a number of the operators and friends of Miss Dorothy Nitchman assembled at the home of her sister, Mrs. Blunt, and showered the bride-to-be with a number of beautiful and useful gifts. After many strenuous games a delicious lunch was served, after which the guests departed, all agreeing that a pleasant evening had been spent.

On the morning of October 26 the telephone again showed its usefulness when a fire broke out at the Middleton school house, which is located across the street from our office. Miss Hansall, chief operator, who was on duty, saw the smoke pouring out of the basement window and at once notified the surrounding community and also the Caldwell fire department. A bucket brigade was formed by the citizens, which held the fire in check until the fire department arrived, which made a run of six miles and had two streams of water on the fire eighteen minutes after they were notified. The damage to the building was estimated at $2.000.

The force from the plant department and our manager, H. W. Groesbeck, have shown their ability as huntsmen during the pheasant season, each trip bringing in their limit.

We regret very much to hear of the illness of Miss Hustead's mother, and all wish for a quick recovery.

Miss Dorothy Nitchman has resigned her position as operator and has been initiated as housekeeper in a cottage for two.

Mr. Risley, state manager, and Mr. Geopfarth, cashier, made a business trip to Caldwell, which included a pheasant hunt. Mr. Risley returned with one notch on his gun.

C. A. Snyder, Idaho Plant Superintendent, and Mr. Baker, group wire chief, made a two-day plant inspection at Caldwell.

Operator As a Forest Fire Fighter

During the night of September 28 it was impossible for Judith Gap, a connecting company, to ring Lewiston, Montana. Our operator there helped by going on the line at thirty-minute intervals, also giving numbers to the district forest ranger. The following letter was sent to our night operator from Heath, Montana:

"Miss Helen Moline, Night Operator, Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co., Lewistown, Montana.

Dear Miss Moline: Just a word of appreciation in acknowledgement of your kind and generous services over the telephone in the early morning hours of September 29, while a forest fire was raging unchecked.

Such generous co-operation is worthy of commendation, and I wish to thank you very sincerely in behalf of the Jefferson National Forest organization.

Your service was generous, efficient, and co-operative and I assure you that such service is greatly appreciated by the Forest Service at all times.

Very sincerely yours,

LEON L. LAKE,
District Manager.

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BUSY BETTY SAYS

Geographically speaking, Bridges Read of the Denver Commercial Department got to going in the wrong direction the other day.

Surely it was not the sound of a feminine voice that jarred his mental process as he looked up from his desk into blue eyes (they say he has a preference for brown) shaded by a large and to him most luxurious looking hat—one which in the local society columns would be referred to as a "Paris creation." But to get back to the starting point, the lady—she of the hat and blue eyes—announced that she was going to the Orient and would like to have her telephone disconnected.

"Please, m'am," began Mr. Read with courtesy and gallantry born of a long line of Southern ancestry, "is there an instrument in the room where you are going?"

"Wh—why I suppose so—er, but what of it and how should I know until I get there?" replied the globe-trotter.

"Well," explained Mr. Read, "I was just thinking perhaps it might be well for you to go over to the Orient and find out whether there is an instrument in the room you plan to take before ordering your telephone disconnected, as you might later decide to have one put in, and you know we have a long line of applicants who would in that case have to be shown preference."

"Why, my dear man, surely you cannot be serious in expecting me to go clear over to the Orient to see if there's a telephone in my room—you couldn't have understood me—I am going on a trip to the Orient to be gone several months."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Mr. Read, bowing low over the desk in his most apologetic manner (some manner, that, too,) "I didn't quite understand," but he failed to explain that he had thought she was talking about the Orient Hotel.

As she departed he turned to a fellow-employee, who had overheard the little mix-up, and said: "I should have known the moment I saw the plume on her hat that she could buy the Orient Hotel."

—

I once asked a very successful and important person what he considered the most essential characteristic to being a real gentleman and he replied, "Kindness of heart," adding, "and it is also the most essential requisite to success." Instantly a kaleidoscopic view of dozens of cold-blooded persons I had known, who were at least credited with success, flashed before my mind and I asked him to explain the "how" of it.

"They only seem to be successes," he replied. "None ever really scales the heights of success unless he is kind in his heart—take my word for it"—and so I did.

The other day while sitting in the office of one of our old time and prominent telephone men I was reminded of those words.

From time to time during the course of our conversation my gaze was arrested by a glass of water outside on the window sill of his office. What particularly attracted me was that every now and then a bird would light upon the sill, take a fleeting look about and then hop on the side of the glass and dip its little bill down for a drink.

"Wonder if there is any water in that glass?" I finally ventured, and following my gaze he replied: "That one out there on the sill? Sure there is."

He volunteered nothing more and I must admit I was just curious enough to know whether or not he had put it there to ask him.

"Y-e-s, I put it out there fresh every morning," he answered rather shamefacedly, as if a bit embarrassed at the admission, but when I hastened to assure him that I thought it fine of a man in his position, a really busy man, to think of the little birds and to be so kind, he waxed enthusiastic and told with almost boyish pride of what a popular drinking place that is in winter and how the birds get so thick out there on the sill that they fight and fairly push each other off the sill to get their turn at the water.

Then he confided to me that he bought birdseed for them regularly—had a package tucked away in his desk that minute which he brought forth, scattering a bit of seed on the window sill.

And he further took me into his confidence by telling me how every now and then when he leaves the window open one or two of his little bird friends come in to visit him—and sometimes he has trouble getting them back out, but he knows they're happiest out there in the open.

While I've known for years that the heart of a real gentleman snuggled beneath the coat of "Henny" Bellard, I didn't know just how big and fine that heart was until the day of the incident mentioned.

You know the more I see of them the more I'm impressed with the number of really human beings in the telephone business.

—

Have you seen "Bill" Lamping—happy bridegroom—taking home the bacon? Leastwise we suppose it's the bacon as he goes home laden with bundles every night—entirely outside packages.

—

Charley Nitschke has resumed his usual happy demeanor now that he has his stolen car back.

—

Black cats—yep, with ominous humps in their backs, witches, grinning pumpkin faces, cross-bones and other suggestions of All Hallows Eve—when witches walk abroad—were much in evidence on the occasion of the Commercial Department's recent dance which was staged in the hall of the Wight building.

There were also numerous paper rope festoons in black and orange, while huge placards bearing the inscription 90% were arranged about the hall, for this was an occasion "extraordinaire," which marked an epoch in the Commercial Department. It was in celebration of having reached the goal for which they had striven long and valiantly, a collection percentage of 90.

"A 90% record by a 100% office force," is the way Dean Clark referred to it, adding with modesty, that he wasn't counted in with the force.

Never in the history of the department, which is conspicuous for its parties, picnics and good times outside office hours, has there been such a rollicking light-hearted, happy gathering as attended the Hallowe'en or hard time dance.

There were "kiddies" in aprons and sunbonnets, farm boys who had slightly outgrown their clothes, Sis Hopkins, old fashioned girls, tramps, a couple which unmistakably hailed from the Orient, a

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Kitchenette Cookery

Christmas Home-Made Candy

There is no time in the year when home-made candies taste as good as at Christmas, so in order that our "Kitchenetters" may indulge in this old-time luxury if they choose, the following recipes which have been tried and found to be a success, are given:

—

Fudge

Two cups granulated sugar.

One-half cup sweet milk.

One tablespoonful of Karo or corn syrup.

One and one-half squares of Baker's chocolate.

A piece of butter the size of a walnut.

Place all in pan and stir until it comes to a boil. Then stop stirring and let boil until some of it dropped into a cup of cold water forms a soft ball. Remove from stove and let stand until a trifle cool, then beat with a large spoon until it becomes creamy. If nuts or raisins are used be sure to add them after it creams and before it gets too cool to pour on well greased platter. Also before too cold take a knife and mark off in squares.

—

Divinity

One cup of Karo or corn syrup.

Three cups of granulated sugar.

Three-fourths of a cup of boiling water, all placed in a pan and let boil until a little of it forms a hard ball when dropped in water.

Then add the whites of three eggs beaten very stiff and beat all together until it begins to harden. Add nuts, fruits (pineapple cut into small squares, cherries, etc.) and pour into well buttered, rather deep pan. This can later be cut into squares.

—

Pinoche

Two cups of light brown sugar.

One cup of white (granulated) sugar and add just enough milk to make moist.

Also add piece of butter size of walnut and stir until it comes to a boil, then stop stirring and let boil until when dropped into a cup of cold water it forms a soft ball.

Remove from stove and let cool slightly. Then beat (as you would fudge) until it creams and before too cool add nuts, cocoanut or raisins or all three and pour out onto buttered platter. Before too cool mark off in squares with knife.

Colorado Springs Holds Party

A very interesting meeting was held at the Colorado Springs exchange recently. It was a meeting from which all who attended profited greatly. The subject discussed was that of the relation of the Telephone Company employes to the public. Mr. Carroll, our manager, Mr. Gammons, our traffic chief, and Mr. Garrett, our plant chief, all gave interesting, as well as instructive talks about how to treat the public. Each speaker explained what sort of relationship should exist and how by using courtesy at all times, the finest sort of relationship would result. After the meeting a social hour was held, everybody participating in the community singing, followed by dancing.

Florence Dwyer has been appointed long distance chief operator. Bertha Wetherald succeeds Miss Dwyer as central office instructor. Lucille Honan is now evening long distance supervisor.

Miss Eleanor Karleskint, traffic clerk, has returned from California, where she spent a very enjoyable vacation.

A very delightful Hallowe'en party was held in our retiring room on October 29th. The room was attractively decorated with witches, black cats, and everything that goes to make a real Hallowe'en party. During the evening dancing and various games furnished much amusement. One of the most interesting features of the party was a trip in an airplane. Ask Mr. Gammons all about that. Later in the evening real Hallowe'en refreshments were served. We appreciated the box of apples which Mr. Underhill, of the Brown Commission Company, donated for the occasion.

Drawing by Lucile Honan, Colorado Springs

Toreador and his stunning Senorita, a soldier who had evidently taken on considerable avoirdupois since the days he wore the Confederate army uniform which he donned for this occasion, and many other costumes showing originality.

Old time square dances, in which Mr. Mix mixed, contributed a lot of fun while dainty refreshments and the fact that during much of the evening George Althouse sat on the sidelines smiling his approval on the merry crowd, added a finishing touch of success to the party.

Herman E. Mansholt, toll testboard man, Cheyenne, has been transferred to Colorado Springs as testboard man.

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The Telephone in Weld County, Colorado

1—Rest and Retiring Room; 2—H. H. Croll, Manager of the Greeley Exchange; 3—Commercial Department; 4—Storage Battery Charging Equipment; 5—Office of Plant Department; 6—Operating Room

The Weld County News, published at Greeley, Colorado, in its special issue of November 11, contained among other splendid writeups, an article on past and present-day telephone service in the northern part of Colorado.

When "Main 1" was installed in the early days of the telephone business, the News tells us, the corner drug store seemed the logical place for it, so that it would be handy for all comers who wanted to have a try at talking into the new-fangled machine. It therefore happened that in 1894 the first telephone placed in Greeley was in the Reynolds drug-store.

Today there are over 3,000 stations in Greeley, and the exchange is a handsome two-story and basement structure. Manager Croll, who came from the Bell Company of Pennsylvania, to Greeley, in 1900, has many interesting reminiscences of pioneer days.

"I remember well," says Mr. Croll, "how with many misgivings, Mr. Field, our former president, was induced to build the first pole line from Greeley to Sterling, with a copper circuit, in 1900, into what seemed like a rather unproductive country. It took a large camp gang from May to October to bring the line through, and it was four or five years before it showed any traffic to amount to anything. We now have three circuits on this same pole line, and in addition to these, Sterling, Sidney, Brush and Fort Morgan have separate circuits to Denver by another pole route.

"I also remember how we used to go out and clear trouble on the circuit on this pole line to Sterling, and find that the range cattle, badly afflicted with mange, would gather around the water holes and rub against the poles, swinging the wires together and causing short circuits. This happened so regularly those first years that we had to send a small gang of men along the line to wrap the poles with a liberal supply of barbed wire, which soon stopped the trouble."

About fifty employees handle the present business of the Greeley exchange, and as many as 19,000 local calls are made in a day. Situated as it is in the heart of one of the most fertile farming sections of Colorado, the city of Greeley and the telephone business so intimately connected with its growth and progress, have a most promising future.

Protecting the Pole

Carelessness of auto drivers at a sharp turn in the road between Chicago and Valparaiso has cost the lives of many persons. Five accidents occurred in one month, and each time a new telephone pole replaced the broken one. After the fifth pole had been raised and three smaller poles had been driven into the ground and wired to the larger one for support, the company put up a large sign which read: "Nearest Hospital 20 Miles! Go Slow."—Indianapolis News.

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Littleton, Colorado, on the Line

"Hello! Hello! Let me have the line. Who is this? Well, this is Littleton. Yes, I know you don't hear from us very often, but if you had only put your heads out of the window the other night you wouldn't have needed any long distance connection to hear us. What was the racket? Why, Miss Farnell, our night operator, asked Old Father Time to run the calendar back a few years and make us kiddies again just for one night, and invited us all to her house to spend the evening, she said, but it was really next day when we left. I think Father Time saw we were having such a good time he just didn't have the heart to send us home on the stroke of twelve o'clock.

"I have worked with the girls a long time and know them well, but I must confess I hardly know them the other night after Father Time had transformed them. But one thing I will say—they are just about as efficient while at play as they are at work, for there was not one dull moment all evening. When Father T. does anything he does it thoroughly and he made a bunch of fine looking children out of our young ladies, though I'll have to explain that he had good material to work on. He dressed them all up in dainty, ruffled dresses, long curls, tied with ribbons, slippers and stockings which, in several cases, were a little short. Miss May Mackey, of the mailing department, Denver, and Miss Kane, our chief operator, brought their dolls with them and I feared there would be trouble because the other little girls wanted them, but when they were allowed to hold them awhile I breathed easier.

"The children were very much frightened when they found a man in the kitchen, but the man proved to be Miss Farnell's mother, dressed up for the occasion.

"We all played games till I was clear out of breath. The suit case race between Miss Kane and Miss Ostrander was a scream. The best part of the peanut race was when we were told we could eat them. We played another game—something about states and capitals and I was very much surprised to learn how little the children knew about their geography. Of course, I couldn't blame one little tot for saying that Littleton was the capital of Colorado, because we all feel it should be.

"Somehow or other the girls learned that Miss Farnell was to have a birthday in a few days and they presented her with two beautiful pieces of ivory.

"After we played all the games we knew we were served with the dandiest eats, then we voted as to the best made-up youngster, as Miss Farnell had promised a prize. Miss Ostrander won, with Miss Nellie Jones a close second. The lucky child was given a little clown. About this time we heard a voice saying, "Children, it is time you were all in bed. Go home at once." We knew it was Father Time, and that we must obey him, but it did seem hard that on the morrow we would all be our grown selves again and the night's fun would only be a pleasant memory. We hope Miss Farnell will give us another party like it soon, for oh, say! what a time we had!

"Don't you know who this is doing all this talking? If you don't know me, I do hope you have at least heard of me. I am the Spirit of Good Fellowship, and am very well known at Littleton. I met with a jolly good welcome here a long time ago and have been royally treated ever since. Was I at the party? I am always with the bunch of the Littleton exchange, whether they are at work or at play. If you don't believe me, ask the girls or Mr. Purdy, our manager. I climbed into his suit case when he was moving to Littleton, ten years ago, and made the trip with him, and I have found it a gosh darned good place ever since."

Guy Wallick Making Good

Guy P. Wallick, formerly in the Toll Facilities Engineering Department, Denver, resigned September 5 and is now a student in the Amos Tuck School of Business Administration, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. As the result of disabilities incurred in the service, Wallick was granted vocational training by the Federal Board and chose Dartmouth as the place to pursue his work. The Amos Tuck School, primarily a graduate school, ranks among the first three schools of its kind in the country, so that the training which he will receive there will be practically the best obtainable anywhere.

Wallick was in the employ of the Company at various times for the past seven years in the Plant and Traffic Departments. His work at the University of Colorado was interrupted during his first year by his being called into the service. He served with Battery B of the Colorado National Guard on the Mexican Border and upon the declaration of war in April, 1917, he went into training at the First Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Riley, Kansas, and was commissioned a First Lieutenant. From that time until the end of the war he was assigned to Battery B, 341st Field Artillery, 89th Division.

He attended the Mounted Service School at Ft. Riley and the School of Fire at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. He accompanied his battery overseas, arriving in France in May, 1918. He took part in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, serving with exceptional bravery and ability. After the armistice he went with the Army of Occupation into Germany, where he remained until May, 1919, when he returned home. Much of this time he was the commanding officer of the battery and was commissioned a captain while in Germany.

After being discharged from the army he returned to the Telephone Company and was employed in the General Traffic Department most of the time until his resignation in September. Wallick is a man of unusual ability, a born organizer and executive, a brilliant, logical thinker with a broad vision rarely found in one of his age. With the thorough business training which he will receive at Dartmouth, his future appears bright indeed. His friends in the Company have entire confidence that a brilliant career lies before him.

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Prayer From Out the Skies Prompts Mothers to Kneel

An epoch in communication as well as in world history was marked by the exercises over the body of the Unknown American Soldier on Armistice Day.

The funeral oration of President Harding in the Memorial Amphitheatre at Arlington Cemetery was heard by over 150,000 people, the largest aggregate gathering that ever heard one man's voice. The ceremonies in the Amphitheatre and at the tomb were expressive of the Nation's grief for all its sons dead in the war.

If the participation in these ceremonies had been limited to the 5,000 representative guests gathered in the Amphitheatre the whole country and the whole world would have been in sympathy with the impressive occasion. But greater dignity was given to the occasion and greater sympathy found expression because the arrangements made by the Bell System to transmit, by telephone, to the vast audience surrounding the amphitheatre and to great audiences in New York and San Francisco, all that occurred. The special telephone transmitter which stood inconspicuously before President Harding in the apse of the Amphitheatre made it possible for his voice to be carried across the continent by the long distance wires of the Bell System and the amplifying system of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company made that voice audible to vast audiences.

When it was known that the burial of the Unknown Soldier would be witnessed by the delegates from other nations and be made the occasion for President Harding's keynote address, it was realized by the Bell Telephone officials that the Loud Speaking System, the latest development of the telephone art, could be employed to give additional importance to the occasion. It was the idea of Mr. Thayer, president of the A. T. & T. Company, that the equipment of Arlington, New York and San Francisco with the Loud Speaking Apparatus would be a fitting contribution from the Bell System in memory of the Unknown Dead, and in recognition of the nation's interest President Harding and the War Department were quick to see the value of this service and through the co-operation of the American Legion the meetings were organized in New York at the Madison Square Garden and adjacent parks and in San Francisco at the Civic Auditorium and Plaza. The apparatus for this purpose was new and complicated. The task of co-ordinating three mass meetings connected by telephone lines of 3,700 miles in length was something never before attempted. It was an undertaking that required team work of the highest order between all branches of the Bell System. The arrangements were under the general direction of Colonel John J. McCarty of the A. T. & T. Company, who had the complete co-operation of the Long Lines Department and other departments of that company, the Western Electric Company and the Associated Bell Companies.

For the six weeks preceding Armistice Day the men who were assigned to this task worked with the true Bell spirit, forgetful of themselves, at any hour when the work was required. Every detail was foreseen. Every conceivable test was made. Apparently unsurmountable difficulties were overcome.

If the Unknown Soldier buried at Arlington were one of the 20,000 men of the Bell System who went into military service, the effort of the loyal forces of the telephone could not have been greater. Long before the time for the funeral exercises, the audiences were assembled, 100,000 in the Arlington Cemetery, 15,000 in Madison Square Garden and 25,000 in the overflow meeting outside, 20,000 in the Plaza and Auditorium at San Francisco. At Washington there were the high officers of governments, the members of the conference for the limitation of armament and a large number of troops, but in other respects the three meetings were equally representative. There were the gold star mothers, the representatives of the American Legion and other military organizations and the relatives and friends of those who made the supreme sacrifice and a great multitude of patriotic and reverent citizens.

When the national anthem was played at Washington by the United States Marine Band, over 150,000 stood at the invocation, over 150,000 bowed their heads. When the trumpet call from Arlington marked the beginning of the two minutes of silence, over 150,000 stood transfixed as one. "America" was sung at Arlington and clearly heard by means of the telephone amplifiers in New York and in San Francisco, where the audiences joined in singing the second and third verses, not as if independently but in perfect unison with the audience at Arlington. A telegraph operator on the platform in New York ticked back to the control room in Washington, "The audience is now singing 'America'." And he followed with, "Don't try to get me now; I am singing, too."

President Harding's oration was perfectly transmitted. With every word clear and distinct, he spoke to over 150,000 scattered by the length of the continent and held their closest attention. It was an earnest of the time when the President of the United States can speak simultaneously to many such audiences scattered over the length and breadth of the land. The people gathered in New York and San Francisco did not need to see President Harding's face—without seeing him they were with him and with the gathering at Arlington. The prayers, the singing, the words of foreign representatives who decorated the casket of the Unknown Soldier, the salvos of artillery, and the beautiful and plaintive bugle call, "Taps." All were heard alike by these widely separated audiences, who felt the solemnity and significance of the occasion. It was sorrow for the dead and hope for the future, science manifesting itself in the telephone art had united the East and West, the miracle of which was best illustrated by two fine old ladies from the South who were at the grave of a Confederate soldier. When they heard, as if from the sky, the solemn words of the invocation, they first looked up, then knelt in prayer.

Postmaster General Is Pleased

The October issue of The Monitor printed a form of the proper and the improper way to address an envelope, written by Roderick Reid, general auditor, with the idea of aiding the postoffice department in facilitating the transportation of mail matter. A copy of The Monitor came into the hands of Postmaster General Will S. Hays, Washington, D. C., and he wrote the following letter of appreciation to Mr. Reid:

Mr. Roderick Reid, General Auditor,
Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co., Denver, Colorado.

My Dear Mr. Reid: I have received a copy of your October Monitor showing splendid cooperation on your part for the improvement of the Postal Service. This is fine and shows a spirit of helpfulness which we are finding on every hand from business. We want you to let us know of any poor service and to make suggestions for improvement.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

WILL S. HAYS.

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"Same Befront and Behind"

This is a true Christmas story.

Beulah Black, Monitor artist, is Mrs. Santa in this case, and Little Miss Ruth, a dear, dimple-cheeked girlie of four years, is the cause of it all.

And this Christmas story is going to be short, but full of pep.

Ruth has a sister two years old. Baby, we'll call her.

Baby's daddy brought home a real china dollie the other day for Baby. The dollie got into trouble right away and whack went its head on the floor—busted!

Baby cried—cried real loud and long.

No one could pacify her until Nurse brought out an old rag doll that had been relegated to the scrap pile. Then Baby stopped crying—but only for a few moments. Then she let loose harder than ever and there was no abatement for some time, and no one seemed to know just why she was crying on the second installment so heartily. Ruth, the four-year-old, came to the rescue and solved the problem.

(Now, let us pause for a moment and look at the pictures of the rag doll.)

No. 1, or the lady to the left, was the way the rag doll looked. It had no face, no eyes, no hair—no nothin'.

"I know what ails Baby," said little Ruth, "the rag doll is the same befront as it is behind."

That settled it. Beulah Black, who lives next door, was appealed to to paint a face on the old rag doll, and that's just what she did, and the doll as shown in the photograph to the right is what dried the tears of baby, and now she doesn't care whether Santa Claus brings her a new doll or not.

Switchboardman Perfects Time-Saving Devices

Mr. M. A. Strand, head switchboardman at the Wasatch Exchange, Salt Lake City, has recently developed two relay testing shoes, one to be used in connection with adjusting the "A" supervisory relays in the local cord circuit, and the other to be used in adjusting the line relays of the 163 E relay in the line circuit.

The Maintenance Specification adopted some time ago suggests the use of a patching cord long enough to allow the use of the test box at the rear of the switchboard for adjusting the "A" supervisory relays. In this case, the switchboardman must make a trip to the front of the board for each adjustment in order that the different cords be put up. With the use of one of the tools which Mr. Strand devised, several positions of relays may be tested from the front of the board and in testing a list kept of the adjustments necessary. With this list as a guide the man may go behind the switchboard and place the cord punching shoe on the cord punching of the relay to be tested and insert the plug, attached by a cord to the shoe, in the test box and test and adjust those relays needing adjustment, without making a trip to the front of the board. After all relays are adjusted in this way a check test is made at the front of the board in the regular manner.

By use of this shoe it is found that the work of adjusting cord relays can be accomplished two or three times as quickly as by the other method, and rarely a relay is found out of adjustment on the check test.

The cut-off relay shoe is designed so it will fit the cut-off relay and make contact with the tip and ring springs. With a cord and plug attached to the shoe, the plug may be inserted in the test box and the line relay adjusted and tested according to the specification. After these relays are adjusted a check test is made, as called for in the specification from the answering jack. This shoe entirely eliminates one man's time as it is necessary, if a patching cord is used, to have a man at the switchboard, to change it to the different jacks.

These tools have now been in use in both exchanges in Salt Lake City for about three months, and, of course, a great deal of time and labor has already been saved.

Recognizing the value of these devices in regular routine work the General Plant Manager has highly praised Mr. Strand for his integrity and ingenuity, and has advised that these time-saving tools will be adopted as a standard.

Son Headed It Off

Young Daughter—(laying down the paper)—I see they're reducing prices on all the good cars. I wish we could afford to trade in our old boat and get something fit to ride in.

Father (looking up from his magazine, with a facetious glance at mother)—Now, if mother only had the literary ability of a Mary Roberts Rinehart, and could write a story that would bring in about a thousand dollars, that would help.

Mother (putting a wrong stitch in her Christmas embroidery)—If you just had the financial genius of a John D. Rocke—

Young Son (giving the dog's ear a twist)—Aw, let's change the subject. I wonder how in heck it came that the Yanks—I mean the baseball Yanks—got beaten the way they did?

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(Continued from page 7)

the Traffic Department were at the depot to see me off, bringing with them a basket of delicious fruit. Mr. Bingham had already asked if my own people would take me to the train, if not he would send an automobile for me. Then the employees of the Commercial Department sent me a box of fine candy. I felt I had the good will of all the employees, not only those from my own department, but from all the departments. My thoughts were so pleasant that while I was alone from Salt Lake to Denver, I was happy.

At Denver I was met at the depot by Mr. B. T. Miller, Mrs. Higgins and Miss Mehann. I had never met the ladies, but knew Mr. Miller well and appreciated his thoughtfulness in meeting me himself. Then I met Mrs. Pryor of Pueblo, who accompanied me to St. Louis. We went to lunch and I felt I had always known these ladies. Then we met Mr. Lansing, the Manager at Sheridan, Wyoming, and Mr. Miller took us all to St. Joseph's Hospital to visit Helen Knox, the little magazine agent, whom we all know through The Monitor.

I found her very sweet and patient. I am so glad I know her personally. Then we were taken for a drive around Mount Lookout, which was most enjoyable. After that to Denver, and then to our train, where we were met by several officials of Denver, who accompanied us to St. Louis. Mrs. Pryor and I were given the drawing room, a luxury I had never before enjoyed, and went to bed. I thought this was really "the end of a perfect day" and everyone of the eight days I was away seemed the same.

At Kansas City, where the Kansas City telephone people entertained us. Mr. P. H. Hopkins, who once worked in Salt Lake City, and is now a vice-president of the Kansas City Company, complimented me by riding in the automobile with me. This drive was very pleasant and afterward we were taken to a very fine dinner. Someone else will tell you all about it; but they can't tell you how pleased and honored I felt at being placed at the head of the table with President Ben S. Read, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Brown, Mr. R. Reid, Mr. Hopkins, and several other officials. I could not help saying to Mrs. Pryor, "Ain't We Got Fun." The dinner was fine and much enjoyed, and after it we were taken through the new telephone building, fourteen stories, and all occupied by the Company. This was most enjoyable and after it we were taken to our train. Mr. Hopkins and several others accompanied us to St. Louis. I remained in St. Louis two days after the convention, and had a very pleasant visit with relatives. Mr. Lansing of Wyoming and our Mr. Macdonald of Denver also stayed, Mr. Lansing to visit with his mother, Mr. Macdonald I think to attend to some business. These gentlemen accompanied me home as far as Denver, looking after my ticket and Pullman and also after me, and made the trip so enjoyable.

After we left Kansas City it was quite cold for a few hours. Mr. Macdonald got his big overcoat to wrap around me, and when I was taken to the depot by Mrs. Higgins in her car, after a very pleasant forenoon spent in visiting Mr. Cockrell and many other telephone people in Denver, I found Mr. Lansing waiting to get my bag and see me safely on the train.

Miss Ada Robson

So you see at no time was I not showered with attention and care. I was wondering how it would feel to "get down to earth" again, but have not found out yet, as the people at home are all showing me the same good time. All seemed glad to see me and I feel sure all were glad I had such a wonderful time. Mr. Bingham and Mr. Leonard are showing me every consideration, even to staying twenty minutes overtime to hear me talk. Not only this, but all other department heads and employees are treating me with equal consideration, so that after the most wonderful trip it is really nice to be home again. I feel that I am better and broader —and from observing others can do much to help in personnel work, to which I think too much attention cannot be given, both from the Company's interest and that of the employee.

In closing, I want to express my thanks to the whole Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, for they all seemed to be working for my pleasure, and especially to Mr. W. F. Brown and Mr. F. P. Ogden who made it possible for me to go.

Bowling League Coming Up

By A. Bowler.

Having read about our Bowling League in the November Monitor, no doubt you will be pleased to read about the progress we have made in the short space of one month.

We now have fifty members against thirty-five last month, the names of the new members being listed below. Contrary to the opinion that the girls might lose interest after the novelty wore off, it seems their enthusiasm increases after each week's game.

Our star bowler, and in fact, the star lady bowler of Denver, is Miss Loretta Collins of the Equipment Engineer's Department, who bowled an individual score of 204 on a practice game.

Are there any young ladies in the Denver offices who would like to bowl extra, in the absence of one of our regular players, and also be put on the "waiting list," to join the League when a member resigns? If so, please send your name, branch number, and department to the Secretary, Miss Marie Lynch, 514 Wyoming Building.

We wish to extend a hearty invitation to any member of our telephone family, to come over to the Recreation Company, any Friday night between 6 and 8 p. m. and watch us bowl. You may have some fun, too, you never can tell.

The new members are: Hillburger, Schnurr, Fetterhoff, Carroll, Tebow, McInerney, Kirk, Clark, Hobson, Porter, Murray, VonHoldt, Schweiger, Waskey, Haythorne, Patterson, Brunner, D. Campbell, B. Campbell, O'Connor.

Long Distance Entertained

George Forsythe, proprietor of the Gregson Hot Springs, was host to a party given one night recently to the long distance operators and local supervisors of the Mountain States Telephone Company in appreciation of their efficient services. Arriving at the Springs at 7, an hour and a half were spent in the plunge, and at 9 o'clock a duck dinner was served. After dinner dancing was in order until 1 o'clock, rounding out a successful party. Automobiles for the party were furnished by Walter Hanson and W. T. Bleick. Those attending were Mamie Connors, Mae Fagan, Mary Gill, Margaret McBride, Kathryn McCarthy, Edna Pudas, Crystal Ryan, Ann Waldi, Kate Sullivan, Florence Walsh, Gladys Sullivan, Agnes Duggan, Carrie Sullivan, Mrs. A. Spurrier, Mrs. Richmond, A. L. Clark, cashier, N. L. Richmond, traffic superintendent,

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"Isn't he a 'dear?'"

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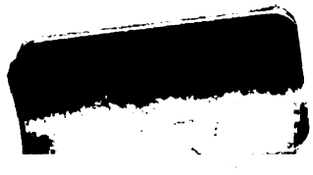

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